













THE WORKS  
OF  
SHAKESPEARE.

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# TEMPEST.

Vol. III.]

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[Act I. Sc. 2





# THE TEMPEST.

The earliest copy of "The Tempest" known is that in the folio of 1623. To the precise date of its production we have no clue, but the following memorandum from the "Accounts of the Revels at Court," is almost positive testimony that it was written before 1611:—

By the King's  
Players

Halfmas night was presented att Whithall before  
the Kinges Ma<sup>ty</sup>. a play called the Tempest.

And the speech of Gonzalo, Act II. Sc. 1.—

"I the commonwealth I would by contraries," &c —

which is obviously taken from a passage in Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, first printed in 1603, is equally decisive as to its having been written after that year. The story upon which "The Tempest" is founded, was most probably derived, according to Shakespeare's usual practice, from an existing play or from some popular chronicle or romance. Collins the poet, indeed, informed T. Warton, that he had met with a novel called *Aurelio and Isabella*, printed in Italian, Spanish, French, and English, in 1586, which he conceived to have formed the basis of "The Tempest." When he spoke of the circumstance, however, Collins was labouring under mental debility, and so far as the particular novel he mentioned was concerned his memory deceived him, for the fable of Aurelio and Isabella bears no resemblance to that of the play; yet it is remarkable that a friend of James Boswell declared that he had once perused an Italian novel which answered to Collins's description. In an article on the early English and German dramas published in the *New Monthly Magazine* for January, 1841, Mr. Thoms pointed out a dramatic piece by Jacob Ayer, a notary of Nürnberg, contemporary with Shakespeare, entitled *Die schöne Sidea*, (The Beautiful Sidea,) which bears some resemblance to "The Tempest," and which Tieck conjectured was a translation of some old English drama from which Shakespeare borrowed his idea. How far this is probable the reader must judge from the following outline of the German play: Ludolph having been vanquished by his rival, and with his daughter Sidea driven into a forest, rebukes her for complaining of their change of fortune, and then summons his spirit Runcifal to learn from him his future destiny and prospects of revenge. Runcifal, who is, like Ariel, somewhat "moody," announces to Ludolph that the son of his enemy will shortly become his prisoner. After a comic episode, most probably introduced by the German, we see Prince Lodogast, with his son Engelbrecht and the councillors, hunting in the same forest; when, Engelbrecht and his companion Rammus, having separated from the associates, are suddenly encountered by Ludolph and his daughter. On his commanding them to yield themselves prisoners, they refuse; but on attempting to draw their swords, Ludolph renders them powerless by the touch of his magical wand, and gives the prince over to Sidea to carry logs of wood for her, and to obey her commands in all respects. The resemblance between the German and English plays is continued in a later part of the former production, when Sidea, moved by pity for the labours of Engelbrecht in carrying logs, exclaims, she would "feel great joy, if he would prove faithful to me, and take me in wedlock;" an event which, in the end, is happily brought about, and leads to the reconciliation of their parents, the rival princes.

The title of "The Tempest" is supposed by some commentators to have been determined by the shipwreck of Sir George Sommers and Sir Thomas Gates on the coast of the Bermudes in 1609;

## THE TEMPEST.

of which an account was published by Silvester Jourdan, one of the crew, in the following year:—*A Discovery of the Bermudas; otherwise called the Isle of Devils; by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Sommers, and Captayn's Naesport, with divers others.* It is highly probable, too, that Jourdan's and other accounts of the Bermudas, by some of which they are said to be enchanted and inhabited by witches and devils, suggested the expression "still-voiced Bermoothes," and induced the poet to possess his hero with neuromantic influences and supernatural agency. Mr. Hunter, in his "*Disquisition on the Scene, Origin, Date, &c. of Shakspeare's Tempest*," has laboured with great ingenuity to prove that the actual scene of the play was Lampedusa, "an island of the Mediterranean lying not far out of a ship's course passing from Tunis to Naples," and which is uninhabited, and supposed by sailors to be enchanted. The same idea was suggested, or occurred to Douce, who thus speaks of it:—"The Island of Lampedusa is near the coast of Tunis; and from its description, in Dapper, and the real tract of the King of Naples' voyage in Shakspeare's *Tempest*, will turn out to be the veritable island where he was shipwrecked, and to which Prospero had been banished, whenever the Italian novel on which the play founded shall be discovered." We fervently hope not; being contented to believe it rose, like a new Atlantis, at the summons of the poet, and when his magic work on it was done:—

From that day forth the Isle has become  
By wandering sailors newer scene:  
Some say 'tis buried deepe  
Beneath the sea, which breakes and rores  
Above its savage rockie shores,  
Nor ere is known to sleepe."

### Persons Represented.

ALONSO, *King of Naples.*

FERDINAND, *his Son.*

SEBASTIAN, *Brother to the King.*

PROSPERO, *the rightful Duke of Milan.*

ANTONIO, *his Brother, the Usurping Duke of Milan.*

GERARDO, *an honest old Counsellor.*

ADRIAN, } *Lords.*

FRANCISCO, }

STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler.*

TRINCULO, *a Jester.*

Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners

CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed Slave.*

MIRANDA, *Daughter to Prospero.*

ARIEL, *an airy Spirit.*

JUNO,

CHERUS,

IRIS, } *Spirits.*

Nymphs,

Reapers,

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE.—On board a SHIP at SEA; afterwards on an ISLAND.



# ACT 1.

**BONNY L.**—*On a Ship at Sea. A tremendous noise of thunder and lightning heard.*

*Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain severally.*

**Master.** Boatswain!

**Boatswain.** Here, master? what ails?

**MASTER.** Good, speak to the *guineers*: tell to't yarely, for we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. *[Exit.*

*• Yarely, —) Briskly, smartly, actively.*

*Enter Mariners.*

BOATS. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly,  
my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail!  
Tend to the master's whistle! [*Exeunt Mariners.*]  
Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

*Enter ALONSO, FERDINAND, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO,  
GONZALO, and others.*

ALON. Good boatswain, have care. Where's  
the master? Play the men.

BOATS. I pray now; keep below.

ANT. Where is the master, boson?

BOATS. Do you not hear him? You mar our  
labour: keep your cabins: you do assist the  
storm.

GON. Nay, good; be patient.

BOATS. When the sea is. Hence! what cares  
these roarers for the name of king? To cabin:  
silence! trouble us not.

GON. Good, yet remember whom thou hast  
aboard.

BOATS. None that I more love than myself.  
You are a counsellor;—if you can command these  
elements to silence, and work the peace of the  
present, we will not hand a rope more; use your  
authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have  
lived so long, and make yourself ready in your  
cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—  
Cheerly, good hearts!—Out of our way, I say.  
[*Exit.*]

GON. I have great comfort from this fellow;  
methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him;  
his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast,  
good Fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his  
destiny our cable, for our own doth little advan-  
tage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case  
is miserable. [*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter Boatswain.*

BOATS. Down with the topmast! yare; lower,  
lower! Bring her to try with main-course! [*A  
cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they  
are louder than the weather or our office.—

*Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.*

Yet again! what do you here? shall we give  
o'er and drown? have you a mind to sink?

\* Bring her to try with main-course! It has been proposed  
to read, "Bring her to; try with the main-course;" but see a  
passage from Hakluyt's Voyages, 1598, quoted by Malone:—  
"and when the barke had way, we cut the hawser and so gate  
the sea to our friend, and tryed out at that day with our maine  
course."

SEB. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphe-  
mous, incharitable dog!

BOATS. Work you, then.

ANT. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent  
noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than  
thou art.

GON. I'll warrant him for drowning; though  
the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as  
leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

BOATS. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her tw  
courses! off to sea again; lay her off!

*Re-enter Mariners, wet.*

MAR. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost  
[*Exeunt.*]

BOATS. What, must our mouths be cold?

GON. The king and prince at prayers! let  
assist them,  
For our case is as theirs.

SEB. I'm out of patience.

ANT. We are merely cheated of our lives by  
drunkards:—

This wide-clapp'd rascal,—would thou mightst li  
drowning,  
The washing of ten tides!

GON. He'll be hang'd yet  
Though every drop of water swear against it,  
And gape at wildest to glut him.

[*A confused noise within.*]—*Mercy on us!*—  
We split, we split!—*Farewell, my wife and chil-  
dren!*

*Farewell, brother! We split, we split, we split!*—  
[*Exit Boatswain*]

ANT. Let's all sink with the king. [*Exi*]

SEB. Let's take leave of him. [*Exi*]

GON. Now would I give a thousand furlongs o  
sea for an acre of barren ground,—long heath  
brown furze, anything. The wills above be done  
but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exi*]

SCENE II.—*The Island: before the Cell of  
Prospero.*

*Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.*

MIRA. If by your art, my dearest father, you  
have

Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.  
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch

If by your art, my dearest father, you have  
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.]

These lines are not metrical, and sound but gratingly on the ear  
It would be an improvement perhaps if we read them thus,—

"If by your art, my dearest father, you  
Have put the wild waters in this roar, allay them."



But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,\*  
 Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd  
 With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,  
 Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures\* in her,  
 Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock  
 Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perish'd!  
 Had I been any god of power, I would  
 Have sunk the sea within the earth, or'er

(\*) Old text, *creature*

\* — mounting to the welkin's cheek, —] Although we have, in "Richard II" Act III Sc 2, — "the cloudy cheeks of heaven," and elsewhere, "welkin's face," and "heaven's face," it may well be questioned whether "cheek," in this place is not a misprint. Mr Collier's annotator substitutes *head*, a change characterised by Mr Dyce as "equally tasteless and absurd." A more appropriate and expressive word, one, too, sanctioned in some measure by its occurrence in Ariel's description of the same elemental conduct, is probably, *crack*, or *cracks*. —

" — the fire, and cracks  
 Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune  
 Seem to besiege," &c

In Miranda's picture of the tempest, the sea is seen to storm and overwhelm the tremendous artillery of heaven, in that of Ariel,

It should the good ship so have swallow'd and  
 The fraughting souls within her.

Pro. Bo collected,  
 No more amazement tell your piteous heart  
 There's no harm done.

Mina O, woe the day!  
 Pro. No harm.  
 I have done nothing but in care of thee, —

the sky's ordnance, "the fire and cracks," assault the "mighty Neptune." "Crack," in the emphatic sense it formerly bore of *crash*, *discharge*, or *explosion*, is very common in our old writers, thus, in Marlowe's "Tamburlaine the Great," Part I Act IV Sc 2, —

"As when a fiery exhalation,  
 Wrapt in the bowels of a freezing cloud  
 Fighting for passage, makes the welkin crack."

Again, in some verses prefixed to Corneille's "Craditie," —  
 "A skewed engine mathematical  
 To draw up words, that make the welkin crack."  
 And in Taylor's *Superbiae Flagitium*, 1630, —

"Yet every Real heavenly Thundercrack,  
 This Cause in such haste and terror strike," &c.

Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter — who  
Art ignorant of what thou art, pought knowing  
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better  
Than Prospero, master of a full-poor cell,  
And thy no greater father.

MIR. More to know  
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

PRO. 'Tis time  
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,  
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So;

[Lays down his robe.  
Lie there, my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have  
comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd  
The very virtue of compassion in thee,  
I have with such provision in mine art  
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—  
No, not so much perdition as an hair,  
Betid to any creature in the vessel  
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.  
Sit down;

For thou must now know further.

MIR. You have often  
Begin to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,  
And left me to a bootless inquisition,  
Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*—

PRO. The hour's now come;  
The very minute bids thee open thine ear;  
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember  
A time before we came unto this cell?  
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not  
Out three years old.\*

MIR. Certainly, sir, I can.

PRO. By what? by any other house or person?  
Of anything the image, tell me, that  
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

MIR. 'Tis far off,  
And rather like a dream than an assurance  
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not  
Four or five women once that tended me?

PRO. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But  
how is it

That this lives in thy mind? What see'st thou else  
In the dark backward and abyss of time?  
If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st here,  
How thou cam'st hither, thou may'st.

MIR. But that I do not.

PRO. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year  
since,

— that there is no soul—] Rowe prints,—

"— that there is no soul lost,"

\* Theobald, "that there is no *foyle*," and Johnson, "that there is no  
soul." We believe, notwithstanding Steevens' remark that "such  
interruptions are not uncommon to Shakspeare," that "soul" is  
a typographical error, and that the author wrote, as Capell reads,—

"— that there is no loss,"

No, not so much perdition as an hair  
Betid to any creature," &c.

\* \* You have often, &c.] Query, "You have oft," &c.

Thy father was the duke of Milan, and  
A prince of power.

MIR. Sir, are not you my father?  
PRO. Thy mother, was a piece of virtue, and  
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father  
Was duke of Milan; and his only heir  
A princess,† no worse issued.

MIR. O, the heavens!  
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?  
Or blessed was't we did?

PRO. Both, both, my girl:  
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence;  
But blessedly help hither.

MIR. O, my heart bleeds  
To think o' the teen\* that I have turn'd you to,  
Which is from my remembrance! Please you,  
further.

PRO. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd An-  
tonio,—

I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should  
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,  
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put  
The manage of my state; as, at that time,  
Through all the signories it was the first,—  
And Prospero the prime duke;—being so reputed  
In dignity, and for the liberal arts  
Without a parallel: those being all my study,  
The government I cast upon my brother,  
And to my state grew stranger, being transported  
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—  
Dost thou attend me?

MIR. Sir, most heedfully.

PRO. Being once perfected how to grant suits,  
How to deny them, who to advance, and who  
To trash† for over-topping,—new created  
The creatures that were mine. I say, or chang'd 'em,  
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key  
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state  
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was  
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,  
And suck'd my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'st  
not.

MIR. O good sir, I do.

PRO. I pray thee, mark me.  
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind  
With that, which, but by being so retir'd,  
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother  
Awak'd an evil nature; and my trust,

\* Out three years old.] That is, past, or more than, three years  
old.

† A princess.—] In the old text, "And Princesses." The cor-  
rection is due to Pope.

\* Teen.—] Sorrow, vexation.

† To trash for over-topping.—] To clog or impede, lest they  
should run too fast. The expression to trash is a hunting  
technical. In the present day sportsmen check the speed of very  
fleet hounds by tying a rope, called a *dog-trail*, round their necks,  
and letting them trail it after them: formerly they effected the  
object by attaching to them a weight, sometimes called in jest a  
*clogdog*.

Like a good parent, did beget of him  
A falsehood; in its contrary, as great  
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,  
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,  
Not only with what my revenue yielded,  
But what my power might else exact,—like one  
Who having unto truth, by telling of it,  
Made such a sinner of his memory,  
To credit his own lie,—he did believe  
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution,  
And executing the outward face of royalty,  
With all prerogative:—hence his ambition grow-

ing,—

Don't thou hear?

MIRA. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

PRO. To have no screen between this part he play'd

And him he play'd it for, he needs will be  
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man! my library  
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties  
He thinks me now incapable; confederates  
(So dry he was for a way) with the king of  
Naples,

To give him annual tribute, do him homage;  
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bond  
The dukedom, yet unbow'd,—alas, poor Milan!—  
To most ignoble stooping.

MIRA. O the heavens!

PRO. Mark his condition, and the event, then  
tell me,

If this might be a brother.

MIRA. I should sin

To think but nobly of my grandmother:  
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

PRO. Now the condition.

This king of Naples, being an enemy  
To me inveterate, harkens my brother's suit,  
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises  
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,  
Should presently extirpate me and mine  
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,  
With all the honours, on my brother: whereon,  
A treacherous army levied, one midnight  
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open  
The gates of Milan; and, in the dead of darkness,  
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence  
Me, and thy crying self.

MIRA. Alack, for pity!

(\*) Old text omits, *he*

— like one

*Who having unto truth, by telling of, ..  
Made such a sinner of his memory,  
To credit his own lie,—*

The folios have, "into truth," which Warburton amended; but  
this we suspect is not the only correction needed, the passage as  
it stands, though intelligible, being very hazily expressed.  
Mr. Collier's annotator would read,—

— like one

*Who having to untruth, by telling of it," &c*

I, not remembering how I cried out then,  
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint  
That pricks my eyes to't.

PRO.

Hear a little further.

And then I'll bring thee to the present business  
Which now's upon us; without the which, this  
story

Were most impertinent.

MIRA.

Wherefore did they not

That hour, destroy us?

PRO.

Well demanded, wench:

My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst  
not,—

So dear the love, my people bore me,—nor set  
A mark so bloody on the business; but  
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.

In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,  
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd

A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,

Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats

Instinctively have quit it: there they hol'd us,

To cry to the sea that roar'd to us, to sigh

To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,

Did us but loving wrong.

MIRA.

Alack, what trouble

Was I then to you?

PRO.

O, a cherubin

Thou wast that did preserve me! Thou didst  
smile,

Infused with a fortitude from heaven,

When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt;

Under my burthen groan'd; which rais'd in me

An undergoing stomach, to bear up

Against what should ensue.

MIRA.

How came we ashore?

PRO. By Providence divine.

Some food we had, and some fresh water, that

A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,

Out of his charity,—who being then appointed

Master of this design,—did give us; with

Rich garments, lincens, stuffs, and necessities,

Which since have steaded much; so, of his gen-

tleness,

Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,

From mine own library, with volumes that

I prize above my dukedom.

MIRA.

Would I might

But ever see that man!

(\*) Old text, *But*

and this emendation is entitled to more respect than it has  
received

<sup>b</sup> In lieu—] *In lieu* means here, in *guardian*, or *consideration*,  
not as it usually signifies, *instead*, or *in place*.

<sup>c</sup> Fated to the practice,—] Mr. Collier's annotator reads,—  
"Fated to the practice," and as "purpose" is repeated two lines  
below, the substitution is an improvement.

<sup>d</sup> In few,—] *To be brief*, in a few words

<sup>e</sup> Deck'd—] *Decked*, if not a corruption for *dressed*, an old pro-  
vincialism, probably meant the same, that is, *spinked*.





PRO. [*Aside to ARIEL, above.*] Now I arise :—  
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.  
Here in this island we arriv'd ; and here  
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit  
Than other princes' can, that have more time  
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

MIRA. Heavens thank you for't ! And now, I  
pray you, sit,—  
For still 'tis beating in my mind,—your reason  
For raising this sea-storm ?

PRO. Know thus far forth.  
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune—  
Now my dear lady—hath mine enemies  
Brought to this shore ; and by my prescience  
I find my zenith doth depend upon  
A most auspicious star, whose influence  
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes  
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more ques-  
tions :

Thou art inclin'd to sleep ; 't is a good dulness,  
And give it way ;—I know thou canst not choose.—

[MIRANDA sleeps.]

Come away, servant, come ! I am ready now :  
Approach, my Ariel ; come !

a Now I arise.—] The purport of these words has never been satisfactorily explained, because they have been always understood as addressed to Miranda. If we suppose them directed not to her, but aside to Ariel, who has entered, invisible except to Prospero, after having

' Perform'd to point the tempest.'

and whose arrival occasions Prospero to operate his sleepy charm

Enter ARIEL.(2)

ARI. All hail, great master ! grave sir, hail !  
I come

To answer thy best pleasure ; be't to fly,  
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride  
On the curl'd clouds,—to thy strong bidding, task  
Ariel, and all his quality.

PRO. Hast thou, spirit,  
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee ?

ARI. To every article.

I boarded the king's ship ; now on the beak,  
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,  
I flam'd amazement : sometime I'd divide  
And burn in many places ; on the topmast,  
The yards, and bowsprit,\* would I flame distinctly,  
Then meet, and join.† Jove's lightnings,† the  
precursors

O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary  
And sight-outrunning were not : the fire, and  
cracks

Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune  
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,  
Yea, his dread trident shake.

(\*) Old text, *Bore-spirit*.

(†) Old text, *Lightning*.

upon Miranda, they are perfectly intelligible. That they were at intended becomes almost certain from Prospero's language presently, when the charm has taken effect,—

" Come away, servant, come ! I am ready now :  
Approach, my Ariel ; come ! "

‡ Distinctly,—] That is, *separately*.



PRO. My brave spirit!  
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil  
Would not infect his reason?

ARI. Not a soul  
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd  
Some tricks of desperation. All, but mariners,  
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,  
Then all a-fire with me the king's son, Ferdinand,  
With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not hair,—  
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, *Hell is empty,*  
*And all the devils are here*

PRO. Why, that's my spirit!  
But was not this nigh shore?

ARI. Close by, my master.

PRO. But are they, Ariel, safe?

ARI. Not a hair perish'd,  
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,  
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,  
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle.  
The king's son have I landed by himself;  
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,

In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,  
His arms in this sad knot

PRO. Of the king's ship,  
The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,  
And all the rest o' the fleet

ARI. Safely in harbour  
Is the king's ship. in the deep nook, where once  
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew  
From the still-ver'd Bermoothes, (4) there she's hid  
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;  
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour  
I have left asleep. and for the rest o' the fleet,  
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,  
And are upon the Mediterranean floe,<sup>a</sup>  
Bound sadly home for Naples,  
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,  
And his great person perish.

PRO. Ariel, thy charge  
Exactly is perform'd, but there's more work.  
What is the time o' the day?

ARI. Past the mid season

<sup>a</sup> And are upon the Mediterranean floe —] Mr Collier's annotator suggests, 'And all upon,' &c. but what is gained by the alteration we cannot discern. Floe is here used substantively for flood or wave, as in the following from Middleton and Rowley's

play of "The Spanish Gipsie," Act I. Sc 5,—

"—it did not  
Mere check my rash attempt, that draw to ebb  
The flood of those desires."



PRO. At least two glasses—the time, 'twixt six and now—

Must by us both be spent most precious<sup>a</sup>

ARI. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd, Which is not yet perform'd me

PRO. How now! moody? What is't thou canst demand?

ARI. My liberty.

PRO. Before the time be out? no more!

ARI. I pr'ythee, Remember, I have done thee worthy service, Told thee no lies, made thee<sup>b</sup> no mistakings, serv'd Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise

To bate me a full year.

PRO. Dost thou forget From what a torment I did free thee?

ARI. No.

PRO. Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the ooze

Of the salt deep,

To run upon the sharp wind of the north,

To do me business in the veins o' the earth When it is bak'd with frost.

ARI. I do not, sir.

PRO. Thou hast, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot

The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy, Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

ARI. No, sir.

PRO. Thou hast. Where was she born? speak; tell me

ARI. Sir, in Argier.<sup>c</sup>

PRO. O, was she so? I must Once in a month recount what thou hast been, Which thou forgett'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,

For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible

To enter human hearing, from Argier,

Thou know'st, was banish'd. for one thing she did They would not take her life. Is not this true?

ARI. Ay, sir.

PRO. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,

And here was left by the sailors: Thou, my slave, As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;

<sup>a</sup> At least two glasses—the time, 'twixt six and now—

Must by us both be spent most precious<sup>a</sup>

By the customary punctuation of this passage, Prospero is made to ask a question and answer it: the pointing we adopt obviates this inconsistency and renders any change in the distribution of the speeches needless.

<sup>b</sup> Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, serv'd—[The second thee, which overloads the line, was probably repeated by the compositor through inadvertence.

<sup>c</sup> Argier.] The old English name for Algiers.

<sup>d</sup> This blue-ey'd hag—] *Blue ey'd* has been ably defended, but it must be confessed that *blue ey'd*, a common epithet in our old plays, seems more applicable to the 'damn'd witch Sycorax.' Thus in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of 'The Chances,' Act

IV Sc 2, where old Antonio bids his servant—

"Get me a conjurer  
One that can raise a water devil."

—any blue-ey'd people  
With red heads, and flat noses, can perform it."

\*And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate  
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,  
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,  
By help of her more potent ministers,  
And in her most unmitigable rage,  
Into a cloven pine; within which rift  
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain  
A dozen years; within which space she died,  
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy  
groans [island—  
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this  
Save for the son that she did litter here,  
A freckled whelp, hag-born—not honour'd with  
A human shape.

ARI. Yes, Caliban her son.

PRO. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,  
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st  
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans  
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts  
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment  
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax  
Could not again undo: it was mine art,  
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gaps  
The pine, and let thee out.

\*ARI. I thank thee, master.

PRO. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,  
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till  
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

\*ARI. Pardon, master:  
I will be correspondent to command,  
And do my spriting gently.

PRO. Do so; and after two days  
I will discharge thee.

ARI. That's my noble master!  
What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?

PRO. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea;  
Be subject to no sight but thine and mine; invisible  
To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape,  
And hither come in 't: go, hence with diligence!

[Exit ARIEL.]

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;  
Awake!

MIRA. [Waking.] The strangeness of your  
story put  
Heaviness in me.

PRO. Shake it off. Come on,  
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never  
Yields us kind answer.

MIRA. 'Tis a villain, sir,  
I do not love to look on.

PRO. But, as 'tis,  
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,  
Fetches in our wood, and serves in offices  
That profit us. What ho! slave! Caliban!

THOU earth, thou! speak.

CAL. [Within.] There's a wood enough within.

PRO. Come forth, I say! there's other business  
for thee:  
Come, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter ARIEL, like a Water nymph.

[Aside to ARIEL.] Fine apparition! My quaint  
Ariel,  
Hark in thine ear.

ARI. My lord, it shall be done. [Exit.  
PRO. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil  
himself  
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN. (5).

CAL. As wicked'd dew as e'er my mother brush'd  
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,  
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,  
And blister you all o'er! (6)

PRO. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt  
have cramps,  
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins\*  
Shall, for that vast' of night that they may work,  
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd  
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging  
Than bees that make 'em.

CAL. I must eat my dinner.  
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,  
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest  
first,

Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me;  
wouldst give me

Water with berries in 't; and teach me how  
To name the bigger light, and how the less,  
That burn by day and night: and thou I lov'd thee,  
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,  
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place and  
fertile:—

Curs'd be I that did so!—All the charms  
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!  
For I am all the subjects that you have,

beings, as us "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Act IV Sc. 4,—

"—we'll dress  
Like urchins, nuphes, and fairies," &c.

\* Vast of night.—By "vast of night" the poet may have meant  
the chasm or vacuity of night, as in "Hamlet," Act I. Sc. 2,—

"In the dead vast and middle of the night."  
But some critics have conjectured we should read,—

"—urchins  
Shall for that fast of night."

\* MIRA. (Waking.) Mr. Collier claims for his annotator the merit of having first added this not very important stage direction.

\* We cannot miss him: We cannot do without him.

\* Within? See note (7), p. 449, Vol. I.

\* As wicked dew.—Wicked here implies baneful, pernicious: as in opposition we hear of the virtuous properties of "herbs, plants, stones," &c.

\* Urchins.—Hedgehogs were formerly so called. It is doubtful, however, whether urchins in this place does not signify some fairy



Which first was mine own king and here you  
sty me  
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me  
The rest o' the island.

PRO. Thou most lying slave,  
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have  
us'd thee;  
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd  
thee

In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate  
The honour of my child.

CAL. O ho, O ho!—would it had been done!  
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else  
This isle with Calibans.

PRO. Abhorred slave,  
Which any print of goodness will not take,  
Being capable<sup>b</sup> of all ill! I pitied thee,  
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each  
hour

One thing or other: when thou didst pot, savage,

Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like  
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes  
With words that made them known. But thy vile  
race,

Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good  
natures

Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou  
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,  
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

CAL. You taught me language; and my profit  
on't

Is, I know how to curse: The red plague rid<sup>c</sup> you,  
For learning me your language!

PRO. Hag-seed, hence!  
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best,  
To answer other business. Shrugg'st thou, malice?  
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly  
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,  
Fill all thy bones with aches,<sup>e</sup> make thee spar,  
That beasts shall trumble at thy din.

<sup>a</sup> PRO.] This speech, in the folios, has the prefix "Mira" but it plainly belongs to Prospero to whom Theobald assigned it, and who has retained it ever since

<sup>b</sup> Which any print of goodness will not take,  
Being capable of all ill!]

Here, as in many other places, *capable* signifies *impossible*, *unsusceptible*.

<sup>c</sup> Race.—] That is *Nature*, *essence*

<sup>d</sup> The red plague rid you.—] See note (e), p. 447, Vol II

<sup>e</sup> Fill all thy bones with aches.—] Mr Collier remarks that "this word, of old, was used either as a monosyllable or as a dissyllable, as the case might require." This may be questioned. "Ache," says Baret in his "Alvearie" "is the Verbe of the substantive *Ach*, ch being turned into k." As a *substantive*, then,

the word *was* written *aches* and pronounced as a dissyllable when a *verb* it was written *ache*, and its pronunciation was monosyllabic. This distinction is invariably marked in the old text, thus, in "Romeo and Juliet," Act II Sc. 5, where it is a verb,—  
"Lord, how my head *aches*, what a head have I."

In "Cæsar's," Act III Sc. 1,—  
"— and my soule *aches*  
To know," &c.

And in "Othello," Act IV Sc. 2,—  
"That the sense *aches* at thee"

While in every instance where it occurs as a *substantive*, it is spelt as in the passage above, *aches*, and should be so pronounced.



CAL. No, pray then—  
*Aside.* I must obey: his art is of such power,  
 It would control my dam's god, Setebos, (7)  
 And make a vassal of him.

PRO. So, slave; hence! [*Exit CAL.*]

*Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing;*  
*FERDINAND following.*

*ARIEL'S Song.*

*Come unto these yellow sands,  
 And then take hands;  
 Court'sied when you have and kiss'd,—  
 The wild waves whistle,—  
 Foot it fealty here and there;  
 And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.\*  
 Hark, hark!*

(\*) Old text, *bear the burthen.*

*Court'sied when you have and kiss'd,—  
 The wild waves whistle,—  
 Foot it fealty," &c.]*

It was customary, in the "good old times," for the partners in  
 some dances to court and salute before beginning; and if an  
 allusion to these ceremonies is intended, the line,—

"The wild waves whistle,"—

BURDEN. *Bowgh, wough.* [*Dispersedly*  
*The watch-dogs bark:*

BURDEN. *Bowgh, wough.* [*Dispersedly.*

ARI. *Hark, hark! I hear  
 The strain of strutting chanticleer  
 Cry, cock-a-doodle-doo.\**

FER. Where should this music be? i' the air,  
 or the earth?

It sounds no more:—and sure it waits upon  
 Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,  
 Weeping again the king my father's wreck,  
 This music crept by me upon the waters,  
 Allaying both their fury and my passion  
 With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,  
 Or it hath drawn me rather:—but 't is gone.  
 No, it begins again.

(\*) Old text, *cock-a-diddle-doo.*

should be read parenthetically, in the sense of, the wild waves  
 being hushed. The original punctuation, however,—

"Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,  
 The wild waves whistle:"

(when you have courtied, and kissed the waves to peace) affords  
 an intelligible and poetic meaning.

**ARIEL** *sings.*

Full fathom five thy father lies ;  
Of his bones are coral made ;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes :  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange.  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :  
BUBBLED. Ding-dong,  
Hark ! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

FEN. The ditty does remember my drown'd  
father:—

This is no mortal business, nor, no sound  
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.

PRO. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,  
And say what thou seest yond.

MIRA. What is 't? a spirit?  
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,  
It carries a brave form:—but 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No, wench; it eats, and sleeps, and hath  
such senses  
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest  
Was in the wreck; and but he's something stain'd  
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou mightst  
call him

MIRA. I might call him  
A thing divine; for nothing natural  
I ever saw so noble.

Pro. [*Musde.*] It goes on, I see,  
As my soul prompts it.—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll  
free thee  
Within two days for this.

FER. Most sure, the goddess  
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe my prayer  
May know if you remain upon this island;  
And that you will some good instruction give  
How I may bear me here: my prime request,  
Which I do last pronounce, is,—(1) you wonder '—  
If you be maid or no?

MIRA. No wonder, sir ;  
But certainly a maid.

FRB. My language! heavens!—  
I am the best of them that speak this speech,  
Were I but where 't is spoken.

PRO. How! the best?  
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

FR. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders  
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me,  
And that he does I weep: myself am Naples;

Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, behold  
The king my father wreck'd.

Alack, for mercy!  
FEB. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of Milan

And his brave son, being twain.

Pao. [*Aside.*] The duke of Milan .  
And his more brave daughter, could control<sup>o</sup> thee,  
If now<sup>o</sup> were it to do't.—At the first sight<sup>o</sup>  
They have chang'd eyes :—delicate Ariel,  
I'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir ;  
I fear you have done yourself some wrong : a word.

MIR<sup>a</sup>. Why speaks my father so ungently?  
This

Is the third<sup>o</sup> man that e'er I saw ; the first  
That e'er I sigh'd for : pity move my father  
To be inclin'd my way !

**FER.** O, if a virgin,  
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you  
The queen of Naples.

Pho. Soft, sir! one word more.—  
[Aside.] They are both in either's powers; but this  
swift business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning  
Make the prize light — One word more ; I charge  
thee

That thou attend me : thou dost here usurp,  
The name thou ow'st not ; and hast put thyself  
Upon this island as a spy, to win it  
From me, the lord on't.

**FER.** No, as I am a man.

MIRA. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:

If the ill spirit have so fair a house,  
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

I'no. Follow me.—*To FER.*  
 Speak not you for him ; he's a traitor.—Come,  
 I'll manacle thy neck and feet together :  
 Sea-water shalt thou drink ; thy food shall be  
 The fresh-brook muscels, witner'd roots, and husks  
 Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

FER. No,  
I will resist such entertainment, till  
Mine enemy has more power.

[Draws, and is charmed from moving.

MIRA. O dear father,  
Make not too rash a trial of him, for  
He's gentle, and not fearful.

**PRO.** What! I say,  
My foot my tutor!—Put thy sword up, traitor;  
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy  
conscience

Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward ;\*

• — Could control (her, —) Control in its ordinary acceptation, and Shakespeare uses it in no other, seems incongruous here. Is it a misprint for console? •

b He's gentle, and not fearful.] This may mean, he's mild and not terrible but from the context--

"Make not too rash a trial of him," &c. —  
we believe that Smollett's interpretation is the true one, — i.e. of  
a *lofty spirit* and not to be intimidated  
\* — *thy word* } Thy posture of defence.

For I can here disarm thee with this stick,  
And make thy weapon drop.

MIR. Beseech you, father!—

PRO. Hence; hang not on my garments.

MIR. Sir, have pity;

I'll be his surety.

PRO. Silence! one word more  
shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!

An advocate for an impostor! hush!

Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,

Having seen but him and Caliban—foolish wench!

To the most of men this is a Caliban.

And they to him are angels.

MIR. My affections  
Are, then, most humble; I have no ambition

To see a goodlier man

PRO. Come on—obey [To FER.]

Thy nerves are in their infancy again,

And have no vigour in them.

FER. So they are

My spirits, as in a dream are all bound up

My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,  
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,  
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,  
Might I but through my prison once a day  
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth  
Let liberty make use of; space enough  
Have I in such a prison.

PRO [Aside.] It works—Come on.—  
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—

[To FER.]

Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [To ARIEL.]

MIR. Be of comfort,

My father's of a better nature, sir,  
Than he appears by speech; this is unwonted,  
Which now came from him!

PRO [To ARIEL.] Thou shalt be as free  
As mountain winds; but then exactly do  
All points of my command.

ARI. To the syllable.

PRO. Come, follow. Speak not for him.

[Exeunt.]







## ACT II.

### SCENE I — *Another Part of the Island.*

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.*

GON. Beseech you, sir, be merry you have cause—

So have we all—of joy, for our escape  
Is much beyond our loss Our hunt of woe  
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,  
The masters\* of some merchant, and the merchant,  
Have just our theme of woe but for the miracle,  
I mean our preservation, few in millions  
Can speak like us then wisely, good sir, weigh  
Our sorrow with our comfort

ALON Pr'ythee, peace.

SEB He receives comfort like cold porridge.

ANT The visitor will not give him o'er so.

SEB Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit;  
By and by it will strike

GON Su,—

SEB One —tell.

GON. When every grief is entertain'd that's  
offer'd,

Comes to the entertainer—

SEB. A dollar.

GON. Dolour<sup>b</sup> comes to him, indeed; you have  
spoken truer than you purposed.

SEB. You have ta'en it wiselier than I meant  
you should.

\*a The masters of some merchant,—] Capell reads, perhaps  
rightly, 'The master' &c and Stevens conjectures we should  
print—

"The mistress of some merchant."

Mistress being anciently spelt, *maistresse* or *maistres*

<sup>b</sup> SEB A dollar

GON Dolour—]

The same quibble is found in "King Lear" Act II Sc. 4, and  
in "Measure for Measure," Act I. Sc. 2

GON. Therefore, my son,—  
ANT. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

ALON. I prythee spare.

GON. Well, I have done: but yet—

SEB. He will be talking.

ANT. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

SEB. The old cook.

ANT. The cockrel.

SEB. Done: the wager?

ANT. A laughter.

SEB. A match!

ADR. Though this island seem to us desert,—

SEB. Ha, ha, ha! So, you're paid.

ADR. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

SEB. Yet,—

ADR. Yet,—

ANT. He could not miss it.

ADR. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

ANT. *Temperance* was a delicate wench.

SEB. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.

ADR. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

SEB. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

ANT. Or as 't were perfumed by a fen.

GON. Here is everything advantageous to life.

ANT. True; save means to live.

SEB. Of that there's none, or little.

GON. How lush<sup>d</sup> and lusty the grass looks! how green!

ANT. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

SEB. With an eye of green in 't.

ANT. He misses not much.

SEB. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

GON. But the rarity of it is—which is indeed almost beyond credit—

SEB. As many vouch'd rarities are.

GON. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses; being rather new dyed than stained with salt water.

ANT. If but one of his pockets could speak, would-it not say, he lies?

SEB. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

GON. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.

SEB. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

ADR. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

GON. Not since widow Dido's time.

ANT. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

SEB. What if he had said, widower Æneas too? good lord, how you take it!

ADR. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

GON. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

ADR. Carthage?

GON. I assure you, Carthage.

ANT. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

SEB. He hath raised the wall, and houses too.

ANT. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

SEB. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

ANT. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

ALON. Ay!

ANT. Why, in good time.

GON. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

ANT. And the rarest that e'er came there.

SEB. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

ANT. O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.

GON. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

ANT. That sort was well fish'd for.

GON. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

ALON. You cram these words into mine ears against

the stomach of my sense. Would I had never married my daughter there! For, coming thence, My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too, Who is so far from Italy removed, I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee?

FRAN.

Sir, he may live;

I saw him beat the surges under him, And ride upon their backs; he trod the water, Whose enmity he flung aside, and breast'd The surge most swollen that met him; his bold head Bore the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke

<sup>a</sup> Which, of he or Adrian.—] So the old text, and rightly; compare the following from "Midsummer Night's Dream," Act III. Sc. 2:—

"Now follow, if thou dar'st to try whose right, Of thine or mine, is most in Helena."

The usual reading is that adopted by Capell, "Which of them, he or Adrian," &c.; but Mr. Collier's annotator reads,—

"Which, of he or Adrian," &c.

<sup>b</sup> Ha, ha, ha! So, you're paid.] In the old copies, "So, you're paid," is given to Antonio, wrongly.

<sup>c</sup> Temperance.] That is, *temperance*.

<sup>d</sup> Lush—] *Succulent, juicy*.

<sup>e</sup> —the miraculous harp.] The harp of Amphion.

<sup>f</sup> Ay!] This sigh or exclamation, which the two next speeches show indisputably to have been uttered by the king, upon awaking from his trance of grief, has, hitherto, in both old and modern editions, been assigned to Gonzalo.

To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn bass bow'd,  
As stooping to relieve him; I not doubt  
He came alive to land.

ALON. No, no, he's gone.

SEB. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,

That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,  
But rather lose her to an African;  
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,  
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

ALON. Pr'ythee, peace.

SEB. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd  
otherwise,

By all of us; and the fair soul herself  
Weigh'd, between lothness and obedience, at  
Which end o' the beam she'd a bow. We have lost  
your son,

I fear, for ever. Milan and Naples have  
More widows in them of this business' making,  
Than we bring men to comfort them:  
The fault's your own.

ALON. So is the dear'st o' the loss.

GON. My lord Sebastian.

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,  
And time to speak it in; you rub the sore,  
When you should bring the plaster.

SEB. Very well.

ANT. And most chirurgically.

GON. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,  
When you are cloudy.

SEB. Foul weather!

ANT. Very foul.

GON. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

ANT. I'd sow't with nettle-seed.

SEB. Or docks, or mallows.

GON.—And were the king on't, what would I do?

SEB. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

GON. I' the commonwealth I would by cons-  
traries

Execute all things; for no kind of traffic  
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;  
Letters should not be known: riches, poverty,  
And use of service, none: contract, succession,  
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;  
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;  
No occupation; all men idle, all;  
And women too,—but innocent and pure;  
No sovereignty:—

SEB. Yet he would be king on't.

ANT. The latter end of his commonwealth for-  
gets the beginning.

GON. All things in common nature should  
produce,

Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,  
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,  
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,  
Of it own kind, all foison,<sup>a</sup> all abundance,  
To feed my innocent people.<sup>(1)</sup>

SEB. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

ANT. None, man; all idle,—whores and knaves;

GON. I would with such perfection govern, sir,  
To excel the golden age.

SEB. Save his majesty!

ANT. Long live Gonzalo!

GON. And, do you mark me, sir?—

ALON. Pr'ythee, no more: thou dost talk  
nothing to me.

GON. I do well believe your highness; and did  
it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who  
are of such sensible and nimble lungs that they  
always use to laugh at nothing.

ANT. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

GON. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am  
nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh  
at nothing still.

ANT. What a blow was there given!

SEB. An it had not fallen flat-long.

GON. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you  
would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she  
would continue in it five weeks without changing.

*Enter ARIEL, invisible, solemn Music playing.*

SEB. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.<sup>(2)</sup>

ANT. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

GON. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure  
my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me  
asleep, for I am very heavy?

ANT. Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep but ALON., SEB., and ANT.*

ALON. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine  
eyes

Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I  
find

They are inclin'd to do so.

SEB. Please you, sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:

It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,

It is a comforter.

ANT. We two, my lord,  
Will guard your person while you take your rest,  
And watch your safety.

ALON. Thank you.—Wondrous heavy.

[*ALON. sleeps. Exit ARIEL.*

SEB. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

<sup>a</sup> Which end o' the beam she'd bow.] So Malone. The old text  
has,—

"Which end o' th' beam should bow."

For which Capell substituted,—

"Which end the beam should bow."

And Mr. Collier's annotator changes the "at" of the previous  
line to as,—

"— as

Which end," &c.

<sup>b</sup> Foison,—] Abundance, plenty

ANT. It is the quality o' the climate.

SEN.

Why :

Doth it not, then, our eyelids sink ? I find not  
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

ANT. Nor I ; my spirits are nimble.

They fell together all, as by consent ;

They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What  
might,

Worthy Sebastian—O, what might—no more :—

And yet methinks I see it in thy face,

What thou shouldst be : the occasion speaks thee ;  
and

My strong imagination sees a crown

Dropping upon thy head.

SEN.

What, art thou waking ?

ANT. Do you not hear me speak ?

SEN. I do ; and sure'y

It is a sleepy language ; and thou speak'st

Out of thy sleep : what is it thou didst say ?

This is a strange repose, to be asleep

With eyes wide open ; standing, speaking, moving,

And yet so fast asleep.

ANT.

Noble Sebastian,

Thou lett'st thy fortune sleep,—die rather ; wink'st

Whiles thou art waking.

SEN.

Thou dost snore distinctly ;

There's meaning in thy snores.

ANT. I am more serious than my custom : you

Must be so too, if heed me ; which to do

Trebles thee o'er.

SEN.

Well, I am standing water.

ANT. I'll teach you how to flow.

SEN.

Do so : to obb,

Inherited sloth instructs me.

ANT.

O,

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish

Whiles thus you mock it ! how, in stripping it,

You more invest it ! Ebbing men, indeed,

Most often do so near the bottom run,

By their own fear or sloth.

SEN.

Pr'ythee, say on :

The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim

A matter from thee ; and a birth, indeed,

Which throes thee much to yield.

ANT.

Thus, sir :

Although this lord of weak remembrance,\* this,—

Who shall be of as little memory [suaded,—

When he is earth'd,—hath here almost per-

For he's a spirit of persuasion, only

Professes to persuade,—the king his son's alive,—

\* Of weak remembrance,—] Of feeble memory.

b Professes to persuade,—] The entanglement in this speech may have arisen from the retention of the poet's first, as well as of his reconsidered thought. By reading the passage without the words, "Professes to persuade," as Stevens justly remarks, "nothing is wanting to its sense or metre."

"—hath here almost persuaded,—  
For he's a spirit of persuasion only,—  
The king, his son's alive," &c

"Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,

As he that sleeps here, awakes.

SEN.

I have no hope

That he's undrown'd.

ANT.

O, out of that *no hope*,

What great hope have you ! no hope, that way, is

Another way so high a hope, that even

Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,

But doubts\* discovery there. Will you grant with  
me,

That Ferdinand is drown'd ?

SEN.

He's gone.

ANT.

Then, tell me,

Who's the next heir of Naples ?

SEN.

Claribel.

ANT. She that is queen of Tunis ; she that  
dwells [Naples

Ten leagues beyond man's life ; she, that from

Can have no use, unless the sun were post,—

The man i' the moon's too slow,—till new-born  
chums

Be rough and razorable ; she, from whom

We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast  
again ;

And, by that destiny,\* to perform an act,

Whereof what's past is prologue ; what to come,

In yours and my discharge.

SEN.

What stuff is this ?—How say you ?

"Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis :

So is she heir of Naples ; 'twixt which regions

There is some space.

ANT.

A space whose every cubit

Seems to cry out, *How shall that Claribel*

*Measure us back to Naples ! Keep in Tunis,*

*And let Sebastian wake !—* Say, this were death

That now hath seiz'd them ; why, they were, no  
worse [Naples

Than now they are. There be that can rule

As well as he that sleeps ; lords that can prate

As amply and unnecessarily

As this Gonzalo ; I myself could make

A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore

The mind that I do ! what a sleep were this

For your advancement ! Do you understand me ?

SEN.

Methinks I do.

ANT.

And how does your content

Tender your own good fortune ?

SEN.

I remember,

You did supplant your brother Prospero.

ANT.

True :

(\*) Old text, *doubt*

\* —she, from whom—] That is, *coming from whom*. The old text has,—

"—she that from whom."

Rowe made the correction

And, by that destiny,—] We should possibly read,—

"—though some cast again,—  
And that by destiny,—to perform," &c

And look how well my garments sit upon me;  
Much feater than before: my brother's servants,  
Were then my fellows; now they are my mauls.

SEB. But, for your conscience,—

ANT. Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a kibe,

'T would put me to my slipper: but I feel not  
This deity in my bosom; twenty consciences,  
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,  
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your  
brother,—

No better than the earth he lies upon,  
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead,—  
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,  
Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,  
To the perpetual wink for aye might put  
This ancient morsel, this sir Prudence, who  
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,  
They'll take suggestion\* as a cat laps milk;  
They'll tell the clock to any business that  
We say befits the hour.

SEB. Thy cause, dear friend,  
Shall be my precedent; as thou gott'st Milan,  
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword; one  
stroke

Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;  
And I the king shall love thee.

ANT. Draw together;  
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,  
To fall it on Gonzalo.

SEB. O, but one word. [*They converse apart.*]

*Music. Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.*

ARI. My master through his art foresees the  
danger  
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth,—  
For else his project dies,—to keep them<sup>b</sup> living.  
[*Sings in GONZALO'S ear.*]

*While you here do snoring lie,  
Open-eyed Conspiracy  
His time doth take:  
If of life you keep a care,  
Shake off slumber, and beware.  
Awake! awake!*

ANT. Then let us both be sudden.

GON. [*Waking.*] Now, good angels, preserve  
the king!

Why, how now? ho, awake! Why are you  
drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

ALON. [*Waking.*] What's the matter?

SEB. While we stood here securing your  
repose,

Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing  
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?  
It struck mine ear most terribly.

ALON. I heard nothing.

ANT. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's<sup>c</sup>  
ear;

To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar  
Of a whole herd of lions.

ALON. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

GON. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a  
humming,

And that a strange one too, which did awake  
me:

I shak'd you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes  
open'd,

I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,  
That's verity.<sup>d</sup> 'Tis best we stand upon our  
guard,

Or that we quit this place: let's draw our  
weapons.

ALON. Lead off this ground; and let's make  
further search

For my poor son.

GON. Heavens keep him from these beasts!  
For he is, sure, i' the island.

ALON. Lead away. [*Exeunt.*]

ANT. Prospero my lord shall know what I have  
done:—

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Island.*

*Enter CALIBAN, with a burden of wood.  
A noise of thunder heard.*

CAL. All the infections that the sun sucks up  
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make  
him

By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,  
And yet I needs must curse: but they'll not  
pinch,

Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire.  
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark.

Oat of my way, unless he bid 'em; but  
For every trifle are they set upon me,  
Sometimes like apes, that moe and chatter at me,  
And after, bite me; then like hedgehogs, which  
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount

presently flays—

“—I heard a humming,

And that a strange one too, which did awake me:  
I shak'd you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes open'd,  
I saw their weapons drawn.”

<sup>d</sup> That's verity] So Pope; the old text having, “That's  
verity.”

\* Suggestion—] Has before been explained to mean, temptation.

<sup>b</sup> To keep them living.] Mr. Dyce reads, “—to keep thee  
living,” which is preferable to any alteration of the passage yet  
suggested; but we are not convinced that change is required.

<sup>c</sup> Why, how now? ho, awake! &c.] In the old copy, and in  
every subsequent edition, this speech is given to the king and the  
next to Gonzalo, but erroneously, as we think is evident from the  
language, the business of the scene, and from what Gonzalo



Their pricks at my footfall ; sometime am I  
 All wound\* with adders, who, with cloven tongues,  
 Do hiss me into madness.—Lo, now ! lo !

Here comes a spirit of his ; and to torment me,  
 For bringing wood in slowly : I'll fall flat ;  
 Perchance, he will not mind me.



*Enter TRINCULO.*

TRIN. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear  
 off any weather at all, and another storm brewing ;

I hear it sing i' the wind : yond same black cloud,  
 yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that

\* All wound with—] All encircled by.



would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head. yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by paul-fuls.—What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish: a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, poot-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now (as once I was), and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man: any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.<sup>(3)</sup> Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warr, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer,—this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunder-bolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine;\* there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

*Enter STEPHANO, singing, a bottle in his hand.*

SIR. I shall no more to sea, to sea,  
Nere shall I see ashore,—

\* Gaberdine,] A loose over-garment, worn by the lower classes  
See note (6), p. 438, vol. 1.

This is a very scurvy time to sing at a man's funeral. well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks*

*The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,  
The gunner, and his mate,  
Lov'd Moll, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,  
But none of us car'd for Kate:  
For she had a tongue with a tang,  
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang:  
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,  
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did  
itch;  
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!*

This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

CAL. Do not torment me:—O!

STE. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon's with vjvages and men of Inde, ha? I have not 'scaped drowning, to be afraid now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

CAL. The spirit torments me:—O!

SIR. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will



give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

\* CAL. Do not torment me, pi'y thee! I'll bring my wood home faster.

STR. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

CAL. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

STR. Come on your ways; open your mouth: here is that which will give language to you, cat; open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chops again.

TAM. I should know that voice: it should be—but he is drowned; and these are devils:—O! defend me!

STR. Four legs and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice now, is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague:

Come;—Amen!<sup>a</sup> I will pour some in thy other mouth.

TAM. Stephano,—

STR. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.<sup>b</sup>

\* TAM. Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo,—be not afraid,—thy good friend Trinculo.

STR. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if may be Trinculo's legs, these are they.—Thou art very Trinculo, indeed: how camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? can he vent Trinculos?

TAM. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke:—but art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

STR. Pi'y thee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

\* CAL. [Aside.] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.

That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

STR. How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou

<sup>a</sup> Amen! Perhaps a warning to the monster to stint his draught.

<sup>b</sup> I have no long spoon.] An allusion which we have had

before, in "The Comedy of Errors," Act IV. Sc. 3, to the ancient proverb, "He who eats with the devil hath need of a long spoon."





hither? swear by this bottle, how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

CAL. [*Aside.*] I'll swear upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

STE. Hero; swear then how thou escapedst.

TRIN. Swam ashore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

STE. Hero, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

TRIN. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

STE. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid.—How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

CAL. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

STE. Out o' the moon. I do assure thee: I was the man i' the moon when time was.

CAL. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee;

My mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog and thy bush.

STE. Come, swear to that; kiss the book:—I will furnish it anon with new contents:—swear.

TRIN. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster:—I'm afraid of him!—a very weak mon-

ster:—*The man i' the moon!*—a most poor credulous monster!—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

CAL. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island;

And I will kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

TRIN. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when 's god's asleep he'll rob his bottle.

CAL. I'll kiss thy-foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

STE. Come on then; down and swear.

TRIN. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: a most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him.

STE. Come, kiss.

TRIN. But that the poor monster's in drink, an abominable monster!

CAL. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee, Thou wondrous man.

TRIN. A most ridiculous monster! to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

CAL. I pr'ythee let me bring thee where crabs grow,

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;  
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how  
To wane the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee  
To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee  
Young scamels\* from the rock. Wilt thou go with  
me?

STR. I pry thee now; lead the way, without any  
more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our com-  
pany else being drowned, we will inherit here.—  
[To CALIBAN.] Here; bear my bottle.—Fellow  
Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again!

CAL. Farewell, master. farewell, farewell!  
[Sings drunkenly]

\* Young scamels—] So the old text, but perhaps corruptly,  
since the word has not been found in any other author. Theobald  
changed it to *shamols*, and suggested *stankels*, that is, young  
hawks and sea mells, or sea mells.

<sup>b</sup> Nor scrape trencher.—] The old text has, "Nor scrape tren-  
chering" but, as Mr Dyce observes, "That 'trenchering' is an  
error of the printer (or transcriber), occasioned by the preceding  
words, 'firing' and 'requiring,' is beyond a doubt."

TARN. A howling monster; a drunken monster

CAL. No more dams I'll make for fish;  
Nor fetch in firing  
At requiring,  
Nor scrape trencher,<sup>c</sup> nor wash dish:  
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban  
Has a new master—Get a new man.  
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, Freedom!  
Freedom, hey-day, Freedom!

STR. O brave monster! lead the way.

[Exeunt]

<sup>c</sup> Hey-day! hey day!] This appears to have been a familiar  
burden. Thus, in Ben Jonson's ' Cynthia's Revels,' Act II  
9: 1—

'Come follow me, my wags, and say as I say  
There's no riches but in rage hey day, hey day  
You that profess this art, come away, come away  
And help to bear a part Hey day hey day'





### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.—*Before Prospero's Cell.*

*Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.*

Fra. There be some sports are painful, and  
 their labour  
 Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness  
 Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters  
 Point to rich ends. This my mean task  
 Would be as heavy to me as odious; but

The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,  
 And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is  
 Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,—  
 And he's compos'd of harshness! I must remove  
 Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,  
 Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress  
 Weeps when she sees me work; and says such  
 baseness

~~Let these sweet thoughts do even refresh my~~  
labour;  
Most busy felt, when I do it—

*Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO following.*

MIRA. Alas, now I pray you,  
Work not so hard; I would the lightning had  
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!  
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,  
'T will weep for having wearied you. My father  
Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself;  
He's safe for these three hours.

FER. O most dear mistress,  
The sun will set before I shall discharge  
What I must strive to do.

MIRA. If you'll sit down  
I'll bear your logs the while. pray give me that;  
I'll carry it to the pile.

FER. No, precious creature:  
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,  
Than you should such dishonour undergo,  
While I sit lazy by.

MIRA. It would become me  
As well as it does you; and I should do it  
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,  
And yours it is against.

PRO. [*Aside.*] Poor worm, thou art infected!  
This visitation shows it.

MIRA. You look wearily.

FER. No; noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning  
with me,  
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,—  
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,—  
What is your name?

MIRA. Miranda:—O my father,  
I have broke your 'best to say so!

FER. Admir'd Miranda!  
Indeed the top of admiration; worth  
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady  
I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time  
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage  
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues  
Have I lik'd several women; never any  
With so full soul, but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,  
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,

So perfect and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best!

MIRA. I do not know  
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,  
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen  
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,  
And my dear father. how features are abroad,  
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,  
—The jewel in my dower,—I would not wish  
Any companion in the world but you;  
Nor can imagination form a shape.  
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle,  
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts  
I therefore do forget.

FER. I am, in my condition,  
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king,—  
I would not so!—and would no more endure  
This wooden slavery, than to suffer [*spoke*—  
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.—Hear my soul  
The very instant that I saw you, did  
My heart fly to your service; there resides,  
To make me slave to it; and for your sake  
Am I thus patient log-man.

MIRA. Do you love me?

FER. O heaven! O earth!—bear witness to this  
sound,

And crown what I profess with kind event,  
If I speak true! if hollowly, my evil  
What best is boded me, to mischief! I,  
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,  
Do love, prize, honour you.

MIRA. I am a fool,  
To weep at what I am glad of.

PRO. [*Aside.*] Fair 'oneounter  
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace  
On that which breeds between 'em!

FER. Wherefore weep you?

MIRA. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer  
What I desire to give, and much less take  
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;  
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,  
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!  
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!  
I am your wife, if you will marry me;  
If not, I'll die your maid. to be your fellow  
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,  
Whether you will or no.

FER. My mistress, dearest!  
And I thus humble ever.

(\*) Old text, *labours*

— I forget  
*But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labour;  
Most busy felt, when I do it*

This is the great crux of the play. No passage in Shakespeare has occasioned more speculation, and on none has speculation proved less happy. The first folio reads, "Most busy: *lest*, when I do it;" the second, "Most busy: *lest* when I do it." Pope prints, "*Least* busy when I do it." Theobald, "Most busy: *lest*

when I do it." Mr Holt White suggests, "Most *busiest* when I do it," and Mr Collier's annotator, "Most busy,—*lest* when I do it." Whatever may have been the word for which "*lest*" was misprinted, "Most busy" and that word bore reference, unquestionably, not to Ferdinand's task, but to the sweet thoughts by which it was relieved. We have substituted *felt* as a likely word to have been mis set for "*lest*," but are in doubt whether *still*, in its old sense of *ever*, always is not preferable,—

"Most busy still, when I do it."

b Fellow—] That is, *companion, peer*.

MIRA.

My husband, then?

FER. Ay, with a heart as willing

As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

• MIRA. And mine, with my heart and now,  
farewell,

Till half an hour hence.

• FER. A thousand thousand!

[*Exeunt FERDINAND and MIRANDA severally.*]

PRO. So glad of this as they I cannot be,

Who are surpris'd with all; but my rejoicing

At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;

For yet ere supper-time must I perform

Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*]SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Island.*Enter CALIBAN with a bottle; STEPHANO and  
TRINCULO following.STR. Tell not me;—when the butt is out we  
will drink water; not a drop before; therefore  
bear up, and board 'em.—Servant-monster, drink  
to me.TRIN. *Servant-monster?* the folly of this is-  
land? They say there's but five upon this isle:  
we are three of them; if the other two be brained  
like us, the state totters.STR. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee;  
thy eyes are almost set in thy head.TRIN. Where should they be set else? he were  
a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.STR. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue  
in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me;  
I swim, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-  
thirty leagues, off and on. By this light thou  
shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.TRIN. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no  
standard.

STR. We'll not run, monsieur Monster.

TRIN. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs;  
and yet say nothing neither.STR. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou  
beest a good moon-calf.• CAL. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy  
shoe.

I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

TRIN. Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am  
in case to juggle a constable. Why, thou dyabolical  
fish, thou, was there ever a man a coward that hath  
drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell  
a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a  
monster?CAL. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him,  
my lord?TRIN. Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should  
be such a natural!• CAL. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I  
pr'ythee.STR. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your  
head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—  
the poor monster's my subject, and he shall not  
suffer indignity.CAL. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be  
pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made  
to thee?STR. Marry will I: kneel and repeat it; I will  
stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, invisible.

CAL. As I told thee before, I am subject to a  
tyrant;—a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath  
cheated me of the island.

ARI. Thou liest.

CAL. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou;  
I would my valiant master would destroy thee:  
I do not lie.STR. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's  
tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your  
teeth.

TRIN. Why, I said nothing.

STR. Mum then, and no more.—[*To CALIBAN.*]  
Proceed.CAL. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;  
From me he got it. If thy greatness will  
Revenge it on him—for, I know, thou dar'st;  
But this thing dare not,—

• STR. That's most certain.

CAL. —Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve  
thee.STR. How now shall this be compassed? Canst  
thou bring me to the party?CAL. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee  
asleep,

Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

ARI. Thou liest; thou canst not.

CAL. What a pied<sup>a</sup> ninny's this!—Thou surly  
patch!—I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,  
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,  
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not  
show him

Where the quick freshes are.

STR. Trinculo, run into no further danger: in-  
terrupt the monster one word further, and, by this<sup>a</sup> — a pied ninny's *Mist*? An allusion to the pied, or party-  
coloured dress which Trinculo, as a jester, wore.<sup>b</sup> Patch! See notes (b), p. 127, Vol. I., and (c), p. 372,  
Vol. I.



hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

TRIN. Why, what did I? I did nothing, I'll go further off

STR. Didst thou not say he lied?

ARI. Thou liest.

STR. Do I so? take thou that.

[Strikes TRINCULO

As you like this, give me the lie another time.

TRIN. I did not give the lie —out o' your wits,

and hearing too? — A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do — A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

CAL. Ha, ha, ha!

STR. Now, forward with your tale. — Pr'ythee stand further off

CAL. Beat him enough. after a little time, I'll beat him too

STR. Stand further — Come, proceed. [him

CAL. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with

I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,

Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log  
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,  
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember,  
First to possess his books; for without them  
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not  
One spirit to command: they all do hate him,  
As rootedly as I:—burr but his books;  
He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,—  
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal:  
And that most deeply to consider, is  
The beauty of his daughter; he himself  
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,  
But only Sycorax my dam and she;  
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,  
As great'st does least.

STR. Is it so brave a lass?

CAL. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,

And bring thee forth brave brood.\*

STR. Murther, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen,—save our graces!—and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys.—Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

TRIN. Excellent.

STR. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

CAL. Within this half-hour will he be asleep; wilt thou destroy him then?

STR. Ay, on mine honour.

ARI. This will I tell my master.

CAL. Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure;  
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch  
You taught me but while-ere?

STR. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason:—Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

[Sings.

*Flout 'em, and scout 'em; and scout 'em, and  
flout 'em;  
Thought is free.*

CAL. That's not the tune.

[ANTH. plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.

STR. What is this tune?

TRIN. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.(1)

STR. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

TRIN. O, forgive me my sins!

STR. He that dies pays all debts.—I defy thee.  
—Mercy upon us!

CAL. Art thou afraid?

STR. No, monster, not I.

CAL. Be not afraid; the isle is full of noises,  
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt  
not.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments  
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,  
That, if I them had wak'd after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,  
The clouds methought would open and show riches  
Ready to drop upon me; that when I wak'd  
I cried to dream again.

STR. This will prove a brave kingdom to me,  
where I shall have my music for nothing.

CAL. When Prospero is destroyed.

STR. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

TRIN. The sound is going away: let's follow it,  
and after do our work.

STR. Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would I  
could see this taborer! (2) he lay it on.

TRIN. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

[Exeunt.

### SCENE III.—Another Part of the Island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,  
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.

GON. By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir:  
My old bones ache; here's a maze trod, indeed,  
Through forth-rights and meanders! by your  
patience,

I needs must rest me.

ALON. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,  
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,  
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down and rest.  
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it  
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd  
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks  
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

ANT. [Aside to SEB.] I am right glad that  
he's so out of hope.

DO not, for one repulse, forego the purpose  
That you resolv'd to effect.

SEB. [Aside to ANT.] The next advantage  
Will we take thoroughly.

(\*) Old text, *cow*.

\* By and by.] *By* and *by*, as well as *presently*, now implies some brief delay, but in old language they usually meant immediately.

By'r lakin.—] A contraction of *By our Lady*, or, little lady. It occurs in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." See note

(b), p. 357, Vol. I.

\* Ache.] This word is now invariably spelt thus; but formerly, when used as a verb, it took the form of "ake," and, as a substantive, of "ache." See note (c), p. 14.

Through forth-rights and meanders.] "Mazes were of two kinds, rectangular and curvilinear; Mr. Knight gives a figure of one of the former."—*STRONG*.

ANT. *[Aside to SEN.]* Let it be to-night;  
For now they are oppress'd with travel, they  
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,  
As when they are fresh.

SEN. *[Aside to ANT.]* I say, to-night: no more.

*Solemn and strange music and PROSPERO above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the KING, &c., to eat, they depart.*

ALON. What harmony is this? my good friends,  
hark!

GON. Marvellous sweet music!

ALON. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What  
were these?

SEN. A living drollery.\* Now I will believe  
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia  
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix  
At this hour reigning there.

ANT. I'll believe both;  
And what does else want credit, come to me,  
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie,  
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

GON. If in Naples  
I should report this now, would they believe me?  
If I should say, I saw such islanders,—  
For, certes, these are people of the island,—  
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,  
Their manners are more gentle-kind, than of  
Our human generation you shall find  
Many, nay, almost any.

PRO. *[Aside.]* Honest lord,  
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present  
Are worse than devils.

ALON. I cannot too much muse.  
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, ex-  
pressing,—

Although they want the use of tongue,—a kind  
Of excellent dumb discourse.

PRO. *[Aside.]* Praise in departing.<sup>b</sup>

FRAN. They vanish'd strangely.

SEN. No matter, since

They have left their vianda behind; for we have  
stomachs.—

ANT. I please you this of what is here?

ALON. Not I.

GON. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we  
were boys,

Who would believe that there were mountaineers  
Dow-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging  
at 'em

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men  
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now  
we find,

Each putter-out of five for one<sup>c</sup> will bring us  
Good warrant of.

ALON. I will stand to, and feed,  
Although my last: no matter, since I feel  
The best is past.—Brother, my lord the duke,  
Stand to, and do as we.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a  
harp; cleps his wings upon the table, and,  
with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

ARI. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,—  
That hath to instrument this lower world  
And what is in't,—the never-surfeited sea  
Hath caus'd to belech you, and on this island  
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men  
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;  
And even with such-like valour, men hang and drown  
Their proper selves. *[ALONSO, SENAST., &c. draw  
their swords.]* You fools! I and my fellows  
Are ministers of Fate: the elements,  
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well  
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs  
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish  
One dowle<sup>d</sup> that's in my plume; my fellow ministers  
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,  
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,  
And will not be uplifted. But, remember,—  
For that's my business to you,—that you three  
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;  
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,  
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed  
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have

(\*) First folio, *Islands*

\* A living drollery.] A puppet show in Shakespeare's time was called a *drollery*. This, Sebastian says, is one played by living characters.

<sup>b</sup> Praise in departing.] A proverbial saying, equivalent to "Await the end before you commend your entertainment." So in "The Paradise of Dainty Devices," 1596,—

"A good beginning oft we see, but seldom standing at one stay,  
For few do like the meane degree, then praise at parting some  
men say."

<sup>c</sup> Each putter-out of five for one—] It was the custom of travellers, when about to make a long voyage, to put out, or invest, a sum of money, upon a guarantee that they should receive at the rate of five for one if they returned. This species of gambling became so much in vogue at one period that adventurers were in the practice of undertaking dangerous journeys solely upon the speculation of what their *puttings out* would

yield if they got back safe. Of course when the journey ended fatally, the money they had invested went to the party who had engaged to pay, the enormous interest on it. So, in Barnaby Rudge's "Khalia and Nothing but Faults," 1807: "Those whippersnappers, that, having spent the greatest part of their patrimony in prodigality, will give out the rest of their stocks to be paid two or three for one upon their return from Rome." See also Fynes Morison's "Itinerary," Part I., p. 198, and Taylor, the water poet's pamphlet, called "The Scourge of Baseness, or The Old Lerry, with a new Kicksey, and a new cum swagg, with the old Winscy." The ancient reading is usually altered in modern editions to "Each putter-out of one for five," or "Each putter-out on five for one," but no change is called for; Shakespeare and his contemporaries commonly used of for on,—

"I'd put out moneys of being Mayor."

"The Ordinary," Act I. Sc. 1.

<sup>d</sup> Dowle—] Feather; or particle of down.



Incons'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,  
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,  
They have bereft; and do pronounce, by me,  
Ling'ring perdition—worse than any death  
Can be at once—shall step by step attend  
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you  
from,—

Which here, in this most desolate jale, else falls  
Upon your heads,—is nothing but heart's sorrow,  
And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music,  
enter the Shapes a jay, and dance with mocks  
and mows, and carry out the table.*

Pro. [*Aside*] Bravely the figure of this harpy  
hast thou

Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:  
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated,  
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life,  
And observation strange, my weather ministers  
Their several kinds have done. My high charms  
work,

And these, mine enemies, are all knit up  
In their distractions: they now are in my power;

\* So, with good life — ] The expression "good life" occurs with  
equal ambiguity in Twelfth Night, Act II. bc 3. Would  
you have a love son, or a song of good life?

And in these fits I leave them, while I visit  
Young Ferdinand,—whom they suppose is  
drown'd.

And his and mine lov'd darling. [*Exit from above,  
Gon.*] The name of something holy, sir, why  
stand you

In this strange stare?

ALON. O, it's monstrous! monstrous!  
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;  
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,  
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd  
The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass.  
Therefore my son, the ooze is bedded; and,  
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded;  
And with him there lie madded. [*Exit.*

SEB. But one fiend at a time.

I'll fight their legions o'er!

ANT. I'll be thy second.

[*Exeunt* SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.]

Gon. All three of them are desperate; their  
great guilt,

Like poison given to work a great time after,  
Now 'gins to bite the spirits.—I do beseech you,  
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,  
And hinder them from what this ecstasy  
May now provoke them to

Ann.

Follow, I pray you.

[*Exeunt.*





## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*Before Prospero's Cell.*

*Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.*

PRO. If I have too austere<sup>ly</sup> punish'd you,  
Your compensation makes amends ; for I  
Have given you here a thread\* of mine own life,  
Or that for which I live ; whom once again  
I tender to thy hand. All thy vexations  
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou  
Hast strangely stood the test : here, afore Heaven,  
I ratify this my rich gift. O, Ferdinand,  
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,  
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,  
And make it halt behind her !

FER. I do believe it,  
Against an oracle.

PRO. Then, as my gift,\* and thine own acquisition

Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter : but  
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before  
All sanctimonious ceremonies may  
With full and holy rite be minister'd,  
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall  
To make this contract grow ; but barren hate,  
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew  
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,  
That you shall hate it both : therefore take heed,  
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

FER. As I hope  
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life.  
With such love as 't is now,—the murkiest den,  
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion  
Our worser Genius can, shall never melt  
Mine honour into lust ; to take away

(\*) Old text, *quest.*

\* — a thread of mine own life,—] The folios have "third," a

mis-spelling, perhaps, of *thred* = *thread*, which is oftentimes found in old writers.

# THE TEMPEST

[SCENE 2]

The edge of that day's celebration,  
When I shall think or Phœbus' steeds are found, or  
Or Night kept chain'd below.

PRO Fairly spoke.  
Sit, then, and talk with her, she is thine own —  
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

*Enter Ariel*

ARI What would my potent master here, I am  
PRO Thou and thy minister follows your last  
SERVICE

Did worthily perform, and I must use you  
In such another trick. *Pro* Bring the table  
O'er whom I give thee power here, to this place  
Invite them to quick motion, for I must  
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple  
Some yamty of mine art, it is my promise,  
And they expect it from me

ARI Præsently  
PRO Ay, with a twink

ARI Before you can say, *Come*, and *Go*  
And breathe twice, and cry, *So, so*  
Such one, tupp'ing on his toe  
Will be here with mop and mow  
Do you love me, master? no?

PRO Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not  
approach  
Till thou dost hear me call

ARI Well I conceive. *[Exit]*

PRO Look thou be true, do not give dalliance  
Too much the rein, the strongest oaths are straw  
To the fire of the blood, be more abstemious  
On this good night your vow?

ERI I warrant you, sir,  
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart  
Abates the ardour of my liver

PRO Well  
Now come, my Ariel! bring a collary  
Rather than want a spirit, appear and partly  
No tongue, all eyes be silent! *[Soft music]*

*A Music. Enter Iris*

IRIS Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas  
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease  
Thy tufty mountains where live nibbling sheep  
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep,  
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,

Which spongy April at thy heat betrim's,  
To make cold nymphs chaste wrens; and thy  
broom groves,

Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,  
Being late-long; thy pole-chipp'd vineyard;  
And thy sea-marge, sterile, and rocky-hard,  
Where thou thyself dost air, — the queen o' the  
sky,

Whose watery arch and messenger am I,  
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign  
grace

Here on this grass-plot, in this very place  
To come and sport, her peacocks fly amain,  
Approach rich Ceres, here to entertain

*Enter Ceres*

CER Ha! many colour'd messenger that ne'er  
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter  
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers  
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers  
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown  
My bosky acres and my unshrubbed down  
Rich sent to my pond, earth, why hath thy  
queen

Summon'd me hither to this short grass'd green?

IRIS A contract of true love to celebrate,  
And some denition freely to estate  
On the blessed day

CER Tell me heavenly bow,  
If Venus or her son as thou dost know  
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot  
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,  
Her and her blind boy, so and I'd company  
I have forsworn

IRIS Of her society  
Be not afraid, I met her deity  
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos and her son  
Dove down with her. Here thought they to  
have done

Some wroton charm upon this man and maid,  
Whose vows are that no bed-rite shall be paid  
Till Hymen's torch be lighted, but in vain,  
Mars's hot minion is return'd again,  
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,  
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with  
sparrows

And be a boy right out  
CER H, ghost queen of state,  
Great Jago comes! I know her by her gait

\* The abbl. —] The inferior spirit

† A corollary. A collar, lus.

‡ Thy vine's with pioned and twilled brims —]

According to Blunt, "pioned" and "twilled" brims meant brims  
dug and heaped. Hanmer and Stevens contend that the  
poet had a view, the margin of a stream adorned with flowers  
while Mr Collier's annotator would read "pioned and twilled"  
that is, cultivated "brims. We much prefer the interpretation  
of Hanmer and Stevens to either of the others, but have not  
thought it desirable to alter the old text

§ —broom groves —] Hanmer changes this to "brown groves"  
as does Mr Collier's annotator, and a more unhappy alteration  
can hardly be conceived, since it at once destroys the point of the  
allusion, yellow the colour of the broom, being supposed espe-  
cially congenial to the *lass* and dismissed bachelor. This  
Barton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy" Part III. Sec. 2,  
"So long as we are wooers, we may kiss and roll at our pleasure,  
nothing is so sweet, we are in heaven, as we think, but when we  
are once tied and have lost our liberty, marriage is an hell, give  
me my yellow four again"

*Enter JUNO.*

JUN. How does my bounteous sister? Go  
with me  
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,  
And honour'd in their issue.

*Song.*

JUN. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,  
Long continuance, and increasing,  
Hourly joys be still upon you!  
Juno sings her blessings on you.

CER. Earth's increase, founon plenty,  
Burns and garners never empty,  
Vines, with clustering bunches growing,  
Plants, with goodly burden bowing,  
Spring come to you, at the farthest,  
In the very end of harvest!  
Scarcity and want shall shun you,  
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

FER. This is a most majestic vision, and  
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold  
To think these spirits?

PRO. Spirits, which by mine art  
I have from their confines call'd to enact  
My present fancies.

FER. Let me live here ever;  
So rare a wonder, and a father wise,<sup>a</sup>  
Makes this place Paradise.

[JUNO and CERES whisper, and send IRIS on  
employment.]

PRO. Sweet now, silence!  
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously.  
There's some thing else to do. hush, and be mute,  
Or else our spell is marred.

IRIS. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wan-  
dering\* brooks,  
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever harmless looks,  
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land  
Answer your summons: Juno does command:  
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate  
A contract of true love; be not too late.

(\*) Old text *wandering*

\* CER. Earth's increase, &c. The prefix "Cer" to this part  
of the song is omitted by mistake in the old copies, and was first  
inserted by Th. Ald.

Spring come to you at the farthest,  
In the very end of harvest!]

Mr. Collier's annotator would alter this, strangely enough, to,  
"Rain come to you," &c. See the "Fairy Queen," B III.  
C. 6, St. 42.—

"There is continuall spring, and harvest there  
Continuall, both meeting at one time"

See also Amos, c. ix. v. 13—"Behold, the days come, saith the  
Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader  
of grapes him that soweth seed"  
"Harmonious charmingly"] *Charmingly* here imports *magi-  
cally*, not *delightfully*.

<sup>a</sup> So rare a wonder, and a father wise,  
Makes this place Paradise.]

*Enter certain Nymphs.*

You sun-burn'd sicklemen of August, weary,  
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;  
Make holiday: your rye-straw hats put on,  
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one  
In country footing.

*Enter certain Reapers, properly habited; they  
join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance;  
towards the end whereof PROSPERO starts  
suddenly, and speaks, after which, to a  
strange, hollow, and confused noise, they  
heavily vanish.*

PRO. [Aside.] I had forgot that foul conspiracy  
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates,  
Against my life: the minute of their plot  
Is almost come. — [To the Spirits.] Well done;—  
avoid! no more!

FER. This is strange: your father's in some  
passion  
That works him strangely.

MIR. Never till this day,  
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

PRO. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,  
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.  
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into thin air.  
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. (1) We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep—Sir, I am vex'd;  
Beat with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:  
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:  
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,  
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,  
To still my beating mind.

In the ancient copies this reads,—

"So rare a wonder'd father, and a wise  
Makes this place Paradise,"

and it is usually altered to,—

"So rare a wonder'd father and a wife,  
Make this place Paradise."

It is pretty evident that Ferdinand expresses a compliment to  
father and daughter, and equally so that the lines were intended to  
rhyme with the very slight change we have ventured, the  
passage fulfils both conditions. It is noteworthy that the same  
rhyme occurs in the opening stanza of our author's "Passionate  
Pilgrim,"—

"— what fool is not so wise,  
To break an oath, to win a paradise."

a stanza quoted in "Love's Labour's Lost," Act IV. Sc. 2.



FER., MIRA. We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*]

PRO. Come with a thought!—I thank thee. —  
Ariel, come!

*Enter* ARIEL.

ARI. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?

PRO. Spirit.

We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

ARI. Ay, my commander; when I presented  
Ceres,

I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd  
Lest I might anger thee.

PRO. Say again, where didst thou leave those  
varlets?

ARI. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with  
drinking;

So full of valour that they smote the air  
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground  
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending  
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,  
At which, like unback'd colts, they pick'd their  
cars,

Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses  
As they smelt music; so I charm'd their ears,  
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through

\* I thank thee? Stevens, rightly, we believe, considered these words to be in reply to the mutual wish of Ferdinand and Miranda, but wrongly, perhaps, altered them to, "I thank you." These, however ungrammatical, appears to have been sometimes

Tooth'd briars, sharp fuzes, pricking goss, and  
thorns,

Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them  
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell.

There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake  
O'rstunk their feet.

PRO. This was well done, my bird.

Thy shape invisible retain thou still:

The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,

For stale to catch these thieves.

ARI. I go, I go. [*Exit.*]

PRO. A devil, a horn devil, on whose nature

Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,

Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;

And as, with age, his body uglier grows,

So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,

Even to roaring.—

*Re-enter* ARIEL, *laden with glistening apparel, &c.*

Come, hang them on this line. (3.)

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain invisible. *Enter*  
CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, *all wet.*

CAL. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole  
may not

Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

(\*) Old text, on them.

used in a plural sense: thus, in "Hamlet," Act II. Sc. 2; the prince, addressing the players, says,—"I am glad to see *the* well."



STR. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.

• TRIN. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation

STR. So is mine.—Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you,—

• TRIN. Thou wert but a lost monster.

CAL. Good my lord, give me thy favour still.

Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to  
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly;—

All's a hush'd as midnight yet.

TRIN. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

STR. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

TRIN. That a more to me than my wetting; yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

SIR I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er early for my labour.

CAL. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here,

This is the mouth o' the coll; no noise, and enter. Do that good mischief, which may make this island

Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,

For aye thy foot-lucker

STR. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts

TRIN. O, king Stephano! O, peer! O, worthy Stephano! look what a war-robe here is for thee!

CAL. Let it alone, thou fool, it is but trash.

TRIN. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a flippery.—O, king Stephano!

STR. Put off that gown, Trinculo by this Land, I'll have that gown.

TRIN. Thy grace shall have it.

CAL. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean,

To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone,

And do the murder first: if he awake, From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches, Make us strange stuff.

STR. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line—now, gentlemen, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

TRIN. Do, do—we steal by line and level, an't like your grace.

SIR. I thank thee for that jest—here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unwarded while I am king of this country. *Steal by line and level* is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

TRIN. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

CAL. I will have none on't, we shall lose our time.

And all be turn'd to barnacles<sup>(1)</sup> or to apes With foreheads villainous low.

STR. Monster, lay to your fingers; help to beat this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom. go to, carry this.

TRIN. And this.

STR. Ay, and this.

*A noise of Hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits in shape of hounds, and hunt them about PROSPERO and ARIEL sitting them on.*

PRO. Hey, Mountain! hey!

ARI. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

PRO. Tury, Tury! there, Tyrant, there! hark hark!

[CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO are driven out.]

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joint With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them,

Thunpard or cat o' mountain.

ARI. Hark, they roar.

PRO. Let them be hunted soundly. At the hour

Let at my mercy all mine enemies.

Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou

Shalt have the air at freedom<sup>(2)</sup> for a little,

Follow, and do me service. [Exeunt]

<sup>(1)</sup> A flippery.—A flippery was the name of a shop for the sale of second-hand apparel; the prefix of which was call'd flippery. The chief mart of the flipperies Stryp tells us was Brechin Lane and Crutche Church Lane.

<sup>(2)</sup> Let's alone.—Theobald reads Let's alone, which if

al n was not sometimes used in the same sense is undoubtedly the right word. Let's alone, Vol. I.

<sup>(2)</sup>—now I think you are like to lose your hair.—A quibble, the loss of hair's a criticism. It is told by those who visit hotel-masters and the hair of the line, while the quibbling of a hair is a criticism.





ACT. V.

SCENE I.—*Before the Cell of Prospero.*

*Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.*

PRO. Now does my project gather to a head :  
My charms crack not ; my spirits obey ; and Time  
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day ?

ARI. On the sixth hour ; at which time, my  
lord,

\*You said our work should cease.

PRO. I did say so,  
When' first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,  
How fares the king and 's followers ?

• ARI. Confin'd together,  
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,  
Just as you left them ; all prisoners, sir,\*  
In the line-grove<sup>a</sup> which weather-fends your cell ;  
They cannot budge till your release. The king,  
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted ;  
And the remainder mourning over them,

Brim-full of sorrow and dismay ; but chiefly  
Him that you term'd, sir, *The good old lord, Gon-  
zalo* ;

His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops  
From caves of reeds : your charm so strongly  
works 'em,

That if you now beheld them, your affections  
Would become tender.

PRO. Dost thou think so, spirit ?

ARI. Mine would, sir, were I human.

PRO. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling  
Of their afflictions ? and shall not myself,  
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,  
Passion<sup>b</sup> as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art ?  
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the  
quick,

Yet, with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury

<sup>a</sup> Line-grove—] Mr. Hunter, in his "Disquisition on Shake-  
spears's *Tempest*," has clearly proved that the linden, or lime,  
was formerly called the "*line-tree*."

<sup>b</sup> Passion as they,—] We should probably read, "*Passion'd* as  
they."



Do I take part. The rarer action is  
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,  
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend  
Not a frown further. Go, release them, Ariel;  
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,  
And they shall be themselves.

ARI. L'll fetch them, sir. [Exit.

PRO. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes,  
and groves;

And ye that on the sands, with printless foot  
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him  
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that  
By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets make,  
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime  
Is to make midnight-mushrooms, that rejoice  
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid—  
Weak masters though ye be—I have bedimm'd  
The round sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,  
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault  
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder  
Have I given fire, and lifted Jove's stout oak  
With his own bolt; the strong-bow'd promontory  
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up  
The pine and cedar; graves, at my command,  
Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd, and let them forth  
By my so potent art.<sup>(1)</sup> But this rough magic  
I here abjure; and, when I have requir'd  
Some heavenly music,—which even now I do,—  
To work mine end upon their senses that  
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,  
Bury it even fathoms in the earth,  
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,  
I'll drown my book. [Solemn music.]

Re-enter ARIEL: after him, ALONSO, with a gigantic gesture, attended by GONZALO; SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO: they all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed; which PROSPERO observing, speaks.

A solemn air, and the best comforter  
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,  
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand.  
For you are spell-stopp'd.—  
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,

<sup>(1)</sup> Old text, *best*.

[Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,  
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine.]

On this passage Mr. Collier has the following observations in his last edition.—“Noble” and “flow” are from the corrected folio, 1632, and, we may be content, are restorations of the poet’s language. Why has Prospero to call Gonzalo *holy*, as the epithet stands in the folio?—he was “noble” and “honourable” but in no respect *holy*; the error of *show* for *flow* is also transparent and must have been occasioned chiefly by the mistake of the long *s* for *f*. In his anxiety to sustain the changes proposed by his annotator, Mr. Collier appears to have forgotten two or three

Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,  
Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace;  
And as the morning steals upon the night,  
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses  
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle  
Their clearer reason.—O, good Gonzalo,  
My true preserver, and a loyal sir  
To him thou follow’st! I will pay thy graces  
Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly  
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:  
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—  
Thou art pinch’d for’t now, Sebastian.—Flesh and  
blood,

You brother mine, that entertain ambition,  
Expell’d remorse and nature; who, with Se-  
bastian,—

Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,—  
Would here have kill’d your king; I do forgive  
thee,

Unnatural though thou art.—Their understanding  
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide  
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,  
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them  
That yet looks on me, or would know me:—Ariel,  
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;—

[Exit ARIEL.]

I will disrobe me, and myself present,  
As I was sometime Milan.—quickly, spirit;  
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL re-enters, singing, and helps to attire  
PROSPERO.

ARI. *When the bee sucks, there suck I,  
In a cowslip’s bell I lie,  
There I couch when owls do cry;  
On the bat’s back I do fly  
After summer merrily;  
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.*<sup>(2)</sup>

PRO. Why, that’s my dainty Ariel! I shall  
miss thee;  
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.—  
To the king’s ship, invisible as thou art:  
There shalt thou and the mariners asleep  
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain,

facts which militate very strongly against them. In the first place, the word “*holy*,” in Shakespeare’s time, besides its ordinary meaning of *godly*, *sanctified*, and the like, signified also *pure*, and *right*, &c. in this sense, Leontes, in “The Winter’s Tale,” Act V. sc. 1, speaks of Polixenes as “*holy*,”—

“You have a *holy* father,  
A graceful gentleman.”

In the next place, the old text has “*show*,” not *show*; and, thirdly, the misprint, if there were one, could not have been occasioned chiefly by the mistake of the long *s* for *f*, seeing the *sh* of “*show*” in old typography formed a single character, *sh*, which was far less likely to be confounded with the type which represented “*fl*”—*f*, than the single long *s* with *f*.

Being awake, enforce them to this place;  
And presently, I pray thee.

ANT. I drink the air before me, and return  
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [Exit.]

GON. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement

Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us  
Out of this fearful country!

PRO. Behold, sir king,  
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero:  
For more assurance than a living prince  
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;  
And to thee and thy company, I bid  
A hearty welcome.

ALON. When thou beest he, or no,  
Or some enchanted trifle\* to abuse me,  
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse  
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,  
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,  
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave—  
As if this be at all—a most strange story.  
Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat  
Thou pardon me my wrongs.—But how should

Prospero

Be living, and be here?

PRO. [To GON.] First, noble friend,  
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot  
Be measur'd or confin'd.

GON. Whether this be,  
Or be not, I'll not swear.

PRO. You do yet taste  
Some subtleties o' the isle, that will not let you  
Believe things certain.—Welcome, my friends  
all:—

But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,  
[Aside to SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.]  
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,  
And justify you traitors; at this time  
I'll tell no tales.

SEN. [Aside.] The devil speaks in him.

PRO. No:—  
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother  
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive  
Thy rankest fault,—all of them; and requirè  
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know  
Thou must restore.

ALON. If thou beest Prospero,  
Give us particulars of thy preservation;  
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since  
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost—  
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—  
My dear son Ferdinand.

PRO. I am woo for 't, sir.

ALON. Irreparable is the loss; and Patience  
Says it is past her cure.

PRO. I rather think,  
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,  
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid  
And rest myself content.

ALON. You the like loss?

PRO. As great to me, as late,—and supportable  
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker  
Than you may call to comfort you,—for I  
Have lost my daughter.

ALON. A daughter?

O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,  
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish  
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed  
Where my son lies. When did you lose your  
daughter? [Lords]

PRO. In this last tempest.—I perceive those  
At this encounter do so much admire,  
That they devour their reason, and scarce think  
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words  
Are natural breath: but, howso'er you have  
Been justled from your senses, know, for certain  
That I am Prospero, and that very duke  
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most  
strangely [landed,

Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was  
To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this;  
For 't is a chronicle of day by day,  
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor  
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;  
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,  
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.  
My dukedom since you have given me again,  
I will requite you with as good a thing;  
At least, bring forth a wonder to content ye,  
As much as me my dukedom.\*

*The entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers  
FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess*

MIRA. Sweet lord, you play me false.

FER. No, my dear'st love,  
I would not for the world.

MIRA. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should  
wrangle,

And I would call it fair play.

ALON. If this prove  
A vision of the island, one dear son  
Shall I twice lose.

SEN. A most high miracle!

FER. Though the seas threaten, they are mer-  
ciful:

I have cur'd them without cause.

[Kneels to ALONRO.

ALON. Now all the blessings

\* Or some enchanted trifle.—] Mr Collier's annotator substitutes  
devil for "trifle;" a change as wanton as it is foolish. Trifle

meant phantom; thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Bonduca,"  
Act V Sc. 2,—  
"In love too with a trifle to abuse me"



Of a glad father compass thee about !  
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

MIRA. O, wonder !  
How many goodly creatures are there here !  
How beauteous mankind is ! O brave new world,  
That has such people in 't !

PRO. 'Tis new to thee.

ALON. What is this maid, with whom thou wast  
at play ?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours .  
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,  
And brought us thus together ?

FEB. Sir, she is mortal ;  
But, by immortal Providence, she's mine ;  
I chose her, when I could not ask my father  
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She  
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,  
Of whom so often I have heard renown,  
But never saw before ; of whom I have  
Receiv'd a second life ; and second father  
This lady makes him to me.

ALON. I am hers .  
But O, how oddly will it sound that I !  
Must ask my child forgiveness !

PRO. There, sir, stop ;  
Let us not burden our remembrances with  
a heaviness that's gone.

GON. I have ielly wept.  
Or should have spoke ere this.—Look down, you  
gods,

And on this couple drop a blessed crown !  
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way  
Which brought us hither.

ALON. I say, Amen, Gonzalo !  
GON. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his  
issue

Should become kings of Naples ? O, rejoice  
Beyond a common joy ! and set it down  
With gold on lasting pillars,—in one voyage  
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis ;  
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife  
Where he himself was lost ; Prospero, his dukedom,  
In a poor isle ; and all of us, ourselves,  
When no man was his own !

ALON. [To FERDINAND and MIRANDA.] Give  
me your hands :

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart  
That doth not wish you joy !

GON. Be't so, Amen !

*Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain  
amazedly following.*

O look, sir, look, sir ! here are more of us !  
I prophesied if a gallows were on land,  
This fellow could not drown.—Now, blasphemy,  
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore ?  
Hast thou no mouth by land ? What is the news ?

BOATS. The best news is that we have safely  
found

Our king and company: the next, our ship,—  
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,—  
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when  
We first put out to sea.

Ans. [*Aside to PRO.*] Sir, all this service  
Have I done since I went.

Pro. [*Aside to ANTI.*] My tricky spirit!

• ALON. These are not natural events; they  
strengthen, [hither?]

From strange to stranger.—Say, how came you  
Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,

I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,  
And—how we know not—all clapp'd under

hatches, [noises]

Where, but even now, with strange and several  
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,

And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,  
We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty:

Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld  
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master

Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you,  
Even in a dream, were we divid'd from them.

And were brought moping hither.

Ans. [*Aside to PRO.*] Was't well done?  
Pro. [*Aside to ANTI.*] Bravely, my diligence.

Thou shalt be free [tried:]

ANTI. This is as strange a maze as e'er men  
And there is in this business more than nature

Was ever conduct of: some oracle  
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my legs,  
Do not infest your mind with beating on

The strangeness of this business, at pick'd leisure,  
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you

Which to you shall seem probable of every  
These happen'd accidents till when, be cheerful,

And think of each thing well.—[*Aside to ANTI.*]  
Come hither, spirit;

Set Caliban and his companions free:  
Untie the spell. [*Exit ANTI.*] How fares my

gracious sir?  
There are yet missing of your company

Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Re-enter ANTI, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO,  
and TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel

SIR. Every man shift for all the rest, and let  
no man take care for himself; for all is but for-  
tune!—*Coragio, bully-monster, Coragio!*

(\*) Old text, *cur*

His mother was a witch, and one so strong  
That could control the moon,—

So in Act II Sc 1, Gonzalo says, "You would lift the moon out  
of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without  
changing." Thus, too, in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "The  
Prophetess," Act II Sc 3,—

"—the pale moon  
Fluck'd in her silver horns, trembling for fear  
That my strong spells should force her from her sphere"

TARN. If these be true spices which I wear in  
my head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O, Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed!  
How fine my master is! I am afraid

He will charisco me.

SIB. Ha, ha!  
What things are these, my lord Antonio?

Will money buy them?

ANT. Very like; one of them  
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,  
Then say if they be true. This mix-shapen knave,—

His mother was a witch, and one so strong  
That could control the moon,\* make flows and ebb,

And deal in her command, without her power.  
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil—

For he's a bastard one—had plotted with them  
To take my life: two of these fellows you

Must know and own; this thing of darkness I  
Acknowledge mine.

CAL. I shall be pinch'd to death  
Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

SIB. He is drunk now, where had he wine?  
ANT. And Trinculo is reeling up: where

should they  
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?—  
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

TRIN. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw  
you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my

bones. I shall not fear fly-blowing.

SIB. Why, how now, Stephano?

SIB. O, touch me not, I am not Stephano, but  
a crump

Pro. You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?  
SIB. I should have been a sore one, then.

ANT. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd  
on [Pointing to CALIBAN.]

• Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners  
As in his shape—Go, sirrah, to my cell,

Take with you your companions, as you look  
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

CAL. Ay, that I will, and I'll be wise hereafter,  
And seek for grace—What a thrice-double ass

Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,  
And worship this dull fool!

Pro. Go to; away!  
ALON. Hence, and bestow your luggage where  
you found it.

SIB. O! stole it, rather.  
[Exit CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO]

Douce quotes a marginal note in Adlington's translation of  
Apuleius 179. 4to which says, "Witches in old times were sup-  
posed to be of such power that they could put down the moon in  
their enchantment." The classical reader will remember,

"Cantus et curru lunam deducere tentat,"  
Et factum, sit non uti capite sonent

OF Triculus, and Virgil's  
"Carmina vel curru possunt deducere lunam" &c.

And that in her command without her power! That is beyond  
her power: see note (b) p. 371 Vol. I.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness and your train  
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest, . .  
For this one night; which (part of it) I'll waste  
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it  
Go quick away,—the story of my life,  
And the particular accidents gone by,  
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn  
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,  
Where I have hope to see the nuptial  
Of these our dear-belov'd solemniz'd;  
And thence retire me to my Milan, where  
Every third thought shall be my grave.

ALON. I long  
To hear the story of your life, which must  
Take the ear strangely.

Pro I'll deliver all,  
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,  
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch  
Your royal fleet far off—[*Adieu to ALON.*] My

And,—chuck,—  
That is thy charge, then to the elements!  
Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you, draw  
near. [*Exit*]

## EPILOGUE.

Spoken by PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,  
And what strength I have's mine own,—  
Which is most faint. now, 'tis true,  
I must be here confin'd by you,  
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,  
Since I have my dukedom got,  
And payl'd the deceiver, dwell  
In this bare island by your spell;  
But release me from my bands,  
With the help of your good hands.  
Gentle breath of yours my sails  
Must fill, or else my project fails,  
Which was to please now I want  
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,  
And my ending is despair,  
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,  
Which pierces so, that it assaults  
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.  
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,  
Let your indulgence set me free. [*Exit*]



# ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

## ACT I.

(1) SCENE I.—*We split, we split!*] The following observations on the maritime technicalities in this scene, are extracted from an article by Lord Mulgrave, which will be found at length in Boswell's Variorum edition of Shakespeare, 1821.—

"The first scene of *The Tempest* is a very striking instance of the great accuracy of Shakespeare's knowledge in a professional science, the most difficult to attain without the help of experience. He must have acquired it by conversation with some of the most skilful seamen of that time. No books had then been published on the subject.

"The succession of events is strictly observed in the natural progress of the distress described; the expedients adopted are the most proper that could have been devised for a chance of safety. and it is neither to the want of skill of the seamen, or the bad qualities of the ship, but solely to the power of Prospero, that the shipwreck is to be attributed.

"The words of command are not only strictly proper, but are only such as point the object to be attained, and no superfluous ones of detail. Shakespeare's ship was too well manned to make it necessary to tell the seamen how they were to do it, as well as what they were to do.

"He has shown a knowledge of the new improvements, as well as the doubtful points of seamanship, one of the latter he has introduced, under the only circumstance in which it was indisputable.

"The events certainly follow too near one another for the strict time of representation. but perhaps, if the whole length of the play was divided by the time allowed by the critics, the portion allotted to this scene might not be too little for the whole. But he has taken care to mark intervals between the different operations by exits.

### 1st Position.

Yare, yare! we run ourselves aground.

### 1st Position.

Land discovered under the lee, the wind blowing too fresh to haul upon a wind with the topsail set—Yare is an old sea-term for briskly, in use at that time. This first command is therefore a notice to be ready to execute any orders quickly.

### 2d Position.

Yare, yare! Take in the topsail! Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

### 2d Position.

The topsail is taken in.—'Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough' The danger in a good sea-boat, is only from being too near the land this is introduced here to account for the next order.

### 3d Position.

Down with the topmast! Yare, lower, lower! Bring her to try with the main-course!

### 3d Position.

The gale increasing, the topmast is struck, to take the weight from aloft, make the ship drive less to leeward, and bear the mainmast under which the ship is laid-to.

### 4th Position.

Lay her a-hold, a hold! set her two courses! off to sea again, lay her off!

### 4th Position.

The ship, having driven near the shore, the mainmast is hauled up, the ship wore, and the two courses set on the other tack, to endeavour to clear the land that way.

### 5th Position.

• We split! we split! •

### 5th Position.

The ship, not able to weather a point, is driven on shore.

(2) SCENE II.—*ARIEL.*] According to the system of witchcraft or magic, which formed an article of popular creed in Shakespeare's day, the elementary spirits were divided into six classes by some demonologists, and into four,—those of the *Air*, of the *Water*, of the *Fire*, and of the *Earth*,—by others. In the list of characters appended to "*The Tempest*" in the first folio, Ariel is called "an airy spirit." The particular functions of this order of beings, Bunton tells us, are to cause "many tempests, thunder, and lightnings, tear oaks, fire steeple, houses, strike men and beasts, make it run stones, &c., cause whirlwinds on a sudden, and tempestuous storms." But at the behest of the all powerful magician Prospero, or by his own influence and potency, the airy spirit in a twink becomes not only a spirit of fire—one of those, according to the same authority, which "commonly work by blazing stars, fire drakes, or *ignes fatui*," "counterfeit suns and moons, stars oftentimes, and sit upon ship-masts"—but a *rain*, or spirit of the water also—in fact, assumes any shape, and is visible or unseen at will.

For full particulars, *de operatione Demonum*, the reader may consult, besides the ancient writers on the subject,

"The striking top masts was a new invention in Shakespeare's time, which he here very properly introduces. Sir Henry Manwaring says, "It is not yet agreed amongst all seamen whether it is better for a ship to haul with her topmast up or down." In the Postscript to the Seaman's Dictionary, he afterwards gives his own opinion. "If you have sea-room, it is never good to strike the topmast." Shakespeare has placed his ship in the situation in which it was indisputably right to strike the topmast, when he had not sea-room.

who also legion, *Butman upon Bartholme his booke De proprietatibus rerum*, 1582, Scot's "Discoverie of Witchcraft," &c., 1661, "The Demonologie" of Janyus 1617, "The Anatomie of Noterie" by Mason, 1612, and Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," 1617.

(3) SCENE II —

— on the topmast,  
The yards, and booyard, would I please distinctly  
Then meet, and join.]

This, as Douce remarks, is a description of the well known meteor, called by the several names of *Saint Helen*, *Saint Elm*, *Saint Herm*, *Saint Clere*, *Saint Peter*, and *Saint Nicholas*. "Whenever it appeared as a single flame, it was supposed by the ancients to be *Helen*, the sister of Castor and Pollux, and in this story to bring ill luck from the calamity which this lady is known to have caused in the Trojan war. When it came double, it was called Castor and Pollux and accounted a good omen."

Hakluyt's collection of the Voyages, Navigations, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation, furnishes an interesting account of this meteor as seen during the Voyage of Robert Tomson Marchant into Nova Hispania, in the year 1555.

"I do remember that in the great and boisterous storme of this foule weather, in the night, there came upon the toppe of our maine yale and maine mast, a certaine little light, much like unto the light of a little candle, which the Spaniards called the *Cerro manto* and made it was *S. Iohn* whom they take to be the advocate of sailors. . . . This light continued all night on ship about three houre flying from mast to mast and from top to top, and sometime it would be in two or three places at once. I informed myself of several men afterward what that light should be, and they said that it was but a congealed water of the waile and vapours of the sea congealed with the extremity of the weather, which flying in the waile, many times doeth chaunge to sit on the masts and shrouds of the ships that are at sea in foule weather. And in truth I do take it to be so, for that I have seene the like in other ships at sea, and in many ships at once." HAKLUYT III 150, ed 1600.

(4) SCENE II — *Ph. st. H. d. Bartholm's*]. Shakespear's first knowledge of the storm vexed coast of the Bermudas, was probably acquired from his Walter Raleigh's Discoverie of the Large Rich and Beautiful Empire of Guiana, 1606, wherein after speaking of the Channel of Bahama the author adds: "The rest of the Indies for climate, and diseases are very troublesome, as the *Bermudas* is a hellish sea for thunder, lightnings, and storms." (See Chalmers' *Apology* 1 574.) Or he might have derived his information from Hakluyt's Voyages 1600, in which there is a description of Bermuda, by Henry May, who was shipwrecked there in 1593.

(5) SCENE II. — CALIBAN.] It has been surmised that the idea of this marvellous creation was derived from the subjoined passage in Henry's History of Travayle in the West and East Indies, 4to, London 1577—a book from which it is exceedingly probable that Shakespear borrowed the names of some of the principal characters of this piece, as Alonso, Ferdinand, Desdemona, Gonzalo, Antonio, &c.

"Departure from hence they sayled to the 49 degree and a halfe under the pole arctike, when being wntored they were enforced to trowe there for the space of two monethes all which tyme they sawe no man, excepte that one day by chaunce they espied a man of the stature of a giant who came to the haven dauning and angry, and shortly after seemed to cast dust over his head. The captayne sent one of his men to the shoare, with the shyppe boate who made the like signe of peace. The which thynke the giant seeing, was out of feare, and came with the captayne's servant, to his presence, into a little lande. When he sawe the captayne with certayne

of his company about hym he was greatly amased, and made signes, holtyng up his hande to heaven, signifying thereby, *that our men come from thence*. This giant was so byg, that the head of one of our men of a meane stature came but to his warte. He was of good corporature, and well made in all partes of his bodie, with a large visage painted with diverse colours, but for the most parte, yellow. Upon his cheekes were paynted two hartes, and red circles about his eyes. The heare of his head was coloured whyte, and his apparell was the skynde of a beast sayde together. This beast, as seemed unto us, had a large head, and great eares lyke unto a mule, with the body of a camell and tayle of a horse. The feete of the giant were foulded in the sayde skynne, after the manner of shooes. . . . The captayne caused him to cate and drypke, and gave him many thynges, and among other a great looking glasse, in the which, as soone as he sawe his owne lyknesse, was sodainly afraide, and started backe, with such violence, that hee overthrew two that stood nearest about him. When the captayne had thus given him certayne haules, belles, and other great bellies with also a looking glasse, a combe, and a payre of beades of glasse, he sent him to lande, with foure of his owne men well armed."

(6) SCENE II —

I wretched dea as for my mother I rest  
With venenous attel from wretched dea,  
Dye in you looke! a south west blow on ye,  
And thus you all are ill!

Wicked in the sense of baneful, fatal is often met with in old medical works applied to sores and wounds.

A wicked bone, i.e. a fatal one, is mentioned in a tract on hawking MS. Harl. 2340. An analogous use of the word *in a passage* is mentioned in A Glossary of Provincial Words used in Herefordshire, 1830, p. 119, as still current — HALLIWELL.

The following passage in *Butman upon Bartholme his booke De proprietatibus rerum* 1582 1610, will not only throw considerable light on these lines, but furnish at the same time grounds for a conjecture that Shakespear was indebted to it with a slight alteration for the name of Caliban's mother Sycorax the witch. "The raven is called *corvus* of *corax* it is said that ravens birds be fed with *deas* of heaven all the time that they have no *feather* feathers by beaute of age," lib. xi. c. 10. The same author will also account for the choice which is made in the monster's speech, of the south west wind. "This *weather* and is hot and moist. . . . *Southern winds* corrupt and destroy, they heat and maketh men fall into sicknes," lib. x. c. 6. — DOUCE.

(7) SCENE II — *It would control my dame's god, Setebos.*

The same work, Erius's History of Travayle, contains a curious notice showing that Setebos was a mythological personage in the creed of the Patagonians —

"The captayne retaine two of these [giants] which were youngest and best made. He took them by a, deckes in this manner that giving them knives, sheares, looking glasses bells blades of crystall and suche other trifles, he so filled theyr handes, that they could holde no more, then caused two payre of shackles of iron to be put on theyr legges, making signes that he would also give them the chaynes, which they lyked very wel, because they were made of bright and shinning metall. . . . When they felt the shackles fast about theyr legges, they began to fount, but the captayne dyd put them in comfort and bid them stand still. In fine, when they sawe how they were deceived they roared lyke bulles, and cryed upon theyr great devill, *Setebos*, to helpe them. . . . They say, that when any of them dye, there appeare x or xii devils, *leaping and dauning* about the bodie of the dead, and seeme to have theyr bodies paynted with diverse colours, and that among other there is one more bigger then the residue, who maketh great mirth and rejoycing. This great devill they call *Setebos*." — P. 134.

## ACT II.

## (1) SCENE I.—

— *but nature should bring forth  
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,  
To feed my innocent people*]

Among the most treasured rarities in the library of the British Museum, is Shakespeare's own copy of Florio's *Montaigne*, 1603, with his autograph, "Willm. Shakespere," on the fly-leaf. This work, intitled, "The Essayes, or Morall, Politike and Militarie Discourses, of Lo: Michaell de Montaigne, Knight," was evidently a favourite of the poet, and furnished him with the materials for Gonzalo's Utopian commonwealth. The passage he has adopted occurs in the thirtieth chapter of the First Book, and is headed, "Of the Cambrilles."—

"These nations seeme therefore so barbarous unto mee, because they have received very little fashion from humane wit, and are yet neerer their originall naturalitie. The lawes of nature do yet commaund them, which are but little bastarized by ours. And that with such pusitie, as I am sometimes grieved the knowledge of it came no sooner to light, at what time ther were men, that better than we could have judged of it. I am sorrie, Licurgus and Plato had it not: for me seemeth that what in those nations we see by experience, doth not onlie exceede all the pictures wherewith licentious Poesie hath proudly imbellished the golden age, and al hir quaint inventions to haue a happy condition of man, but also the conception and desire of Philosophie. They could not imagine a gentier so pure and simple, as we see it by experience, nor ever beleewe our societie might be maintained with so little arte and humano combination: *It is a nation, would I answere Plato, that hath no kind of traffike, no knowledge of Letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politike superiouritie, no use of service, of riches, or of poverty, no contracts, no successions, no diuidenties, no occupation but idle; no respect of kinred, but common, no apparell but naturall, no manuring of lands, no use of wine, corne, or melle. The very words that import lying, falsehood, treason, dissimulation, covetousnes, envie, detraction, and pardon, were neuer heard of amongst them.*"

(2) SCENE I.—*We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.*]  
The instructions for *Bat-fowling* in Marlham's "Hunger's Prevention," &c. 1600, afford an accurate description of the way in which this sport was pursued in former times.—

"For the manner of *Bat-fowling* it may be used either with Nettes, or without Nettes. If you use it without Nettes (which indeede is the most common of the two) you shall then proceede in this manner. First, there shall be one to cary the cresset of fire (as was shewed for the *Lambell*) then a certain number as two, three, or foure (according to the greatnesse of your company), and these shall haue poles bound with dry round wispes of hay, straw, or such like stufte, or else bound with peeces of Linkes, or Hurdes dipt in Pitch, Rosin, Grease, or any such like matter that will blaze. Then another company shall be armed with long poles, very rough and bushy at the vpper

endes, of which the Willow, Birch, or long Hasell are best, but indeed according as the Country will afford, so you must be content to take.

"Thus being prepared and comming into the Bushy or rough ground where the haunts of Birds are, you shall then first kindle some of your fiers as a half, or a third part, according as your prouision is, and then with your other bushy and rough poles you shall beat the Bushes, Trees and haunts of the Birds, to enforce them to rise, which done you shall see the Birds which are rayed, to flye and play about the lights and flames of the fier, for it is their nature through their amasednesse, and affright at the strangenes of the light and the extreme darknesse round about it, not to depart from it, but as it were almost to scorch their wings in the same: so that those which haue the rough bushy poles may (at their pleasures) beat them down with the same, and so take the. Thus you may spend as much of the night as is dark, for longer is not convenient; and doubtlesse you shall finde much pastime, and take great store of birds, and in this you shall observe all the obseruations formerly treated of in the *Lambell*; especially, that of silence, untill your lights be kindled, but then you may use your pleasures, for the noise and the light when they are heard and seen a farre off, they make the birds sit the faster and surer.

"The byrdes which are commonly taken by this labour or exercise are, for the most part, the *Hookes, Ring-doves, Blackebirdes, Thrushes, Fieldfares, Linnets, Bulfinches*, and all other byrdes whatsoever that perch or sit vpon small boughes or bushes."

(3) SCENE II.—*They will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.*]  
Some verses written by Henry Peacham, about the year 1609, give a curious list of most of the popular exhibitions then to be seen in the metropolis, together with a few notices of some of the sights of the country:—

"Why doe the rude vulgar so hastily post in a madnesse,  
To gaze at trifles and toys not worthy the viewing?  
And thinke them happy, when may be shew'd for a penny,  
The Fleet-strete mandrakes, that heavenly motion of Eltham,  
Westminster monuments, and guild-hall huge Corintheus,  
The hart borne of Windsor (of an unicorne very likely),  
The cure of Merlin, the skirts of old Toms a Lincolne.  
King Johns sword at Linne, with the cup the Fraternity drinke  
in;  
The Tombe of Beauchampe, and sword of Sir Guy a Warwick;  
The great long Dutchman, and roaring Margat a Barwicke,  
The *Mummers Prince*, and *Cassars wine* yet I Dover,  
Saint James his Ginney Hens, the Cassawarway moreover;  
The Beaver i' the Parke (strange beast as ere any man saw)  
Downe-sharing willowes with teeth as sharpe as a hand-saw.  
The Lance of John a Gaunt and Brandous still i' the Tower  
The fall of Nimue, with Norwiche built in an hower!  
King Henries slip shoes, the sworne of vallant Edward;  
The Coventry boares-ahle, and fire-workes seen but to bedward.  
Drakes ship at Detford, King Richards bedsted i' Leyster,  
The White Hall whale-bones, the silver Bason i' Chester,  
The live-caught dog-fish, the Wolfe, and Harry the Lyon,  
Hawkes of the Beare garden, to bedsted, if he be high on."  
HALLIWELL, l. 327.

## • ACT III. •

(1) SCENE II.—*The picture of Nobody.*]  
"No-body" was a ludicrous figure often found on street signs, and of which a representation is prefixed to the comedy of "No-body and Some-body," 1600. The following verses form the be-

ginning of a popular old ballad, called "The Well-spoken Nobody," the unique copy of which, in the Miller collection at Britwell-house, supplied Mr. Halliwell with a curious engraving, showing a floor all bedewed with domestic



## ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

utensils and implements broken to pieces, and a fantastic figure in the midst bearing a scroll with the words,—

"Sabbath is my name  
That beareth deep sobbing plaint."

'Many speke of Roben Hood that never shott in his bowe,  
So many have layed faultes to me, which I did never knowe,  
But now he holds here I am,  
Whom all the worlde doeth diffame  
Long hath they also skorned me  
And locked my mouth for speaking free  
As many a Godly man they have so served  
Which unto them Gods truth hath showed,  
Of such they have bugg'd and hang'd a me,  
That unto their ydol gods wold not come  
The ladye Truth they have locked in cage  
Saying that of her Nobody had knowlde  
For as much now as thys yennet Nobodye,  
I thinke verily thys speake of me  
Wherefore to answer I now buggne  
The locke of my mouth is unlockt with ginne  
Wrought by no man but by Gods grace  
Unto whom be prayes in every place

(2) *SCENE II.—I would I could see this taberner* ] "Several of the incidents in this scene," Stevens remarks, "viz.—Ariel's mimicry of Trinculo, the tune played on the *taberna*, and Caliban's description of the twanging instruments, &c., might have been borrowed from Marco Paolo, the old Venetian voyager, who, in lib. I. ch. 44, describing the desert of Lop, in Asia, says—"Audiantur ibi voces demonum, &c. voces ingentes eorum quos comitari se putant. Audiantur interitum in aere concentus muscorum instumentorum." This work was translated into English by John Frampton in 1578, under the title of "The Most Noble and famous Travels of Marcus Paulus, one of the Nobilitie of the State of Venice," &c., and the above passage is rendered—"You shall heare in the ayre the sound of *tubers* and *other instruments*, to put the travellers in feare &c., by evil quities that make these soundes, and also do *cull diverse* of the travellers by their names," &c.—ch. 36, p. 32

## ACT IV.

(1) *SCENE I.—*

And, *like the substantial pageant wheel,*  
*Leaves not a rack behind* ]

It is impossible to doubt that Shakespeare in this sublime passage borrowed the lines in Lord Sterling's "Fragments of Darius," 1603:

'Let greatness of her place accept as vaine  
Not so proud as but needs some busines to be done  
And let this worldlie pomp our wits incheare  
All folowes and secrete lives behinde a telen  
Those jollie pillars of those glorious halls,  
With fontaine and this structure,  
Those stately courts that shew countreines with a  
Frensh ablike vapours in the air

With regard to the dispute about *rack*—which some editors, Mr. Dyce among them, conceive to be no more than an old form of *rack*, the radical is recommended by the *substantial* Whiter's "Specimen of a commentary on Shakespeare," &c., pp. 191, 198, and Horne took *rack* for *rack*. Vol. II. pp. 389, 390. To what those writers have said on the subject we have only to add that while it is evident that by *rack* was understood the drifting vapour or cloud as it is now termed it would appear that Shakespeare in the present instance, as in another, occurring in "Antony and Cleopatra," Act IV. Sc. 12,—

'That which is now a thought  
The rack dissolves' &c.

—was thinking not more of the actual cloud than of those gauzy semblances which in the paintings of his day as in the stage spectacles of ours were often used partly or totally to obscure the scene behind. Ben Jonson in the descriptions of his masques, very frequently mentions this scenic contrivance. Thus in his "Entertainment at Thuob's,"—"The King and Queen, with the princes of Wales and Lorraine and the nobility, being entangled into the gallery after dinner, there was seen nothing but a tervorse of white across the room, which suddenly drawn, was discovered a gloomy obscure place *hung all with black silk*," &c. Again, in his "Masque of Hymen,"—"At this, the whole scene being drawn again and all covered with clouds as *they* left off their intermixed dances, and returned to their first places."

The vanishing of the actors, then, in Prospero's pageant—

"Melted into air, into thin air"

—was doubtless effected by the agency of filmy curtains which, being drawn one over another, presented the living incidents to the scene in succession, of gradual dissolution, when the objects were totally hidden the drapery was withdrawn in the same manner, veil by veil, till at length even that too had disappeared and there was left, then, not even a *rack* behind.

(2) *SCENE I.—'Can I ought more on this line* ] Mr. Hunter, unnecessarily exposed the error of the editors who deemed it necessary to change the old spelling of "*line* grove," to "*lime* grove," see note (a) p. 11, but to our thinking he has committed a graver mistake than theirs in his ingenious and vain attempt to prove that the "*lime*" in this passage is a *misapprehension*.—When he observes "Prospero says to Ariel, who comes in him in the glittering apparel, 'Come hang them on this line' he means on one of the *lime* trees near his cell, which could hardly have been in the world of the original copiers *lime* grove had been allowed to keep its place. Let our imagination long been familiar with *lime*—the word suggests I not the branches of a tree so called but a *cord*—and, accordingly, when the play is represented such a line is actually drawn across the stage and the glittering apparel is hung upon it. Anything more remote from poetry than this can scarcely be imagined."—*Disquisition on Shakespeare's Tempest*

However unpoetic and perhaps as Mr. Knight has remarked, the incidents of the scene so far as the drunken butler and his companion are concerned were purposely rendered so, it is hardly possible to conceive that the course justin—"Miserable line is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin *und* that is now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin," and,—

"We staid by *lime* and *leil*,"

could have been provoked by, or indeed would have been applicable to any other object than the familiar *lime* hair line which was formerly used to hang clothes on.

(3) *SCENE I.—And all be turn'd to barnacles* ] It was anciently believed that the barnacle shell-fish, which is found on timber exposed to the action of the sea, became, when broken off a kind of goose. Some, indeed, supposed that the barnacles actually grew on trees, and thence dropping into the sea, became geese, and an interesting odd of these birds so growing, from a MS. of the fourteenth century, is given by Mr. Halliwell, who observes that "the

## ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

barnacle, mentioned by Caliban was no doubt the tree-goose; and the true absurdity of our old writers, as Douce has observed, consisted in their believing that this bird was really produced from the shell of the fish." Innumerable allusions to this vulgar error occur in our old writers, but we will adduce only the testimony of Sir John

Maunderville, who declares that in his country "— wereen trees that becom a fruyt, that become briddes fowynge; and tho that fallen into the water, lyven; and thei that fallen on the ortho, dyen anon: and thei ben right gode, to mannes mete."

## ACT V

(1) SCENE I.—*My my so potent art!* This speech is founded upon the invocation of Medea in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, for which it is evident, from several expressions, that Shakespeare consulted Golding's translation:—

"Ye Ayres and Windes, ye *Ethes of Hillen*, of *Brookes*, of Woods alone,  
Of standing *Lakes*, and of the Night, approach ye everyone,  
Through help of whom (the crooked banes much wondering at the thing)  
I have compelled streames to run (thane backward to their spring  
By charmes I make the calm seas rough, and make the rough seas playne,  
And cover all the Skie with clouds, and chase them thence  
away  
By charmes, I raise and lay the windes, and burst the Viper's Jaw,  
And from the bowels of the earth both atoms and trees do draw.  
Whole woods and Forests I remove, I make the Mountains shake,  
And even the earth it selfe to grone and feare fully to quake  
I call up, and men from their graves, and thee, O lightsome Moon,  
I darken off, though beaten bias abate thy perill soone.

Our Sorcerie dimmes the Morning faire, and *sinks the Sun as Noonie*,  
The flaming breath of fierie Bulles ye quenched for my sake,  
And caused them unweildy neckes the bended yoke to take.  
Among the earth-bred brothers you a mortal warre did set,  
And brought asleep the Dragon feld, whose eyes were never shut."

GOLDING'S *Œdip.* lib. 7, 1567

(2) SCENE I.—*Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.* The beautiful fancy in the second line of Ariel's song,—

"In a cowslip's bell I lie,"

was once supposed to have been borrowed from a stanza in Dunsyn's delicious "*Nymphidia*":—

"At midnight the appointed hour;  
And for the queen a fitting bower,  
Quoth he, is that fair cowslip-flower  
On Hip-cut hill that bloweth

It is now, however, generally believed that "*Nymphidia*," which was not printed before 1627, was written subsequently to "The Tempest;" Malone thinks in 1612.

## CRITICAL OPINIONS ON THE TEMPEST.

"It is observed of 'The Tempest,' that its plan is regular. Thus the author of 'The Revisal' thinks, what I think too, an accidental effect of the story, not intended or regarded by our author. But whatever might be Shakespeare's intention in forming or adopting the plot, he has made it instrumental to the production of many characters, diversified with boundless invention, and preserved with profound skill in nature, extensive knowledge of opinions, and accurate observation of life. In a single drama are here exhibited princes, courtiers, and sailors, all speaking in their real characters. There is the agency of airy spirits, and of an earthly goblin; the operations of magic; the tumults of a storm, the adventures of a desert island, the native effusion of untaught affection, the punishment of guilt, and the final happiness of the pair for whom our passions and reason are equally interested."—JOHNSON.

"'The Tempest,' according to all appearance, was written in Shakespeare's later days; hence most critics, on the supposition that the poet must have continued to improve with increasing maturity of mind, have honoured this piece with a marked preference over the 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' I cannot, however, altogether concur with them: the internal merit of these two works are, in my opinion, pretty nearly balanced, and a predilection for the one or the other can only be governed by personal taste. In profound and original characterisation, the superiority of 'The Tempest' is obvious; as a whole we must always admire the masterly skill which he has here displayed in the economy of his means, and the dexterity with which he has disguised his preparations,—the scaffoldings for the wonderful aerial structure.

## CRITICAL OPINIONS.

"The Tempest" has little action or progressive movement; the union of Ferdinand and Miranda is settled at their first interview, and Prospero merely throws apparent obstacles in their way; the shipwrecked band go leisurely about the island; the attempts of Sebastian and Antonio on the life of the King of Naples, and the plot of Caliban and the drunken sailors against Prospero, are nothing but a feint, for we foresee that they will be completely frustrated by the magical skill of the latter; nothing remains therefore but the punishment of the guilty by dreadful sights which harrow up their consciences, and then the discovery and final reconciliation. Yet this want of movement is so admirably concealed by the most varied display of the fascinations of poetry, and the exhilaration of mirth, the details of the execution are so very attractive, that it requires no small degree of attention to perceive that the *dénouement* is, in some degree, anticipated in the exposition. The history of the loves of Ferdinand and Miranda, developed in a few short scenes, is enchantingly beautiful. An affecting union of chivalrous magnanimity on the one part, and on the other of the virgin openness of a heart which, brought up far from the world on an uninhabited island, has never learned to disguise its innocent movements. The wisdom of the princely hermit Prospero has a magical and mysterious air; the disagreeable impression left by the black falsehood of the two usurpers is softened by the honest gossiping of the old and faithful Gonzalo; Trinculo and Stephano, two good-for-nothing drunkards, and a worthy associate in Caliban; and Ariel hovers sweetly over the whole as the personified genius of the wonderful fable.

"Caliban has become a by-word as the strange creation of a poetical imagination. A mixture of gnome and savage, half demon, half brute, in his behaviour we perceive at once the traces of his native disposition, and the influence of Prospero's education. The latter could only unfold his understanding, without, in the slightest degree, tanning his rooted malignity. It is as if the use of reason and human speech were communicated to an awkward ape. In inclination Caliban is malicious, cowardly, false, and base; and yet he is essentially different from the vulgar knaves of a civilized world, as portrayed occasionally by Shakspeare. He is rude, but not vulgar; he never falls into the prosaic and low familiarity of his drunken associates, for he is, in his way, a poetical being; he always speaks in verse. He has picked up everything dissonant and thorny in language to compose out of it a vocabulary of his own, and of the whole variety of nature, the hateful, repulsive, and peltily deformed, have alone been impressed on his imagination. The magical world of spirits, which the staff of Prospero has assembled on the island, casts merely a faint reflection into his mind, as a ray of light which falls into a dark cave, incapable of communicating to it either heat or illumination, serves merely to set in motion the poisonous vapours. The delineation of this monster is throughout inconceivably consistent and profound, and, notwithstanding its hatefulness, by no means hurtful to our feelings, as the honour of human nature is left untouched.

"In the zephyr-like Ariel, the image of air is not to be mistaken, his name even bears an allusion to it; as, on the other hand, Caliban signifies the heavy element of earth. Yet they are neither of them simple, allegorical personifications, but beings individually determined. In general we find in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' in 'The Tempest,' in the magical part of 'Macbeth,' and wherever Shakspeare avails himself of the popular belief in the invisible presence of spirits, and the possibility of coming in contact with them, a profound view of the inward life of nature and her mysterious springs, which, it is true, can never be altogether unknown to the genuine poet, as poetry is altogether incompatible with mechanical physics, but which few have possessed in an equal degree with Dante and himself."—SCHLEGEL.



KING LEAR



## KING LEAR.

THE Stationers' Registers contain the following memorandum concerning this tragedy, under the date, November 26th, 1607; "Na. Butler and Jo. Busby] Entered for their copie under t' hands of Sir Geo. Bucke, Kt. and the Wardens, a booke called Mr. Willm Shakespeare his Hystorye of Kinge Lear, as yt was played before the King's Majestie at Whitehall, upon St. Stephen's night at Christmas last, by his Majesties servants playing usually at the Globe on the Bank-side." which proves that it was acted at court, on the 26th of December 1606. In 1608, no less than three editions of it in quarto were issued, all by the same stationer. One of these is intituled,—“Mr. William Shak-speare: His True Chronicle Historie of the life and death of King Lear and his three Daughters. With the vnfortunate life of Edgar, sonne and heire to the Earle of Gloster, and his sullen and assumed humorr of Tom of Bedlam. As it was played before the kings Maiestie at Whitehall upon St. Stephens night in Christmas Hollidayes. By his Maiesties seruants playing vsually at the Globe, on the Bancke-side.—London, Printed for Nathaniel Butter, and are to be sold at his shop in Pauls Churchyard at the signe of the Pide Bull neere St. Austins Gate. 1608.

The two other impressions are described as,—“M. William Shake-speare, His True Chronicle History of the life and death of King Lear, and his three Daughters. With the vnfortunate life of Edgar, sonne and heire to the Earle of Gloucester, and his sullen and assumed humour of Tom of Bedlam. As it was plaid before the Kings Maesty at White-hall, vppon St. Stephens night, in Christmas Hollidaies. By his Maiesties Seruants, playing vsually at the Globe, on the Banck-side.—Printed for Nathaniel Butter. 1608.”

No other edition of “King Lear” has been discovered, prior to that of the folio 1623, which differs materially from the text of the quartos, chiefly in the omission of large portions of matter found in the latter, in numberless minute verbal changes, and also by the addition of about fifty lines peculiar to itself. The omissions appear to have been made for the better adapting the piece to representation, and a careful comparison of the quarto and folio texts convinces us that, unlike that of Richard III., the text of Lear in the folio is taken from a later and revised copy of the play. Whether the curtailment is the work of the author, it is impossible now to determine; it is not always judicious, and some of the substitutions are inferior to the language they displace; yet, on the other hand, the additions which we meet with in the folio bear the undoubted mark of Shakespeare's mint, and while the metrical arrangement of the speeches in that edition has been carefully regarded, the text of the quartos is printed in parts without any observance of prosodial construction. With respect to the date of its composition, Steevens remarks, that King Lear, or at least the whole of it, could not have been

## PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

written till after the publication of Haisnet's *Discovery of Popish Impostures*, in 1603, because the names of the fiends mentioned by Edgar are borrowed from that work.

The story of King Lear and his daughters was so popular in Shakespeare's time, that he may have taken it from Geoffrey of Monmouth; from the legend "*How Queene Cordila in dispaire slew her selfe, The yeare before Christ 800,*" in the "*Mirror for Magistrates*;" from Spenser's "*Fairie Queene*," b. ii. c. x.; or, from Holinshed. There was, indeed, an old anonymous play on the subject, an edition of which was put forth in 1605, under the title of "*The True Chronicle History of King Leir, and his Three Daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella*" mainly in consequence it would seem of the great popularity of the present drama then "running" at the Globe theatre; the publishers probably trusting to foist the elder production upon the public as Shakespeare's work; but from this piece he appears to have derived nothing, unless, perhaps, some hint for the character of Kent.

The episode of Gloucester and his two sons was probably founded on Book II. chap. x. of Sidney's *Arcadia*, "*The pitifull state and storie of the Paphlagonian unkinde kiny, and his kind sonne,*" &c. which together with the legend of "*Queene Cordila*," from "*The Mirror for Magistrates*," are reprinted in Mr. Collier's "*Shakespeare's Library*," Vol. II.

## Persons Represented.

LEAR, <i>King of Britain</i>	An Officer, <i>employed by Edmund</i>
KING of FRANCE	A Physician.
DUKE of BURGUNDY	Gentleman <i>attending on Cordelia</i>
DUKE of ALBANY	OSWALD, <i>Steward to Goneril</i>
DUKE of CORNWALL	Old Man, <i>Tenant to Gloucester</i>
EARL of KENT	A Fool.
EARL of GLOUCESTER	Servants to Cornwall
EDGAR, <i>Son to Gloucester</i>	
EDMUND, <i>natural Son to Gloucester</i>	GONERIL, <span data-kind="parent" data-rs="3">} <i>Daughters to Lear.</i></span>
EDGAR, a <i>Courier</i> .	RÉGAN,
A Herald.	CORDELIA,

*Knights of Lear's train, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants*

SCENE,—BRITAIN



## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—A Room of State in King Lear's Palace.

*Enter KENT, GLOUCESTER, and EDMUND.*

KENT. I thought the king had more affected the duke of Albany\* than Cornwall.

GLO. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities\* are so weighed, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.<sup>b</sup>

KENT. Is not this your son, my lord?

GLO. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to't.

KENT. I cannot conceive y<sup>e</sup> u.

GLO. Sir, this young fellow's mother could; whereupon she grew round-wombed; and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

KENT. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

GLO. But I have, sir, a son† by order of law, some year older than this, who yet is no dearer in

my account: though this knave came something saucily into\* the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whorson must be acknowledged. —Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

EDM. No, my lord.

GLO. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

EDM. My services to your lordship.

KENT. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

EDM. Sir, I shall study deserving.

GLO. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. —The king is coming.

[*Trumpets sound without.*]

*Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.*

LEAR. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

(\*) First folio, *qualities*.

(†) First folio, *a Sonnet, Sir*.

\* — Albany.—] Scotland was anciently called Albany.

b — can make choice of either's moiety.] "The qualities and properties of the several divisions are so weighed and balanced

(\*) First folio, *to*.

against one another that the exactest scrutiny could not determine in preferring one share to the other."—W. A. F. W.



GLO. I shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt GLOUCESTER and EDMUND.*]

LEAR. Meantime we shall express our darker<sup>a</sup> purpose.—

[*divided*]  
Give me the map there.—Know that we have  
In three our kingdom: and 'tis our fast<sup>b</sup> intent  
To shake all cares and business from our age;  
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we  
Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of  
Cornwall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany,  
We have this hour a constant will to publish  
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife  
May be prevented now. The princes, France and  
Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,  
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,  
And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my  
daughters,

(Since now we will divest us, both of rule,  
Interest of territory, cares of state,)  
Which of you shall we say doth love us most?  
That we our largest bounty may extend  
Where nature doth with merit challenge.—Goneril,  
Our eldest-born, speak first.

GON. Sir, I love you more than words<sup>c</sup> can  
wield the matter;

Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;  
Beyond what can be valu'd, rich or rare;  
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty,  
honour;

As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found;  
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;  
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

CORDELIA. [*Aside.*] What shall Cordelia do?<sup>†</sup>  
Love, and be silent.

LEAR. Of all these bounds, even from this line  
to this,

(\*) First folio, *word*

(†) First folio, *speaks.*

<sup>a</sup> Darker purpose —] Secret, hidden purpose.

<sup>b</sup> —fast intent—] The quartos read, *fixed* intent; but "*fast* intent," signifying *fixed, settled* intent, is, like "*darker purpose*," and "*constant will*," peculiarly in Shakespeare's manner.

— while we  
Unburden'd crawl toward death ]

The passage commencing with these words, down to "May be prevented now," does not occur in the quartos

<sup>d</sup> (Since now we will divest us, both of rule,  
Interest of territory, cares of state,)]

The quartos omit these two lines

<sup>e</sup> With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,  
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,—]

So the folio — the quartos read only,—

"With shady forests, and wide-skirted meads."

<sup>f</sup> Square of sense.—] By square of sense, if *square* is not a corruption, may be meant the complement or compass of sense. Mr. Collier's annotator suggests, "*sphere of sense*," but what is "*sphere of sense*?"

<sup>g</sup> More richer than my tongue.] The folio reads, "More ponderous," &c.

<sup>h</sup> Although our last, not least, &c.] In the quartos this passage stands,—

With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,  
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads.  
We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's issue<sup>g</sup>  
Be this perpetual.—What says our second  
daughter,

Our dearest Regan, wife to † Cornwall? speak.†

REG. I am made of that self metal as my  
sister,

And prize me at her worth. In my true heart  
I find she names my very deed of love;  
Only she comes too short,—that I profess  
Myself an enemy to all other joys,  
Which the most precious square<sup>f</sup> of sense pos-  
sesses,§

And find I am alone felicitate

In your dear highness' love.

CORDELIA. [*Aside.*] Then poor Cordelia!

And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's  
More richer<sup>g</sup> than my tongue.

LEAR. To thee and thine, hereditary ever,  
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;  
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,  
Than that conferr'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy,  
Although our last, not least,<sup>h</sup> to whose young love  
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy,  
Strive to be interest'd; what can you say, to draw  
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

CORDELIA. Nothing, my lord.

LEAR. Nothing!

CORDELIA. Nothing!

LEAR. Nothing will come of nothing: speak  
again.

CORDELIA. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave  
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty  
According to my bond; nor more nor less.

LEAR. How, how, Cordelia! mend your speech  
a little,  
Lest it || may mar your fortunes.

(\*) First folio, *issues*

(†) First folio omits, *speaks.*

(‡) First folio, *of.*

(§) First folio, *professes.*

(||) First folio, *you.*

"Although the last, not least in our deere love,  
What can you say to win a third, more opulent  
Then your sisters?"

In the folio,—

"Although our last and least; to whose young love,  
The Vines of France, and Milke of Burgundie,  
Strive to be interest What can you say, to draw  
A third, more opulent than your Sisters! speak."

<sup>g</sup> That and in the folio is a misprint for "but." It seems scarcely  
plausible to doubt, yet Mr Collier and Mr Knight read, "our  
last and least." "Though last not least," was one of the com-  
monest forms of expression in Shakespeare's age; in addition to  
the overwhelming array of examples cited in the Variorum edition  
of 1821, Vol. II. pp 276-279, take the following:—

"The last, not least, of these brave brethren."

Shakspeare's *Polytechnon.*

"Though I speak last, my lord, I am not least."

Middleton's *Major of Guesborough.* Act I. Sc. 2.

And—

"My last is, and not least."

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER'S *Monsieur Thomas*, Act III. Sc. 1.

LEAR. Nothing!

CORDELIA. Nothing! Omitted in the quartos.



**CORD.** Good my lord,  
 You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I  
 Return those duties back as are right fit,  
 Obey you, love you, and most honour you.  
 Why have my sisters husbands, if they say  
 They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,  
 That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall  
 carry  
 Half my love with him, half my care, and duty :(1)

Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,  
 To love my father all.\*

**LEAR.** But goes thy heart with this?

**CORD.** Ay, good my † lord.

**LEAR.** So young, and so untender?

**CORD.** So young, my lord, and true.

(\*) First folio omits, To love my father all.  
 (†) First folio, my good

LEAR. Let it be so,—thy truth, then, be thy dower:

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,  
The mysteries<sup>a</sup> of Hecate, and the night;  
By all the operation of the orbs  
From whom we do exist, and cease to be,  
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,  
Propinquity and property of blood,  
And as a stranger to my heart and me  
Hold thee, from this, for ever! The barbarous  
Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation menses  
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom  
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,  
As thou my sometime daughter:—

KENT. Good my liege,—

LEAR. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath.—  
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest  
On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my  
sight!— [To CORDELIA.]

So be thy grave my peace, as here I give  
Her father's heart from her!—Call France—  
Who stirs?

Call Burgundy!—Cornwall and Albany,  
With my two daughters' dowers digest this<sup>\*</sup> third:  
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.  
I do invest you jointly with my power,  
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects [course,  
That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly  
With resolution of an hundred knights,  
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode [retain  
Make with you by due turn<sup>†</sup> Only we stull<sup>‡</sup>  
The name, and all the addition<sup>§</sup> to a king;  
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,  
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,  
This coronet part between you.

[Giving the crown.]

KENT. Royal Lear,  
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,  
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,  
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

LEAR. The bow is bent and drawn, make from  
the shaft.

KENT. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade  
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,  
When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old  
man?

(\*) First folio, *the*.  
(†) First folio, *shall*.

(‡) First folio, *turne*.  
(§) First folio, *addition*.

<sup>a</sup> The mysteries of Hecate,—] The quartos read *miscreances*, the first folio, *miseries*: the correction was made in the second folio.  
<sup>b</sup> To CORDELIA.] This direction is modern, and some editors contend that the words,—

“—Hence, and avoid my sight!”

are addressed to Kent. Few readers, we apprehend, will agree with them.

<sup>c</sup> Lear sit, forbear,—] Omitted in the quartos.

<sup>d</sup> To shield thee from diseases of the world;] So the quartos:

Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,  
When power to flattery bows? To plainness  
honour's bound,  
When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy  
doom; †

And, in thy best consideration, check [ment,  
This hideous rashness! answer my life my judg-  
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;  
Nbr are these empty-hearted, whose low sound  
Reverbs ‡ no hollowness.

LEAR. Kent, on thy life no more!

KENT. My life I never held but as a pawn  
To wage against thine enemies; ne'er fear to lose it,  
Thy safety being the motive.

LEAR. Out of my sight!

KENT. See better, Lear; and let me still  
remain

The true blank of thine eye.

LEAR. Now, by Apollo!—

KENT. Now, by Apollo, king,  
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

LEAR. O, vassal! miscreant!  
[Laying his hand on his sword.]

ALB. CORN. Dear sir, forbear.

KENT. Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow  
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;  
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,  
I'll tell thee thou dost evil.

LEAR. Hear me, recreant!

On thine allegiance hear me!—  
Since\*\* thou hast sought to make us break our  
vow, †† [pride,

(Which we durst never yet) and, with strain'd  
To come betwixt our sentence ‡‡ and our power,  
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear)  
Our potency made good, take thy reward.

Five days we do allot thee, for provision  
To shield thee from diseases<sup>d</sup> of the world;  
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back  
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,  
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,  
The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter,  
This shall not be revok'd!

KENT. Fare thee well, king: sith thus thou  
wilt appear,  
Freedom<sup>e</sup> live hence, and banishment is here.—  
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,  
To CORDELIA.

(\*) First folio, *follo*.

(†) First folio, *sounds Reverse*.

(‡) First folio omits, *the*.

(§) First folio, *Thou*.

(\*) First folio, *follo*.

(††) First folio, *sentences*.

the folio has—“diseases of the world.” Diseases, in its old and literal sense of *decumbentia*, *hardships*, and the like, is, however, much the more appropriate word.

<sup>e</sup> Freedom live hence,—] The quartos have *friendship* for “freedom;” and in the next line, instead of “dear shelter,” they read *protection*.

That justice thinkst, and hast most rightly said!—  
And your large speeches may your deeds approve.

[To REGAN and GONERIL.

That good effects may spring from words of love.—  
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;  
He'll shape his old course in a country new.

[Exit.

*Flourish.* Re-enter GLOUCESTER; with FRANCE,  
BURGUNDY, and Attendants.

GLO. Here's Franco and Burgundy, my noble lord.

LEAR. My lord of Burgundy,  
We first address toward you, who with this king  
Hath rivall'd for our daughter: what, in the least,

Will you require in present dower with her,  
Or cease your quest of love?

BUR. Most royal majesty,  
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,  
Nor will you tender less.

LEAR. Right noble Burgundy,  
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;  
But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands;  
If aught within that little seeming substance,  
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,  
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,  
She's there, and she is yours.

BUR. I know no answer.

LEAR. Will you, with those infirmities she owes,  
Unfriended, now-adopted to our hate,  
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,

Take her, or leave her?

BUR. Pardon me, royal sir;  
Election makes not up such conditions.

LEAR. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power  
that made me,  
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,

[To FRANCE.

I would not from your love make such a stray,  
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you

To avert your liking a more worthier way,  
Than on a wretch whom Nature is asham'd  
Almost to acknowledge hers.

FRANCE. This is most strange,  
That she, who even but now was your best object,  
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,  
Most best, most dear, should in this trice of time

Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle  
So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence  
Must be of such unnatural degree,  
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection  
Fall into taint; which to believe of her,  
Must be a faith that reason without miracle  
Should never plant in me.

CON. I yet beseech your majesty,—  
If for I want that glib and oily art,  
To speak and purpose not? since what I well  
intend,

I'll do't before I speak,—that you make known  
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,  
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,  
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour;  
But even for want of that for which I am richer,—  
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue  
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it  
Hath lost me in your liking.

LEAR. Better thou  
Hudst not been born, than not to have pleas'd me  
better.

FRANCE. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,  
Which often leaves the history unspoke,  
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,  
What say you to the lady? Love's not love,  
When it is mingled with respects, that stand  
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?  
She is herself a dowry.

BUR. Royal Lear,†  
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,  
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,  
Duchess of Burgundy.

LEAR. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

BUR. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father  
That you must lose a husband.

CON. Peace be with Burgundy!  
Since that respects of fortune‡ are his love,  
I shall not be his wife.

FRANCE. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich,  
being poor;

Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!  
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon,  
Be it lawful I take up what's cast away.  
Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st  
neglect

My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—  
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my  
chance,

Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:  
Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy  
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—

(\*) First folio, *to*.

(†) First folio omits, *best*.

(‡) First folio, *The best, the*

*It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,—* Mr. Collier's an  
notator changes this to,

"—no vicious blot, nor other foulness,"

which is certainly a very plausible substitution.

(\*) First folio, *will*.

(†) First folio, *King*.

(‡) First folio *respect and Fortune*.

*When it is mingled with respects,—* The folio reads,—

"When it is mingled with regards," &c.

By "respects" is meant *considerations, scruples, &c.*

Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind,\*  
Thou lovest here, a better-where<sup>†</sup> to find.

LEAR. Thou hast her, France: let her be  
thine; for we

Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see  
That face of hers again:—therefore be gone;<sup>‡</sup>  
Without our grace, our love, our benison.—  
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish. Exit LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORN-  
WALL, ALBANY, GLOUCESTER, and Attendants.*

FRANCE. Bid farewell to your sisters.

COR. The<sup>§</sup> jewels<sup>¶</sup> of our father, with wash'd  
eyes

Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;  
And, like a sister, am most loth to call  
Your faults as they are nam'd. Use<sup>•</sup> well our  
father:

To your profess'd bosoms I commit him:  
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,  
I would prefer him to a better place.  
So farewell to you both.

GON. Prescribe not us our duties.†

REG. Let your study

Be to content your lord: who hath receiv'd you  
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scant,  
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

COR. Time shall unfold what plighted<sup>‡</sup> cunning  
hides;

Who cover<sup>‡</sup> faults, at last shame them & decides.  
Well may you prosper!

FRANCE. Come, my fair Cordelia.  
[*Exit FRANCE and CORDELIA.*

GON. Sister, it is not little I have to say of  
what most nearly appertains to us both. I think  
our father will hence to-night.

REG. That's most certain, and with you; next  
month with us.

GON. You see how full of changes his age is:  
the observation we have made of it hath not || been  
little: he always loved our sister most; and with  
what poor judgment he hath now cast her off  
appears too grossly.

REG. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he  
hath ever but slenderly known himself.

GON. The best and soundest of his time hath

been but rash; then must we look to receive |  
his age,<sup>§</sup> not alone the imperfections of long-  
engrafted condition, but, therewithal, the unruly  
waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring  
with them.

REG. Such unconstant starts are we like to have  
from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

GON. There is further compliment of leave<sup>•</sup>  
taking between France and him. Pray you, let  
us hit<sup>†</sup> together: if our father carry authority  
with such disposition as he bears, this last sur-  
render of his will but offend us.

REG. We shall further think of it.

GON. We must do something, and i' the heat.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—A Hall in the Earl of Gloucester's Castle.

*Enter EDMUND, with a letter.*

EDM. Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy  
law

My services are bound. Wherefore should I  
Stand in the plague<sup>•</sup> of custom, and permit  
The curiosity of nations to deprive<sup>†</sup> me,  
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines  
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore  
base?

When my dimensions are as well compact,  
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,  
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us  
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?  
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take  
More composition and fierce quality,  
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,  
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,  
Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well, then,  
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:  
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,  
As to the legitimate: fine word,—*legitimate!*  
Well, my *legitimate*, if this letter speed,  
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base  
Shall top the *legitimate*.<sup>‡</sup> I grow; I prosper:—  
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

(\*) First folio, *Love*.

(†) First folio, *duties*.

(‡) Old text, *covers*.

(§) First folio, *at last with shame*.

(||) First folio omits, *not*.

\* — *though unkind*.— *Unkind* here signifies *unnatural*, unless France is intended to mean, "though *unkind*," i.e. though forsaken by your kindred.

† A better-where to find. In note (a), p. 130, Vol. I. *other-where* is explained *other place*, but *where* in these compounds had perhaps a significance now lost. See the old ballad, "I KNEW HOW AND LAND IN KENT".—

"Wherefore cease off, make no delay,  
And if you'll love me, love me now,  
Or else I'll seek some other where  
For I cannot come every day to woo."

• The *jewels*.— Rowe and Capell read, perhaps rightly, "Ye jewels." Mr. Collier's annotator, too, proposes the same alteration.

(\*) First folio, *from his age to receive*.

(†) First folio, *etc*.

• — *what plighted cunning hides*; *Plighted*, or, as the quarto give it, *pleated* cunning, means *swallowed*, *complicated* cunning.

• — *plague of custom*.— *Plague* may here possibly signify *place*, or *boundary*, from *plaga*, but it is a very suspicious word.

† To deprive me.— To *deprive*, in Shakespeare's day, was sometimes synonymous to *disinherit*, as Stevens has shown, and also to—*take away*, as in "Hamlet," Act I. Scene 3,—

"And there sageme some other horrible form,  
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason," &c.

‡ Shall top the *legitimate*. In the old editions we find *tooth* and *tooth*. The present reading was first promulgated in Edwards' "Canons of Criticism," having been communicated to the author of that pungent satire by Capell. (See "Notes and various Readings to Shakespeare," by the latter, I. 144.)



*Enter GLOUCESTER.*

GLO. Kent banish'd thus! and France in choler  
 II  
 And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd\* his  
 power!

Confin'd to exhibition!† All this done  
 Upon the gad!‡—Edmund, how now! what news?  
 EDM. So please your lordship, none.

*[Putting up the letter.*

GLO. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that  
 letter?

(\*) First folio, *Prescrib'd*.

• Exhibition.] That is, *allocation*. The word, in this sense,

is still employed in our universities.

‡ Upon the gad!—] Perhaps means, upon the spur or point; at the instant.

EDM. I know no news, my lord.

GLO. What paper were you reading?

EDM. Nothing, my lord.

GLO. No? What needed, then, that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

EDM. I beseech you, sir, pardon me; it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your o'er-lookings.

GLO. Give me the letter, sir.

EDM. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

GLO. Let's see, let's see.

EDM. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste<sup>a</sup> of my virtue.

GLO. [Reads.] *This policy and reverence of age makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond<sup>b</sup> bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, EDMUND.*

HUM.—Conspiracy!—*Sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue.*—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? who brought it?

EDM. It was not brought me, my lord,—there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

GLO. You know the character to be your brother's?

EDM. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would have thought it were not.

GLO. It is his.

EDM. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

GLO. Hath<sup>c</sup> he never heretofore<sup>d</sup> sounded you in this business?

EDM. Never, my lord: but I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

GLO. O villain, villain!—his very opinion in

the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him:—abominable villain!—Where is he?

EDM. I do not well know, my lord. 'Tis it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

GLO. Think you so?

EDM. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

GLO. He cannot be such a monster.

EDM. Nor is not, sure.

GLO. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him!—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

EDM. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

GLO. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: though the wisdom of Nature can reason it thus and thus, yet Nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects. Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollownness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves!—Find out this villain Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully.—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence honesty!—'Tis strange!

EDM. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are sick in fortune, (often

(\*) First folio, *has*.

(†) First folio, *defy*.

(‡) First folio, *declined*.

<sup>a</sup> An essay or taste of my virtue.] Essay was commonly used in old language, for essay, as taste not unfrequently was for test. See note (a), p. 763, Vol. II.

<sup>b</sup> An idle and fond bondage.] That is, a vain and foolish bondage.

<sup>c</sup> Faw. Nor is not, sure.

<sup>d</sup> GLO. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him!—Heaven and earth!] These lines are only found in the quarto copies.

<sup>e</sup> This villain of mine—disquietly to our graves.] This passage is omitted in the quartos.

the sun'st<sup>(\*)</sup> of our own denariour, we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predomiance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition on the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *ursa major*, so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut, § I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—and!! pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy: my cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—

*Enter EDGAR.*

O, those eclipses do portend these divisions! farewell, la, mi.

EDG. How now, brother Edmund! what serious contemplation are you in?

EDM. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

EDG. Do you busy yourself with that?

EDM. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness<sup>(\*)</sup> between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, friendships and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

EDG. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

EDM. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

EDG. The night gone by.

EDM. Spake you with him?

EDG. Ay, two hours together.

EDM. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word nor countenance?

EDG. None at all.

EDM. Beshink yourself wherein you may have offended him; and at my entreaty forbear his presence until some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure: which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

EDG. Some villain hath done me wrong.

EDM. That's my fear.<sup>(\*)</sup> I pray you, have a contentment forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: pray ye, go; there's my key:—if you do stir abroad, go armed.

EDG. Armed, brother?

EDM. Brother, I advise you to the best; go armed; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning toward you: I have told you what I have seen and heard but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: pray you, away.

EDG. Shall I hear from you anon?

EDM. I do serve you in this business.—

[*Exit EDGAR.*]

A credulous father, and a brother noble,  
Whose nature is so fit from doing harm,  
That he suspects none: on whose foolish honesty  
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—  
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:  
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Duke of Albany's Palace.*

*Enter GONRIL, and OSWALD her Steward.*

GON. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

OSW. Ay, madam.

GON. By day and night he wrongs me; every hour

He flashes into one gross crime or other,  
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:

His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us  
On every trifle.—When he returns from hunting,

I will not speak with him; say I am sick:—

If you come slack of former services,

You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

OSW. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

[*Horns without.*]

GON. Put on what weary negligence you please,

You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:

If he distaste it, let him to my sister,  
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one.  
Not to be over-ruled. Idle old man,  
That still would manage those authorities,

(\*) First folio, *sunsets*.

(†) First folio omits, *the*.

(‡) First folio, *on*.

(§) First folio omits, *Tut*.

(||) First folio omits, *Edgar—and*.

\* — as of unnaturalness.— The folio, omitting the intervening lines, reads,—

— EDG. I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeede un-

(\*) First folio omits, *go armed*.

happily. When saw you my Father last?

† That's my fear! In the quarto, the remainder of this speech, and Edgar's reply, are omitted.

‡ Not to be over-ruled. This, and the four following lines, are omitted in the folio.



That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,  
Old fools are babes again, and must be us'd  
With checks as flatteries,—when they are seen  
abus'd.

Remember what I have said.

Osw. Well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks  
among you;

What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows  
so:

I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,  
That I may speak:—I'll write straight to my  
sister,

To hold my course.—Prepare for dinner.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in the same.*

*Enter KENT, disguised.*

KENT. If but as well I other accents borrow,  
That can my speech diffuse,<sup>b</sup> my good intent  
May carry through itself to that full issue  
For which I raz'd my likeness.—Now, banish'd

Kent,  
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand  
condemn'd,

So may it come, thy master, whom thou lov'st,  
Shall find thee full of labours.

*Horns without. Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.*

LEAR. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go,  
get it ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*] How now! what art thou?

KENT. A man, sir.

LEAR. What dost thou profess? What wouldst  
thou with us?

KENT. I do profess to be no less than I seem;  
to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to  
love him that is honest; to converse with him  
that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to  
fight when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.<sup>(2)</sup>

LEAR. What art thou?

KENT. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as  
poor as the king.

LEAR. If thou beest as poor for a subject, as  
he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What  
wouldst thou?

KENT. Service.

LEAR. Who wouldst thou serve?

KENT. You.

LEAR. Dost thou know me, fellow?

KENT. No, sir; but you have that in your  
countenance which I would fain call master.

LEAR. What's that?

KENT. Authority.

LEAR. What services canst thou do?

KENT. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run,  
mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a  
plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men  
are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me  
is,—diligence.

LEAR. How old art thou?

KENT. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for  
singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing:  
I have years on my back forty-eight.

LEAR. Follow me; thou shalt serve me, if I  
like thee no worse after dinner. I will not part  
from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's  
my knave? my fool? Go you and call my fool  
hither. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

*Enter OSWALD.*

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Osw. So please you,—

[*Exit.*]

LEAR. What says the fellow there? Call the  
clotpoll back.—[*Exit a Knight.*]—Where's my  
fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.—

*Re-enter Knight.*

How now! where's that mongrel?

KNIGHT. He says, my lord, your daughter\* is  
not well.

LEAR. Why came not the slave back to me,  
when I call'd him?

KNIGHT. Sir, he answered me in the roundest  
manner, he would not.

LEAR. *He would not!*

KNIGHT. My lord. I know not what the matter  
is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not  
entertained with that ceremonious affection as you  
were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness  
appears as well in the general dependance as in  
the duke himself also, and your daughter.

LEAR. Ha! sayest thou so?

KNIGHT. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord,  
if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent  
when I think your highness wronged.

LEAR. Thou but rememberest me of mine own

\* I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,  
That I may speak.—

These lines are not in the folio.

(\*) First folio, *Daughters.*

<sup>b</sup> That can my speech diffuse,—] Diffuse, here, signifies,  
*disguise.*



conception : I have perceived a most faint neglect of late ; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness : I will look further into 't.—But where's my fool ? I have not seen him this two days.

**KNIGHT.** Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

**LEAE.** No more of that ; I have noted it well.

—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—[*Exit an Attendant.*] Go you, call hither my fool.—[*Exit an Attendant.*]

*Re-enter OSWALD.*

O, you sir, you, come you hither, sir : who am I, sir ?

Osw. My lady's father.

LEAR. *My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!*

OSW. I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

LEAR. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? *[Striking him.]*

OSW. I'll not be struck,\* my lord.

KENT. Nor tripp'd neither, you base foot-ball player. *[Tripping up his heels.]*

LEAR. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

KENT. Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach you differences; away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away! go to; have you wisdom? no. *[Pushes OSWALD out.]*

LEAR. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service.

*[Giving KENT money.]*

*Enter Fool.*

FOOL. Let me hire him too:—here's my coxcomb. *[Giving KENT his cap.]*

LEAR. How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

FOOL. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

KENT. Why, fool?

FOOL. Why, for taking one's part that's out of favour. Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: there, take my coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banished two on's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle! Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters!

LEAR. Why, my boy?

FOOL. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

LEAR. Take heed, sirrah,—the whip.

FOOL. Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipped out, when the lady brach may stand by the fire and stink.

LEAR. A pestilent gall to me!

FOOL. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

LEAR. Do.

FOOL. Mark it, nuncle:—

Have more than thou showest,  
Speak less than thou knowest,  
Lend less than thou owest,  
Ride more than thou goest,

(\*) First folio, *strucken*.

a Why, fool! This interrogatory, in the form of, "Why, my boy?" is given in the folio to Lear; but, as Mr. Dyce observes, it is plain that the Fool addresses the King for the first time, when he says, "How now, nuncle!"

b — then thou knowest. — That is, than thou believest.

c This is nothing, fool. In the folio, this speech is assigned to Kent.

d No, lad, teach me. This line and the portion of the dialogue

Learn more than thou trowest,\*

Set less than thou throwest;

Leave thy drink and thy whore,

And keep in-a-door,

And thou shalt have more

Than two tens to a score.

LEAR. This is nothing, fool.

FOOL. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfeeling lawyer,—you gave me nothing for 't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

LEAR. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

FOOL. Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool.

*[To KENT.]*

LEAR. A bitter fool!

FOOL. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet one?

LEAR. No, lad, teach me.

FOOL. That lord, that counsell'd thee

To give away thy land,

Come place him here by me,—

Or\* do thou for him stand;

The sweet and bitter fool

Will presently appear;

The one in motley here,

The other found out there.

LEAR. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

FOOL. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

KENT. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

FOOL. No, faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, (3) they would have part on't: and ladies† too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.—Nuncle, give me an egg, and I'll give thee two crowns.

LEAR. What two crowns shall they be?

FOOL. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown ‡ i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt: thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

*[Singing.]*

*Fools had ne'er less grace\* in a year;*

*For wise men are grown foppish,*

*And know not how their wits to wear,*

*Their manners are so apish.*

(\*) Old copies omit, *Or*.

(†) Old copies, *ladies, ladies*.

(‡) First folio, *Crowns*.

down to and including the words in the Fool's speech, "they'll be snatching," are omitted in the folio.

\* *Fools had ne'er less grace in a year* (1) The quarto has,—

"— ne'er less wit in a year; "

perhaps the true reading: as in Lyly's "Mother Bombie," 1594, we find, "I think gentlemen had never less wit in a year."

LEAR. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

\* FOOL. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers: for when thou gavest them the rod, and putt'st down thine own breeches,

[Singing.

*Then they for sudden joy did weep,*

*And I for sorrow sung,\**

*That such a king should play bo-peep,*

*And go the fools\* among.*

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

\* LEAR. An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped.

FOOL. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool; and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' the middle. Here comes one o' the parings.

*Enter GONRIL.*

LEAR. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on? (4)

Metinks† you are too much of late i' the frown.

FOOL. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure. I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth [To GON.], I will hold my tongue, so your face bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crumb,  
Weary of all, shall want some.—

That's a sheal'd peascod. [Pointing to LEAR.]

GON. Not only, sir, this your all-liecn'd fool, But other of your insolent retinue Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir, I had thought, by making this well known unto you,

To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,

By what yourself too late have spoke and done,  
That you protect this course, and put it on  
By your allowance; which if you should, the fault

Would not scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,  
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,  
Might in their working do you that offence,—  
Which else were shame—that then necessity  
Will call discreet proceeding.

FOOL. For you trow,\* nuncle,

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,  
That it's had it head bit off by it young.\*

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.\*

LEAR. Are you our daughter?

GON. I would you would make use of that † good wisdom

Whereof I know you are fraught; and put away  
These dispositions, which of late transport you  
From what you rightly are.

FOOL. May not an ass know when the cart  
draws the horse?—*Whoop, Jug! I love thee.*

LEAR. Does any here know me?—This is not  
Lear:

Does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are  
Either his notion weakens, his discernings  
Are lethargied.—Ha! Waking?—'tis not so.—  
Who is it that can tell me who I am?—

FOOL. Lear's shadow?

LEAR. I would learn that, for, by the marks of  
sovereignty, knowledge, and reason.<sup>d</sup>

I should be false persuaded I had daughters.—

\* FOOL. Which they will make an obedient  
father.\*

LEAR. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

GON. This admiration, sir, is much o' the favour  
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you  
To understand my purposes aright: [wise.  
As you are old and reverend, you† should be  
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;  
Men so disordered, so debosh'd, and bold,  
That this our court, infected with their manners,  
Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust  
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel,  
Than a grace'd palace. The shame itself doth  
speak

For instant remedy: be, then, desir'd  
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,

(\*) First folio, *Fool*.

(†) First folio omits, *Metinks*.

*Then they for sudden joy did weep,  
And I for sorrow sung,\** &c.]

So in Heywood's "Rape of Lucrece,"—

"When Tarquin first in court began,  
And was approved King,  
Some men for sudden joy gan weep,  
And I for sorrow sing."

\* That it's had it head bit off by it young.] Meaning, *That it has had its head bit off, &c.* See note (3), Vol. I. p. 330.

—darkling.] This word, which, like the Scotch *darkling*, imported to the dark, occurs again in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

(\*) First folio, *know*.

(†) First folio, *your*.

Act II. Sc. 3; and is found in the ancient comedy of "Rotulus Doister," Act III. Sc. 1.—"He will go darkling to his grave."

d — for, by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded, &c.] This is certainly obscure. Warburton reads, "— of sovereignty of knowledge," &c.; but possibly the meaning may be restored by simply omitting the comma after *sovereignty*, "— by the marks of sovereignty know,

ledge and reason," i.e. of *supreme or sovereign knowledge, &c.*  
\* — an obedient father.] This and the three preceding lines are only found in the quarto.

A little to disquantity your train;  
And the remainder, that shall still depend,  
To be such men as may besort your age,  
Which know themselves and you.

LEAR. Darkness and devils!—  
Saddle my horses! call my train together!—  
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;  
Yet have I left a daughter.

GON. You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble  
Make servants of their betters.

*Enter ALBANY.*

LEAR. Woe, that too late repents,—[*To ALB.*]

O, sir, are you come?  
Is it your will? Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.—

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,  
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,  
Than the sea-monster!

ALB. Pray, sir, be patient.

LEAR. Detested kite! thou liest: [*To GONERIL.*]  
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,  
That all particulars of duty know,  
And in the most exact regard support  
The worships of their name.—O, most small fault,  
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!

Which, like an engine,\* wrench'd my frame of nature  
From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,

And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!  
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,

[*Striking his head.*]

And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people.

ALB. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant  
Of what hath mov'd you.

LEAR. It may be so, my lord—

Hear, Nature, hear; dear goddess, hear!  
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend  
To make this creature fruitful!  
Into her womb convey sterility!  
Dry up in her the organs of increase;  
And from her derogate body never spring  
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,  
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,  
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!  
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;  
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;

(\*) First folio omits, *O sir, are you come?*

\* — an engine,—] By an engine is meant the instrument of torture called the rack.

<sup>b</sup> — untented woundings,—] “Untented wounds,” Steevens says. “may possibly signify here, such as will not admit of having a tent put into them.” The expression, there can be no doubt, means *unsearchable wounds*—wounds too deep to be probed.  
<sup>c</sup> — loose,—] That is, discharge.

Turn all her mother's pains and benefits  
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel  
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is  
To have a thankless child!—Away! away! [*Exit.*]

ALB. Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this?

GON. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;  
But let his disposition have that scope  
That† dotage gives it.

*Re-enter LEAR.*

LEAR. What, fifty of my followers at a clap!  
Within a fortnight!

ALB. What's the matter, sir?

LEAR. I'll tell thee;—Life and death! [*To GON.*]  
I am ashamed

That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus.  
That these hot tears, which break from me  
perforce,  
Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs  
upon thee!

The untented woundings<sup>b</sup> of a father's curse  
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,  
Beweepe this cause again. I'll pluck ye out,  
And cast you, with the waters that you loose,<sup>c</sup>  
To temper clay.—Ha! is it come to this?  
Let it be so; yet have I left a daughter,<sup>d</sup>  
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;  
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails  
She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find  
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think  
I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant  
thee.‡

[*Exit LEAR, KENT, and Attendants.*]

GON. Do you mark that, my lord? §

ALB. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,  
To the great love I bear you.—

GON. Pray you, content. — What, Oswald,  
ho!—

You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.  
[*To the Fool.*]

FOOL. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and I'll  
take the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,  
And such a daughter,  
Should sure to the slaughter;  
If my cap would buy a halter:  
So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*]

(\*) First folio, *to know more of .i.*

(†) First folio, *As.*

(‡) First folio omits, *thou shalt, I warrant thee.*

(§) First folio omits, *my lord.*

(||) First folio omits, *and.*

<sup>d</sup>

— Ha! is it come to this?  
Let it be so; yet have I left a daughter,—]  
This passage is formed from the two old texts; the quartos read  
“Yes is it come to this? yet have I left a daughter:” the folio, —  
“Ha! Let it be so  
I have another daughter.”

GON. This man hath had good counsel :—a hundred knights !  
 'Tis politic and safe to let him keep  
 At point a hundred knights : yes, that on every dream,

Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,  
 He may enguard his dotage with their powers,  
 And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say !—

ALB. Well, you may fear too far.

GON. Safer than trust too far :  
 Let me still take away the harms I fear,  
 Not fear still to be taken : I know his heart.  
 What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister ;  
 If she sustain him and his hundred knights,  
 When I have show'd the unfitness,—

*Re-enter OSWALD.*

How now, Oswald ?

What, have you writ that letter to my sister ?

Osw. Ay, madam.

GON. Take you some company, and away to horse ;

Inform her full of my particular fear ;  
 And thereto add such reasons of your own  
 As may compact it more. Get you gone ;  
 And hasten your return.—[*Exit* Osw.] No, no,  
 my lord,

This milky gentleness and course of yours  
 Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,  
 You are much more attack'd\* for want of wisdom,  
 Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

ALB. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell ;

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

GON. Nay, then—

ALB. Well, well ; the event. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Court before the Same.*

*Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.*

LEAR. Go you before to Gloster with these letters ; acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.

KENT. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*]

FOOL. If a man's brains were in 's heels, were't not in danger of kibes ?

(\*) First folio, *at task.*

\* This man hath had good counsel :— This and what follows down to the entrance of Oswald, are not in the quartos.

LEAR. Ay, boy.

FOOL. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry ; thy wit shall not go slipshod.

LEAR. Ha, ha, ha !

FOOL. Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly :<sup>b</sup> for though she's as like this as a crab's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

LEAR. What canst tell, boy ?

FOOL. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle on's face ?

LEAR. No.

FOOL. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side his nose ; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

LEAR. I did her wrong.—

FOOL. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell ?

LEAR. No.

FOOL. Nor I neither ; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

LEAR. Why ?

FOOL. Why, to put his head in ; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

LEAR. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father !—Be my horses ready ?

FOOL. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

LEAR. Because they are not eight ?

FOOL. Yes, indeed : thou wouldst make a good fool.

LEAR. To take 't again perforce !—Monster ingratitude !

FOOL. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee benten for being old before thy time.

LEAR. How's that ?

FOOL. Thou shouldst not have been old, before\* thou hadst been wise.

LEAR. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven !

Keep me in temper ; I would not be mad !—

*Enter Gentleman.*

How now ! Are the horses ready ?

GENT. Ready, my lord.

LEAR. Come, boy.

FOOL. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,

Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter. [*Exeunt.*]

(\*) First folio, *still.*

<sup>b</sup> — thy other daughter will use thee kindly : [*Kindly is here used, as Malone pointed out, with the double meaning of affectionately and after her nature, or kind.*]



## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—A Court within the Castle of the Earl of Gloucester.

*Enter EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.*

EDM. Save thee, Curan.

CUR. And you,\* sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him this night.

EDM. How comes that?

CUR. Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad,—I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

EDM. Not I; pray you, what are they?

CUR. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

EDM. Not a word.

CUR. You may do, then, in time. Fare you well, sir. *[Exit.]*

EDM. The duke be here to-night? The better! best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business. My father hath set guard to take my brother; And I have one thing, of a queasy question. Which I must act:—briefness and fortune, work!—

Brother, a word:—descend:—brother, I say!

(\*) First folio, *you.*

*Enter EDGAR.*

My father watches.—O, sir, fly this place; Intelligence is given where you are hid; You have now the good advantage of the night:—

Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall? He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the haste.

And Regan with him: have you nothing said Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany? Advise yourself.

EDG. I am sure on't, not a word.

EDM. I hear my father coming,—pardon me; In cunning I must draw my sword upon you:—Draw: seem to defend yourself: now quit you well.—

Yield,—come before my father.—Light, ho, here!—

Fly, brother.—Torches! torches!—So, farewell.—*[Exit EDGAR.]*

Some blood drawn on me would begot opinion *[Wounds his arm.]*

Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards

Do more than this in sport.—Father! father! Stop, stop! No help?

*Enter GLOUCESTER, and Servants with torches.*

GLO. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

EDM. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon  
To stand auspicious mistress,—

GLO. But where is he?

EDM. Look, sir, I bleed.

GLO. Where is the villain, Edmund?

EDM. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—

GLO. Pursue him, ho!—Go after.—*[Exeunt some Servants]* By no means, what?

EDM. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;

But that I told him, the revenging gods  
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;  
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond  
The child was bound to the father;—sir, in fine,  
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood  
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion  
With his prepared sword, he charges home  
My unprovided body, lanc'd† mine arm:  
But when he saw my best alarm'd spirits,  
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,  
Or whether gasted<sup>b</sup> by the noise I made,  
Full suddenly he fled.

GLO. Let him fly far:  
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;  
And found—despatch!<sup>c</sup>—The noble duke my master,

My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night:  
By his authority I will proclaim it,  
That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,  
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;  
He that conceals him, death.

EDM. When I dissuaded him from his intent,  
And found him pight<sup>d</sup> to do it, with curst<sup>e</sup> speech  
I threaten'd to discover him: he replied,  
*Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,  
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal  
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee [deny,  
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should  
(As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce  
My very character<sup>f</sup>) I'd turn it all  
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:  
And thou must make a dullard of the world,  
If they not thought the profits of my death*

(\*) First folio, the thunder. (†) First folio, lanc'd.

(‡) First folio, And. (§) First folio, should I.

(§) First folio omits, ay

<sup>a</sup> But when, &c.] "When" is very probably a misprint for *where, or whether*.

<sup>b</sup> — gasted—] *Gasted, or gashed, means affrighted, dismayed.*

<sup>c</sup> And found—despatch!—] Warburton reads, "And found, despatch's;" as also does Mr. Collier's annotator; but the old text is right. Thus, in "Blurt, Master Constable," Act V. Sc. 1,—  
"There to and Fontenelle: find, to kill him."

<sup>d</sup> — pight to do it, —] *Pight is fixed, settled.*

*Were very pregnant and potential spurs<sup>g</sup>  
To make thee seek it.*

GLO. Strong† and fasten'd villain!  
Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.—<sup>h</sup>

*[Trumpets without.]*  
Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why† he comes.—

All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;  
The duke must grant me that; besides, his picture  
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom  
May have due note of him; and of my land,  
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means  
To make thee capable.

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.*

CORN. How now, my noble friend! since I came  
hither, [now.]

(Which I can call<sup>i</sup> but now) I have heard strange

REG. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,  
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord? [crack'd!]

GLO. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd,—it's

REG. What, did my father's godson seek your life?

How whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

GLO. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

REG. Was he not companion with the riotous knights

That tend|| upon my father? [bad.—

GLO. I know not, madam: 'tis too bad, too

EDM. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.

REG. No marvel then, though he were ill affected:

'Tis they have put him on the old man's death.  
To have the waste and spoil<sup>b</sup> of his revenues.

I have this present evening from my sister  
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions

That if they come to sojourn at my house,  
I'll not be there.

CORN. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—  
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father  
A child-like office.

EDM. 'Twas my duty, sir.

GLO. He did bewray his practice; and receiv'd  
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

CORN. Is he pursu'd?

GLO. Ay, my good lord.

CORN. If he be taken, he shall never more

(\*) First folio, spirilla.

(†) First folio, O strange.

(‡) First folio, where.

(§) First folio, strangeness.

(||) First folio, tended

<sup>a</sup> — curst speech—] *Harsh, bitter speech.*

<sup>b</sup> — character—] *That is, hand-writing.*

<sup>c</sup> I never got him —] *The folio reads,—*

*"Would he deny his letter, said he?"*

<sup>d</sup> — the waste and spoil —] *So the first quarto; the second reads, "—these—and waste," all the other ancient copies, "—the expense and waste."*



Be fear'd of doing harm : make your own purpose,  
How in my strength you please.—For you?

Edmund,

Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant  
So much commend itself, you shall be ours ;  
Nature of such deep trust we shall much need ;  
You we first seize on.

EDM. I shall serve you, sir, truly,  
However else.

GLO. For him I thank your grace.

CORN. You know not why we came to visit  
you,— [night.

REG. Thus out of season ; threading dark-eyed  
Occasions, noble Gloucester, of some poise,\*  
Wherein we must have use of your advice :—  
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,  
Of differences, which I best thought it fit  
To answer from<sup>a</sup> our home ; the several messengers  
From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,  
Lay comforts to your bosom ; and bestow  
Your needful counsel to our business,†  
Which craves the instant use.

GLO. I serve you, madam :  
Your graces are right welcome. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Before Gloucester's Castle.

Enter KENT and OSWALD, severally.

OSW. Good dawning to thee, friend ; art of this  
house?

KENT. Ay.

OSW. Where may we set our horses?

KENT. I'll show thee.

OSW. Pr'ythee, if thou lov'st me, tell me.

KENT. I love thee not

OSW. Why, then, I care not for thee.

KENT. If I had thee in Litchbury pincfold, I  
would make thee care for me.

OSW. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee  
not.

KENT. Fellow, I know thee.

OSW. What dost thou know me for?

KENT. A knave; a rascal; an eater of broken  
meats : a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-  
suited, hundred-pound,<sup>b</sup> filthy, worsted-stocking  
knave; a lily-livered, action-taking whore-son,  
glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one

trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd,  
in way of good service, and art nothing but the  
composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar;  
and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch : one  
whom I will beat into clamorous<sup>c</sup> whining, if  
thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.

OSW. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou,  
thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee  
nor knows thee!

KENT. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to  
deny thou knowest me! Is it two days ago,† since  
I tripped up thy heels, and beat thee, before the  
king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night,  
yet the moon shines, I'll make a sop o' the moon-  
shine of you: draw,‡ you whore-son cullionly  
barber-monger, draw. [Drawing his sword.

OSW. Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

KENT. Draw, you rascal! you come with letters  
against the king; and take Vanity the puppet's  
part, against the royalty of her father: draw, you  
rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks!—draw,  
you rascal! come your ways.

OSW. Help, ho! murder! help!

KENT. Strike, you slave! stand, rogue, stand!  
you neat<sup>d</sup> slave, strike! [Beating him.

OSW. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND.

EDM. How now? what's the matter? Part.

KENT. With you, Goodman boy, an'§ you please;  
come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOUCESTER, and  
Servants.

GLO. Weapons! arms! what's the matter here?

CORN. Keep pence, upon your lives!

He dies, that strikes again! what is the matter?

REG. The messengers from our sister and the  
king!

CORN. What is your difference? speak.

OSW. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

KENT. No marvel, you have so bestirred your  
valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in  
thee; a tailor made thee.

CORN. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make  
a man?

KENT. Ay,|| a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter, or a

(\*) First folio, *prize*.

(†) First folio, *businesses*.

<sup>a</sup> — from our home;] *Away from home*.

<sup>b</sup> — hundred pound, — I This epithet is found in Middleton's  
play of "The Phoenix," Act IV. Sc. 3, —

"— am I used like a hundred pound gentleman."

And in Sir Walter Raleigh's speech against Foreign Retainers  
(Oldys's "Life of Raleigh," p. 68), he says,—"Nay at Milan,  
where there are three hundred-pound Englishmen, they cannot so  
much as have a barber among them."

<sup>c</sup> — yet the moon shines, —] That is, now the moon shines, &c.

<sup>d</sup> — you neat slave, &c.] The sting in this epithet, "neat," has  
been quite misunderstood by the commentators who suppose it

(\*) First folio, *clamours*.

(†) First folio omits, *see*.

(‡) First folio omits, *draw*.

(§) First folio, *if*.

(||) First folio omits, *ay*.

to mean simply *mere* or *final*. For the real allusion, see a  
passage in the "Winter's Tale," Act I. Sc. 2, —

"— Come, captain,

We must be *neat*, not *neat*, but cleanly, captain;

And vet the *steer*, the *heifer*, and the *calf*,

Are all call'd *neat*."

See also Taylor the Water Poet's Epigram on the husband of  
Mrs. Parnell, —

"Neat can he talk, and feed, and neatly tread,

Neat are his feet, but most *neat* is his head."

painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.\*

\* CORN. Speak yet, how grow your quarrel?

OSW. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd,

At suit of his grey beard,—

KENT. Thou whorson<sup>†</sup> zed! thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?\*

\* CORN. Peace, sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

KENT. Yes, sir, but anger hath a privilege.

\* CORN. Why art thou angry?

KENT. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,

Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain Which are too intrinse t'unloose: smooth every passion

That in the natures of their lords rebels;  
Bring† oil to fire, snow to the colder moods;  
Renege,‡ affirm, and turn their hallow'd beaks  
With every gale§ and vary of their masters,  
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following,—  
A plague upon your epileptic visage!  
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?  
Gosse, if I had you upon Sarum plain,  
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.<sup>(1)</sup>

\* CORN. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

GLO. How fell you out? say that.

KENT. No contraries hold more antipathy.  
Than I and such a knave.

\* CORN. Why dost thou call him *knave*? What's his offence? ||

KENT. His countenance likes me not.

\* CORN. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.

KENT. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain.  
I have seen better faces in my time,  
Than stands on any shoulder that I see  
Before me at this instant.

\* CORN. This is some fellow.

Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect  
A saucy roughness, and constrains the gait  
Quite from his<sup>b</sup> nature: he cannot flatter, he—  
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth!  
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain. {new  
These kind of knaves I know, which in the plain-  
Harbour more craft and more corrupted ends,

(\*) First folio, *two yeares oth' trade*. (†) First folio, *bring*.  
(1) First folio, *Revenge*. (§) First folio, *gale*.  
(||) First folio, *What is his fault?*

\* Spare my grey beard, you wagtail? An acute stroke of nature: Kent in his rage forgets it was his life, not his beard, which the fellow pretends to have spar'd.  
+ Quite from his nature: He is here used for the impersona-

Than twenty silly-ducking Observants,  
That stretch their duties nicely.

KENT. Sir, in good sooth,\* in sincere verity,  
Under the allowance of your grand† aspect,  
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire  
On flickering‡ Phœbus' front,—

\* CORN. What mean'st by this?

KENT. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you in a plain account, was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to't.

\* CORN. What was the offence you gave him?

OSW. I never gave him any:

It pleas'd the king his master very late,  
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;  
When he, conjunct,§ and flattering his displeasure,  
Tripp'd me behind: being down, insulted, rail'd,  
And put upon him such a deal of man,  
That worthied him, got praise of the king  
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;  
And, in the fleshment of this dread|| exploit,  
Drew on me here again.

KENT. None of these rogues and cowards,  
But Ajax is their fool.

\* CORN. Fetch forth the stocks, ho!

You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,

We'll teach you—

KENT. Sir, I am too old to learn.

I'll not your stocks for me: I serve the king;

On whose employment I was sent to you.

You shall do small respect,¶ show too bold malice  
Against the grace and person of my master,  
Stocking his messenger.

\* CORN. Fetch forth the stocks!—

As I have life and honour, there shall he sit till noon!

REG. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all

KENT. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,  
You should not use me so.

REG. Sir, being his knave, I will.

\* CORN. This is a fellow of the self-same colour  
Our sister speaks of.—Come, bring away the stocks.

[Stocks brought in.]

GLO. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:  
His fault is much, and the good king his master  
Will check him for't: your purpos'd low correction  
Is such, as basest and contemned'st\*\* wretches,  
For pilferings and most common trespasses

(\*) First folio, *forth*.

(†) First folio, *looking*.

(‡) First folio, *dead*.

(§) Old text, *tempest*, corrected by Capell.

|| His fault is much. — This speech is abridged in the folio, which reads,—

Let me beseech your Grace, not to do so,  
The King his master needs must take it ill.



Are punish'd with : the king must take it ill,  
That he's so slightly valu'd in his messenger,  
Should have him thus restrain'de

CORN. I'll answer that.

REG. My sister may receive it much more worse,  
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,  
For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—<sup>a</sup>

[KENT is put in the stocks.  
Come, my good\* lord ; away.

[*Exeunt all but GLOUCESTER and KENT.*

GLO. I am sorry for thee, friend ; 'tis the duke's  
pleasure,  
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,  
Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd : I'll entreat for thee.

KENT. Pray do not, sir : I have watch'd and  
travell'd hard ;  
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.

(\*) First folio omits, *good*

<sup>a</sup> For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—] A line not found  
in the folio

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st  
To the warm sun !]

This "common saw" we meet with in Heywood's "Dialogues  
on Proverbs,"—

"In your running from him to me, ye runne

Out of God's blessing into the warme sunne."

It is found also in Howell's collection of English Proverbs in his  
Dictionary, 1660, and there explained,—"*He goes out of God's  
blessing to the warm sun, viz. from good to worse.*" The appli-  
cation, we must suppose, is to Lear's quitting one daughter  
only to meet more inhospitable treatment from another.

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels :  
Give you good morrow !

GLO. [*Aside.*] The duke's to blame in this ;  
't will be ill taken. [*Exit.*

KENT. Good king, that must approve the com-  
mon saw,

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st  
To the warm sun !<sup>b</sup>

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,  
That by thy comfortable beams I may  
Peruse this letter !—Nothing almost sees miracles,  
But misery ;—I know 'tis from Cordelia :  
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd  
Of my obscured course, and she'll find time  
From this enormous state-seeking, to give  
Losses their remedies.<sup>c</sup>—All weary and o'er-  
watch'd,

I know 'tis from Cordelia ;  
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd  
Of my obscured course, and she'll find time  
From this enormous state-seeking, to give  
Losses their remedies.]

Some editors have gone so far as to degrade this passage altogether  
from the text. Steevens and others conjecture it to be made  
up from fragments of Cordelia's letter. We agree with Malone  
that it forms no part of that letter, but are opposed to his notion  
that "two half lines have been lost; between the words *state* and  
*seeking*." The slight change of "*she'll*" for *shall*,—the ordinary  
reading being, "*—and shall find time,*" &c.—appears to remove  
much of the difficulty; that occasioned by the corrupt words,  
"*enormous state-seeking,*" will some day probably find an equally  
facile remedy.

Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold  
This shameful lodging.  
Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy  
wheel!

SCENE III.—A Wood.

Enter EDGAR.

EDG. I heard myself proclaim'd;  
Add, by the happy hollow of a tree,  
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,  
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,  
Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may scape,  
I will preserve myself: and am bethought  
To take the basest and most poorest shape,  
That ever penury, in contempt of man,  
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with  
filth;

Blanket my loins; elf all my hair\* in knots;\*  
And with presented nakedness out-face  
The winds and persecutions of the sky.  
The country gives me proof and precedent  
Of Bedlam beggars,<sup>(2)</sup> who, with roaring voices,  
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms  
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;  
And with this horrible object, from low farms,  
Poor pelting<sup>b</sup> villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,  
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,  
Enforce their charity.—*Poor Turligood!*<sup>(3)</sup> *poor*  
*Tom!*<sup>c</sup>

That's something yet;—Edgar I nothing am.  
[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—Before Gloucester's Castle. KENT  
in the Stocks.

Enter LEAR, Gentleman, and Fool.

LEAR. 'Tis strange that they should so depart  
from home,  
And not send back my messenger.†

GENT. As I learn'd,  
The night before there was no purpose in them  
Of this remove.

(\* First folio, *haires*.

(†) First folio, *Messengers*.

a — elf all my hair in knots;] 'Hair thus knotted was vulgarly supposed to be the work of *elves* and *fairies* in the night. So in *'Romeo and Juliet,'* Act I. Sc. 4,—

— plait the manes of horses in the night;  
And bakes the *elf-locks* in foul sluttish hairs,  
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes."

—STEEVENS.

b — pelting villages,—] That is, *pothry*, *pedding* villages.  
c *Poor Turligood! poor Tom!* So Dekker, in his *"Bell-man of London,"* says of an *"Abraham-man,"*—"He calls himself by

KENT. [*Watching*] Hail to thee, noble master!  
LEAR. Ha! Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

KENT. No, my lord.

FOOL. Ha, ha! he wears cruel<sup>d</sup> garters! Horses are tied by the heads, dogs and bears by the neck, monkeys by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.\*

LEAR. What's he, that hath so much thy place mistook,

To set thee here?

KENT. It is both he and she,—

Your son and daughter.

LEAR. No!

KENT. Yes.

LEAR. No, I say!

KENT. I say, yea.

LEAR. No, no; they would not.

KENT. Yes, they have.

LEAR. By Jupiter, I swear, no!

KENT. By Juno, I swear, yea.

LEAR. They durst not do't;

They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than murder,

To do upon respect such violent outrage:  
Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way  
Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this usage,  
Coming from us.

KENT. My lord, when at their home  
I did commend your highness' letters to them,  
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd  
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,  
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting †  
forth

From Goneril, his mistress, salutations;  
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,  
Which presently they read: on whose contents,  
They summon'd up their meiny,<sup>‡</sup> straight took  
horse;

Commanded me to follow, and attend  
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:  
And meeting here the other messenger,  
Whose welcome I perceiv'd had poison'd mine,  
(Being the very fellow which of late  
Display'd so saucily against your highness)  
Having more man than wit about me, drew;  
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries:

(\*) First folio omits, *is*.

(†) First folio, *painting*.

(‡) First folio, *thow*.

the name of *poore Tom*, and comming nere any body cries out, *Poore Tom is a-cold*."

d — cruel garters? The same quibble on *cruel* and *cruel*, is *worsted* of which stockings, garters, &c., were made, is found in many of our old plays.

e — nether-stocks.] Stockings were formerly called *nether-stocks* and breeches *over-stocks* or *upper-stocks*.

f No, no; they would not.] This and the next speech are not in the folio

g *They summon'd up their meiny*,—] *Meiny* here signifies *train* or *retinue*.

Your son and daughter found this trespass worth  
The shame which here it suffers.

FOOL. Winter's not gone yet,\* if the wild geese  
fly that way.

Fathers that wear rags,<sup>a</sup>  
Do make their children blind;  
But fathers that bear bags,<sup>b</sup>  
Shall see their children kind.  
Fortune, that arrant whore,  
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours<sup>c</sup>  
for thy daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.

LEAR. O, how this mother swells up toward my  
heart!

*Hysterica passio*,<sup>(4)</sup>—down, thou climbing sorrow,  
Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

KENT. With the earl, sir, here within.

LEAR. Follow me not; stay here. [*Exit.*]

GENT. Made you no more offence but what you  
speak of?

KENT. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train?†

FOOL. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for  
that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

KENT. Why, fool?

FOOL. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to  
teach thee there's no labouring i' the winter. All  
that follow their noses are led by their eyes but  
blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty  
but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy  
hold when a great wheel rung down a hill, lest it  
break thy neck with following it;‡ but the great  
one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after.  
When a wise man gives thee better counsel,  
give me mine again; I would have none but  
knaves follow it, since a fool gives it

That sir which serves and seeks for gain,

And follows but for form,

Will pack when it begins to rain,

And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,

And let the wise man fly:

The knave turns fool that runs away;

The fool no knave, perdy.<sup>e</sup>

KENT. Where learned you this, fool?

FOOL. Not i' the stocks, fool.

*Re-enter LEAR, with GLOUCESTER.*

LEAR. Deny to speak with me? They are sick?  
they are weary?

They have travell'd all the night? Mere  
fetches;

The images of revolt and flying off.

Fetch me a better answer.

GLO.

My dear lord,

You know the fiery quality of the duke;

How unremovable and fix'd he is

In his own course.

LEAR. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—

*Fiery?* what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,  
I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall and his wife.

GLO. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd  
them so.<sup>d</sup>

LEAR. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand  
me, man?

GLO. Ay, my good lord.

LEAR. The king would speak with Cornwall;  
the dear father

Would with his daughter speak, commands her  
service.†

Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and  
blood!—

*Fiery?* the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke, that—  
No, but not yet—may be, he is not well.

Infirmity doth still neglect all office,

Whereto our health is bound; we are not our-  
selves,

When nature, being oppress'd, commands the  
mind

To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;

And am fall'n out with my more headier will,

To take the indispos'd and sickly fit

For the sound man.—Death on my state! where-  
fore

Should he sit here? This act persuades me,

That this remotion of the duke and her

Is practice<sup>g</sup> only. Give me my servant forth:

Go, tell the duke and his wife I'd speak with  
them,

Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear  
me.

Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,<sup>h</sup>  
Till it cry sleep to death.<sup>i</sup>

GLO. I would have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*]

(\*) Old copies, *His* to *it*.

(†) First folio omits, *it*.

(‡) First folio, *in*, *numb* *r*

(§) First folio, *upward*

(†) First folio, *commands, tends, service*.

<sup>d</sup> Well, my good lord, &c.] This speech and Lear's rejoinder  
are found only in the folio.

<sup>e</sup> Is practice only] Practice, it need hardly be repeated, meant  
artifice, conspiracy, &c.

<sup>f</sup> Till it cry sleep to death] Till the clamour of the drum des-  
troys or is the death of sleep. The line is usually given, however,

"Till it cry, Sleep to death!"

that is, till it cry out, awake no more, and this very possibly was  
the poet's idea.

<sup>a</sup> Winter's not gone yet, &c.] This speech is not found in the  
quartos.

<sup>b</sup> —dolours—] See note (b), p. 13.

<sup>c</sup> The knave turns fool that runs away,  
The fool no knave, perdy.]

Johnson thought the sense would be mended if we read,—

"The fool turns knave that runs away,  
The knave no fool, perdy."



**JOHN.** O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but,  
down!  
**FOOL.** Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney<sup>a</sup> did to  
the eels when she put 'em i' the paste alive; she

<sup>a</sup> — the cockney—} “Cockney,” of old, bore more than one  
signification; as employed by Chaucer, in “The Reeve’s Tale,”  
verse 4205,—

“And when this jape is told another day,  
I shal be hald a daf, a cokenay,”—

It plainly means an effeminate spoony. In Dekker’s “Newes  
from Hell,” &c 1602,—“’Tis not their fault, but our mothers’,  
our cockering mothers, who for their labour made us to be called

knapp’d ‘em o’ the coxcombs with a stick, and  
cried, *Down, wantons, down*: ’t was her brother,  
that, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his  
hay.

cockneys,” it has the same import. According to Percy, whose  
authority is the following couplet from the ancient ballad called  
“The Tournament of Tottenham,”—

“At that feast were they served in rich array;  
• Every five and five had a cokenay,”—

It meant a *cook* or *scullion*, and that, perhaps, is the sense of the  
word in the present place.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOUCESTER, and Servants.

LEAR. Good morrow to you both.

CORN. Hail to your grace!  
[KENT is set at liberty.]

REG. I am glad to see your highness.

LEAR. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason

I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad, I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb, Sepulchring an adulteress.—O, are you free?

[To KENT.] Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan, Thy sister's naught: O, Regan, she hath tied Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here!

[Points to his heart] I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe, With how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!

REG. I pray you, sir, take patience: I have hope,

You less know how to value her desert, Than she to scant her duty.

LEAR. Say, how is that?\*

REG. I cannot think my sister in the least Would fail her obligation: if, sir, perchance, She have restrain'd the riots of your followers, 'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end, As clears her from all blame.

LEAR. My curses on her!

REG. O, sir, you are old; Nature in you stands on the very verge Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led By some discretion that discerns your state Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray you, That to our sister you do make return; Say you have wrong'd her, sir.†

LEAR. Ask her forgiveness? Do you but mark how this becomes the house: (5)

*Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;  
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg, [Kneeling.  
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.*

REG. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:  
Return you to my sister.

LEAR. [Rising.] Never, Regan!  
She hath abated me of half my train;  
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,

Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:—  
All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall  
On his ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,  
You taking airts, with lameness!

CORN. Fie, sir, fie!

LEAR. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames

Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,  
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the pow'rful sun,  
To fill and blast her pride!

REG. O, the blest gods!

So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on.

LEAR. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse;

Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give  
Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but  
thine

Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee

To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,

To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,\*

And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt

Against my coming in: thou better know'st

The offices of nature, bond of childhood,

Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;

Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,

Wherein I thee endow'd.

REG. Good sir, to the purpose.

LEAR. Who put my man i' the stocks?

[Trumpets without.]

CORN. What trumpet's that?

REG. I know't my sister's: this approves her

letter,

That she would soon be here.—

Enter OSWALD.

Is your lady come?

LEAR. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd  
pride

Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.—

Out, varlet, from my sight!

CORN. What means your grace?

LEAR. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I  
have good hope

Thou didst not know on't.—Who comes here?

O heavens,

Enter GONRIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet away  
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,

(\*) First folio, *Mother*.

(†) First folio omits, *or*

\* Say, how is that? This and the next speech are not in the quarto.

b You taking airts.— To take, in old language, signified to blast, or infect with baneful influence. So in Act III. Sc 4.—

c Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking.

d To fall and blast her pride. The folio tamely reads,—

To fall and blister

(\*) First folio inserts, *you*.

d Thy tender-hefted nature.— Tender-hefted is a very doubtful expression; and "tender hefted," the reading of the quarto, is not much less so: but we have not sufficient confidence in the substitution, "tender-hearted," which Rowe and Pope adopt, to alter the ancient text.

e — to scant my sizes.— "SIZES" are allowances of provision.

f Allow obedience.— That is, approve obedience.

Make it your cause; send down, and take my art!

Art n'd to look upon this beard!

O, Regan, will you take her by the hand?

GON. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?

All's not offence, that indiscretion finds  
And dotage terms so.

LEAR. O, sides, you are too tough!  
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the stocks?

CORN. I set him there, sir: but his own Deserv'd much less advancement.

LEAR. You! did you?

REG. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.  
If, till the expiration of your month,  
You will return and sojourn with my sister,  
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;  
I am now from home, and out of that provision  
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

LEAR. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd!  
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose  
To wage against the enmity o' the air;  
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—  
Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her!  
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took  
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought  
To kneel his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg  
To keep base life afoot.—Return with her!  
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter  
To this detested groom. [Pointing to OSWALD.]

GON. At your choice, sir.

LEAR. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad:

I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:  
We'll no more meet, no more see one another:—  
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter:  
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,  
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,  
A plague-sore, an\* embossed carbuncle,  
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;  
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:  
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,  
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:  
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure:  
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,  
I and my hundred knights.

REG. Not altogether so:  
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided  
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister;  
For those that mingle reason with your passion,

Must be content to think you old, and  
But she knows what she does.

LEAR. Is this well spoken?

REG. I dare avouch it, sir: what, fifty followers?  
Is it not well? What should you need of more?  
Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger  
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one

house,  
Should many people, under two commands,  
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

GON. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance

From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

REG. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack ye,

We could control them. If you will come to me,  
(For now I spy a danger) I entreat you

To bring but five and twenty; to no more  
Will I give place or notice.

LEAR. I gave you all—

REG. And in good time you gave it.

LEAR.—Made you my guardians, my depositaries;

But kept a reservation to be followed

With such a number. What, must I come to you  
With five and twenty? Regan, said you so?

REG. And speak 't again, my lord; no more with me.

LEAR. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,

When others are more wicked; not being the worst.

Stands in some rank of praise.—I'll go with thee;  
[To GONERIL.]

Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,  
And thou art twice her love.

GON. Hear me, my lord;

What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,  
To follow in a house, where twice so many  
Have a command to tend you?

REG. What need one?

LEAR. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars

Are in the poorest thing superfluous:

Allow not nature more than nature needs,

Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;

If only to go warm were gorgeous,

Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,  
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true

need,—  
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!

(\*) First folio, or.

To be a comrade with the wolf and owl.—  
Necessity's sharp pinch.]

Mr. Collier's annotator changes this to,—

"To be a comrade with the wolf, and howl  
Necessity's sharp pinch."

And Mr. Collier terms the alteration, "A fortunate recovery of what must have been the real language of the poet!"

b You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!]

Mr. Collier's annotator reads,—

"— give me but patience," &c.



You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,  
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!  
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts  
Against their father, fool me not so much  
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,  
And let not women's weapons, water-drops,  
Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,  
I will have such revenges on you both,  
That all the world shall—I will do such things—  
What they are, yet I know not;—but they shall be  
The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep;  
No, I'll not weep:—

I have full cause of weeping; but this heart  
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,  
Or ere I'll weep.—O, fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt* LEAR, GLOUCESTER, KENT, and  
FOOL.—*Storm heard at a distance.*]

CORN. Let us withdraw, 't will be a storm.

REG. This house is little; the old man and his  
people

Cannot be well bestow'd. [rest,

GON. 'Tis his own blame hath put himself from  
And must needs taste his folly.

REG. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,  
But not one follower.

GON. So am I purpos'd,—  
Where is my lord of Gloster?

CORN. Follow'd the old man forth:—he is  
return'd.

*Re-enters GLOUCESTER.*

GLO. The king is in high-rage.

CORN. Whither is he going?

GLO. He calls to horse; but will I know not  
whither.

CORN. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads  
himself.

GON. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

GLO. Alack, the night comes on, and the  
bleak winds

Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about  
There's scarce a bush.

REG. O, sir, to wilful men,  
The injuries that they themselves procure  
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors:  
He is attended with a desperate train;  
And what they may incense him to, being apt  
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

CORN. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a  
wild night;

My Regan counsels well: come out o' the storm.  
[*Exeunt.*]

a CORN. Whither is he going?  
GLO. He calls to horse.] Omitted in the quartos

(a) First folio, *high*





### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.—A Heath.

*A storm, with thunder and lightning. Enter  
KENT and a Gentleman, meeting.*

KENT. Who's there, besides foul weather?

GENT. One minded like the weather, most un-  
quietly.

KENT. I know you. Where's the king?

GENT. Contending with the fretful elements;  
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,  
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,<sup>a</sup>

• That things might change or cease;<sup>b</sup> tears his  
white hair,

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,  
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;  
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn  
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain. [cough,  
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf  
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,  
And bids what will take all.

KENT. But who is with him?

GENT. None but the fool; who labours to  
out-jest

His heart-struck injuries.

KENT. Sir, I do know you,

And dare, upon the warrant of my note,  
Commend a dear thing to you. There is  
division,—

Although as yet the face of it be cover'd  
With mutual cunning,—'twixt Albany and Corn-  
wall;

Who have (as who have not,<sup>c</sup> that their great stars  
Thron'd and set high?) servants, who seem no  
less,

(\*) First folio, 12

<sup>a</sup> Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,—] That is, the main  
land.

<sup>b</sup> That things might change or cease.] The remainder of this  
speech is omitted in the folio.

<sup>c</sup> Who have (as who have not, &c.) This and the seven fol-  
lowing lines are omitted in the quarto, and the remainder of the  
speech commencing, "But, true it is," is left out of the folio.

Which are to France the spies and speculations<sup>a</sup>,  
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,  
Either in snuffs and packings<sup>b</sup> of the dukes;  
Or the hard rain which both of them have borne  
Against the old kind king; or something deeper,  
Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings;—  
But, true it is, from France there comes a power  
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,  
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet  
In some of our best ports, and are at point  
To show their open banner.—Now to you;  
If on my credit you dare build so far  
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find  
Some that will thank you, making just report  
Of how unnatural and bempadding sorrow  
The king hath cause to plain.  
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;  
And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer  
This office to you.

GENT. I will talk further with you.

KENT. No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more  
Than my out-wall, open this purse, and take  
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,  
(As fear not but you shall) show her this ring;  
And she will tell you who your fellow is  
That yet you do not know.—Fie on this storm!  
I will go seek the king.

GENT. Give me your hand: have you no more  
to say?

KENT. Few words, but, to effect, more than all  
yet,—  
That, when we have found the king, (in which  
your pain  
That way, I'll this) he that first lights on him  
Holla the other. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Heath. Storm continues.*

*Enter LEAR and Fool.*

LEAR. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks!  
rage! blow!  
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout  
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd  
the cocks!

(\*) First folio, that

(†) First folio, drown

<sup>a</sup> Which are to France the spies and speculations  
Intelligent of our state.]

For "speculations" we should perhaps read *speculators*, which  
formerly meant *watchers*, *lookers on*, *observers*, &c. Johnson  
proposed *speculators*, and Mr. Singer found the correction in a  
marginal note of his copy of the second folio.

<sup>b</sup> Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes:] "Snuffs" mean  
petty dissensions, *iffs*: and "packings" signify *plots*, *intrigues*,  
&c.

<sup>c</sup> —furnishings;—] That is, according to Steevens, *samples*: but

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,  
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,  
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking  
thunder,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!  
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,  
That make ingrateful man!

FOOL. O nuncle, court holy-water<sup>d</sup> in a dry  
house is better than this rain-water out o' door.  
Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters'  
bleeding; here's a night pities neither wise men  
nor fools.

LEAR. Rumble thy bellyfull! Spit, fire!  
spout, rain!

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:  
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;  
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,  
You owe me no subscription; then let fall  
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,  
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:—  
But yet I call you servile ministers,  
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd<sup>e</sup>  
Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head  
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

FOOL. He that has a house to put's head in,  
has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house,

Before the head has any,

The head and he shall louse;—

So beggars marry many.

The man that makes his toe

What he his heart should make,

Shall of a corn cry woe,

And turn his sleep to wake.

—For there was never yet fair woman, but she  
made mouths in a glass.

LEAR. No, I will be the pattern of all patience;  
I will say nothing.

*Enter KENT.*

KENT. Who's there?

FOOL. Marry, here's grace and a cod-piece;  
that's a wise man and a fool. [night,

KENT. Alas, sir, are you here? things that love  
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies

(\*) First folio, of

(†) First folio omits, and.

the illustration he cites from the Epistle prefixed to Greene's  
"Groat-worth of Witte,"—"For to lend the world a furnish of  
witte, she lets her owne to pawne,"—is not conclusive.

<sup>d</sup> —court holy-water—] Glowing speeches. Florio translates,  
*Dare Pallidola*, "To cog, to flout, to flatter, to give one Court-holke  
water," &c.: and *Manelliazare*, "To court one with faire words  
or give court-holy-water."

<sup>e</sup> That have with two pernicious daughters join'd—] The folio  
reads,—

"That will with two pernicious daughters join," &c.



That art incestuous!—cast it, to pieces shake,<sup>o</sup>  
That under covert and convenient seeming  
Hast practis'd on man's life!—Close pent-up  
guilt,

Rive your concealing continents, and cry  
These dreadful summoners grace!—I am a man,  
More sinn'd against than sinning.

KENT. Alack, bare-headed!  
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;  
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the  
tempest:

Repose you there, while I to this hard house,  
(More hard than the stones whereof 'tis rais'd,  
Which even but now demanding after you,  
Denied me to come in) return, and force  
Their scanty courtesy.

LEAR. My evils begin to turn—  
Come on, my boy: how dost, my boy? art cold?  
I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my  
fellow?

The art of our necessities is strange,  
And can make vile things precious. Come, your  
hovel.—

Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart  
That's sorry yet for thee.

FOOL. [Singing.]

*He that has and a little tiny wit,—  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,—  
Must make content with his fortunes fit,  
Though the rain it raineth every day.*

LEAR. True, boy.—Come, bring us to this  
hovel.\*

[Exit LEAR and KENT.]

FOOL. This is a brave night to cool a courtesan.—  
I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:

When priests are more in word than matter;  
When brewers mar their malt with water;  
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;  
No heretics burn'd, nor wenches' suitors;  
When every case in law is right;  
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;  
When slanderers do not live in tongues;  
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;  
When usurers tell their gold in the field,  
And bawds and whores do churches build,—  
Then shall the realm of Albion  
Come to great confusion:  
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,  
That going shall be us'd with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before  
his time. [Exit.]

\* Come, bring us to this hovel.] The remainder of the scene  
is only found in the folio

### SCENE III.—A Room in Gloucester's Castle.

Enter GLOUCESTER and EDMUND.

GLO. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this un-  
natural dealing. When I desired their leave that I  
might pity him, they took from me the use of mine  
own house; charged me, on pain of their perpetual  
displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat  
for him, nor in any way sustain him.

EDM. Most savage and unnatural!

GLO. Go to; say you nothing. There is division  
between the dukes; and a worse matter than that:  
I have received a letter this night;—'tis dangerous  
to be spoken;—I have locked the letter in my closet:  
these injuries the king now bears will be revenged  
home; there is part of a power already footed:  
we must incline to the king. I will seek to him, and  
privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with  
the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived:  
if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I  
die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my  
old master must be relieved. There is strange  
things toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful.

[Exit.]

EDM. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke  
instantly know; and of that letter too:—  
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me  
that which my father loses,—no less than all:  
The younger rises when the old doth fall.

[Exit.]

### SCENE IV.—A part of the Heath, with a Hovel.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

KENT. Here is the place, my lord; good my  
lord, enter:  
The tyranny of the open night's too rough  
For nature to endure. [Storm continues.]

LEAR. Let me alone.

KENT. Good my lord, enter here.

LEAR. Wilt break my heart?

KENT. I had rather break mine own. Good my  
lord, enter.

LEAR. Thou think'st 'tis much that this con-  
tentious storm  
Inwades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;  
But where the greater malady is fix'd,  
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear;  
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,

(\*) First folio omits, *there*.  
(†) First folio, *looks*

(‡) First folio, *or*  
(§) First folio, *they*.



Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the  
mind's free,  
The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind  
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,  
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!  
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand  
For lifting food to't?—But I will punish home.—  
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night  
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure—

In such a night as this!—O, Regan, Goneril!  
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—  
O, that way madness lies, let me shun that;  
No more of that.—

KENT. Good my lord, enter here.

LEAR. Pr'ythee, go in thyself, seek thine own  
ease.

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder  
On things would hurt me more—But I'll go in:—

In, boy; go first.—[*To the Fool.*] You houseless poverty,—  
 Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—  
 [Fool goes in.]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,  
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,  
 How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,  
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you  
 From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en  
 Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;  
 Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,  
 That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,  
 And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [*Within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! poor Tom!

[*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*]

FOOL. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit.  
 Help me, help me!

KENT. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

FOOL. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's poor Tom.

KENT. What art thou that dost grumble there  
 i' the straw? Come forth.

*Enter EDGAR, disguised as a Madman.*

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—

*Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind,\*—*

Hum! go to thy cold bed,<sup>a</sup> and warm thee.

LEAR. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?<sup>b</sup>  
 And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives anything to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford<sup>†</sup> and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow,<sup>(1)</sup> and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges; to course his own shadow for a traitor.—Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking!<sup>c</sup> Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes.—There could I have him now,—and there,—and there again,—and there.

[*Storm continues.*]

LEAR. What,<sup>‡</sup> have his daughters brought him to this pass?—

Couldst thou save nothing? Didst<sup>\*</sup> thou give 'em all?

FOOL. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

LEAR. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air

Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

KENT. He hath no daughters, sir.

LEAR. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdu'd nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—

Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?

Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot

Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill;—

Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

FOOL. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; <sup>†</sup> swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

LEAR. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair; wore gloves in my cap,<sup>(2)</sup> served the lust of my mistress' heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it. Wine loved I deeply; <sup>‡</sup> dice dearly; and in woman; out-paramoured the Turk: false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand, hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to woman: keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—

*Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind  
 Says suum, mun, ha no nonny.*

Dolphin my boy, my boy, seassa; let him trot by.

[*Storm continues.*]

LEAR. Why,<sup>§</sup> thou were better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered ears this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk,

(\*) First folio, *blow the winds.*

(†) First folio, *Sword.*

(1) First folio, *Ha's his Daughters.*

<sup>a</sup> — go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.] The commentators, with admirable unanimity, persist in declaring this line to be a ridicule on one in "The Spanish Tragedy," Act II.—

"What outcries pluck me from my naked bed!"

But to an audience of Shakespeare's age there was nothing risible in either line. The phrase to go to a cold bed meant only to go cold to bed, to rise from a naked bed signified to get up naked

(\*) First folio, *Wouldst.*

(1) First folio, *dearly.*

(†) First folio, *words Justice.*

(§) First folio omits, *Wag.*

(1) First folio, *a.*

from bed, and to say one lay on a sick bed (a form of expression far from uncommon even now) implied merely that he was lying sick a-bed. It is to be observed that the folio, probably by accident, as it gives the line correctly in "The Taming of the Shrew," omits the word "cold."

<sup>b</sup> Hast thou given all to thy two daughters? So the quarto; the folio reads, "Didst thou give all to thy daughters?"

<sup>c</sup> — taking.] See note (b), p. 88.

the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume.—Hæ! here 's three on 's are sophisticated!—Thou art the thing itself; unaccommodat'd man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings!—come, unbutton here.—  
[Tearing off his clothes.]

FOOL. Prythee, nuncle, be contented; 't is a naughty night to swim in.—Now a little fire in a field were like an old lecher's heart,—a small spark, all the rest on's body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

EDG. This is the foul fiend\* Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin,<sup>b</sup> squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

*Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;\**

*He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;*

*Bid her alight,*

*And her troth plight,*

*And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!*

KENT. How fares your grace?

*Enter GLOUCESTER, with a torch.*

LEAR. What's he?

KENT. Who's there? What is't you seek?

GLO. What are you there? Your names?

EDG. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallots; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tything to tything, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned; who hath had † three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,—

*But mice and rats, and such small deer,  
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.<sup>d</sup>*

BEWARE my follower.—Peace, Simulkin; peace, thou fiend!

GLO. What, hath your grace no better company?

EDG. The prince of darkness is a gentleman; Mudo he's call'd, and Mahu.<sup>(3)</sup>

GLO. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,  
That it doth hate what gets it.

(\*) First folio omits, *Send.*

(†) First folio, *walkes at.*

(‡) First folio omits, *had.*

\* — Flibbertigibbet:] See quotation from Harnet, in the Illustrative Comments to this Act.

<sup>b</sup> — the web and the pin.—] The *ontarast*. One of the meanings to *Celerastis* in Florio's Dictionary is, "A dimness of sight occasioned by humors hardened in the eyes called a Cataract *ras pin and a web.*"

<sup>c</sup> Saint Withold footed thrice the wold:] The old copies have *withold* for "Saint Withold," and *old* at the end of the line

EDG. Poor Tom's a-cold.

GLO. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer To obey in all your daughters' hard commands: Though their injunction be to bar my doors, And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you, Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out, And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

LEAR. First let me talk with this philosopher.—What is the cause of thunder?

KENT. Good my lord, take his offer; go into the house.

LEAR. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.—

What is your study?

EDG. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

LEAR. Let me ask you one word in private.

KENT. Importune him once more to go, my lord,

His wits begin to unsettle.

GLO. Canst thou blamé him? His daughters seek his death:—ah, that good Kent!—

He said it would be thus,—poor banish'd man!—Thou say'st the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,

I am almost mad myself: I had a son, Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life, But latey, very late: I lov'd him, friend, No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,

[Storm continues.]

The grief hath craz'd my wits.—What a night's this!—

I do beseech your grace,—

LEAR. O, cry you mercy, sir.—Noble philosopher, your company.

EDG. Tom's a-cold.

GLO. In, follow, there, into the hovel: keep thee warm.

LEAR. Come, let's in all.

KENT. This way, my lord.

LEAR. With him;

I will keep still with my philosopher.

KENT. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow.

GLO. Take him you on.

KENT. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

LEAR. Come, good Athenian.

instead of "wold" Withold was the Saint popularly invoked against the night-mare.

<sup>d</sup>

*But mice and rats, and such small deer,  
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.]*

This distich, Percy pointed out as part of the description in the old metrical romance of "Sir Bevis of Hampton," of the privation endured by that doughty champion during his seven years' imprisonment,—

"Rattes and myce and such smal deer  
Was this meate that seven yere."

*Sig. F. 44.*

89 •



GLO. No words, no words: hush.  
 EDG. *Child Rowland to the dark tower came,  
 His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,  
 I smell the blood of a British man.* (4)  
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—A Room in Gloucester's Castle.

*Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.*

CORN. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.

EDM. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

CORN. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.

EDM. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter\* he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

CORN. Go with me to the duchess.

EDM. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

CORN. True, or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

EDM. [Aside.] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

CORN. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer† father in my love. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—A Chamber in a Farm-house, adjoining the Castle.

*Enter GLOUCESTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, and EDGAR.*

GLO. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

KENT. All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience—the gods reward your kindness!

[Exit GLOUCESTER.]

EDG. Frateretto\* calls me; and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

FOOL. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman?

LEAR. A king, a king!

FOOL. No, he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him. (5)

LEAR. To have a thousand with red burning Come hissing in upon 'em:—

EDG. The foul fiend bites my back.†

FOOL. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

LEAR. It shall be done; I will arraign them straight.—

Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer; \*—

[To EDGAR.]

Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [To the Fool.]—Now, you she-foxes!—

EDG. Look, where he stands and glares!—Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?

Come o'er the bourn,† Bessy, to me:—

FOOL. Her boat hath a leak,  
 And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee.

EDG. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

KENT. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd:

Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

LEAR. I'll see their trial first.—Bring in the evidence.—

Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;—

[To EDGAR.]

And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [To the Fool.]  
 Bench by his side.—You are o' the commission,  
 Sit you too.

[To KENT]

EDG. Let us deal justly.

*Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?*

*Thy sheep be in the corn;*

*And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,*

*Thy sheep shall take no harm.*‡

Pur! the cat is grey.

(\*) First folio inserts, which

(†) First folio, *deere*.

\* Frateretto calls me;] See the quotation from Harsnet, in the Illustrative Comments to this Act.

† Pr'y, innocent,—] The term "innocent," though at first given only to idiots, came in time to be applied to professed fools.

‡ Fool. No, he's a yeoman, &c.] This speech is not in the quartos.

§ The foul fiend bites my back.] This, with the whole of what follows, down to, and inclusive of—

"False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape!"

is omitted in the folios

(\*) Old text, *justice*; altered by Theobald.

(†) Old text, *brooms*.

(‡) Old text, *thee*.

• Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam? Seward, plausibly enough, would read, "Wanton'st thou eyes," &c.

† *Thy sheep shall take no harm.*] As "the foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale," the representative of Edgar was surely intended by Shakespeare to sing these fragments of old ballads, and not tamely recite them after the manner of the modern stage.



LEAR. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril.—I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

FOOL. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

LEAR. She cannot deny it.

FOOL. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool. [proclaim

LEAR. And here's another, whose warp'd looks

What store her heart is made on.—Stop her there!

Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place!

False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

EDG. Bless thy five wits!

KING. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now.

That you so oft have boasted to retain?



EDG. [*Aside.*] My tears begin to take his part so much,  
They'll mar my counterfeiting.

LEAR. The little dogs and all,  
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

EDG. Tom will throw his head at them.—  
Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,  
Tooth that poisons if it bite;  
Mastiff, grey-hound, mongrel grim,  
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym;<sup>a</sup>  
Or bobtail tike,<sup>a</sup> or trundle tail,—  
Tom will make them † weep and wail:  
For, with throwing thus my head,  
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de de. Sessa!<sup>b</sup> Come; march to wakes  
and fairs and market towns.—Poor Tom, thy  
horn is dry.

LEAR. Then let them anatomise Regan; see

what breeds about her heart.—Is there any cause  
in nature, that makes these hard hearts?—[*To*  
EDGAR.] You, sir, I entertain for one of my  
hundred; only I do not like the fashion of your  
garments: you will say they are Persian; but let  
them be changed.

KENT. Now, good my lord, lie here and rest  
awhile.

LEAR. Make no noise, make no noise; draw  
the curtains. So, so: we'll go to supper i' the  
morning.

FOOL. And I'll go to bed at noon.

*Re-enter GLOUCESTER.*

GLO. Come hither, friend: where is the king  
my master?

KENT. Here, sir; but trouble him not,—his  
wits are gone.

GLO. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy  
arms;

(\*) First folio, *light*.

(†) First folio, *him*.

<sup>a</sup> — brach or lym.] A bloodhound was formerly called a *lym*  
or *lyme*. In some of the old copies the word is printed *lime*, in  
others *lym*.

<sup>b</sup> Sessa.] This word, in the old text *see*, occurs in a previous  
scene, and is met with also in the Induction to "The Taming of  
the Shrew." Johnson explains it to be "an interjection en-  
forcing cessation of any action, like *be quiet*, *have done*."



REG. To whose hands have you \* sent the lunatic king? Speak. . . .

GLO. I have a letter guessingly set down, Which came from one that's of a neutral heart, And not from one oppos'd.

CORN. Cunning. . . .

REG. And false. . . .

CORN. Where hast thou sent the king?

GLO. To Dover. . . .

REG. Wherefore, to, Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at peril—

CORN. Wherefore, to Dover? Let him first † answer that. . . . [the course.

GLO. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand

REG. Wherefore to Dover?

GLO. Because I would not see thy cruel nails Pluck out his poor old eyes : nor thy fierce sister In his smother'd flesh stick boarish fangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up, And quench'd the starv'd fires :

Yet, poor old heart, he help the heavens to rain. If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,

Thou shouldst have said, *Good porter, turn the key ;*

All cruels else subscrib'd : ‡—but I shall see

The winged vengeance overtake such children.

CORN. See 't shalt thou never !—Fellows, hold the chair.—

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot. . . .

GLO. He that will think to live till he be old, Give me some help !—O cruel !—O you gods !

REG. One side will mock another ; the other too.

CORN. If you see vengeance,—

1 SERV. Hold your hand, my lord ! I have serv'd you ever since I was a child ;

But better service have I never done you, Than now to bid you hold.

REG. How now, you dog !

1 SERV. If you'did wear a beard upon your chin, I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

CORN. My villain [Draws.

1 SERV. Nay then, come on, and take the chance of anger.

[Draws. They fight. CORNWALL is wounded.

REG. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus !

[Snatches a sword, comes behind, and stabs him.

1 SERV. O, I am slain !—My lord, you have one eye left

To see some mischief on him :—O ! [Dies.

CORN. Lest it see more, prevent it.—Out, vile jelly !

Where is thy lustre now ? [son Edmund ?

GLO. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature, To quit this horrid act. . . .

REG. Out, treacherous villain ! Thou call'st on him that hates thee : it was he

That made the overture of thy treasons to us ; Who is too good to pity thee.

GLO. O my follies ! Then Edgar was abus'd.— Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him !

REG. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell [look you ?

His way to Dover.—How is 't, my lord ? How

CORN. I have receiv'd a hurt :—follow me, lady.— Turn out that cycless villain ;—throw this slave

Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace :

Untimely comes this hurt : give me your arm.

• [Exit CORNWALL, led by REGAN ;—Servants unbind GLOUCESTER, and lead him out. .

2 SERV. I'll never care what wickedness I do, If this man come to good.

3 SERV. If she live long, And, in the end, meet the old course of death,

Women will all turn monsters. [Bedlam

2 SERV. Let's follow the old earl, and get the To lead him where he would : his roguish madness

Allows itself to any thing.

3 SERV. Go thou ; I'll fetch some flax, and whites of eggs

To apply to's bleeding face. Now, heaven help him ! [Exeunt severally.

\* Old text, you have (†) First folio omits, first (‡) Old text, subscribe

• — and lead him out ] In the folio the scene concludes here.





## ACT IV

### SCENE I.—*The Heath*

*Enter* EDGAR.

EDG. Yet better thus, and known to be con-  
 temn'd,  
 Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,  
 The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,  
 Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:  
 The lamentable change is from the best ;  
 The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,  
 Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace !  
 The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst,  
 Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes  
 here ?

\* Welcome then,—] These words and the three lines which follow are omitted in the quartos.

*Enter* GLOUCESTER, led by an old man.

My father, poorly led ?—World, world, O world !  
 But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,  
 Life would not yield to age.

OLD MAN. O my good lord, I have been your  
 tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore  
 years.

GLO. Away, get thee away ; good friend, be  
 gone :

Thy comforts can do me no good at all,  
 Thee they may hurt.

OLD MAN. You cannot see your way.

GLO. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes ;  
 I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis soen,

Our means secure us;\* and our mere defects  
Prove our commodities.—O, dear son Edgar,  
The food of thy abused father's wrath!  
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,  
I'd say I had eyes again!

OLD MAN. How now! Who's there?

EDG. [*Aside.*] O gods! Who it can say *I am at the worst!*

I am worse than e'er I was;—

OLD MAN. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

EDG. [*Aside.*]—And worse I may be yet: the worst is not,

So long as we can say, *This is the worst.*

OLD MAN. Fellow; where'st thou?

GLO. Is it a beggar-man?

OLD MAN. Madman and beggar too.

GLO. He has some reason, else he could not beg.  
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;  
Which made me think a man a worm: my son  
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind  
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard  
more since.

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods,—  
They kill us for their sport.

EDG. [*Aside.*] How should this be?—

Bad is the trade that must play Fool to sorrow,  
Ang'ring itself and others.—Bless thee, master!

GLO. Is that the naked fellow?

OLD MAN. Ay, my lord.

GLO. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone:<sup>b</sup> if, for my sake,

Thou wilt o'ertake us hence a mile or twain,  
I' the way to Dover, do it for ancient love;  
And bring some covering for this naked soul,  
Who \* I'll entreat to lead me.

OLD MAN. Alack, sir, he is mad.

GLO. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;  
Above the rest, be gone.

OLD MAN. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,

Come on't what will. [*Exit.*]

GLO. Sirrah, naked fellow,—

EDG. Poor Tom's a-cold.—I cannot daub it further. [*Aside.*]

GLO. Come hither, fellow,—

EDG. [*Aside.*] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

GLO. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

EDG. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits: bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend!—five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as Obidicut; Hobbididance, prince of dumbness; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of murder; and\* Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing,—who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!

GLO. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens' plagues

Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,  
Makes thee the happier:—heavens, deal so still!

Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,  
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see  
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;  
So distribution should undo excess,  
And each man have enough.—Dost thou know  
Edg. Ay, master.

GLO. There is a cliff, whose high and bending  
Looks fearfully in the confined deep:  
Bring me but to the very brim of it,  
And I'll repay the misery thou dost bear,  
With something rich about me: from that place  
I shall no leading need.

EDG. Give me thy arm;  
Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—Before the Duke of Albany's Palace.

*Enter GONERIL and EDMUND; OSWALD meeting them.*

GON. Welcome, my lord; I marvel our mild husband

Not met us on the way.—Now, where's your master?

OSW. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd.

I told him of the army that was landed;  
He smil'd at it: I told him, you were coming;  
His answer was, *The worse*: of Gloucester's treachery,  
And of the loyal service of his son,

(\*) First folio, *Which.*

\* Our means secure us; and our mere defects  
Prove our commodities.—]

This was an odd stumbling-block to the critics. Some have altered it to,—“Our means secure us.” &c., that is, *our middle-state keeps us in safety*; others would read,—“Our meanness secures us.” John on proposed,—“Our means seduce us,” or “Our means secure us.” and Mr. Collier's annotator reads,—“Our means secure us.” All this controversy arose apparently from misapprehension of the sense in which the word “secure” is to be understood. To secure now means only to protect, to keep safely; but in old language it very commonly signified also, to render us

(\*) First folio omits, and.

careless, over-confident, unguarded, and this appears to be its meaning here. Thus, in Sir T. More's “Life of Edward V.”:—“Oh the uncertain confidence and short-sighted knowledge of man! When this lord was most afraid, he was most secure; and when he was secure, danger was over his head.” Again, in Judges viii. 11.—“And Gideon went up by the way of them that dwelt in tents on the east of Nobah and Jogbehah, and smote the host, for the host was secure.”

<sup>b</sup> Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone:] So the quartos; the folio reads, “Get thee away,” &c.

\*—five fiends, &c.] The remainder of the speech is not given in the folio.

When I inform'd him, then he-call'd me sot,  
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:—  
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to  
him;

What like, offensive.

GON. [To EDMUND.] Then shall you go no  
further.

It is the cowish terror of his spirit,  
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,  
Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the  
way

May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;  
Hasten his musters and conduct his powers:

I must change arms\* at home, and give the distaff  
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant  
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to  
hear,

If you dare venture in your own behalf,  
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;  
[Giving a favour.]

Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,  
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air;—  
Conceive, and fare thee well.

EDM. Yours in the ranks of death.

GON. My most dear Gloucester!  
[Exit EDMUND.]

O, the difference of man and man!

To thee a woman's services are due;

My fool usurps my body.\*

OSW. Madam, here comes my lord.

[Exit.]

Enter ALBANY.

GON. I have been worth the whistle.

ALB. O, Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind  
Blows in your face! I fear your disposition:<sup>b</sup>  
That nature, which contemns its origin,  
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;  
She that herself will sliver and disbranch  
From her material sap, perforce must wither,  
And come to deadly use.

GON. No more! the text is foolish.

ALB. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem  
vile; [done?]

Filth's savour but themselves. What have you  
Tigers, not daughters! what have you perform'd?  
A father, and a gracious aged man,—

Whose reverence even the head-lugg'd bear  
would lick,—

(\*) First folio, *names*.

\* My fool usurps my body.] The reading of the folio. The first quarto has, "A fool usurps my bed;" the second, "My fool usurps my head;" while a third gives, "My fool usurps my body."

<sup>b</sup> I fear your disposition:] This line and all that follows, down to Goneril's speech, beginning, "Milk-liver'd man!" the folio omits.

VOL. III.

Most barbarous, most degenerate!—have you  
maddened.

Could my good brother suffer you to do it?

A man, a prince, by him so benefited!

If that the heavens do not their visible spirits  
Send quickly down to tame these\* vile offences,  
'Twill come, humanity must perforce prey on  
itself,

Like monsters of the deep.

GON. Milk-liver'd man!

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;  
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning  
Thine honour from thy suffering; that not  
know'st,

Fools do those villains pity who are punish'd  
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy  
drum?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;  
With plumed helm thy state begins to threat;<sup>d</sup>  
Whiles thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and criest,  
*Alack! why does he so?*

ALB. See thyself, devil!

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend

So horrid as in woman.

GON. O vain fool!

ALB. Thou chang'd and self-cover'd thing, for  
shame,

Be-monster not thy feature! Wero't my fitness<sup>e</sup>

To let these hands obey my blood,

They are apt enough to dislocate and tear

Thy flesh and bones:—howe'er thou art a fiend,

A woman's shape doth shield thee.

GON. Marry, your manhood now!—

Enter a Messenger.

ALB. What news?

MESS. O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's  
dead,

Slain by his servant, going to put out

The other eye of Gloucester.

ALB. Gloucester's eyes!

MESS. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with  
remorse,

Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword  
To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,<sup>f</sup>  
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead;  
But not without that harmful stroke, which since  
Hath pluck'd him after.

ALB. This shows you are above,  
You justicers,<sup>g</sup> that these our nether crimes

(\*) Old copies, *this, the*.

(†) First folio, *threat-enrag'd*.

(‡) First folio, *justices*.

c Thine honour from thy suffering;] In the folio, Goneril's speech ends here.

d — thy state begins to threat.] The first quarto has,—"thy state begins *threat*;" the second, "thy state begins *threats*."

e O vain fool!] In the folio, the Messenger enters here, and begins immediately,—*"O, my good lord," &c.*



So speedily can vengeance!—But, O poor Gloster!  
Lost he his other eye?

MESS. Both, both, my lord.—  
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;  
'Tis from your sister.

GON. [*Aside.*] One way I like, this well;  
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,  
May all the building in my fancy pluck  
Upon my hateful life: another way,  
The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer.

[*Exit.*]

ALB. Where was his son, when they did take  
his eyes?

MESS. Come with my lady hither.

ALB. He is not here.

MESS. No, my good lord, I met him back  
again.

ALB. Knows he the wickedness?

MESS. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd  
against him;

And quit the house on purpose that their punish-  
ment

Might have the freer course.

ALB. [*Aside.*] Gloster, I live  
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,  
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend;  
Tell me what more thou know'st. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.\*—*The French Camp near Dover.*

*Enter KENT, and a Gentleman.*

KENT. Why the king of France is so suddenly  
gone back know you the reason?

GENT. Something he left imperfect in the state,  
which since his coming forth is thought of; which  
imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger,  
that his personal return was most required and  
necessary.

KENT. Who hath he left behind him general?

GENT. The marshal of France, Monsieur le  
Far.

KENT. Did your letters pierce the queen to any  
demonstration of grief?

GENT. Ay, sir; \* she took them, read them in  
my presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down  
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen  
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,  
Sought to be king o'er her.

KENT. O, then it mov'd her.

GENT. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow  
strove<sup>a</sup>

Who should express her goodliest. You have  
seen

Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears  
Were like a better day;<sup>b</sup> those happy smilets,  
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know  
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,  
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief,  
Sorrow would be a rarity most belov'd,  
If all could so become it.

KENT. Made she no verbal question?

GENT. Faith, once or twice she heav'd the name  
of father

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;  
Cried, *Sisters! sisters!*—*Shame of ladies! sisters!*  
*Kent! father! sisters! What, i' the storm?*  
*i' the night?*

*Let pity not be believ'd!*—There she shook  
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,  
And clamour moisten'd: then away she started  
To deal with grief alone.

KENT. It is the stars,

The stars above us, govern our conditions;  
Else one self mate and mate could not beget  
Such different issues.—You spoke not with her  
since?

GENT. No.

KENT. Was this before the king return'd?

GENT. No, since.

KENT. Well, sir, the poor distressed Lear's  
i' the town;

Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers  
What we are come about, and by no means  
Will yield to see his daughter.

GENT. Why, good sir?

KENT. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his  
own unkindness,

That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her  
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights  
To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting  
His mind so venomously, that burning shame  
Detains him from Cordelia.

GENT. Alack, poor gentleman!

KENT. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you  
heard not?

GENT. 'Tis so, they are a-foot.

KENT. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master  
And leave you to attend him: some dear cause  
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;  
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve  
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go  
Along with me. [*Exeunt.*]

(\*) O'd text, *say*: corrected by Theobald.

(\*) Old text, *strove*: corrected by Pope.

\* SCENE III.] This scene is found only in the quartos.  
b — a better day:] The old text has, "a better way," which  
can hardly be what Shakespeare wrote. This has been changed to

"a wetter May," and "a better day" of the two we prefer the  
latter.



SCENE IV.—*The Same. A Tent.*

*Enter CORDELIA, Physician, and Soldiers.*

COR. Alack, 'tis he ; why, he was met even now  
As mad as the vex'd sea ; singing aloud ;  
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,  
With burdocks,\* hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,

Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow  
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth ;  
Search every acre in the high-grown field,  
And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an Officer.*]

What can man's wisdom  
In the restoring his boreaved sense ?  
He that helps him take all my outward worth.

PRY. There is means, madam :

—burdocks,—] The folio has "Hardokes," the quartos "hor-  
docks." Farmer suggested *harlocks*, citing the following lines  
from Drayton,—

'The honey-suckle, the *harlocks*,  
The lilly, and the lady-smocks," &c

Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,  
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,  
Are many simples operative, whose power  
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All bless'd secrets,  
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,  
Spring with my tears! be aidant and remediate  
In the good man's distress! \*—Seek, seek for him;  
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life  
That wants the means to lead it.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Mess. News, madam!  
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands  
In expectation of them.—O dear father,  
It is thy business that I go about;  
Therefore great France  
My mourning, and important<sup>a</sup> tears hath pitied.  
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,  
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:  
Soon may I hear and see him! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A Room in Gloucester's Castle.*

*Enter REGAN and OSWALD.*

REG. But are my brother's powers set forth?

Osw. Ay, madam.

REG. Himself in person there?

Osw. Madam, with much ado:  
Your sister is the better soldier.

REG. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord  
at home?

Osw. No, madam.

REG. What might import my sister's letter to  
him?

Osw. I know not, lady.

REG. Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.  
It was great ignorance, Gloucester's eyes being out,  
To let him live; where he arrives he moves  
All hearts against us. Edmund, I think, is gone,  
In pity of his misery, to despatch  
His nighted life; moreover, to descry  
The strength o' the enemy.

Osw. I must needs after him, madam, with my  
letter.

REG. Our troops set forth to-morrow: stay  
with us;  
The ways are dangerous.

Osw. I may not, madam;  
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

(\*) First folio, *desires*.

<sup>a</sup> — important heart—] Important for *important*; the folio has *important*.

REG. Why should she write to Edmund? Might  
not you  
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,  
Something \*—I know not what:—I'll love thee  
much,  
Let me unseal the letter.

Osw. Madam, I had rather—

REG. I know your lady does not love her hus-  
band;

I'm sure of that: and at her late being here  
She gave strange collands<sup>b</sup> and most speaking looks  
To noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosom.—  
Osw. I, madam?

REG. I speak in understanding; you are, I  
know't;

Therefore I do advise you, take this note:  
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;  
And more convenient is he for my hand  
Than for your lady's:—you may gather more.  
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;  
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,  
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.  
So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,  
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Osw. Would I could meet him,† madam! I  
would ‡ show

What party I do follow.

REG. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The Country near Dover.*

*Enter GLOUCESTER, and EDGAR, dressed like a  
Peasant.*

GLO. When shall I come to the top of that  
same hill?

EDG. You do climb up it now: look, how we  
labour.

GLO. Methinks the ground is even.

EDG. Horrible steep.

Hark, do you hear the sea?

GLO. No, truly.

EDG. Why, then, your other senses grow im-  
perfect

By your eyes' anguish.

GLO. So may it be, indeed:

Methinks thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st  
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

EDG. You're much deceiv'd; in nothing am I  
chang'd,  
But in my garments

(\*) First folio, *Some things*.

(†) First folio omits, *him*.

(‡) First folio, *should*.

<sup>b</sup> — collands,—] See note (a), p. 646, Vol. I.

GLO. Methinks you're better spoken.

EDG. Come on, sir; here's the place:—stand still.—How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!  
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,  
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down  
Hangs one that gathers samphire,—dreadful trade!  
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:  
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,  
Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,  
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy  
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge,  
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,  
Cannot be heard so high.—I'll look no more,  
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight  
Topple down headlong.

GLO. Set me where you stand.

EDG. Give me your hand:—you are now within a foot

Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon  
Would I not leap upright.

GLO. Let go my hand.  
Here, friend, 's another purse; in it a jewel  
Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies and gods,

Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;  
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

EDG. Now fare you well, good sir.

GLO. [Seems to go.] With all my heart.

EDG. Why I do trifle thus with his despair  
Is done to cure it.

GLO. O, you mighty gods!  
This world I do renounce; and, in your sights,  
Shake patiently my great affliction off:  
If I could bear it longer, and not fall  
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,  
My snuff and loathed part of nature should  
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bleed him!—  
Now, fellow, fare thee well.

EDG. Gone, sir:—farewell.—

[GLOUCESTER leaps, and falls along.]  
And yet I know not how conceit may rob  
The treasury of life, when life itself  
Yields to the thief: had he been where he thought,  
By this had thought been past.—Alive or dead?  
Ho, you sir! friend!—Hear you, sir?—speak!—  
Thus might he pass indeed:—yet he revives.—  
What are you, sir?

GLO. Away, and let me die.

EDG. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer,  
feathers, air,  
So many fathom down precipitating,

Thou'd'st shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe;

Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st;  
art sound!

Ten masts at each make not the altitude,  
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell!

Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

GLO. But have I fall'n, or no?

EDG. From the dread summit of this chalky  
bourn!

Look up a-height;—the shrill-gorg'd lark so far  
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

GLO. Alack, I have no eyes.—

Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,  
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,  
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,  
And frustrate his proud will.

EDG. Give me your arm:  
Up:—so.—How is't? Feel you your legs? You stand.

GLO. Too well, too well.

EDG. This is above all strangeness.

Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that  
Which parted from you?

GLO. A poor unfortunate beggar.

EDG. As I stood here below, methought his  
eyes

Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,  
Horns whelk'd and wav'd like the enridged sea:  
It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,  
Think that the clearest gods, who make them  
honours.

Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

GLO. I do remember now: henceforth I'll  
bear

Affliction till it do cry out itself,  
Enough, enough, and die. That thing you speak  
of,

I took it for a man; often 't would say,  
The fiend, the fiend! he led me to that place.

EDG. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who  
comes here?

*Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed with flowers.*

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate  
His master thus.

LEAR. No, they cannot touch me for coining;†  
I am the king himself.

EDG. O thou side-piercing sight!

LEAR. Nature's above art in that respect.—

(\*) First folio, *walk'd*.

(†) First folio, *Pebble*.

—*chalky bourn*.] *Bourn* here means boundary.  
The safer sense will ne'er accommodate  
His master thus.]

(\*) First folio, *enrag'd*.

(†) First folio, *crying*.

The word "safer" in this passage has been suspected; but it is certainly right, and means *sounder*. The sound senses of a man would never permit him to go thus grotesquely garnished.



There's your press-money.\* That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper : (1) draw me a clothier's yard. (2)—Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of toasted cheese will do't.—There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills.<sup>b</sup>—O, well flown, bird!—i' the clout! i' the clout!° hewgh!—Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

\* There's your press-money.] The allusion is probably, as Douce remarks, to the money which was paid to soldiers when they were retained in the king's service.

<sup>b</sup> — brown bills —] A "bill," the old weapon of the English infantry, was a sort of battle-axe with a long handle; and "brown bills" are occasionally mentioned by writers of Shakespeare's age; thus Marlowe, in *King Edward II.*—

"Lo, with a band of bow-men and of pikes,  
Brown bills, and targeteers."

° — i' the clout!] The *clout* was the centre mark in the target; what we now call the *bull's-eye*; and possibly took its name from the *clout* or pin by which the target was suspended. See note (b) v. 598, vol. i.

LEAR. Pass.

GLO. I know that voice.

LEAR. Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!—  
They flattered me like a dog; and told me I had  
white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were  
there. To say ay, and no, to every thing that I  
said!—Ay and no too was no good divinity.  
When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind  
to make me chatter; when the thunder would not  
peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I  
smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their  
words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a  
lie;—I am not agree-proof. [ber:

GLO. The trick of that voice I do well remem-  
ber: Is't not the king?

LEAR. Ay, every inch a king!  
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.  
I pardon that man's life.—What was thy cause?—  
Adultery!

Thou shalt not die: die for adultery! No:  
The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly  
Does lecher in my sight.  
Let copulation thrive, for Gloucester's bastard son  
Was kinder to his father than my daughters  
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.  
To't, luxury, pell-mell! for I lack soldiers.—  
Behold yond simpering dame,  
Whose face between her forks presages snow;  
That minces<sup>a</sup> virtue, and does shake the head  
To hear of pleasure's name;—  
The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to't  
With a more riotous appetite.  
Down from the waist they are Centaurs,  
Though women all above:  
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,  
Beneath is all the fiends'; there's hell, there's  
darkness, there is the sulphurous pit, burning,  
scalding, stench, consumption!—fie, fie, fie! pah,  
pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary,  
to sweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.

GLO. O, let me kiss that hand!

LEAR. Let me wipe it first; it smells of  
mortality.

GLO. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great  
world  
Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know  
me?

LEAR. I remember thine eyes well enough.  
Dost thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst; blind  
Cupid, I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge;  
mark but the penning of it.

(\*) First folio inserts, *the*.

(†) First folio omits, *to*.

<sup>a</sup> That minces *virtue*.—[That affects the coy timidity of virtue  
b I would not take this from report, &c.] There is some  
obscenity here. What is it Edgar would not take from report?  
He must have been aware of his father's deprivation of sight;  
because it is mentioned in the previous scene. We are, perhaps,  
to suppose the poor King exhibits the proclamation for the killing

GLO. Were all <sup>a</sup> letters suns, I could not  
see.

EDG. I would not take this from report;—  
It is, and my heart breaks at it.

LEAR. Read.

GLO. What, with the case of eyes?

LEAR. O, ho! are you there with me? No eyes  
in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your  
eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light:  
yet you see how this world goes.

GLO. I see it feelingly.

LEAR. What, art mad? A man may see how  
this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine  
ears: see how yond justice rails upon yond simple  
thief. Hark, in thine ears: change places; and,  
handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the  
thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a  
beggar?

GLO. Ay, sir.

LEAR. And the creature run from the cur?  
There thou might'st behold the great imago of  
authority: a dog's obeyed in office.—  
Thou rascal bawle, hold thy bloody hand!

Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine  
own back;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind  
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs  
the cozenor.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;  
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin<sup>a</sup> with  
gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:  
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it.  
None does offend, none,—I say, none; I'll able<sup>d</sup>  
'em;

Take that of me, my friend, who have the power  
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;  
And, like a scurvy politician, seem  
To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now,  
now:

Pull off my boots:—harder, harder;—so.

EDG. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!  
Reason in madness!

LEAR. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my  
eyes.

I know thee well enough, thy name is Gloucester:  
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:  
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,  
We wawl and cry.—I will preach to thee; mark!

GLO. Alack, alack the day!

LEAR. When we are born, we cry that we are  
down

of Gloucester.

<sup>a</sup> Plate sin with gold.—[A correction by Pope and Theobald;  
the old text having, "Place sinness." This passage down to, "To  
seal the accuser's lips," inclusive, is one in the folio.

<sup>d</sup> — able 'em I qualify them.

To this great stage of fools—This is  
block:—

It were a delicate stratagem, toshoe  
A troop of horse with felt: I'll put 't in proof;  
And when I have stol'n upon these sons-in-law,\*  
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!

*Enter a Gentleman with Attendants.*

GENT. O, here he is; lay hand upon him.—Sir,  
Your most dear daughter—

LEAR. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even  
The natural Fool of fortune.—Use me well;  
You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons;  
I am cut to the brains.

GENT. You shall have any thing.

LEAR. No seconds? All myself?  
Why, this would make a man a man of salt,  
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,  
Ay, and laying autumn's dust.

GENT. Good sir,—

LEAR. I will die bravely, like a † bridegroom:  
what!

I will be jovial; come, come; I am a king,  
My ‡ masters, know you that!

GENT. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

LEAR. Then there's life in 't. Nay § an you  
get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa!  
[Exit, running; Attendants follow.]

GENT. A sight most pitiful in the meanest  
wretch,  
Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one  
daughter,

Who redeems nature from the general curse  
Which twain have brought her to.

EDG. Hail, gentle sir.

GENT. Sir, speed you: what's your will?

EDG. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

GENT. Most sure and vulgar, every one hears  
that,

Which can distinguish sound.

EDG. But, by your favour,  
How near's the other army?

GENT. Near and on speedy foot; the main  
desery  
Stands on the hourly thought.†

(\*) First folio, *Son in Lawes.*

(†) First folio inserts, *smuggle.*

(‡) First folio omits, *My.*

(§) First folio, *Come.*

(||) First folio, *a.*

\* This a good block:—] "Upon the king's saying, *I will preach to thee*, the poet seems to have meant him to pull off his hat, and keep turning it and feeling it, in the attitude of one of the preachers of those times (whom I have seen so represented in ancient prints), till the idea of *felt*, which the good *lat* or *block* was made of, raised the stratagem in his brain of shoeing a troop of horse with a substance soft as that which he held and moulded between his hands. This makes him start from his preachment."

† — *Smuggle.*  
‡ — kill, kill! &c.] This was the ancient cry of assault in the English army. Shakespeare introduces it again in "*Coriolanus*," Act V. sc. 6; when the conspirators attack Coriolanus.

EDG. . . I thank you, sir: that's all.

GENT. Though that the queen on special cause  
is here,

Her army is mov'd on.

EDG. I thank you, sir. [Exit GENT.]

GLO. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath  
from me;

Let not my worse spirit tempt me again

To die before you please!

EDG. Well pray you, father.

GLO. Now, good sir, what are you?

EDG. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's  
blows;

Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,  
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,  
I'll lead you to some biding.

GLO. Hearty thanks:

The bounty and the benison of heaven

To boot, and boot!

*Enter OSWALD.*

Osw. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!  
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh  
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,  
Briefly thyself remember:—the sword is out  
That must destroy thee.

GLO. Now let thy friendly hand  
Put strength enough to it. [EDGAR interposes.]

Osw. Wherefore, bold peasant,  
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence!  
Lest that the infection of his fortune take  
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

EDG. Chill not let go, zir, without vurther  
'casious.

Osw. Let go, slave, or thou diest!

EDG. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let  
poor volk pass. An chud ha' been zwagger'd  
out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as  
'tis by a vortnight.\*—Nay, come not near th' old  
man; keep out, che vor ye, or ise try whether  
your costard or my ballow† be the harder: chill  
be plain with you.

Osw. Out, dunghill!

EDG. Chill pick your teeth, zir: come; no  
matter vor your foina.‡

[They fight; and EDGAR kills him.]

\* — Ay, and laying autumn's dust

GENT.

Good sir,—]

Omitted in the folio.

— the main desery

Stands on the hourly thought.] The meaning appears to be, the sight of the main body is expected hourly; but the expression is as harsh and disagreeable as the speaker's "Most sure and vulgar" just before.

\* — 't would not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight.—] Steevens has remarked, but the reason is unexplained, that when our ancient writers have occasion to introduce a rustic, they commonly aliot him this Somersetshire dialect.

† — ballow.—] In some of the provincial dialects, *ballow* means a pole or staff.

‡ — foina.] Thrust.

Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me:—villain, take my purse;

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body,  
And give the earls which thou find'st about me,  
To Edmund earl of Gloucester; seek him out  
Upon the British\* party:—O, untimely death!†

[Dies.]

\*Edg. I know thee well: a servicable villain;  
As dateous to the vices of thy mistress,  
As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

\*Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.—  
Let's see his † pockets: these § letters, that he  
speaks of,

May be my friends.—He's dead; I am only sorry  
He had no other death's-man.—Let us see:—  
Leave, gentle wax: and, manners, blame us not:  
To know our enemies' minds, we rip their  
hearts;  
Their papers, is more lawful.

[Reads.] *Let our reciprocal vows be remembered.  
You have many opportunities to cut him off: if  
your will want not, time and place will be fruit-  
fully offered. There is nothing done, if he  
return the conqueror: then am I the prisoner,  
and his bed my gaol; from the loathed warmth  
whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your  
labour.*

*Your (wife, so I would say,)  
affectionate servant,*

GONERIL.

O, undistinguish'd space of woman's will!—  
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life; [sands,  
And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the  
Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified  
Of murderous lechers: and, in the mature time,  
With this ungracious paper strike the sight  
Of the death-practis'd duke: for him 'tis well,  
That of thy death and business I can tell.

[Exit, dragging out the body.]

Glo. The king is mad: how stiff is my vile  
sense,

That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling  
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:  
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,  
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose  
The knowledge of themselves. [Drum afar off.]

(\*) First folio, *English*.  
(†) First folio, *these*.

(†) Old text repeats, *death*.  
(§) First folio, *the*.

\* O, undistinguish'd space of woman's will!—] In the quartos we read, "O undistinguish'd space of woman's will"; in the folio, "Oh undistinguish'd space of woman's will," and Mr Collier's annotator suggests, "O, undistinguish'd blame of woman's will." Whatever may have been the original lection, it was plainly an exclamation against the indiscriminate caprice of woman as exhibited by Goneril in plotting against a virtuous husband's life merely to gain a villain like Edmund, and not, as Mr. Collier asserts, against the "undistinguishable appetite" of the sex. his annotator's emendation is therefore indefensible. We should, perhaps read "O, undistinguishable sense of woman's will."

Re-enter EDGAR.

\*Edg. Give me your hand.  
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum:  
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.

[Alone.]

SCENE VII.—A Tent in the French Camp.  
LEAR on a bed asleep; Physician, Gentleman,  
and others, attending; soft music playing.

Enter CORDILIA and KENT.

CORD. O thou good Kent, how shall I live and  
work,  
To match thy goodness? My life will be too  
short,  
And every measure fail me.

KENT. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'er-  
paid.

All my reports go with the modest truth;  
Nor more nor clipp'd, but so.

CORD. Be better suited:  
These weeds are memories of those worser hours;  
I pry thee, put them off.

KENT. Pardon, dear madam;  
Yet to be known, shortens my made intent:  
My boon I make it, that you know me not,  
Till time and I think meet.

CORD. Then be't so, my good lord.—How does  
the king?

[To the Physician.]

PHYS. Madam, sleeps still.‡

\*CORD. O you kind gods,  
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!  
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up  
Of this child-changed father!

PHYS. So please your majesty  
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

CORD. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and  
proceed

I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

GENT. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep,  
We put fresh garments on him.

PHYS. Be by, good madam, when we do awake  
him;

I doubt not\* of his temperance.

CORD.

Very well.‡

(\*) First folio omits, *not*.

‡ — soft music playing.] This part of the stage direction was judiciously interpolated by Mr. Dyce.

‡ — made intent.] This may import *purposed* intent; but Mr. Collier's annotator proposes a very plausible change—"My main intent."

‡ Madam, sleeps still.] In the folio, the Physician and Gentleman form one character; the parts were combined probably, as Mr. Collier surmises, to suit the economy of performers.

\*CORD.

Very well.

PHYS. Please you, draw near.—Lower the music there.] These two speeches are not in the folio.





PHYS. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there!

CORD. O my dear father! Restoration, hang Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss Repair those violent harms that my two sisters Have in thy reverence made!

KENT. Kind and dear princess!

CORD. Had you not been their father, these white flakes Had challeng'd \* pity of them. Was this a face To be oppos'd against the warring† winds? To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?‡ In the most terrible and nimble stroke Of quick, cross-lightning? to watch (poor *perdu*!) With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog, Though he had bit me, should have stood that night Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father, To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,

In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!

'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

PHYS. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

CORD. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

LEAR. You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave:—

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears Do scald like molten lead.

CORD. Sir, do you know me?

LEAR. You are a spirit, I know; when \* did you die?

CORD. Still, still, far wide!

PHYS. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

LEAR. Where have I been? Where am I?—

Fair daylight?

(\*) First folio, *Did challenge*.

(†) First folio, *farring*.

(\*) First folio, *where*.

• To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder † In the most terrible and nimble stroke ‡ Of quick, cross-lightning? to watch (poor *perdu*!)

With this thin helm?

These lines are omitted in the folio.

I'm mightily abus'd.—I should even die with pity,  
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—  
I will not swear these are my hands :—let's see,  
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd  
Of my condition!

COR. O, look upon me, sir,  
And hold your hands \* in benediction o'er me :—  
No, sir,† you must not kneel.

LEAR. Pray, do not mock me :  
I am a very foolish fond old man,  
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less ;  
And, to deal plainly,  
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.  
Methinks I should know you, and know this man ;  
Yet I am doubtful ; for I am mainly ignorant  
What place this is ; and all the skill I have  
Remembers not these garments ; nor I know not  
Where I did lodge last night.—Do not laugh at me,  
For, as I am a man, I think this lady  
To be my child Cordelia.

COR. And so I am, I am.

LEAR. Be your tears wet ? yes, faith. I pray,  
weep not :

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.  
I know you do not love me ; for your sisters  
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong :  
You have some cause, they have not.

COR. No cause, no cause.

LEAR. Am I in France ?

KENT. In your own kingdom, sir.

LEAR. Do not abuse me.

PHYS. Be comforted, good madam ; the great  
You see, is kill'd in him : and yet it is danger  
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.\*  
Desire him to go in ; trouble him no more,  
Till further settling.

COR. Will't please your highness walk ?

LEAR. You must bear with me :  
Pray you now, forget and forgive : I am old, and  
foolish.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, CORDELIA, Physician,  
and Attendants.]

GENT. Holds it true, sir, that the duke of  
Cornwall was so slain ?

KENT. Most certain, sir.

GENT. Who is conductor of his people ?

KENT. As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloucester.

GENT. They say, Edgar, his banish'd son, is with  
the earl of Kent in Germany.

KENT. Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look  
about ; the powers of the kingdom approach apace.

GENT. The arbitrement is like to be bloody.  
Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*]

KENT. My point and period will be thoroughly  
wrought,  
Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [*Exit.*]

(\*) First folio, *hand*.

(†) First folio omits, *No, sir*

Omitted in the folio

<sup>b</sup> *Exeunt* LEAR, &c.] In the folio, the scene terminates here

\* — and yet it is danger  
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.]





## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Camp of the British Forces, near Dover.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

EDM. Know of the duke if his last purpose hold,  
Or whether since he is advis'd by aught

To change the course: he's full of alteration,  
And self-reproving:—bring his constant pleasure.

*[To an Officer, who goes out]*

REG. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.  
EDM. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

REG. . . . Now, sweet lord,  
You know the goodness I intend upon you;  
Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,  
Do you not love my sister?

EDM. . . . In honour'd love.

REG. But have you never found my brother's  
way  
To the forfended place?

EDM. That thought abuses you.\*

REG. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct  
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

EDM. No, by mine honour, madam.

REG. I never shall endure her: dear my lord,  
Be not familiar with her.

EDM. Fear me\* not:—  
She and the duke her husband!

*Enter, with drum and colours, ALBANY,  
GONERIL, and Soldiers.*

GON. [*Aside.*] I had rather lose the battle,<sup>b</sup>  
than that sister  
Should loosen him and me.

ALB. Our very loving sister, well be-met.—  
Sir, this I hear,†—The king is come to his  
daughter,

With others whom the rigour of our state  
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,\*  
I never yet was valiant: for this business,  
It toucheth us, as France invades our land,  
Not holds the king, with others, whom I fear,  
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

EDM. Sir, you speak nobly.

REG. Why is this reason'd?

GON. Combine together 'gainst the enemy;  
For these domestic and particular broils  
Are not the question here.

ALB. Let us then determine  
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

EDM. I shall attend you presently at your  
tent.<sup>d</sup>

REG. Sister, you'll go with us?

GON. No.

REG. 'Tis most convenient. pray go with us.

GON. [*Aside.*] O, ho, I know the riddle.—I  
will go.

*As they are going out, enter EDGAR disguised.*

EDG. If e'er your grace had speech with man  
so poor,  
Hear me one word.

ALB. I'll overtake you.—Speak.  
[*Exeunt EDM. REG. GON. Officers, Soldiers,  
and Attendants.*]

EDG. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.  
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound  
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,  
I can produce a champion that will prove  
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,  
Your business of the world hath so an end,  
And machingion ceases. Fortune love\* you!

ALB. Stay till I've read the letter.

EDG. I was forbid it.  
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,  
And I'll appear again.

ALB. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy  
paper. [*Exit EDGAR.*]

*Re-enter EDMUND.*

EDM. The enemy's in view, draw up your  
powers.

Here is the guess of their true strength and forces  
By diligent discovery;—but your haste  
Is now urg'd on you.

ALB. We will greet the time. [*Exit.*]

• EDM. To both\* these sisters have I sworn my  
love;

Each jealous of the other, as the stung  
Aro of the adder. Which of them shall I take?  
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,  
If both remain alive: to take the widow,  
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;  
And hardly shall I carry out my side,<sup>e</sup>  
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use  
His countenance for the battle; which being done,  
Let her who would be rid of him devise  
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy  
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,—  
The battle done, and they within our power,  
Shall never see his pardon; for my state  
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.*]

(\*) First folio omits, *we.*

(†) First folio, *heard*

\* That thought abuses you.] The folio omits both this and the  
following speech.

<sup>b</sup> I had rather lose the battle, &c.] This speech is omitted in  
a folio.

<sup>c</sup> Where I could not be honest, &c.] The remainder of the  
speech and Edmund's answer are omitted in the folio

<sup>d</sup> I shall attend you presently at your tent.] Omitted in the  
folio.

<sup>e</sup>—carry out my side.—] A metaphor from the card-table,  
here to carry out a side meant to carry out the game with your  
— successfully. So to set up a side, was to become partners

(\*) First folio, *loves.*

In the game; to pull or pluck down a side, was to lose it. Thus  
in Ben Jonson's "Silent Woman," Act III. Sc. 2,—

"Mavis and she will set up a side."

Thus also in Massinger's "Great Duke of Florence," Act IV.  
Sc. 1, where Cozimo, declining to do Petronella right in a bowl  
of wine, says,—

"Pray you pause a little;  
If I hold your cards, I shall pull down the side.  
I am not good at the game."



SCENE II.—*A Field between the two Camps.*

*Alarum without. Enter, with drum and colours, LEAR, CORDELIA, and their Forces; and exeunt.*

*Enter EDGAR and GLOUCESTER.*

EDG. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree  
For your good host; pray that the right may  
thrive:

If ever I return to you again,  
I'll bring you comfort.

GLO. Grace go with you, sir!  
[*Exit EDGAR.*]

*Alarums; afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.*

EDG. Away, old man!—give me thy hand,—  
away!

King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en.  
Give me thy hand; come on.

GLO. No further, sir; a man may rot even  
here.

EDG. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must  
endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hither;  
Ripeness is all.—come on.

GLO. And that's true too.\*  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The British Camp near Dover.*

*Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, EDMOND; LEAR and CORDELIA, as prisoners; Officers, Soldiers, &c.*

EDM. Some officers take them away: good  
guard,  
Until their greater pleasures first be known  
That are to censure them.

\* And that's true too.] These words are not in the quarto.

Com. We're not the first  
Who, with best meaning, have incur'd the worst.  
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;  
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.—  
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?

LEAR. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:

We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:  
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,  
And ask of thee forgiveness. So we'll live,  
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh  
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues  
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them  
too,—

Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;—  
And take upon 's the mystery of things.  
As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,  
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,  
That ebb and flow by the moon.

EDM. Take them away.

LEAR. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,  
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I  
caught thee?

He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,  
And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;  
The gougiers<sup>a</sup> shall devour them, flesh and fell,  
Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see 'em  
starve† first. Come.

[*Exeunt LEAR and CORDELIA, guarded.*]

EDM. Come hither, captain; hark.

Take thou this note; [*Giving a paper.*] go, follow  
them to prison:

One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost  
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way  
To noble fortunes. Know thou this,—that men  
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded  
Does not become a sword:—thy great employment  
Will not bear question; either say thou'lt do't,  
Or thrive by other means.

OFF. I'll do't, my lord.

EDM. About it; and write happy when thou  
hast done.

Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so,  
As I have set it down. [oafs;]

OFF. I cannot draw a cart,<sup>b</sup> nor eat dried  
If it be man's work, I will do 't. [*Exit.*]

*Flourish.* Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN,  
Officers, and Attendants.

ALB. Sir, you have shown ‡ to-day your valiant  
strain,

And fortune led you well: you have the captives  
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:  
We do require them of you, so to use them,  
As we shall find their merits and our safety  
May equally determine.

EDM. Sir, I thought it fit  
To send the old and miserable king  
To some retention and appointed guard; †  
Whose age has ‡ charms in it, whose title more,  
To pluck the common bosom on his side,  
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes  
Which do command them. With him I sent the  
queen;

My reason all the same; and they are ready  
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear  
Where you shall hold your session.\* At this time,  
We sweat, and bleed: the friend hath lost his  
friend;

And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd  
By those that feel their sharpness;—

The question of Cordelia, and her father,  
Requires a fitter place.

ALB. Sir, by your patience,  
I hold you but a subject of this war;  
Not as a brother.

REG. That's as we list to grace him.  
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded,  
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers; †  
Bore the commission of my place and person;  
The which immediacy may well stand up,  
And call itself your brother.

GON. Not so hot:  
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,  
More than in your addition.

REG. In my right,  
By me invested, he compeers the best.

GON. That were the most, if he should husband  
you.<sup>d</sup>

REG. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

GON. Holla, holla!  
That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.

REG. Lady, I am not well; else I should  
answer

From a full-flowing stomach.—General,  
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;  
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine: †  
Witness the world, that I create thee here  
My lord and master.

GON. Mean you to enjoy him?

ALB. The let-alone lies not in your good will.

EDM. Nor in thine, lord.

ALB. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

(\*) First folio, *I am.*

(†) First folio, *starv'd.*

(‡) First folio, *shew'd.*

<sup>a</sup> The gougiers shall devour them.—] The "gougiers," misprinted "good yeares" in the folio, is supposed to mean the *morbus gallicus*. Tick, however, insists that the "good yeares" of the folio is used ironically for the bad year—the year of pestilence; and like *il mal anno* of the Italians, had been long used as a curse in England.

(\*) First folio, *I.*

(†) First folio omits, and appointed guard.

(‡) First folio, *had.*

<sup>b</sup> I cannot draw a cart.—] The folio omits this speech.  
<sup>c</sup> Where you shall hold your session.] In the folio the speech terminates here.

<sup>d</sup> That were the most, &c.] In the folio this is assigned to Albany.  
<sup>e</sup> — the walls are thine.] So the folio; the phrase, Warburton says, signifying, to surrender at discretion.

REG. Let the drum strike, and prove my title  
thine. [To EDMUND.]

ALB. Stay yet; hear reason.—Edmund, I  
arrest thee

On capital treason; and, in thine attainst,\*  
This gilded serpent. [Pointing to GON.]—For your  
claim, fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife;  
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,  
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.  
If you will marry, make your love† to me,  
My lady is bespoken.

GON. An interlude!

ALB. Thou art arm'd, Gloucester:—let the  
trumpet sound;

If none appear to prove upon thy person  
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,  
There is my pledge; [Throwing down a glove.] I'll  
make it on thy heart,

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less  
Than I have here proclaim'd thee!

REG. Sick, O, sick!

GON. [Aside.] If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine.

EDM. There's my exchange: [Throwing down  
a glove.] what in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies!  
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,  
On him, on you, who not? I will maintain  
My truth and honour firmly.

ALB. A herald, ho!

EDM. A herald, ho, a herald!

ALB. Trust to thy single virtue;‡ for thy soldiers,  
All levied in my name, have in my name  
Took their discharge.

REG. My sickness grows upon me.

ALB. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[Exit REGAN, led.]

Enter a Herald.

Come hither, herald,—let the trumpet sound,—  
And read out this.

OFF. Sound, trumpet! [Trumpet sounds.]

Herald reads.

If any man of quality or degree within the  
lists of the army, will maintain upon Edmund,  
supposed earl of Gloucester, that he is a mani-  
fold traitor, let him appear at ‡ the third sound  
of the trumpet. He is bold in his defence.

EDM. Sound!

HER. Again.

HER. Again.

[After a pause a trumpet answers without.]

Enter EDMUND, armed, and preceded by a  
Trumpet.

ALB. Ask him his purposes, why he appears  
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

HER.

What are you?

Your name, your quality, and why you answer  
This present summons?

EDM.

Know, my name is lost;

By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit:  
Yet am I noble as the adversary

I come to cope.

ALB.

Which is that adversary?

EDM. What's he that speaks for Edmund earl  
of Gloucester?

EDM. Himself:—what say'st thou to him?

EDM.

Draw thy sword,

That, if my speech offend a noble heart,  
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.  
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honour,<sup>a</sup>  
My oath, and my profession. I protest,—  
Maugre thy strength, youth, place,† and eminence,  
Despite ‡ thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,  
Thy valour and thy heart,—thou art a traitor!  
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;  
Conspirant against this high illustrious prince;  
And, from the extremest upward of thy head,  
To the descent and dust below thy foot,  
A most toad-spotted traitor! Say thou, No!  
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent  
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,  
Thou liest.

EDM.

In wisdom, I should ask thy name;  
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,  
And that thy tongue some 'say' of breeding  
breathes,

What safe and nicely I might well delay  
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:  
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;  
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;  
Which, for they yet glance by, and scarcely  
bruise,

This sword of mine shall give them instant way,  
Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak!

[Alarums. They fight. EDMUND falls.]

ALB. Save him, save him!

GON.

This is practice, Gloucester;‡  
By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer

(\*) First folio, *thy arrest* (†) First folio, *loses*.

(‡) First folio, *by*.

a EDM. A herald, ho, a herald! Omitted in the folio.

b — virtue:‡ That is, *valour*.

c OFF. Sound, trumpet! Omitted in the folio.

d Behold, it is the privilege of mine honour. — The quartos read,

"Behold it is the privilege of my tongue

My oath and profession, &c.

(\*) First folio omits, *Edm. Sound!*

(†) First folio, *place, youth*.

(‡) First folio, *Despite*.

And the folio,—

"Behold, it is my privilege,  
The privilege of mine honour,  
My oath, and my profession," &c.

\* — some 'say' — 'say' means *say*, — *sample*, or *test*.

‡ — practice, — *stratagem, machination*.

An unknown opposite ; thou art not vanquish'd,  
But oosen'd and beguil'd.

ALB. Shut your mouth; dame,  
Or with this paper shall I stop it.—Hold, sir:  
Thou worse than any name, read things own evil:—  
No tearing, lady; I perceive, you know it.

[Gives the letter to EDMUND.]

GON. Say, if I do;—the laws are mine, not  
thine:

Who shall arraign me for it? [Exit.

ALB. Most monstrous!—

Know'st<sup>a</sup> thou this paper?

EDM. Ask me not what I know.

ALB. Go after her: she's desperate; govern her.

[To an Officer, who goes out.]

EDM. What you have charg'd me with, that  
have I done;

And more, much more, the time will bring it out:  
'Tis past, and so am I.—But what art thou  
That hast this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble,  
I do forgive thee.

EDG. Let's exchange charity.

I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;  
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.

My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.  
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices  
Make instruments to plague us:

The dark and vicious place where thee he got,  
Cost him his eyes.

EDM. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;  
The wheel is come full circle, I am here.

ALB. Methought thy very gait did prophesy  
A royal nobleness:—I must embrace thee;  
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I  
Did hate thee or thy father!

EDG. Worthy prince, I know 't.

ALB. Where have you hid yourself?

How have you known the miseries of your  
father?

EDG. By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief  
tale;—

And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would  
burst!—

The bloody proclamation to escape,  
That follow'd me so near, (O, our lives' sweetness!  
That we the pain of death would hourly die,  
Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift  
Into a madman's rags; to assume a semblance  
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit  
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,  
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,  
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;  
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,  
Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd;

Not sure, though-hoping, of this good success,  
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last  
Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart,—  
Alack, too weak the conflict to support!—  
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,  
Burst smilingly.

EDM. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,  
And shall perchance do good: but speak you on;  
You look as you had something more to say.

ALB. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in;  
For I am almost ready to dissolve,  
Hearing of this.

EDG. This would have seem'd a period  
To such as love not sorrow; but another,  
To amplify too much, would make much, more,  
And top extremity.

Whilst I was big in clamour, came there in a man,  
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,  
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding  
Who 't was that so endur'd, with his strong arms  
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out  
As he'd burst heaven; and throw him on my  
father;

Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,  
That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting,  
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life  
Began to crack: twice then the trumpets sounded,  
And there I left him tranç'd.

ALB. But who was this?

EDG. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in  
disguise  
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service  
Improper for a slave.

*Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody knife.*

GENT. Help! help! O help!

EDG. What kind of help?

ALB. Speak, man.

EDG. What means that bloody knife?

GENT. 'Tis hot, it smokes;

It came even from the heart of—O, she's dead!

ALB. Who dead? speak, man!

GENT. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her  
sister

By her is poison'd; she hath confess'd it.

EDM. I was contract'd to them both; all three  
Now marry in an instant!

EDG. Here comes Kent.

ALB. Produce their bodies, be they alive or  
dead;

This judgment of the heavens, that makes us  
tremble,

Touches us not with pity. [Exit Gentleman.]

(\*) First folio, O, know'st.

[Hearing of this.] The next three speeches are omitted in the

(\*) First folio, sur.

(†) Old text, ma.

(‡) First folio, this.

¶ First folio, she confesses it.





*Enter KENT.*

O! is this he?

The time will not allow the compliment,  
Which very manners urges.

KENT. I am come  
To bid my king and master aye good night;  
Is he not here?

ALB. Great thing of us forgot! —

Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's  
Cordelia? —

[*The bodies of GONERIL and REGAN are  
brought in.*]

Se'st thou this object, Kent?

KENT. Alack, why thus?

EDM. Yet Edmund was belov'd:  
The one the other poison'd for my sake,  
And after slew herself.



ALB. Even so.—Cover their faces.  
 EDM. I pant for life:—some good I mean to do,  
 Despite of mine own nature.—Quickly send,—  
 Be brief in it,—to the castle; for my writ  
 Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia:—  
 Nay, send in time.

ALB. Run, run, O, run! [send]

EDG. To who, my lord?—Who has the office?  
 Thy token of reprieve.

EDM. Well thought on;—take my sword,  
 Give it the captain.

ALB. Haste thee, for thy life. [Exit EDMUND.]

EDM. He hath commission from thy wife and me  
 To hang Cordelia in the prison, and  
 To fly the blame upon her own despair,  
 That she fordid herself.

ALB. The gods defend her!—Bear him hence  
 awhile. [EDMUND is borne off]

*Re-enter LEAR, bearing CORDELIA dead in his arms; EDGAR, Officer, and others following.*

LEAR. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men of stones;

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so  
That heaven's vault should crack.—She's gone for ever!

I know when one is dead, and when one lives;  
She's dead as earth.—Lend me a looking-glass;  
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,  
Why, then she lives.

KENT. Is this the promis'd end?

EDG. Or image of that horror?

ALB. Fall, and cease!

LEAR. This feather stirs! she lives! if it be so,  
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows  
That ever I have felt.

KENT. O my good master! [*Kneeling.*]

LEAR. Pr'ythee, away.

EDG. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

LEAR. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors  
all! [*ever!*]

I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for  
Cordelia, Cordelia!—stay a little. Ha!

What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,  
Gentle, and low;—an excellent thing in woman.—  
I kill'd the slave that was a-hanging thee.

OFF. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

LEAR. Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion  
I would have made them skip:—I am old now,  
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?  
Mine eyes are not o'the best:—I'll tell you  
straight.

KENT. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and  
hated,  
One of them we behold.

LEAR. This is a dull sight; are you not Kent?

KENT. The same;

Your servant Kent.—Where is your servant Caius?

LEAR. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;  
He'll strike, and quickly too:—he's dead and  
rotten.

KENT. No, my good lord; I am the very man;—

LEAR. I'll see that straight.

KENT. That, from your first of difference and  
decay,

Have follow'd your sad steps.

LEAR. You are welcome hither.

KENT. Nor no man else;—all's cheerless, dark,  
and deadly.—

Your oldest daughters have fordoned themselves,  
And desperately are dead.

LEAR. Ay, so I think.

ALB. He knows not what he says; and vain it  
is

That we present us to him.

EDG. Very bootless.

*Enter an Officer.*

OFF. Edmund is dead, my lord.

ALB. That's but a trifle here.—

You lords and noble friends, know our intent,  
What comfort to this great decay may come,  
Shall be applied: for us, we will resign,  
During the life of this old majesty,

To him our absolute power:—you, to your rights;  
[*To EDGAR and KENT.*]

With boot, and such addition as your honours  
Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste  
The wages of their virtue, and all foes

The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see!

LEAR. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no  
life!

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,  
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no  
more,

Never, never, never, never, never!

Pray you, undo this button: thank you, sir.—

Do you see this? Look on her,—look,—her lips,—  
Look there! look there!—[*Dies.*]

EDG. He faints!—My lord! my lord!

KENT. Break, heart, I pr'ythee, break!

EDG.

Look up, my lord.

KENT. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he

hates him,

That would upon the rack of this tough world  
Stretch him out longer.

EDG. He is gone, indeed.

KENT. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so  
long:

He but usurp'd his life.

ALB. Bear them from hence.—Our present  
business

Is general woe.—Friends of my soul, you twain  
[*To KENT and EDGAR.*]

Rule in this realm, and the god's state sustain.

KENT. I have a journey, sir, shortly I go;  
My master calls me;—I must not say, no.

ALB. The weight of this sad time we must  
obey:

Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.  
The oldest hath borne most: we that are young  
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*]

(\*) First folio, *ham.*

(\*) First folio, *to it.*

# ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

## ACT I.

### (1) SCENE I.—

— *Haply, when I shall wed,  
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry  
Half my love with him, half my care, and duty.*

It is not improbable that Cordelia's allusion to her future husband was derived from a story similar to that of Lear, which Camden relates of Ina, King of the West Saxons:—"Ina, King of West Saxons, had three daughters, of whom upon a time he demanded whether they did love him, and so would do during their lives, above all others: the two elder swore deeply they would; the youngest, but the wisest, told her father flatly, without flattery, 'That albeit she did love, honour, and reverence him, and so would whilst shee lived, as much as nature and daughterlie duties at the uttermost could expect, yet she did think that one day it would come to passe that she should affect another more fervently, meaning her husband, when she were married;' who being made one flesh with her, as God by commandment had told, and nature had taught her, she was to cleave fast to, forsaking father and mother, kins and kinne." Or he may have remembered the reply of Cordila, in the "Mirror for Magistrates," 1557.—

"But not content with this, hee asked mee likewise  
If I did not him love and honour well.  
No cause (quoth I) there is I should your grace despise.  
For nature so doth bind and duty mee compell,  
To love you, as I ought my father, well,  
Yet shortly I may chauce, if Fortune will,  
To Ande in heart to beare another more good will."

(2) SCENE IV.—*And to eat no fish*.] "In Queen Elizabeth's time the Papists were esteemed, and with good reason, enemies to the government. Hence the proverbial phrase of, *He's an honest man, and eats no fish*; to signify *he's a friend to the government and a Protestant*. The eating fish, on a religious account, being then esteemed such a badge of popery, that when it was enjoined for a season by act of parliament, for the encouragement of the fish towns, it was thought necessary to declare the reason; hence it was called *Cecil's fast*."—WARBURTON

The Act to which Warburton refers was a Statute passed in the fifth year of Elizabeth, 1562, Cap. v. "touching Politick Constitutions for the Maintenance of the Navy," Sect. xiv.—xxiii. The fifteenth section of this Act provides, that any person eating flesh on the usual fish-days, "shall forfeit Three Pound for every time he or she shall offend; or else suffer three months close imprisonment without bail or mainprize." It is probable that the greatest objection to the Act was the order in Sect. xiv.—"That from the Feast of St Michael the Archangel, in the Year of our Lord God 1564, every Wednesday in every week throughout the whole year, which heretofore hath not by the laws or customs of this realm been used and observed as a Fish-day—shall be hereafter observed and kept, as the Saturdays in every week be or ought to be. The penal part of this statute was mitigated in 1598, the thirty-fifth of Elizabeth, cap. vii. sect. xxii., to a for-

feiture of twenty shillings or one month's imprisonment. In the same Act it was provided, that all the Statutes recited in it should continue in force only until the end of the Parliament next ensuing, which met October 24th, 1597, and was dissolved February 9th, in the following year, when they were presumed to have expired. So late, however, as 1655, Isaac Walton, in the second edition of his "Complete Angler," refers to "those very few that are left, that make conscience of the laws of the nation, and of keeping days of abstinence."

(3) SCENE IV.—*If I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't*.] In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries there were three kinds of privileges issued by the king to individuals, which, from their gross abuse, were felt to be among the most intolerable of popular grievances—"Pre-emption or Purveyance, Monopolies, and Patents." The first was the royal right of buying provisions and other articles for the king's household, first, and in preference to all other customers, and even against the will of the vendors. This was an ancient prerogative, regulated by Magna Charta, and was not finally abrogated until the restoration of Charles II. A *Monopoly* was a privilege "for the sole buying, selling, making, working, or using of any thing; by which other persons are restrained of any freedom or liberty that they had before, or hindered in their lawful trade." These Monopolies had been carried to an outrageous extent in the reigns of Henry VII., Henry VIII., and Queen Elizabeth; and the evil was not much abated at the period when this tragedy was written; nor was it effectually remedied until the passing of the statute of the twenty-first of James, 1623. Warburton supposes that the Fool's remark conveys a satire on the corruption of the courtiers of the time, who were sharers with the patentees, on the strength of having procured his grant from the sovereign; and other commentators would read, instead of "—a monopoly out," "—a monopoly on't." But the real meaning appears to be, that "lords and great men," "and ladies too," were all so determinately bent on playing the fool, that, although the jester might have a monopoly for folly out,—that is, in force, and extant,—yet they would insist upon participating in the exercise of his privilege.

(4) SCENE IV.—*How now, daughter! what makes that frowzel on't?*] The *frowzel* was literally, as Malone explains it, a forehead-cloth, formerly worn by ladies at night to render that part of the countenance free from wrinkles. The very remarkable effect of this band, in the contraction of the brows, may be observed in some of the monumental effigies of the fourteenth century, and especially in those small figures usually called "Weepers," which are found standing in tabernacles, on the sides of the rich altar-tombs of the same period. Lear, however, may be supposed to speak metaphorically and to refer only to Goneril's cloudy looks.

## ACT II.

(1) SCENE II.—*I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot* ] So far as there can be any identification of a modern place with an ancient name in old romances, Camelot must be regarded as that mound which Selden has described in his notes on Drayton's "Polyolbion":—"By South Cadbury is that Camelot; a hill of a mile compass at the top; four trenches encircling it; and betwixt every of them an earthen wall: the contents of it within, about twenty acres; full of ruins and reliques of old buildings.—Antiquo report makes this one of Arthur's places of the Round Table, as the muso hero sings:—

'Like Camelot what place was ever yet renown'd,  
'Where, as at Caerlon oft, he kept the Table Round!'"

Capell has been censured for "a mistaken theory that Camelot is a name for Winchester, one of the places where Arthur held his Round Table;" and that in which the Table itself was supposed to be preserved. The History of King Arthur was, however, so long in the completion, that, while in one chapter (xxvi) Camelot is located in the West of England (*Somersetshire*), in another (xlv.) it is stated that Sir "Balins sword was put in marble stone, standing upright, as great as a milstone; and the stone loved always above the water, and did many yeares; and so, by adventure, it swam down the stream to the cite of Camelot; that is, in English, Winchester." At a still later period, when Chaston finished the printing of the "*Mort d'Arthur*," in 1455, he says of the hero — "He is more spoken of beyond the sea; more books be made of his noble acts than there be in England: as well in Dutch, Italian, Spanish, and Greekish, as in French. And yet of record remain, in witness of him in Wales, in the town of Camelot, the great stones, and marvellous works of iron lying under the ground, and royal vaults, which divers now living hath seen." Warburton imagines that Kent intended an allusion to some proverbial saying in the romances of Arthur, but this is hardly required for the explanation of the text. In Chapter xlix. of Arthur's History, the Quest of the White Hart is undertaken by three knights, at the wedding-feast of the king with the princess Guinever, which was held at Camelot. This adventure was encountered by Sir Gawayne, Sir Tor, and King Pellinore, and, whenever they had overcome the knights whom they engaged, the vanquished combatants were always sent "unto King Arthur, and yielded them unto his grace."

(2) SCENE III.—*Bedlam beggars.* ] The Bedlam beggars proper, were such lunatics as had really been confined in Bethlem Hospital, but, owing to the want of funds to support them there longer, or from their being partially restored to their senses, were dismissed into the world, with a licence to beg. The sympathy excited by these unfortunate, occasioned many sturdy vagabonds to counterfeited and exaggerate their dress and peculiarities. Of these so-called madmen, who were distinguished among the vast community of rascaldom as *Abraham Men*, Decker gives an animated description in his "*Q per se O*," 1612, and "*The Bell-man of London*," 1608:—

"The *Abraham Cove* is a lusty strong Roguero, who walketh with a Slado about his Quarron, (a sheete about his body,) Trining, (hanging) to his haufines, bandelhere-wise, for all the world as Cutpurses and Theeves ware their sheetes to the Gallows, in which their Truls are to bury them: oftentimes (because hee scornes to follow any fashions of How) he goes without breeches, a out Jerkin with hanging sleeves (in imitation of our Gallants) but no Sattin or Chamblet shewes, for both his legges and armes are bare, having no Commission to cover his body, that is

to say, no shirt: A face staring like a Sarasin, his hayre long and filthily knotted, for he keepees no Barber: a good Filch (or Staffe) of growne Ash, or else Hazell, in his Famble (in his Hand) and sometimes a sharpe sticke, on which hee hangeth Ruffs-pecke (Bacon). These, walking up and downe the countrey, are more terrible to women and children, then the name of Raw-head and Bloudy-bones, Robin Good-fellow or any other Hobgoblin. Crackers, tyed to a Dogges tayle, make not the poore Curre runne faster, then these *Abraham Ninnies* doe the silly Villagers of the Countrey, so that when they come to any doore a begging, nothing is denied them.

"*Their Markes.*—Some of these *Abrahams* have the letters E and R upon their armes, some have Crosses, and some other make, all of them carrying a blew colour; some wear an iron ring, &c. which markes are printed upon their flesh, by tying their arme hard with two strings three or foure inches asunder, and then with a sharpe Awle pricking or razing the skinne, to such a figure or print as they best fancy, they rub that place with burnt paper \* \* \* and Gunpowder, which being hard rubb'd in, and suffered to dry, stickes in the flesh a long time after: when these markes faile, they renew them at pleasure. If you examine how these letters or figures are printed upon their armes, they will tell you it is the *Marke of Bedlam*," but the truth is, they are made as I have reported.

"And to color their villanie the better, every one of these *Abrahams* hath a severall gesture in playing his part: some make an horrid noyse, hollowly sounding: some whoope, some hollow, some shew onely a kind of wilde distracted ugly looke, uttering a simple kinde of Mawnding, with these addition of words (Well and Wisely). Some daunce, (but keepe no measure) others leape up and downe, and fetch gambals; all their actions shew them to be as drunke as Beggors: for not to belye them, what are they but drunken Beggors? All that they begge being either Louie or Bouse (money or drinke).

"*Their Mawnd or Begging.*—The first beginses; Good Urship, Mauster, or good Urships Rulers of this place, bestow your reward on a poore man that hath lyen in *Bedlam without Bishopsgate* three yeeres, four moneths and nine dayes; And bestow one piece of your small silver towards his fees, which he is indebted there, the summe of three poundes, thirteene shillings, seaven pence, halfpenny, (or to such effect) and hath not wherewith to pay the same, but by the good help of Urshipfull and well disposed people, and God to reward them for it.

"The second beginses: Now Dame, well and wisely what will you give *poore Tom* now? one pound of your sheepes feathers to make *poore Tom* a blanket: or one outting of your Sow side, no bigger than my arme, or one piece of your Salt meate to make *poore Tom* a sharing home: or one crosse of your small silver towards the buying a paire of Shoes, (well and wisely.) Ah, God blesse my good Dame, (well and wisely) give *poore Tom* an old sheete to keepe him from the cold, or an old dublet, or Jerkin of my Maisters, God save his life.

"Then will he daunce and sing, or use some other Anticke and ridiculous gesture, shutting up his counterfeited Puppet-play with this Epilogue or Conclusion, Good Dame give *poore Tom* one cup of the best drinke, (well and wisely) God save the King and his Counsell, and the Governour of this place," &c.—"*O per se O*," 1612.

In his "*Bell-man of London*," he says of an *Abraham Man*:—"he swears he hath been in *Bedlam*, and will

\* The real *Tom o' Bedlam*, Aubrey tells us, when they were licentiated to go a begging, had on their left arm an armilla, an iron ring for the arm, about four inches long.

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talk frantically of purpose: you see *poor Tom* stuck in sundry places of his naked flesh, especially of his *armes*, which paine he gladly puts himselfe to, only to make you believe he is out of his wits. He calls himselfe by the name of *poor Tom*, and comming neere any body cries out *Poor Tom is a-cold*. Of these Abraham-Men some be exceeding merry, and doe nothing but sing songs fashioned out of their own braines; \* some will dance, others will doe nothing but laugh or weepe; others are dogged and so sulke both in looke and speech, that, spying but a small companie in a house, they boldly and bluntly enter," &c.

(3) SCENE III.—*Poor Turlupgood*.] "Warburton would read *Turlupia*, and Hunter *Turlura*; but there is a better reason for rejecting both these terms than for preferring either; viz. that *Turlupgood* is the corrupted word in our language. The *Turlupins* were a fanatical sect that overran France, Italy, and Germany, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. They were at first known by the name of *Baghards*, or *Baghins*, and brethren and sisters of the free spirit. Their manners and appearance exhibited the strongest indications of lunacy and distraction. The common people alone called them *Turlupins*; a name which, though it has excited much doubt and controversy, seems obviously to be connected with the *wolvisch howlings*, which these people in all probability would make when influenced by their religious ravings. Their subsequent appellation of the *fraternity of poor men*, might have been the cause why the wandering rogues, called *Bedlam beggars*, and one of whom Edgar personates, assumed or obtained the title of *Turlupins* or *Turlupgoods*, especially if their mode of asking alms was accompanied by the gesticulations of madmen. *Turlupino* and *Turlura* are old Italian terms for a fool or madman; and the

Flemings had a proverb, '*As unfortunate as Turlupin and his children*.'—DOUCE.

(4) SCENE IV.—*Hysterica passio*.] The disease, called the *Mother* or *Hysterica passio*, was not thought peculiar to females only in Shakespeare's time, and Percy thinks it probable that the poet was led to make the poor king pass off the indignant swelling of his heart for this complaint, from a passage in Harnet's "*Declaration of Popish Impostures*," which he might have met with when selecting other particulars to furnish his character of Tom of Bedlam. The passage referred to occurs at p. 263, in the deposition of Richard Mainy:—"The disease I spake of was a spise of the *Mother*, wherewith I had bene troubled before my going into Fraunce." In an early part of the pamphlet, p. 26, it is said—"Ma: Maynic had a spise of the *Hysterica passio*, as beemes from his youth, hee himselfe termes it the *Mother*, and saith that hee was much troubled with it in Fraunce, and that it was one of the causes that mooved him to leave his holy order wherunto he was initiated, and to returne into England."

(5) SCENE IV.—*Do you but mark how this becomes the house*.] Warburton explains "the house" to mean the order of families and duties of relationship; other commentators regard it as signifying a household establishment; and Capell conceives the phrase to imply fathers, as emphatically "*the house*," and not the heads merely of a family, but the especial representatives. Shakespeare, however, more than once, employs the word "*house*" in a genealogical sense, for the paternal line, or first house, in contradistinction to the persons descended from it, and that may possibly be its import in this instance. See note (6), p. 216, Vol. I.

## ACT III.

(1) SCENE IV.—*Hath laid knives under his pillow, and hatters in his pew*.] In the temptations to suicide by which Edgar pretends to have been beset by the "foul fiend," Shakespeare seems to have had in view the following passage in Harnet's "*Declaration*,"† &c.—

"This examinant further saith, that one Alexander an apothecarie, having brought with him from London to Denham on a time a new halter, and two blades of knives, did leave the same upon the gallies flore in her Maisters house. The next morning he tooke occasion to goe with this examinant into the said gallerie, where she espying the said halter and blades, asked Ma: Alexander what they did there: Hee making the matter strange, answered, that he saw them not, though hee looked fully upon them: she her selfe pointing to them with her finger, where they lay within a yard of them, where they stood both together. Now (quoth this examinant) doe you not see them? and so taking them up, said, looke you heere: Ah (quoth hee) now I see them indeed, but before I could not see them: And therefore saith he, I

perceave that the devill hath layd them heere, to worke some mischief upon you, that are possessed.

"Hereupon"† a great search was made in the house, to know how the said halter and knifo blades came thither: but it could not in any wise be found out, as it was pretended, till Ma: Mainy in his next fit said, as it was reported, that the devil layd them in the Gallory, that some of those that were possessed, might either hang themselves with the halter, or kil themselves with the blades."—*Examination of Friewood Willard*, p. 219.

The object of the impostures which form the subject of Dr. Harnet's exposition, Warburton describes as follows:—

"While the Spaniards were preparing their armada against England, the jesuits were here busy at work to promote it, by making converts: one method they employed was to dispose of pretended demoniacs, by which artifice they made several hundred converts among the common people. The principal scene of this farce was laid in the family of one Mr. Edmund Peckham, a Roman-catholic, where Marwood, a servant of Antony Babington's (who was afterwards executed for treason), Trayford, an attendant upon Mr. Peckham, and Sarah and Friewood Williams, and Anne Smith, three chambermaids in that family, came into the priests' hands for cure. But the discipline of the patients was so long and severe, and the priests so elate and careless with their success, that the plot was discovered on the confession of the parties concerned, and the contrivers of it deservedly punished."

(2) SCENE IV.—*Wore gloves in my cap*.] Stevens remarks, "It was anciently the custom to wear gloves in the hat on three distinct occasions, viz. as the favour of a mistress, the memorial of a friend, and as a mark to be challenged by an enemy. Prince Henry boasts that he will pluck a glove from the commonest creature, and fix it in

\* See note (f), p. 36.

† As the poet was doubtless indebted to this curious work for the names of poor Tom's evil spirits, and it has now become rare, we append the exact title of the book, from a copy in the library of the British Museum:—

"A Declaration of egregious Popish Impostures, to withdraw the hearts of her Majesties Subjects from their allegiance, and from the truth of Christian Religion professed in England, under the pretence of casting out devils. Practised by Edmunds, alias Weston a Jesuit, and divers Romish priests his wicked associates. Whereunto are annexed the Copies of the Confessions, and Examinations of the parties themselves, which were pretended to be possessed, and disposed of, taken upon oath before her Majesties Commissioners for causes Ecclesiastical. At London Printed by James Roberts, dwelling in Barbican 1603."—4to.

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his helmet; and Tucca says to Sir Quintilian, in Decker's *Satiromastix*:—"Thou shalt wear her *glove* in thy wretchedful *hat*, like to a leather brooch;" and Pandora, in *Lgyl's* 'Woman in the Moon,' 1697:—

'—he that first presents me with his head,  
Shall wear my *glove* in favour for the deed.'

Portia, in her assumed character, asks Bassanio for his *glove*, which she says she will wear for his sake. and King Henry V. gives the pretended *glove* of Alençon to Fluellen, which afterwards occasions his quarrel with the English soldier."

There is an interesting illustration of this practice of gallantry in the life of George Clifford, third Earl of Cumberland, which has been commemorated in the fine portrait of him in the Bodleian Picture Gallery. At an audience with Elizabeth on the return of the earl from one of his voyages, she dropped her glove, which he took up and presented to her on his knee. The queen then desired him to keep it for her sake; and he adorned it richly with diamonds, and wore it ever after in the front of his hat at public ceremonies.

### (3) SCENE IV.—

*The prince of darkness is a gentleman;  
Modo he's call'd, and Mahl.]*

If the subjoined extracts from Harsnet's "Declaration" do not prove indisputably that Shakespeare was indebted to that popular book for the titles of Tom o' Bodlam's infernal spirits, we may infer that these fantastic names were quite familiar to an auditory of his time.

"Now that I have acquainted you with the names of the Maister, and his twelve disciples, the names of the places wherein, and the names of the persons upon whom these wonders were shewed: it seems not incongruent that I relate unto you the names of the devils whom in this glorious pageant they did dispossesse. \* \*

"First then, to marshall them in as good order, as such disorderly cattell will be brought into, you are to understand, that there were in our possessed 5 Captaines, or Commanders above the rest: Captaine Pippin, Marwoods devil, Captaine Philpot, Trayfords devil, Captaine Maho, Saras devil, Captaine Modu, Maynies devil, and Captaine Soforo, Anne Smiths devil. These were not all of equall authoritie, and place, but some had more, some fewer under their command. \* \*

"The names of the punie spirits cast out of Trayford were these, Hilco, *Smolkin*, Hillio, Hnacto, and Lustio huffe-cap: this last seemed some swaggering punie devil, dropt out of a Tinkers budget. \* \*

"Modo, Master Maynies devil, was a ground Commander, Muster-maister over the Captaines of the seaven deadly sinnes: Oliton, Bernon, Hilo, Motubizanto, and the

rest, himselfe a Generall of a kind and courteous disposition: so saith Sara Williams, touching this devils acquaintance with Mistres Plater, and her sister Fid.

"Sara Williams had in her at a bare word, all the devils in hell. The Exorcist asks Maho, Saras devil, what company he had with him, and the devil makes no bones, but tells him in flat termes, *all the devils in hell.* \* \*

"And if I misse not my markes, this Dictator Modu saith, hee had bene in Sara by the space of two yeeres, then so long hell was cloore, and had not a devill to cast at a mad dogge. And sooth I cannot much blame the devils for staying so long abroad, they had taken up an Idme, much sweeter then hell: and an hostesse that wanted neither wit, nor mirth, to give them kind welcome.

"Heere, if you please, you may take a survey of the whole regiment of hell: at least the chiefe Leaders, and officers, as we finde them enrolled by theyr names. First Killico, Hob, and a third *anonymos*, are booked doune for three ground Commanders, every one having under him 300 attendants. \* \*

"*Frateretto, Fliberdigibbet, Hoberdidance, Toonbatto* were foure devils of the round, or Morrice, whom Sara in her fits, tuned together, in measure and sweet cadence. And least you should conceive, that the devils had no musike in hell, especially that they would go a maying without their musike, the Fidler comes in with his Taber and Pipe, and a whole Morrice after him, with motly visards for theyr better grace. These foure had forty assistants under them, as themselves doe confesse. \* \*

"Maho was generall Dictator of hell; and yet for good manners sake, hee was contented of his good nature to make shew, that himselfe was under the check of Modu, the ground devil in Master Maynie. These were all in poore Sam at a chop, with these the poor soule travell'd up and doune full two yeeres together; so as during these two yeeres, it had bene all one to say, one is gone to hell, or hee is gone to Sara Williams: for shee poore wench had all hell in her bolly."—Chap. X. pp. 45—50.

### (4) SCENE IV.—

*Fie, foh, and fum,  
I smell the blood of a British man.]*

A quotation, as Mr. Jamieson has shown, in his "Illustrations of Northern Antiquities," p. 397, from an old romance, familiarly known in Shakespeare's day in this country, and still partly preserved in Scotland. The words are those uttered by Rosman, king of Elfdand, when *Child Rowland*, in search of his sister, "Burd Ellen," had penetrated to the tower in which she was confined by the fairy emissaries of the Elfdand monarch.—

—*f, f, fo, and fum!*

I smell the blood of a Christian man!  
Be he dead, be he living, w! my brand  
I'll dash his harns [*brains*] frae his harn-pan."

## ACT IV.

(1) SCENE VI.—*That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper.* The office of "crow-keeper" was to fright the crows from the corn and fruit; for this purpose a poor rustic, who, though armed with bow and arrows, was not supposed to have much skill in archery, was sometimes employed, and at others his place was supplied by a stuffed figure, resembling a man, and armed in the same way. Ascham, in his "Toxophilus," when speaking of a lubberly shooter, has a similar comparison to that in the text:—"Another coureth downe and layeth out his buttookes, as though hee should shoote at crows." \*

(2) SCENE VI.—*Draw me a clothier's yard.* That is, an arrow a clothier's yard in length. The ancient "long-bow" was about six feet in length, and the shaft over three. So, in the old ballad of "Chevy-Chace":—

"An archer off Northomberlonde  
Say cleave was the lord Ferab,  
He bar a bende-bow in his hands,  
Was made off trusti tre:

An arrow, that a cloth garde was lang,  
To th' hard stele halyde he;  
A dynt, that was both sad and sear,  
He eat on Sir Hews the Mongon-byrry.

The dynt yt was both sad and sear,  
That he of Mongon-byrry set;  
The swane-fethars, that his arrowe bar,  
With his hart blood the wear wete."

Again, in Drayton's "Polyolbion," song xxvi.:—

"All made of Spanish yew, their bows were wondrous strong;  
They not an arrow drew, but was a cloth-gard long."



## CRITICAL OPINIONS ON KING LEAR.

"Of all Shakspeare's plays, 'Macbeth' is the most rapid, 'Hamlet' the slowest in movement. 'Lear' combines length with rapidity,—like the hurricane and the whirlpool, absorbing while it advances. It begins as a stormy day in summer, with brightness; but that brightness is lurid, and anticipates the tempest.

"It was not without forethought, nor is it without its due significance, that the division of Lear's kingdom is, in the first six lines of the play, stated as a thing already determined in all its particulars, previously to the trial of professions, as the relative rewards of which the daughters were to be made to consider their several portions. The strange, yet by no means unnatural mixture of selfishness, sensibility, and habit of feeling, derived from and fostered by the particular rank and usages of the individual;—the intense desire of being intensely beloved,—selfish, and yet characteristic of the selfishness of a loving and kindly nature alone;—the self-supportless leaning for all pleasure on another's breast;—the craving after sympathy with a prodigal disinterestedness, frustrated by its own ostentation, and the mode and nature of its claims;—the anxiety, the distrust, the jealousy, which more or less accompany all selfish affections, and are amongst the surest contradistinctions of mere fondness from true love, and which originate Lear's eager wish to enjoy his daughters' violent professions, whilst the inveterate habits of sovereignty convert the wish into claim and positive right, and an incomppliance with it into crime and treason;—these facts, these passions, these moral vertices, on which the whole tragedy is founded, are all prepared for, and will to the retrospect be found implied, in these first four or five lines of the play. They let us know that the *trick* is but a *trick*; and that the grossness of the old king's rage is in part the natural result of a silly *trick*, suddenly and most unexpectedly baffled and disappointed.

"Having thus, in the fewest words, and in a natural reply to as natural a question, which yet answers the secondary purpose of attracting our attention to the difference or diversity between the characters of Cornwall and Albany, provided the promises and *data*, as it were, for our after-insight into the mind and mood of the person whose character, passions, and sufferings are the main subject-matter of the play;—from Lear, the *persona patiens* of his drama, Shakspeare passes without delay to the second in importance, the chief agent and prime mover, and introduces Edmund to our acquaintance, preparing us with the same felicity of judgment, and in the same easy and natural way, for his character in the seemingly casual communication of its origin and occasion. From the first drawing up of the curtain Edmund has stood before us in the united strength and beauty of earliest manhood. Our eyes have been questioning him. Gifted as he is with high advantages of person, and further endowed by nature with a powerful intellect and a strong energetic will, even without any concurrence of circumstances and accident, pride will necessarily be the sin that most easily besets him. But Edmund is also the known and acknowledged son of the princely Gloster: he, therefore, has both the germ of pride, and the conditions best fitted to evolve and ripen it into a predominant feeling. Yet, hitherto, no reason appears why it should be other than the not unusual pride of person, talent, and birth,—a pride auxiliary, if not akin to many virtues, and the natural ally of honourable impulses. But, alas! in his own presence his own father takes shame to himself for the frank avowal that he is his father; he has 'blushed so often to acknowledge him, that he is now brazen to it.' Edmund hears the circumstances of his birth spoken of with a most degrading and licentious levity. \* \* \* This, and the con-



## CRITICAL OPINIONS.

consciousness of its notoriety,—the gnawing conviction that every show of respect is an effort of courtesy, which recalls, while it represses, a contrary feeling;—this is the ever-trickling flow of wormwood and gall into the wounds of pride,—the corrosive *virus* which inoculates pride with a venom not its own,—with envy, hatred, and a lust for that power which, in its blaze of radiance, would hide the dark spots on his disc,—with pangs of shame personally undeserved, and therefore felt as wrongs, and with a blind ferment of vindictive working towards the occasions and causes, especially towards a brother, whose stainless birth and lawful honours were the constant remembrancers of his own debasement, and were ever in the way to prevent all chance of its being unknown, or overlooked and forgotten.

“Kent is, perhaps, the nearest to perfect goodness in all Shakspeare’s characters, and yet the most individualized. There is an extraordinary charm in his bluntness, which is that only of a nobleman arising from a contempt of overstrained courtesy; and combined with easy placibility where goodness of heart is apparent. His passionate affection for, and fidelity to Lear, act on our feelings in Lear’s own favour: virtue itself seems to be in company with him.

“The Steward should be placed in exact antithesis to Kent, as the only character of utter irredeemable baseness in Shakspeare. Even in this the judgment and invention of the poet are very observable; for what else could the willing tool of a General be? Not a vice but this of baseness was left open to him.

“The Fool is no comic buffoon to make the groundlings laugh,—no forced condescension of Shakspeare’s genius to the taste of his audience. Accordingly the poet prepares for his introduction, which he never does with any of his common clowns and fools, by bringing him into living connection with the pathos of the play. He is as wonderful a creation as Caliban;—his wild babblings, and inspired idiocy, articulate and gauge the horrors of the scene.

“The monster General prepares what is necessary, while the character of Albany renders a still more saddening grievance possible, namely, Regan and Cornwall in perfect sympathy of monstrosity. Not a sentiment, not an image, which can give pleasure on its own account, is admitted; whenever these creatures are introduced, and they are brought forward as little as possible, pure horror reigns throughout.

“Edgar’s assumed madness serves the great purpose of taking off part of the shock which would otherwise be caused by the true madness of Lear, and further displays the profound difference between the two. In every attempt at representing madness throughout the whole range of dramatic literature, with the single exception of Lear, it is mere light-headedness, as especially in Otway. In Edgar’s ravings, Shakspeare all the while lets you see a fixed purpose, a practical end in view; in Lear’s, there is only the brooding of the one anguish, an eddy without progression.”—COLERIDGE.





# CORIOLANUS.

"THE Tragedy of Coriolanus" appears to have been first printed in the folio of 1623. In the same year, November 8th, it was entered on the Registers of the Stationers' Company by Blount and Jaggard, the publishers of the folio, as one of the copies "not formerly entered to other men." Malone ascribes it to the year 1610; but with the exception of some peculiarities in the style, which would lead us to class it among the poet's latest plays, there is not a particle of evidence, internal or extrinsic, to assist in determining within several years the date of its production. That it was written subsequently to the publication of Camden's "Remains" in 1605 is probable, from the resemblance between the following version of the famous apologue of the members' rebellion against the belly, as told by that author, and the same story in the speech of Menenius, Act I. Sc. 1; for, as Malone remarks, although Shakespeare found this fable in North's Plutarch, there are some expressions, as well as the enumeration of the functions performed by the respective instruments of the body, which he seems to have taken from Camden: \*—

"All the members of the body conspired against the stomach, as against the swallowing gulfe of all their labours; for whereas the eyes beheld, the eares heard, the handes laboured, the feete travelled, the tongue spake, and all partes performed their functions; onely the stomache lay ydle and consumed all. Hercuppon they joyntly agreed al to forbear their labours, and to pine away their lazie and publike enemy. One day passed over, the second followed very tedious, but the third day was so groeuous to them all, that they called a common counsel. The eyes waxed dimme, the feete could not support the bodie; the armes waxed lazie, the tongue faltered, and could not lay open the matter. Therefore they all with one accord desired the *advice* of the heart. There *Reason* layd open before them," &c.

So, Shakespeare:—

"There was a time, when all the body's members  
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—  
That only *like a gulph* it did remain  
I' the midst o' the body, idle and inactive,  
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing

\* According to Douce, Camden derived what he has related of the fable from John of Salisbury, who wrote in the

reign of Henry the Second, and professes to have received it from Pope Hadrian IV.

## PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

*Like labour with the rest, where the other instruments  
 Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,  
 And, mutually participate, did minister  
 Unto the appetite and affection common  
 Of the whole body. The belly answer'd,—  
 'True is it, my incorporate friends,' quoth he,  
 'That I receive the general food at first,—  
 ——— but, if you do remember,  
 I send it through the rivers of your blood,  
 Even to the court, the heart, to the seat of the brain*

In the several incidents, and in some of the principal speeches of his tragedy, as may be seen from the parallel passages at the end, Shakespeare has faithfully followed "The Life of Caius Martius Coriolanus," in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch; a translation which was rendered from the French of Amyot, Bishop of Auxerre, and was first published in 1579, with the title,—*"The Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romanes, compared together by that grave learned Philosopher and Historiographer Plutarch of Chæronea."*

## Persons Represented.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, <i>a noble Roman</i>	Lieutenant to Aufidius
COMINIUS, }	ADRIAN.
TITUS LARTIUS, } <i>Generals against the Volscians.</i>	Conspirators with Aufidius
SICINIUS VELUTUS, }	A Citizen of Antium.
JUNIUS BRUTUS, } <i>Tribunes of the People.</i>	Two Volscian Guards.
YOUNG MARCIUS, <i>Son to Coriolanus.</i>	
MENENIUS AGRIPPA, <i>Friend to Coriolanus</i>	VOLUMNIA, <i>Mother to Coriolanus.</i>
NICANOR.	VIRGILIA, <i>Wife to Coriolanus.</i>
A Roman Herald.	VALERIA, <i>Friend to Virgilia.</i>
TULLUS AUFIDIUS, <i>General of the Volscians.</i>	Gentlewoman attending on Virgilia.
Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ediles, Lectors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.	

SCENE,—Partly in Rome; and partly in the territories of the Volscians and Antiates.



## ACT I.

SCENE. I —Rome. *A street*

*Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.*

1 CIT. Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

CITIZENS. Speak, speak !

1 CIT. You are all resolved rather to die than to famish ?

CITIZENS. Resolved, resolved !

1 CIT. First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people

CITIZENS. We know 't, we know 't !

1 CIT. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

CITIZENS. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away!

2 CIT. One word, good citizens.

1 CIT. We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians good.\* What authority surfeits on would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes;† for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 CIT. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

CITIZENS. Against him first: he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 CIT. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 CIT. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2 CIT. Nay, but speak not maliciously.‡

1 CIT. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud;§ which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 CIT. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

1 CIT. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts without.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

CITIZENS. Come, come!

1 CIT. Soft! who comes here?

2 CIT. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1 CIT. He's one honest enough; would, all the rest were so!

\* — the patricians good.] Good is here used in the commercial sense, of *substance*; as in "The Merchant of Venice," Act I. Sc. 3.—

"Antonio is a good man."

† — ere we become rakes.] "As lean as a rake" is a very ancient proverb; it is found in Chaucer's *Can't Tales*, l. 289.—

"Al so leane was his hors as is a rake."

and Spenser has it in his "Faerie Queene," B. II. c. 11.—

"His body leane and meagre as a rake"

Nay, but speak not maliciously.] In the old text this speech has the prefix "All" to it, as if spoken by a body of the citizens, but it unquestionably belongs to the second Citizen.

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

MEN. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you with bats and clubs? The matter. Speak, I pray you.

1 CIT. Our business is not unknown to the senate;‡ they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know we have strong arms too.

MEN. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

1 CIT. We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

MEN. I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them Against the Roman state; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs (Of more strong link asunder than cap ever Appear in your impediment: for the dearth, The gods, not the patricians, make it; and Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack, You are transported by calamity Thither where more attends you; and you slander The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,

When you curse them as enemies.

1 CIT. Care for us!—True, indeed, they ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers;‡ repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

MEN. Either you must Confess yourselves wondrous malicious, Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it; But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture To stale 't a little more.

1 CIT. Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale: but, an't please you, deliver.

‡ — to please his mother, and to be partly proud;] The man mean, "— partly to please his mother, and because he was proud;" but we believe the genuine text would give us, "—and to be partly proud."

‡ Our business is not unknown to the senate.] This and the subsequent speeches of the civic interlocutor, are in the old copy assigned to the second Citizen. Capell originally gave them to the first Citizen (though Malone, *more suo*, takes credit for it), and the previous dialogue very clearly shows the necessity of the change.

‡ To stale 't a little more.] The folio has "To scale 't," for which Theobald substituted *stale* 't; no doubt the genuine word. See Massinger's "Unnatural Combat," Act IV. Sc. 2.—

"I'll not stale the jest

By my relation,"

and Gifford's note on that passage.

MEN. There was a time, when all the body's members

Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—

That only like a gulf it did remain

In the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,

Still cupboarding the viand; never bearing

Like labour with the rest, where the other instruments

Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,

And, mutually participate, did minister

Unto the appetite and affection common

Of the whole body. The belly answer'd,—

1 CIT. Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

MEN. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,

Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus,—

For, look you, I may make the belly smile,

As well as speak,—it tauntingly \* replied

To the discontented members, the mutinous parts

That envied his receipt; even so most fitly

As you malign our senators for that

They are not such as you.—

1 CIT. Your belly's answer? What!

The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,

The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,

Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,

With other muniments and petty helps

In this our fabric, if that they—

MEN.

What then?—

'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then? [strain'd,

1 CIT.—Should by the cormorant belly be re-Who is the sink o' the body,—

MEN.

Well, what then?

1 CIT.—The former agents, if they did complain, What could the belly answer?

MEN.

I will tell you;

If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little) Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

1 CIT. You're long about it.

MEN.

Note me this, good friend;

Your most grave belly was deliberate,

Not rash like his accusers, and thus answered:—

*True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,*

*That I receive the general food at first,*

*Which you do live upon; and fit it is,*

*Because I am the store-house and the shop*

*Of the whole body: but, if you do remember,*

*I send it through the rivers of your blood,*

*Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain;*

(\*) Old text, *tauntingly*.

(†) Old text, *you'st*

"Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run, Lead'st first, to win some vantage."

"Rascal" and "in blood" being ancient terms of the chase, the former applicable to a deer, lean and out of condition, the latter signifying one full of vigour and dangerous to his hunters, Menenius is supposed to mean,—"thou, meagre wretch, least in heart and resolution, art prompt enough to lead when profit points

*And, through the cranks and offices of man, The strongest nerves and small inferior veins, From me receive that natural competency Whereby they live: and though that all at once, You, my good friends,—this says the belly, mark me,—*

1 CIT. Ay, sir; well, well.

MEN.

*Though all at once cannot See what I do deliver out to each, Yet I can make my audit up, that all From me do back receive the flour of all, And leave me but the bran.* (2)—What say you to't?

1 CIT. It was an answer: how apply you this?

MEN. The senators of Rome are this good belly,

And you the mutinous members: for, examine Their counsels and their cares; digest things rightly,

Touching the weal o' the common; you shall find,

No public benefit which you receive,

But it proceeds or comes from them to you,

And no way from yourselves.—What do you think,—

You, the great toe of this assembly?—

1 CIT. I the great toe! Why the great toe?

MEN. For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,

Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:

Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,

Lead'st first to win some vantage.—

But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs;

Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;

The one side must have bale.—

*Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.*

*Hail, noble Marcius!*

MAR. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentionous rogues,

That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,

Make yourselves scabs?

1 CIT. We have ever your good word.

MAR. He that will give good words to thee will flatter

Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,

That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you,

The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,

the way." Yet, if nothing better can be extracted from these words in their metaphorical sense, we would rather understand them literally, and believe "worst" to be a misprint, as it might easily be, for *last*. The passage then becomes perfectly intelligible, and in character with the speaker

"Thou rascal, that art last in blood [that is, into bloodshed] to run, Lead'st first to win some vantage."

b — *hale* —] That is, hurt, injury, calamity





Where he should find you lions, finds you hares,  
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,  
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,  
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,  
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,  
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves

greatness,  
Deserves your hate; and your affections are  
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that  
Which would increase his evil. He that depends  
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,  
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye!  
Trust ye!

With every minute you do change a mind;  
And call him noble that was now your hate,  
Him vile that was your garland. What's the  
matter,  
That in these several places of the city

You cry against the noble senate, who,  
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else  
Would feed on one another?—What's their  
seeking?

MEN. For corn at their own rates; whereof,  
they say,  
The city is well stor'd.

MAR. Hang 'em! *They say!*  
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know  
What's done i' the Capitol; who's like to rise,  
Who thrives, and who declines; side factions, and  
give out  
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,  
And feebling such as stand not in their liking  
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's

grain enough!  
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,  
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry \*

A "quarry," in the language of the forest, meant a pile of  
slaughtered game.

— I'd make a quarry  
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves.—]

With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high  
As I could pick \* my lance.

MEN. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;  
For though abundantly they lack discretion,  
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech  
you,

What says the other troop?

MAR. They are dissolv'd: hang 'em!  
They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth  
proverbs,— [exit;—

That hunger broke stone walls;—that dogs must  
That meat was made for mouths;—that the gods  
sent not

Corn for the rich men only:—with these shreds  
They vented their complainings; which being  
answer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one,  
(To break the heart of generosity,<sup>b</sup>  
And make bold power look pale) they threw their  
caps [moon,  
As they would hang them on the horns o' the  
Shouting \* their emulation.

MEN. What is granted them?

MAR. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar  
wisdoms,

Of their own choice: one's Junius Brutus,  
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'sdeath!  
The rabble should have first unroof'd† the city.  
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time  
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes  
For insurrection's arguing.

MEN. This is strange.

MAR. Go, get you home, you fragments!

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS. Where's Caius Marcius?

MAR. Here: what's the matter?

MESS. The news is, sir, the Volscies are in  
arms. [to vent

MAR. I am glad on't; then we shall have means  
Our musty superfluity.—See, our best elders.

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other  
Senators; JUNIUS BRUTUS and SICINIUS  
VELUTUS.*

1 SEN. Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately  
told us;  
The Volscies are in arms.

(\*) Old text, *Shooting*.

(†) Old text, *unroof'd*.

\* — pick my lance.] That is, *pitch* my lance. The word  
*pick* for *pitch* is in common use still in many parts of England  
[To break the heart of generosity,—] To crush the privileges  
of the nobly-born. *Generosity* is used in its primary sense. So  
"Othello," Act III. Sc. 3:—

"— the generous islanders  
By you invited, do attend your presence."

MAR. They have a leader,  
Titus Aufidius, that will put you to't.

I sin in envying his nobility;  
And were I any thing but what I am,  
I would wish me only he.

COM. You have fought together.

MAR. Were half to half the world by the ears,  
and he

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make  
Only my wars with him: he is a lion  
That I am proud to hunt.

1 SEN. Then, worthy Marcius,  
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

COM. It is your former promise.

MAR. Sir, it is;  
And I am constant.—Titus Lartius,\* thou  
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.  
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

TIT. No, Caius Marcius;  
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,  
Ere stay behind this business.

MEN. O, true bred!

1 SEN. Your company to the Capitol; where,  
I know,  
Our greatest friends attend us.

TIT. Lead you on:  
Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;  
Right worthy you priority.

COM. Noble Marcius!

1 SEN. Hence! To your homes, be gone!

[To the Citizens.

MAR. Nay, let them follow:  
The Volscies have much corn; take these rats  
thither,

To gnaw their garners.—Worshipful mutiners,  
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.

[Exit Senators, COM. MAR. TIT. and

MEN. Citizens *steal away*.

SIC. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

BRU. He has no equal.

SIC. When we were chosen tribunes for the  
people,—

BRU. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?

SIC. Nay, but his taunts.

BRU. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird  
the gods.

SIC. Be-mock the modest moon.

BRU. The present wars devour him! he is  
grown

Too proud to be so valiant."

SIC. Such a nature,

(\*) Old text, *Lucius*

\* The present wars devour him! he is grown  
Too proud to be so valiant.]

The beginning of this speech, which has been explained,—his  
pride of military prowess in these wars devours him, we prefer to  
read, with Warburton, as an imprecation. The latter words  
appear to import, "He is grown too proud of being so valiant"

Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow  
Which he treads on at noon: but I do wonder,  
His insolence can brook to be commanded  
Under Cominius.

BRU. Fame, at the which he aims,—  
In whom already he's well grac'd,—cannot  
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by  
A place below the first: for what miscarries  
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform  
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure  
Will then cry out of Marcius, *O, if he  
Had borne the business!*

SIC. Besides, if things go well,  
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall  
Of his demerits<sup>a</sup> rob Cominius.

BRU. Come;  
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,  
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his  
faults  
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,  
In aught he merit not.

SIC. Let's hence, and hear  
How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion,  
More than his singularity,<sup>b</sup> he goes  
Upon this present action.

BRU. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—Corioli. The Senate-House.

*Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, and certain Senators.*

1 SEN. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,  
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,<sup>c</sup>  
And know how we proceed.

AUF. Is it not yours?  
What ever have been thought on in this state,  
That could be brought to bodily act, ere Rome  
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,  
Since I heard thence; these are the words:—I  
think  
I have the letter here;—yes, here it is:—*[Reads.]*  
*They have press'd a power, but it is not known  
Whether for east or west: the dearth is great;  
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,  
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,  
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you)  
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,  
These three lead on this preparation  
Whither 'tis bent: most likely 'tis for you:  
Consider of it.*

1 SEN. Our army's in the field:

We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready  
To answer us.

AUF. Nor did you think it folly  
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when  
They needs must show themselves; which in the  
hatching,  
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,  
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,  
To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome  
Should know we were afoot.

2 SEN. Noble Aufidius,  
Take your commission; hie you to your bands;  
Let us alone to guard Corioli:<sup>d</sup>  
If they set down before's, for the remove  
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find  
They've not prepar'd for us.

AUF. O, doubt not that;  
I speak from certainties. Nay, more,  
Some parcels of their power are forth already,  
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.  
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,  
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike  
Till one can do no more.

ALI. The gods assist you!

AUF. And keep your honours safe!

1 SEN.

Farewell.

2 SEN.

Farewell.

ALL. Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.—Rome. An Apartment in Marcius' House.

*Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA: they sit down  
on two low stools, and sew.*

VOL. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express  
yourself in a more comfortable sort: if my son  
were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that  
absence wherein he won honour, than in the em-  
bracements of his bed where he would show most  
love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and  
the only son of my womb; when youth with comeli-  
ness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day  
of kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him  
an hour from her beholding; I,—considering how  
honour would become such a person; that it was  
no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if  
renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him  
seek danger where he was like to find fame. To  
a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned,  
his brows bound with oak.<sup>(3)</sup> I tell thee, daughter,  
—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was

<sup>a</sup> Of his demerits rob Cominius.] "Demerits" and *merits* had,  
of old, the same meaning, that of *deserts*.

<sup>b</sup> More than his singularity.] As "singularity" formerly im-  
plied *pre-eminence*, Cominius may mean, sarcastically,—after what  
fashion *beside his usual assumption of superiority*.

<sup>c</sup> — are enter'd in our counsels,—] Have penetrated into our  
secrets, or, are informed of our purposes.

<sup>d</sup> — Corioli; in the folio this name is spelt "Coriolus,"  
"Corioles," or "Carloles."



a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

VIN. But had he died in the business, madam,—how then?

VOL. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely, had I a dozen sons,—each as my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

• *Enter a Gentlewoman.*

GENT. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

VIN. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

VOL. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum;  
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;  
As children from a bear, the Volscians shunning him:  
Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—  
*Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,*  
*Though you were born in Rome:* his bloody brow  
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes  
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow  
Or all, or lose his hire.

VIN. *His bloody brow!* O, Jupiter, no blood!

VOL. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man  
Than gilt his trophy: the breasts of Hecuba,  
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier  
Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood  
At Grecian swords' contending.\*—Tell Valeria,  
We are fit to bid her welcome. *[Exit Gent.]*

VIN. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

VOL. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his  
knee,  
And tread upon his neck.

\* *At Grecian swords' contending.*] "Contending" is the word in the second folio; the first reads,—

"At Grecian sword. Contending, tell Valeria," &c.

Mr. Collier's annotator proposes,

• "At Grecian swords contending," &c. . .  
and Mr. W. N. Lottum,—

• "At Grecian swords contending"

*Enter VALERIA, attended by an Usher, and a Gentlewoman.* e . e

VAL. My ladies both, good day to you.

VOL. Sweet madam.

VIR. I am glad to see your ladyship.

VAL. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.—How does your little son?

VIR. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

VOL. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his school-master.

VAL. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: he's such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; caught it again: or<sup>a</sup> whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammoocked it.

VOL. One of his father's moods.

VAL. Indeed he, 'tis a noble child.

VIR. A crack,<sup>b</sup> madam.

VAL. Come, lay aside your stitchey. I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

VIR. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

VAL. Not out of doors!

VOL. She shall, she shall.

VIR. Indeed, no, by your patience; I'll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

VAL. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably: come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

VIR. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

VOL. Why, I pray you?

VIR. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

VAL. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca<sup>c</sup> full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

VIR. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

VAL. In truth he, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

VIR. O, good madam, there can be none yet

VAL. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

VIR. Indeed, madam?

VAL. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volscies have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

VIR. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

VOL. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

VAL. In troth, I think, she would.—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

VIR. No, at a word, madam; indeed, I must not.

I wish you much mirth.

VAL. Well then, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—*Before Corioli.*

*Enter, with Drum and Colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers and Soldiers.*

MAR. Yonder comes news;—a wager they have met.

LART. My horse to yours, no.

MAR. 'Tis done.

LART. Agreed.

*Enter a Messenger.*

MAR. Say, has our general met the enemy?

MESS. They lie in view, but have not spoke as yet.

LART. So, the good horse is mine.

MAR. I'll buy him of you.

LART. No, I'll not sell nor give him: lend you him I will,

For half a hundred years.—Summon the

MAR. How far off lie these armies?

MESS. Within this mile and half.

MAR. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.—

Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work,

(\*) Old text, *Althra*.

<sup>a</sup> — or whether his fall enraged him,—] Or, here, is probably a misprint for *and*.

<sup>b</sup> A crack, madam.] A "crack" is a bold, sharp boy; a *mandarin*. The term occurs again in the "Second Part of Henry IV." Act III. Sc. 2.—"I saw him break Skogan's head at the court-gate, when he was a crack, not thus high."



That we with smoking swords may march from  
hence,  
To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy  
blast.

*They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, some  
Senators and others.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1 SEN. No, nor a man that fears you less than  
he,  
That's lesser than a little. Hark! our drums  
[Drums afar off.]

Are bringing forth our youth! we'll break our  
walls,  
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,  
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with  
rushes;

They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off!  
[Alarum afar off.]

There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes  
Amongst your cloven army.

MAR. O, they are at it!

LART. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders,  
ho!

*The Volscians enter and pass over the Stage.*

MAR. They fear us not, but issue forth their  
city.

Now put your shields before your hearts, and  
fight

With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance,  
brave Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,  
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on,  
my fellows;

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volscian,  
And he shall feel mine edge.

*Alarum, and exeunt Romans and Volscians, fighting.*

*The Romans are beaten back to their trenches.*

*Re-enter MARCIUS.*

MAR. All the contagion of the south light on  
you,

You shames of Rome! you herd of!—Boils and  
plagues

Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd  
Further than seen, and one infect another  
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,

— you herd of—Boils and plagues  
Plaster you o'er.]

The old text has,—

— you heard of Boils and Plagues  
Plaster you o'er,"

which Mr. Collier's annotator, in utter disregard of the fine  
rhetorical effect produced by this suppression in the speech, mar-  
clessly alters to,—

— unheard of boils and plagues  
Plaster you o'er."

That bear the shapes of men, how have you run  
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and  
hell!

All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale  
With flight and ague's fear! Mend, and charge  
home,

Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,  
And make my wars on you! look to't: come on;  
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their  
wives,

As they us to our trenches followed.\*

*Another Alarm. The Volscos and Romans re-  
enter, and the fight is renewed. The Volscos  
retire into Corioli, and MARCIUS follows  
them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are open:—now prove good  
seconds:

'Tis for the followers Fortune widens them,  
Not for the fliers: (4) mark me, and do the like.

[*Enters the gates.*]

1 SOL. Fool-hardiness; not I.

2 SOL. Nor I.

[*The gates are closed.*]

3 SOL. See, they have shut him in.

[*Alarm continues.*]

ALL. To the pot,\* I warrant him.

*Enter TITUS LARTIUS.*

LART. What is become of Marcius?

ALL. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 SOL. Following the fliers at the very heels,  
With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,  
Clapp'd-to their gates: he is himself alone,  
To answer all the city.

LART. O noble fellow!  
Who, sensible, outdares his senseless sword,  
And, when it bows, stands up!<sup>b</sup> Thou art left,  
Marcius:

(\*) First folio, *followers.*

\* To the pot, I warrant him.] Mr Collier's annotator reads,—  
'To the pot, I warrant him,' and Mr Collier defends the sub-  
stitution in this wise,—"In the folio, 1623, the letter *r* had  
dropped out in 'port,' and it was always ridiculously misprinted  
pot,—'To the pot, I warrant him.' To what pot? 'To go to pot,'  
is certainly an old vulgarism, but here it is not 'to pot,' but 'to  
the pot,' as if some particular pot were intended." This is strange  
oblivion. "To the pot," as Mr Collier better than anyone else,  
ought to know, was one of the most familiar expressions in our  
early dramatists. Take only the following examples, from plays  
which that gentleman must be familiar with —  
"Thou mightest swear, if I could, I would bring them to the  
pot" — "New Customs," Act II Sc. 3.

"For goes this wretch, this traitor, to the pot"

G. F. S. S. "Edward I." Dyce's ed. p. 115, Vol. I.

"— they go to the pot for't."

WASSERMAN'S "White Devil," Sc. Dyce's ed. p. 117, Vol. I.

Who, sensible, outdares his senseless sword,  
And, when it bows, stands up.]

The old text has,—

"Who sensibly —"

— stands up.

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,  
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier  
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible  
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks and  
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,  
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world  
Were feverous and did tremble.

*Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the  
enemy.*

1 SOL.

Look, sir.

LART. O, 'tis Marcius!

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[*They fight, and all enter the city.*]

SCENE V.—*Within Corioli. A Street.*

*Enter certain Romans, with spoils.*

1 ROM. This will I carry to Rome.

2 ROM. And I this.

3 ROM. A murrain on't! I took this for silver.  
[*Alarm continues afar off.*]

*Enter MARCIUS and TITUS LARTIUS, with a  
trumpet.*

MAR. See here these movers, that do prize  
their hours<sup>d</sup>

At a crack'd dram! Cushions, leaden spoons,  
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would  
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,  
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—down with  
them!—

And hark, what noise the general makes!—To  
him!

—*Thou wast a soldier  
Even to Cato's wish.]*

In the old text, "Even to Cato's wish;" the correction, Theo-  
bald's, is established by the relative passage in North's Plutarch:  
—"But Marcius being there [before Corioli] at that time, running  
out of the campe with a few men with him, he slue the first  
enemies he met withall, and made the rest of them stave upon a  
sodaine, crying out to the Romanes that had turned their backs,  
and calling them againe to fight with a lowde voyce. And he was  
even such another, as Cato would have a souldier and a captaine  
to be: not only terrible and fierce to laye about him, but to make  
the enemies afear'd with the sounds of his voyce, and grimmes of  
his countenance."

<sup>d</sup> — *that do prize their hours*—] Pope changed the word  
"hours" to *honours*, but, as Steevens pointed out, Shakespeare  
followed his authority, Plutarch.—"The cattle being taken in this  
sorte, the most parte of the souldiers beganne incontinently to  
spoylle, to carie away, and to looke up the bootie they had wonne.  
But Marcius was marvelous angry with them, and cried out on  
them, that it was no time now to looke after spoyls, and to runne  
stragling here and there to enrich themselves."



There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,  
Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take  
Convenient numbers to make good the city;  
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will  
haste  
To help Cominius.

LART. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;  
Thy exercise hath been too violent for  
A second course of fight.

MAR. Sir, praise me not;  
My work hath yet not warm'd me: fare you well:  
The blood I drop is rather physical  
Than dangerous to me: to Aufidius thou  
I will appear, and fight.

LART. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,  
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms  
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,  
Prosperity be thy page!

MAR. Thy friend no less,  
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.

LART. Thou worthiest Marcus!—  
[Exit MARCIUS.]

Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;  
Call thither all the officers o' the town,  
Where they shall know our mind: away! [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—*Near the Camp of Cominius.*

*Enter COMINIUS and Forces, retreating.*

COM. Breathe you, my friends: well fought;  
we are come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,  
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,  
We shall be charg'd again. Whilst we have  
struck,

By interims and conveying gusts we have heard  
The charges of our friends.—Ye Roman gods,  
Lead their successes as we wish our own,  
That both our powers, with smiling fronts  
encountering,

May give you thankful sacrifice!—

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS. Thy news?  
The citizens of Corioli have issu'd.

\* — Ye Roman gods, — "The word 'you' in the last line,"  
Mr Dyce remarks, "shows that 'the Roman gods' of the old  
text, is wrong"



And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:  
I saw our party to their trenches driven,  
And then I came away.

COM. Though thou speak'st truth,  
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't  
since?

MESS. Above an hour, my lord.

COM. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their  
drums:

How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,  
And bring thy news so late?

MESS. Spies of the Volsces  
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel  
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,  
Half an hour since brought my report.

COM. Who's yonder,  
That does appear as he were slay'd? O gods!  
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have  
Before-time seen him thus.

MAR. [without.] Come I too late?

COM. The shepherd knows not thunder from a  
tabor,

More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue  
From every meaner man.

*Enter MARCIUS.*

MAR. Come I too late?

COM. Ay, if you come not in the blood of  
others,  
But mantled in your own.

MAR. O! let me clip ye  
In arms as sound as when I woo'd; in heart  
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,  
And tapers burn'd to bedward!

COM. Flower of warriors,  
How is't with Titus Lartius?

MAR. As with a man busied about decrees:  
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;  
Ransoming him or pitying, threat'ning the other;  
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,  
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,  
To let him slip at will.

COM. Where is that slave  
Which told me they had beat you to your  
trenches?

Where is he? Call him hither.

MAR. Let him alone;  
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,  
The common file, (a plague!—Tribunes for  
them!)

The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did  
budge

From rascals worse than they.

COM. But how prevail'd you?

MAR. Will the time serve to tell? I do not  
think.

Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the  
field?

If not, why cease you till you are so?

COM. Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,  
And did retire to win our purpose.

MAR. How lies their battle? Know you on  
which side

They have plac'd their men of trust?

COM. As I guess, Marcius,  
Their hands i' the vaward are the Antiates\*  
Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,  
Their very heart of hope.

MAR. I do beseech you,  
By all the battles whereix we have fought,  
By the blood we have shed together, by the  
vows

We have made to endure friends, that you  
directly

Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates:  
And that you not delay the present; but,  
Filling the air with swords advanc'd and darts,  
We prove this very hour.

COM. Though I could wish  
You were conducted to a gentle bath,  
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never  
Deny your asking; take your choice of those  
That best can aid your action.

MAR. Those are they  
That most are willing.—If any such be here,  
(As it were sin to doubt) that love this painting  
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear  
Lesser † his person than an ill report;  
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,  
And that his country's dearer than himself;  
Let him alone, or so many so minded,  
Wave thus, [Waving his sword.] to express his  
disposition,

And follow Marcius.

[They all shout, and wave their swords;  
take him up in their arms, and cast up  
their caps.]

O me, alone! make you a sword of me!  
If these shows be not outward, which of you  
But is four Volsces? none of you but is  
Able to bear against the great Aufidius  
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,  
Though thanks to all, must I select from all;  
The rest shall bear the business in so  
fight,

As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;  
And foot shall quickly draw out my command,  
Which men are best inclin'd.

COM. March on, my fellows  
Make good this ostentation, and you shall  
Divide in all with us. [Exeunt]

(\*) Old text, *Antients*.

(†) Old text, *Loosen*.

SCENE VII.—*The Gates of Corioli.*

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon Corioli, going with drum and trumpet toward COMINTUS and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a Lieutenant, a party of Soldiers, and a Scout.*

LART. So, let the ports be guarded: keep your duties,

As I have set them down? If I do send, dispatch Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve For a short holding: if we lose the field, We cannot keep the town.

LIEU. Fear not our care, sir.

LART. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.— Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VIII.—*A Field of Battle between the Roman and the Volscian Camps.*

Alarum. *Enter from opposite sides MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.*

MAR. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee

Worse than a promise-breaker.

AUF. We hate alike;

Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor More than thy fame and envy.\* Fix thy foot.

MAR. Let the first budger die the other's slave, And the gods doom him after!

AUF. If I fly, Marcins,

Holla me like a hare.

MAR. Within these three hours, Tullus, Alone I fought in your Corioli walls, *[blood]* And made what work I pleas'd: 'tis not my Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge Wrench up thy power to the highest.

AUF. Wert thou the Hector, That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny.

Thou shouldst not scape me here.—

*[They fight, and certain Volscies come to the aid of AUFIDIUS.]*

Officious, and not valiant,—you have sham'd me In your condemned seconds.

*[Exeunt fighting, driven out by MARCIUS.]*

SCENE IX.—*The Roman Camp.*

Alarum. *A Retreat is sounded. F. Burish. Enter at one side, COMINTUS and Romans; at the other side, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.*

COM. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,

Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it, Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles; Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug, I' the end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted, And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull tribunes,

That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours, Shall say, against their hearts,—*We thank the gods,*

*Our Rome hath such a soldier!*—

Yet can'st thou to a morsel of this feast, Having fully din'd before.

*Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his power, from the pursuit.*

LART. O general,

Here is the steed, y'Ve the caparison:

Hadst thou beheld—

MAR. Pray now, no more: my mother, Who has a charter to extol her blood, When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done

As you have done,—that's what I can; induc'd

As you have been,—that's for my country:

He that has but effected his good will,

Hath overta'en mine act.

COM. You shall not be

The grave of your deserving; Rome must know

The value of her own: 't were a concealment

Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,

To hide your doings; and to silence that,

Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,

Would seem but modest: therefore, I beseech you,

*(In sign of what you are, not to reward*

*What you have done,)* before our army hear me.

MAR. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart

To hear themselves remember'd.

COM.

Should they not, Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,

And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,

*(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store)* of all

The treasure in this field achiev'd and city,

We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,

Before the common distribution,

At your only choice.

MAR. I thank you, general;

But cannot make my heart consent to take

A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;

And stand upon my common part with those

That have beheld the doing.

\* Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor  
More than thy fame and envy.]

There is probably some corruption in the second line, which would

better read, "More than thy fame I hate and envy." So in Plutarch—"Marius knew very well that Tullus did more *malice* and *envy* him than he did all the Romans besides."

[*A long flourish. They all cry "MARCIVS ! MARCVS !" cast up their caps and lances : COMINIUS and LABTIVS stand bare.*

MAR. May these same instruments, which you profane,

Never sound more ! when drums and trumpets  
I<sup>(\*)</sup> the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be  
Made all of false-fac'd soothing !

When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,  
Let him be made an overture for the wars !<sup>a</sup>  
No more, I say ! For that — have not wash'd  
My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,—  
Which, without note, here 's many else have  
done,—

You shout \* me forth in acclamations hyperbolical ;  
As if I lov'd my little should be dicted  
In praises sauc'd with lies.

COM. Too modest are you ;  
More cruel to your good report, than grateful  
To us that give you truly : by your patience,  
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you  
(Like one that means his proper<sup>b</sup> harm) in  
manacles,

[known,  
Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it  
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius  
Wears this war's garland : in token of the which,  
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,  
With all his trim belonging ; and from this time,  
For what he did before Corioli, call him,  
With all the applause and clamour of the host,  
CAIVS MARCVS CORIOLANVS !†—Bear  
The addition nobly ever !

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*

ALL. Caius Marcius Coriolanus !†

COR. I will go wash ;  
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive  
Whether I blush, or no : howbeit I thank you :—  
I mean to stride your steed ; and at all times,  
To undercrest your good addition  
To the fairness of my power.

COM. So, to our tent ;  
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write  
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,  
Must to Corioli back : send us to Rome  
The best, with whom we may articulate,<sup>c</sup>  
For their own good and ours.

LART. I shall, my lord.

COR. The gods begin to mock me. I that now

Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg  
Of my lord general.

COM. Take it : 'tis yours. What is't ?

COR. I sometime lay here in Corioli  
At a poor man's house ; he us'd me kindly :  
He cried to me ; I saw him prisoner ;  
But then Aufidius was within my view,  
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity : I request you  
To give my poor host freedom.

COM. O, well begg'd !

Were he the butcher of my son, he should  
Be free as is the wind.—Deliver him, Titus.

LART. Marcivs, his name ?

COR. By Jupiter ! forgot :—  
I am weary ; yea, my memory is tir'd.—  
Have we no wine here ?

COM. Go we to our tent :  
The blood upon your visage dries ; 'tis time  
It should be look'd to : come. [*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE X.—*The Camp of the Volsces.*

*A flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLVS AUFIDIIVS  
bloody, with two or three Soldiers.*

AUF. The town is ta'en !

1 SOL. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good con-  
dition.

AUF. Condition !—

I would I were a Roman ; for I cannot,  
Being a Volsc, be that I am.—*Condition !*  
What good condition can a treaty find  
I<sup>(\*)</sup> the part that is at mercy ?—Five times, Marcivs,  
I have fought with thee ; so often hast thou beat  
me ;

And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter  
As often as we eat.—By the elements,  
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,  
He's mine, or I am his ! Mine emulation  
Hath not that honour in't it had ; for where  
I thought to crush him in an equal force,  
(True sword to sword) I'll potch at him some way,  
Or wrath or craft may get him.

1 SOL. He's the devil.

(\*) Old text, *shoots*.

(†) Old text, *Marcus Caius Coriolanus*.

<sup>a</sup> — when drums and trumpets shall  
I<sup>(\*)</sup> the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be  
Made all of false-fac'd soothing !  
When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,  
Let him be made an overture for the wars !

If the last line of this much-controverted passage, Warburton  
proposed,—

"Let hymns be made an overture for the wars,"

Tywhitt would read,—

"Let silk [that is, silk] be made a *coverture* for the wars ;"

and Mr Collier's annotator,—

"Let it be made a *coverture* for the wars.

If an alteration be absolutely needed, that of "a *coverture*" for  
"an overture," understanding "him" to be used for the neuter  
it, is the least objectionable ; but we are strongly disposed to  
think that "overture," if not a misprint for *overture*, is employed  
here in the same sense, and that the meaning is,—When steel  
grows soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made, i. e. let there  
be made for him, a triumph, as for a successful warrior.

<sup>b</sup> — his proper harm.—] His peculiar or personal harm.

<sup>c</sup> The best, with whom we may articulate,—] The chief per-  
sonages of Corioli, with whom we may enter into articles

**AUF.** Bolder, though not so subtle. My valour's  
poison'd,

With only suffering stain by him; for him  
Shall fly out of itself. Nor sleep nor sanctuary,  
Being naked, sick. Nor fane nor Capitol,  
The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice,  
Embarquements<sup>a</sup> all of fury, shall lift up  
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst  
My hate to Marcius! Where I find him, were it  
At home, upon my brother's guard,<sup>b</sup> even there

Against the hospitable canon, would I  
Wash my fierce hand in's heart!—Go you to the  
city;

Learn how 'tis held; and what they are that must  
Be hostages for Rome.

1 Sol. Will not you go?

**AUF.** I am attended at the cypress grove: I  
pray you,

("Tis south the city mills) bring me word thither  
How the world goes, that to the pace of it  
I may spur on my journey."

1 Sol. I shall, sir. [Exeunt.

<sup>a</sup> Embarquements—] That is, *embargoes*, or *impediments*  
<sup>b</sup> At home, upon my brother's guard,—] At my own house,  
under the protection of my brother.





## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—Rome A public Place.

*Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.*

**MEN.** The augurer tells me we shall have news to-night.

**BRU.** Good or bad?

**MEN.** Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

**SIC.** Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

**MEN.** Pray you, who does the wolf love?

**SIC.** The lamb.

**MEN.** Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

**BRU.** Ho's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

**MEN.** He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men: tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

**BOTH. THU.** Well, sir.

**MEN.** In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?

**BRU.** He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

**SIC.** Especially in pride.

**BRU.** And topping all others in boasting.

**MEN.** This is strange now: do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? do you?

**BOTH.** Why, how are we censured?

**MEN.** Because you talk of pride now,—will you not be angry?

**BOTH.** Well, well, sir, well?

**MEN.** Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being. You blame Marcius for being proud?

**BRU.** We do it not alone, sir.

**MEN.** I know you can do very little alone, for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an inferior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

**BRU.** What then, sir?

MEN. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, tusty magistrates, (*alias* fools) as any in Rome.

SIC. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

MEN. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't; said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint; hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion; \* one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning. What I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such wool's-men as you are, (I cannot call you Lycurguses) if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot \* say your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am *known well enough too*? What harm can your bisson† conspectivities glean out of this character, if I be *known well enough too*?

BRU. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

MEN. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then rejoin the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamberpot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

BRU. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary becher in the Capitol.

MEN. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose,

it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your boards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a butcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of 'em were hereditary haugmen. God-don to your worships: snore of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians; I will be bold to take my leave of you.—  
[BRUTUS and SICINIUS retire.]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, attended.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies,—and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,—whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

VOL. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches:—for the love of Juno, let's go.

MEN. Ha! Marcius coming home?

VOL. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

MEN. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee!—Hoo! Marcius coming home!

VAL. } Nay, 'tis true.

VIR. }  
VOL. Look, here's a letter from him: the state hath another, his wife another; and I think there's one at home for you.

MEN. I will make my very house reel to-night:—a letter for me?

VIR. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

MEN. A letter for me! it gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricist, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench.—Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

VIR. O, no, no, no!

VOL. O, he is wounded,—I thank the gods for't.

MEN. So do I too, if it be not too much:—brings 'a victory in his pocket?—the wounds become him.

(\*) Old text, *can*, corrected by Theobald

(†) Old text, *become*, corrected by Theobald

\* I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't, said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint; hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion. The pose in this passage is the expression, "the first complaint." What is "the first complaint"? At one time we conceived the sprightly, warm-hearted old senator, among his other failings, "cried out of women," and referred what Ben Jonson as obscurely terms "the primitive work of darkness" ("The Devil is an Ass," Act II Sc. 2), but

what mistakes against this supposition, and the wonderfully acute emendation of Mr. Collier's annotator,—"the *first* complaint," also is the doubt whether "complaint" obtained the sense of *malady* or *ailment* until many years after these plays were written. If it did not bear this meaning in Shakespeare's day, the only explanation of "something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint," appears to be that he was too apt to be led away by first impressions; to act rather upon impulse than from reflection.

† empiricist, —] In the old text, "Empirickistique," which Pope altered to "empiric," and for which Mr. Collier's annotator substitutes, "empiricphysic."

VOL. On's brows, Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

MEN. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

VOL. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

MEN. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had stayed by him, I would not have been so 'fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

VOL. Good ladies, let's go.—Yes, yes, yes; the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

VAL. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

MEN. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

VIR. The gods grant them true!

VOL. True! pow, wow.

MEN. True! I'll be sworn they are true.—Where is he wounded?—[*To the Tribunes.*] God save your good worships! Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

VOL. I' the shoulder and i' the left arm: there will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

MEN. One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh,—there's nine that I know.

VOL. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

MEN. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. [*A shout and flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

VOL. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him

He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears: Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie; Which, being advanc'd, declines: and then men die.

*A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.*

HER. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight  
Within Corioli' gates; where he hath won,  
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these

In honour follows, *Coriolanus*:—

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

[*Flourish.*]

ALL. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

COR. No more of this, it does offend my heart;

Pray now, no more.

COM. Look, sir, your mother!

COR. O,

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods

For my prosperity!

[*Kneels.*]

VOL. Nay, my good soldier, up;

My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and

By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,—

What is it?—*Coriolanus* must I call thee?

But O, thy wife!—

COR. My gracious silence, hail!

Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,

That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,  
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,

And mothers that lack sons.

MEN. Now, the gods crown thee!

COR. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon.

[*To VALERIA.*]

VOL. I know not where to turn:—O, welcome home;

And welcome, general;—and ye're welcome all.

MEN. A hundred thousand welcomes:—I could weep,

And I could laugh; I am light and heavy:—welcome:

A curse begin at very root on's heart,

That is not glad to see thee!—You are three,

That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,

[*will not*]

We have some old crab-trees here at home, that

Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:

We call a nettle but a nettle; and

The faults of fools, but folly.

COM. Ever right.

COR. Menenius, ever, ever.

HER. Give way there, and go on!

COR. Your hand, and yours:

[*To VIRG. and VOLUM.*]

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,

The good patricians must be visited;

From whom I have receiv'd not only great things,

But with them change of honours.

VOL. I have liv'd

To see inherited my very wishes,

And the buildings of my fancy:

Only there's one thing wanting, which I doubt not,

But our Rome will cast upon thee.

(\*) Old text, *Martius Caius*.

(\*) Old text, *Martius Caius Coriolanus*.

— change of honours.] Change of honour, in the sense of

additional honours, may be right, though we incline to Theobald's substitution, "charge of honour."



Cor. Know, good mother,  
I had rather be their servant in my way,  
Than away with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol!

[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before. The Tribunes remain.*]

*Into a rapture lets her baby cry,  
While she chats him.]*

By "rapture" is meant *fit*. So, in "The Hospital for London's Follies," 1803, as quoted by Stevens:—"Your darling will weep itself into a rapture, if you take not good heed." The word "chats," in the next line, is changed to "cheers" by Mr. Collier's annotator, and to "claps" by Mr. Singer: if any alteration is desirable,

Brv. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared  
sights  
Are spectacled to, see him: your prattling nurse  
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,  
While she chats him: the kitchen malkin<sup>b</sup> pins  
Her richest lockram<sup>c</sup> 'bout her recchy neck,

"shouts" would perhaps be more suitable than either "cheers" or "claps." Thus, in Act I. Sc. 9, Coriolanus reprimands,—

"—— You shout me forth  
"In acclamations hyperbolical."

<sup>b</sup> — Malkin —] See note (4), p. 213, Vol. II.

<sup>c</sup> — lockram ] Lockram appears to have been a sort of cheap, linen.



Clambering the wall to eye him: stalls, bulks,  
 windows,  
 Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd  
 With variable complexions; all agreeing  
 In earnestness to see him: *seld-shown flames* \*  
 Do press among the popular throngs, and puff  
 To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames  
 Commit the war of white and damask, in  
 Their nicely-gawdied cheeks, to the wanton spoil  
 Of Phoebus' burning-kisses: such a pothor,  
 As if that whatsoever god who leads him,  
 Were sily crept into his human powers,  
 And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,

I warrant him consul.

Brv. Then our office may,

During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his  
 honours

From where he should begin and end; but will  
 Lose those he hath won.

Brv. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not  
 The commoners, for whom we stand, but they,  
 Upon their ancient malice, will forget,  
 With the least cause, these his new honours;  
 Which that he'll give them, make I as little  
 question

As he is proud to do't.

Brv. I heard him swear,

Were he to stand for consul, never would he  
 Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put  
 The napless\* vesture of humility;  
 Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds  
 To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Brv. It was his word: O, he would miss it,  
 rather

Than carry it but by the suit of the gentry to him,  
 And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,

Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it  
 In execution.

Brv. 'Tis most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him, then, as our good wills,  
 A sure destruction.

Brv. So it must fall out  
 To him or our authorities. For an end,  
 We must suggest the people in what hatred  
 He still hath held them; that to's power he  
 would

Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders,  
 And dispropertied their freedoms: holding them,  
 In human action and capacity,

Of no more soul nor fitness for the world,  
 Than camels in their war; who have their provand  
 Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows  
 For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested  
 At some time when his soaring insolence  
 Shall reach the people, (which time shall not  
 want,  
 If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,  
 As to set dogs on sheep) will be his fire  
 To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze  
 Shall darken him for ever.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Brv. What's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol.

'Tis thought that Marcius shall be consul:

I have seen the dumb men throng to see him,  
 And the blind to hear him speak: *matrons flung  
 gloves,*

Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchief,  
 Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,  
 As to Jove's statue; and the commons made  
 A shower and thunder, with their caps and shouts:  
 I never saw the like.

Brv. Let's to the Capitol;  
 And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,  
 But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. The Capitol.*

*Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.*

1 Off. Come, come, they are almost here.  
 How many stand for consulships?

2 Off. Three, they say: but 'tis thought of  
 every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1 Off. That's a brave fellow; but he's  
 vengeance proud, and loves not the common  
 people.

2 Off. Faith, there have been many great  
 men that have flattered the people; *the ne'er*  
 loved them; and there be many that they have  
 loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they  
 love they know not why, they hate upon no  
 better a ground: therefore, for Coriolanus neither  
 to care whether they love or hate him, manifests  
 the true knowledge he has in their disposition;

\* Old text, *Naples*.

*seld-shown flames*—] Priests *seldom* visible  
 — as our good wills, ] That is, as our profit requires

\* *Shall reach the people*,—] In the old text, "*touch the People*." The correction is Theobald's. Mr. Knight suggested, "*Shall touch the people*," which is equally probable and good.



and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see't.

1 OFF. If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waded indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes,—to flatter them for their love.

2 OFF. He hath deserved worthily of his country; and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted,\* without any further deed to heave<sup>b</sup> them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingratul injury; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 OFF. No more of him; he's a worthy man: make way, they are coming.

*A Sennet. Enter, with Victors before them, COMINIUS the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, many other Senators, SICINIUS and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.*

MEN. Having determined of the Volscos, And to send for Titus Lartius, it remains, As the main point of this our after-meeting, To gratify his noble service that hath Thus stood for his country: therefore, please you, Most reverend and grave elders, to desire The present consul, and last general In our well-found successes, to report A little of that worthy work perform'd By Caius Marcius Coriolanus;\* whom We meet † here, both to thank, and to remember With honours like himself.

1 SEN. Sprak, good Cominius: Leave nothing out for length, and make us think 'Rather our state's defective for requital, Than we to stretch it out.—Masters o' the people, We do request your kindest ears; and, after, Your loving motion toward the common body, To yield what passes here.

\* — bonneted,—] This is accepted as meaning, took off the cap, as in "Othello," Act I. Sc. 1, we have,—"Oft cap'd to him," but it may signify,—invested with the badge of consular dignity.

(\*) Old text, *Martius Cains*, &c

(†) Old text, *not*

<sup>b</sup> — to heave them—] Pope's emendation; the old text reading "to have them," &c.



COR. I do owe them still  
My life and services.

MEN. It then remains,  
That you do speak to the people.

COR. I do beseech you,  
Let me o'er-leap that custom; for I cannot  
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,  
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage:  
Please you, that I may pass this doing.

SIC. Sir, the people  
Must have their voices; neither will they bate  
One jot of ceremony.

MEN. Put them not to't:—  
Pray you, go fit you to the custom;  
And take to you, as your predecessors have,  
Your honour with your form.

COR. It is a part  
That I shall blush in acting, and might well  
Be taken from the people.

BRU. Mark you that?

COR. To brag unto them,—thus I did<sup>a</sup> and  
thus;— [hide,  
Show them the unaching scars which I should  
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire  
Of their breath only!—

MEN. Do not stand upon't.—  
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,  
Our purpose to them;—and to our noble consul  
Wish we all joy and honour.

SIC. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!  
[Flourish. *Exeunt all except SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

BRU. You see how he intends to use the people.

SIC. May they perceive's intent! He will re-  
quire them,  
As if he did condemn what he requested  
Should be in them to give.

BRU. Come, we'll inform them  
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,  
I know, they do attend us. [Exeunt.

### SCENE III.—The Same. The Forum.

*Enter several Citizens.*

1 CIT. Once,\* if he do require our voices, we  
ought not to deny him.

2 CIT. We may, sir, if we will.

3 CIT. We have power in ourselves to do it, but  
it is a power that we have no power to do; for if  
he show us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we  
are to put our tongues into those wounds, and  
for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds,

we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them.  
Ingratitude is monstrous; and for the multitude to  
be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the mul-  
titude; of the<sup>b</sup> which we being members, should  
bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 CIT. And, to make us no better thought of, a  
little help will serve; for once we stood up about  
the corn, he himself stuck not to call us—the many-  
headed multitude.

3 CIT. We have been called so of many; not  
that our heads are some brown, some black, some  
auburn,<sup>c</sup> some bald, but that our wits are so  
diversely coloured: and truly I think, if all our wits  
were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east,  
west, north, south: and their consent of one  
direct way should be at once to all the points  
o' the compass.

2 CIT. Think you so? which way do you judge  
my wit would fly?

3 CIT. Nay, your wit will not so soon out as  
another man's will,—'tis strongly wedged up in a  
block-head: but if it were at liberty, 't would, sure,  
southward.

2 CIT. Why that way?

3 CIT. To lose itself in a fog; where being  
three parts melted away with rotten dews, the  
fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to  
get thee a wife.

2 CIT. You are never without your tricks:—you  
may, you may.<sup>b</sup>

3 CIT. Are you all resolved to give your voices?  
But that's no matter, the greater part carries it.  
I say, if he would incline to the people, there was  
never a worthier man.—Here he comes, and in the  
gown of humility: mark his behaviour. We are  
not to stay all together, but to come by him where  
he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's  
to make his requests by particulars; wherein every  
one of us has a single honour, in giving him our  
own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow  
me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

ALL. Content, content. [Exeunt.

*Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.*

MEN. O, sir, you are not right: have you not  
known

The worthiest men have done't?

COR. What must I say?—

I pray, sir,—I plague upon't! I cannot bring  
My tongue to such a pace:—Look, sir;—my  
wounds;—

<sup>a</sup> Once,—] See note (a), p. 125, Vol. 1.  
<sup>b</sup> You may, you may.] This colloquialism, which, like another,  
sometimes heard at this day, in answer to idle badinage, "Go it,  
go it," appears to mean,—you have full liberty to divert yourself.  
occurs again in "Troilus and Cressida," Act III. Sc. 2.—

(\*) Old text, *Adram.*

"HAIL. By my truth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead."  
PAU. Ay, you may, you may."



*I got them in my country's service, when  
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran  
From the noise of our own drums.*

**MEN.** O me, the gods!  
You must not speak of that: you must desire them  
To think upon you.

**COR.** Think upon me? hang 'em!  
I would they would forget me, like the virtues  
Which our divines lose by 'em.

**MEN.** You'll mar all:  
I'll leave you. Pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you.  
In wholesome manner.

**COR.** Bid them wash their faces,  
And keep their teeth clean?— [*Exit MENENTUS.*]

*Enter two Citizens.\**

So, here comes a brace.—

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here  
**1 CIT.** We do, sir; tell us what hath brought  
you to't.

**COR.** Mine own desert.

**2 CIT.** Your own desert?

**COR.** Ay, not\* mine own desire.

**1 CIT.** How! not your own desire?

**COR.** No, sir: 'twas never my desire yet, to  
trouble the poor with begging.

**1 CIT.** You must think, if we give you anything,  
we hope to gain by you.

\* — [*two Citizens.*] The old direction says, 'Enter three of the  
'Citizens,' but wrongly.

(\*) Old text, but.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

1 Crr. The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly! Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to show you, which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, sir; what say you?

2 Crr. You shall ha't, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir?—There's in all two worthy voices begged:—I have your alms; adieu.

1 Crr. But this is something odd.

2 Crr. An 'twere to give again,—but 'tis no matter.

[*Exeunt the two Citizens.*]

*Re-enter two other Citizens.*

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

1 Crr. You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

1 Crr. You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitedly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountiful to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

2 Crr. We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1 Crr. You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no farther.

Both Crr. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!

[*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Most sweet voices!—

Better it is to die, better to starve,  
Than crave the hire\* which first we do deserve.  
Why in this woolvish gown<sup>b</sup> should I stand here,  
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do† appear,  
Their needless vouchers? Custom calls me to't:—  
What custom wills, in all things should we do't,

The dust on antique time would lie unswept,  
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd  
For truth to over-peer.—Rather than fool it so,  
Let the high offices and the honour go  
To one that would do thus.—I am half through;  
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.—  
Here come more voices,—

*Enter three other Citizens.*

Your voices! for your voices I have fought;  
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices hear  
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six  
I have seen, and heard of; for your voices have  
Done many things, some less, some more:  
Your voices! Indeed, I would be consul.

1 Crr. He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

2 Crr. Therefore let him be consul: the gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen.—God save thee, noble consul!

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Cor. Worthy voices!

*Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS and SICINUS.*

Men. You have stood your limitation;  
And the tribunes endue you with the people's voice?

Remains that, in the official marks invested,  
You anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd:  
The people do admit you; and are summon'd  
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,  
Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Brut. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.*]

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,  
'Tis warm at 's heart.

(\*) Old text, *higher*.

† Old text, *does*.

\* A match, sir! The meaning, we take to be this. Coriolanus having won the voice of one citizen, turns to the other with the inquiry, Will you match it? and then proceeds,—“There's in all two worthy voices begged:” &c.

<sup>b</sup> — woolvish gown—] This is thelection of the second folio.

the first has, “woolvish *tongur*,” which has been emended into “woolvish *togur*,” “foolish *togur*,” and “woolvish *togur*,” the last a suggestion of Mr Collier's indefatigable annotator; but the passage appears still open to controversy. Possibly, after all that has been written about it, the term “woolvish” may have been intended to apply to the mob, and not to the vestment, and the genuine reading be, “woolvish *throng*.”



BRU. With a proud heart he wore his humble weeds.  
Will you dismiss the people?

*Re-enter Citizens.*

SIC. How now, my masters? have you chose this man?

1 CIT. He has our voices, sir.

BRU. We pray the gods, he may deserve your loves.

2 CIT. Amon, sir:—to my poor unworthy notice,

He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

3 CIT. Certainly,  
He flouted us down-right.

1 CIT. No, 'tis his kind of speech,—he did not mock us.

2 CIT. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says

He us'd us scornfully: he should have show'd us  
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for 's country.

SIC. Why, so he did, I am sure.

CITIZENS. No, no; no man saw 'em.

3 CIT. He said he had wounds, which he could show in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,  
*I would be consul, says he: aged custom,  
But by your voices, will not so permit me;  
Your voices therefore: when we granted that,  
Here was,—I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—*

*Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your voices,*

*I have no further with you:—was not this mockery?*

SIC. Why, either were you ignorant to see't,  
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness  
To yield your voices?

BRU. Could you not have told him,  
As you were lesson'd,—when he had no power,  
But was a petty servant to the state,  
Ho was your enemy; ever spake against  
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear  
I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving

A place of potency, and sway o' the state,  
 If he should still malignantly remain  
 Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might  
 Be curses to yourselves? You should have said,  
 That as his worthy deeds did claim no less  
 Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature  
 Would think upon you for your voices.  
 And translate his malice towards you into love,  
 Standing your friendly lords.

Sic. Thus to have said,  
 As you were fore-advise'd, had touch'd his spirit  
 And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd  
 Either his gracious promise, which you might,  
 As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;  
 Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,  
 Which easily endures not article  
 Tying him to wight; so, putting him to rage,  
 You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,  
 And pass'd him unelected.

Brv. Did you perceive,  
 He did solicit you in free contempt,  
 When he did need your loves; and do you think  
 That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,  
 When he hath power to crush? Why, had your  
 bodies

No heart among you? or had you tongues to cry  
 Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you, ere now, denied the asker?  
 And now again, of him that did not ask, but mock,  
 Bestow your su'd-for tongues? [yet.

1 Crr. He's not confirm'd; we may deny him

2 Crr. And will deny him:

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 Crr. I twice five hundred, and their friends  
 to piece 'em.

Brv. Get you hence instantly; and tell those  
 friends,—

They have chose a consul, that will from them take  
 Their liberties; make them of no more voice  
 Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,  
 As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble;  
 And, on a safer judgment, all revoke  
 Your ignorant election: enforce his pride,  
 And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not  
 With what contempt he wore the numble weed;  
 How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,  
 Thinking upon his services, took from you  
 The apprehension of his present portance,  
 Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion  
 After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Brv. Lay a fault on us, your tribunes;  
 That we labour'd (no impediment between)  
 But that you must fast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him more after our com-  
 mandment,

Than as guided by your own true affections; and  
 that,

Your minds, pre-occupied with what you rather  
 must do,

Than what you should, made you against the grain  
 To voice him consul: lay the fault on us.

Brv. Ay, spare us not. Say we read lectures  
 to you

How youngly he began to serve his country,  
 How long continued; and what stock he springs  
 of,—

The noble house o' the Marcians; from whence  
 came

That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,  
 Who, after great Hostilius, here was king;  
 Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,  
 That our best water brought by conduits hither;  
 [And Censorinus, darling of the people,] (1)  
 And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor,  
 Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,  
 That hath beside well in his person wrought  
 To be set high in place, we did commend  
 To your remembrances: but you have found,  
 Sealing his present bearing with his past,  
 That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke  
 Your sudden approbation.

Brv. Say, you ne'er had done't,  
 (Harp on that still) but by our putting on: \*  
 And presently, when you have drawn your number,  
 Repair to the Capitol.

CITIZENS. We will so: almost all repent in  
 their election. [Exeunt Citizens.]

Brv. Let them go on;  
 This mutiny were better put in hazard,  
 Than stay, past doubt, for greater:  
 If, as his nature is, he fall in rage  
 With their refusal, both observe and answer  
 The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol:  
 Come; we'll be there before the stream o' the  
 people;

And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,  
 Which we have goaded onward. [Exeunt.]

\* — our putting on ] Our incitation, or provoking





### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.—*The same. A Street.*

*Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS. Senators, and Patricians.*

COR. Tullus Aufidius, then, had made new head?  
[which caus'd]

LART. He had, my lord; and that it was  
Our swifter composition.

COR. So, then, the Volscies stand but as at first;  
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road  
Upon's again.

COM. They are worn, lord consul, so,  
That we shall hardly in our ages see  
Their banners wave again.

COR. Saw you Aufidius?

LART. On, sate-guard he came to me; and did  
curse

Against the Volscies, for they had so vilely  
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

COR. Spoke he of me?

LART. He did, my lord.

COR. How? what?

LART. How often he had met you, sword to  
sword:

That of all things upon the earth he hated  
Your person most; that he would pawn his fortunes  
To hopeless restitution, so he might  
Be call'd your vanquisher.

COR. At Antium lives he?

LART. At Antium.

COR. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,  
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.

[To LARTIUS.]

*Enter SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.*

Behold, these are the tribunes of the people,  
The tongues o' the common mouth: I do despise  
them;

For they do prank them in authority,

Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further!

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Brut. It will be dangerous to go on: no further!

Cor. What makes this change?

MEN. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the noble, and the  
common?

Brut. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

1 Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the  
market-place.

Brut. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop!  
Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?—  
Must these have voices, that can yield them now,  
And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are  
your offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their  
teeth?

Have you not set them on?

MEN. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot.  
To curb the will of the nobility:—

Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule.

Nor ever will be rul'd.

Brut. Call't not a plot.  
The people cry you mock'd them; and of late,  
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd,  
Scandal'd the supplicants for the people,—call'd  
them

Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Brut. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them suttience?

Brut. How! I inform them!

Cor.\* You are like to do such business.

Brut. Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why, then, should I be consul? By yond  
clouds,

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me  
Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You show too much of that  
For which the people stir: if you will pass  
To where you are bound, you must enquire your  
way,

Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;

\*~~Or~~ never be so noble as a consul,

Nor yoke with him for tribune.

MEN.

Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd.—Set on.—This  
paltering

Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus  
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely  
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor.

Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak't again,—

MEN. Not now, not now.

1 Sen.

Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler  
fiends.

I crave their pardons.—

For the mutable, rank-scented many.

Let them regard me as I do not flatter,\*

And therein behold themselves: I say again,

In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate

The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,

Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and  
scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;

Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that

Which they have given to beggars.

MEN.

Well, no more.

1 Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor.

How! no more?

As for my country I have shed my blood,  
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs  
Coin words till their decay against those meazels,  
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought  
The very way to catch them.

Brut. You speak o' the people, as if you were  
a god

To punish, not a man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well, we let the people know't.

MEN. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler! Were I as patient as the mid-  
night sleep,

By Jove, 't would be my mind!

Sic.

It is a mind

That shall remain a poison where it is,

Not poison any further

Cor.

Shall remain—

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you  
His absolute shall?

Com.

'T was from the canon.

Cor.

Shall!

O, good,† but most unwise patricians, why!  
You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus  
Given Hydra here\* to choose an officer,  
That with his peremptory shall, being but

\* Old text, *Com*  
† Old text, *O God*

\* *Given Hydra here*—[Mr Collier's annotation reads,— "*Given*  
*Hydra here*," &c]

The horn and noise o' the monster,\* wants not spirit  
To say he'll turn your current in a ditch,  
And make your channel his? If he have power,  
Then vail your ignorance; <sup>b</sup> if none, awake  
Your dangerous lenity.<sup>c</sup> If you are learn'd,  
Be not as common<sup>d</sup> fools; if you are not,  
Let them have cushions by you. You are ple-  
beians,

If they be senators; and they are no less.  
When, both your voices blended, the great'st taste  
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;  
And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,  
His popular *shall*, against a graver bench  
Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,  
It makes the consuls base! and my soul aches  
To know, when two authorities are up,  
Neither supreme, how soon confusion  
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take  
The one by t'other.

COM. Well,—on to the market-place.

CON. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth  
The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 't was us'd  
Sometime in Greece,—

MEN. Well, well, no more of that.

CON. Though there the people had more abso-  
lute power, —

I say, they nourish'd disobedience,  
Fed the ruin of the state.

BAR. Why, shall the people give  
One that speaks thus their voice?

CON. I'll give my reasons,  
More worthier than their voices. They know the  
corn

Was not our recompense, resting well assur'd  
They ne'er did service for't. being press'd to the  
war,

Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,  
They would not thread the gates;—this kind of  
service

Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war  
Their murmes and revolts, wherein they show'd

Most valour, spoke not for them: the accusations  
Which they have often made against the senate,  
All cause unborn, could never be the motive\*  
Of our so frank donation; well, what then?  
How shall this *bisson* multitude<sup>e</sup> digest  
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express  
What's like to be their words:—*We did request it;*  
*We are the greater poll, and in true fear*  
*They gave us our demands:*—thus we debase  
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble  
Call our cares fears; which will in time break open  
The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows  
To peck the eagles.—(1)

MEN. Come, enough.

BAR. Enough, with over-measure.

CON. No, take more:

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,  
Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,—  
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other  
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title,  
wisdom,

Cannot conclude but by the yea and no  
Of general ignorance,—it must omit  
Real necessities, and give way the while  
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it  
follows,

Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech  
you,—

You that will be less fearful than discreet;  
That love the fundamental part of state,  
More than you doubt the change on't; that prefer  
A noble life before a long, and wish  
To jump<sup>f</sup> a body with a dangerous physic  
That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck  
out

The multitudinous tongue; let them not lick  
The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour  
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state  
Of that integrity which should become't;  
Not having the power to do the good it would,  
For the ill which doth control it.

(\*) Old text, *nature*, corrected by Mason.

have cushions," &c. instruct us to read,— "*commons' fools*"?   
e *How shall this bisson multitude*, &c.] Not understanding what  
has been said, and much more (that might be said, in support of  
the old reading, "bosom multiplied," as meaning, *many-stomach'd*,  
we accept this emendation of Mr. Collier's annotator, as an  
almost certain restoration of the poet's text.

f *To jump a body with a dangerous physic*—] So the old text,  
and so Steevens and Malone, who explain "jump" as *risk* or  
*hazard*. Pope's emendation is "leap," and he is followed, among  
others, by Mr. Lyce and Mr. Knight. Mr. Singer reads "leap."  
We have not presumed to change the ancient text, but have  
little doubt that "To jump" is a misprint, and the true lection,—  
"To *purge* a body with a dangerous physic," &c.

Thus in "Macbeth," Act V. Sc. 2.—

"Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal;  
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,  
Each drop of us."

Again, in the same play, Act V. Sc. 3.—

"—my land, find her disease  
And purge it to a sound and pristine health."

So also, in Ben Jonson's "Catiline," Act III. Sc. 1:—

"—who with fire must purge sick Rome," &c.

\* The horn and noise o' the monster.—] In the old text,  
"monsters." The correction was made by Capell, and also by  
Mr. Collier's annotator.

b *If he have power,*  
*Then vail your ignorance.*

For "ignorance," Mr. Collier's annotator has "*impotence*," but  
to call men to *know*, and Coriolanus would hardly call upon his  
brother patricians to *know* his *impotence*. The genuine word  
was far more probably *ignorance*, or a *gnorice*, i. e. senatorial dignity,  
*magistracy*, &c.

c *If none, awake*  
*Your dangerous lenity.*

Mr. Collier's annotator would change this to,

"—*—revolve*  
*Your dangerous bounty*"

an emendation, however clever, of very questionable propriety;  
for "lenity" in this place does not, perhaps, mean mildness, but  
*latitude*, *indulgence*, *supineness*. So, in Plutarch's life of Corio-  
lanus:—"For he [Marcus] alleged, that the creditors losing their  
money they had lent, was not the worst thing; but that the *lenity*  
[i. e. the inaction of the people when summoned to resist the  
enemies] was favoured, was a beginning of disobedience," &c.

d — as common fools.] Does not the next line,—"Let them

BRU. H'as said enough.

SIC. H'as spoken like a traitor, and shall answer As traitors do.

COR. Then wretch, despite o'erwhelm thee!—What should the people do with these bald tribunes?

On whom depending, their obedience fails To the greater bench: in a rebellion, When what's not meet, but what must be, was law, Then were they chosen; in a better hour, Let what is meet be said it must be meet, And throw their power i' the dust.

BRU. Manifest treason!

SIC. This a consul? no.

BRU. The ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

SIC. Go, call the people:—[Exit BRUTUS.] in whose name, myself

Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator, A foe to the public weal: obey, I charge thee, And follow to thine answer.

COR. Hence, old goat!

SEN. AND PAT. We'll surely him.

COR. Ag'd sir, hands off.

COR. Hence, rotten thing! or I shall shake thy bones

Out of thy garments.

SIC. Help, ye citizens!

*Re-enter BRUTUS, with the Ædiles, and a rabble of Citizens.*

MEN. On both sides more respect.

SIC. Here's he, that would take from you all your power.

BRU. Seize him, Ædiles!

CITIZENS. Down with him! down with him!

2 SEN. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about CORIOLANUS.*]

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

CITIZENS. Peace, peace, peace! stay, hold, peace!

MEN. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;

Confusion's near;—I cannot speak.—You, tribunes

To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:—

Speak, good Sicinius.

SIC. Hear me, people;—peace!

CITIZENS. Let's hear our tribune—peace!

Speak, speak, speak!

SIC. You are at point to lose your liberties:

Marcus would have all from you; Marcus, whom late you have nam'd for consul.

MEN.

Fie, fie, fie!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 SEN. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

SIC. What is the city, but the people?

CITIZENS.

True,

The people are the city.

BRU. By the consent of all, we were establish'd The people's magistrates.

CITIZENS.

You so remain.

MEN. And so are like to do.

COR. That is the way to lay the city flat;

To bring the roof to the foundation,

And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,

In heaps and piles of ruin.

SIC.

This deserves death.

BRU. Or let us stand to our authority,

Or let us lose it.—We do here pronounce,

Upon the part o' the people, in whose power

We were elected theirs, Marcus is worthy

Of present death.

SIC.

Therefore, lay hold of him;

Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence Into destruction cast him!

BRU.

Ædiles, seize him!

CITIZENS. Yield, Marcus, yield!

MEN.

Hear me one word.

Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

ÆD. Peace, peace!

[friend,

MEN. Be that you seem, truly your country's And temperately proceed to what you would Thus violently redress.

BRU.

Sir, those cold ways,

That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous Where the disease is violent.—Lay hands upon him,

And bear him to the rock!

COR.

No; I'll die here.

[*Drawing his sword.*]

There's some among you have beheld me fighting; Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

MEN. Down with that sword!—Tribunes, withdraw awhile.

BRU. Lay hands upon him!

MEN.

Help Marcus, help,

You that be noble! help him, young and old!

CITIZENS. Down with him, down with him!

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the People, are beat out.*]

MEN. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away!

All will be bought else.

2 SEN.

Get you gone.

\* That is the way to lay the city flat;] It is usual, though in opposition to the old copies, to assign this speech to Coriolanus, on account of what Sicinius says immediately after it,—  
"——— This deserves death "

But the speech is not at all characteristic of Coriolanus; and the observation of the Tribunes refers to what he had previously spoken,—  
" Marcus would have all from you," &c

COR.\* Stand fast ;  
We have as many friends as enemies.

MEN. Shall it be put to that ?

1 SEN. The gods forbid !  
I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house ;  
Leave us to cure this cause.

MEN. For 'tis a sore upon us,  
You cannot tent yourself: begone, beseech you.

COM. Come, sir, along with us.<sup>a</sup> [are.

COR. I would they were barbarians, (as they  
Though in Rome litter'd) not Romans, (as they  
are not,

Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol) —

MEN. Be gone ;  
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue,  
One time will owe another.

COR. On fair ground, I could beat forty of them.

MEN. I could myself take up a brace o' the best  
of them ; yea, the two tribunes.

COM. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic,  
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands  
Against a falling fabric. — Will you hence,  
Before the tag return ? whose rage doth rend  
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear  
What they are us'd to bear.

MEN. Pray you, be gone .  
I'll try whether my old wit be in request  
With those that have but little: this must be patch'd  
With cloth of any colour.

COM. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, and others.*]

1 PAT. This man has marr'd his fortune.

MEN. His nature is too noble for the world  
He would not flatter Noptune for his trident.  
Or Jove for's power to thunder. His heart's his  
mouth :

What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent ;  
And, being angry, does forget that ever  
He heard the name of death. [*A noise without.*  
Here's goodly work !

2 PAT. I would they were a-bed !

MEN. I would they were in Tiber ! — What, the  
vengeance,  
Could he not speak 'em fair ?

*Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the rabble.*

SIC. Where is this viper,  
That would depopulate the city,  
And be every man himself ?

\* Old text, *Com*

<sup>a</sup> Com. Come, sir, along with us ! In the distribution of this  
and the two following speeches, we follow the arrangement pro-  
posed by Tyrwhitt. The old copies present them thus, —

" CORIO. Come, Sir, along with us.  
MEN. I would they were Barbarians, as they are,  
Though in Rome litter'd, not Romans, as they are not.  
Though calv'd i' th' Porch o' th' Capitol.  
Be gone, and not your worthy Rage in to your Tongue,  
One time will owe another."

MEN.

You worthy tribunes, —  
Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock.  
With rigorous hands he hath resisted law,  
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial  
Than the severity of the public power,  
Which he so sets at naught.

1 CIT.

He shall well know,  
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,  
And we their hands.

CITIZENS.

He shall, sure on't.

[*Several speak together.*]

MEN. Sir, sir, —

Sic. Peace !

[*but hunt*

MEN. Do not cry, *Havoc*,<sup>b</sup> where you should  
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes't that you have help

To make this rescue ?

MEN.

Hear me speak : —

As I do know the consul's worthiness,  
So can I name his faults : —

Sic.

Consul ! — what consul ?

MEN. The consul Coriolanus.

Brv.

He consul !

CITIZENS. No, no, no, no, no !

MEN. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours,  
good people,

I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two ;  
The which shall turn you to no further harm,  
Than so much loss of time.

Sic.

Speak briefly, then ;

For we are peremptory to despatch  
This viperous traitor : to eject him hence,  
Were but one danger, and to keep him here  
Our certain death ; therefore, it is decreed,  
He dies to-night.

MEN.

Now the good gods forbid  
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude  
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd  
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam  
Should now eat up her own !

Sic. He's a disease that must be cut away.

MEN. O, he's a limb that has but a disease ;  
Mortal, to cut it off ; to cure it, easy.  
What has he done to Rome that's worthy death ?  
Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost,  
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,  
By many an ounce) he dropp'd it for his country —  
And what is left, to lose it by his country,  
Were to us all, that do't and suffer it,  
A brand to the end o' the world.

<sup>b</sup> — *cry, Havoc*, —] To "*cry, Havoc*," appears to have been a  
signal for indiscriminate slaughter, the expression occurs again  
in "*King John*," Act II. Sc. 2 —

" *Cry, Havoc, Kings* "

and in "*Julius Cæsar*," Act III. Sc. 1. —

" *Cry, Havoc* ! and let slip the dogs of war "

<sup>c</sup> *Were but one danger*,] Theobald altered this to, " — but our  
danger."



Sic. This is clean kam.\*

Brv. Merely awry: when he did love his country,  
It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot  
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected  
For what before it was?

Brv. We'll hear no more.—  
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence.  
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,  
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.  
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find  
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,  
Tie leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by process  
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out  
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Brv. If it were so,—

Sic. What do ye talk?

Have we not had a taste of his obedience?  
Our Ædiles smote! ourselves resisted!—come,—

Men. Consider this;—he has been bred i' the  
wars

Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd  
In bouted language; meal and bran together  
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,  
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him.<sup>b</sup>  
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,  
(In peace) to his utmost peril.

1 Sen. Noble tribunes,  
It is the humane way: the other course  
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it  
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,  
Be you, then, as the people's officer.—  
Masters, lay down your weapons.

\* — clean kam! Equivalent to *vigmarate*, *rhodomontade*  
b — to bring him.— The old text adds "in peace," which Pope

omitted, as injurious to the measure, and because the words are repeated two lines below.

BRU.

Go not home.

SIC. Meet on the market-place.—We'll attend you there:

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed in our first way.

MEN. I'll bring him to you:—

Let me desire your company: [*To the Senators.*]  
he must come,

Or what is worst will follow.

1 SEN.

Pray you, let's to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

COR.

Let go.

VOL. You might have been enough the man you are,

With striving less to be so: lesser had been

The thwartings\* of your dispositions, if

You had not show'd them how ye were dispos'd

Ere they lack'd power to cross you

COR.

Let them hang!

VOL. Ay, and burn too!

*Enter MENENIUS and Senators*MEN. Come, come, you have been too rough,  
something too rough;

You must return and mend it.

1 SEN.

There's no remedy;

Unless, by not so doing, our good city

Cleave in the midst, and perish.

VOL.

Pray, be counsel'd.

I have a heart as little apt as yours,

But yet a brain that leads my use of anger,

To better vantage.<sup>b</sup>

MEN.

Well said, noble woman!

Before he should thus stoop to the herd,\* but that

The violent fit o' the time craves it as physis

For the whole state, I'd put mine armour on,

Which I can scarcely bear.

COR.

What must I do?

MEN. Return to the tribunes.

COR. Well, what then? what then?

MEN. Repent what you have spoke.

COR. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;  
Must I, then, do't to them?

VOL.

You are too absolute;

Though therein you can never be too noble,

But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,

Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends, [*me,*]

I' the war do grow together: grant that, and tell

In peace, what each of them by the other lose,

That they combine not there.

COR.

Tush, tush!

MEN.

A good demand.

VOL. If it be honour in your wars to seem

## SCENE II.—A Room in Coriolanus's House.

*Enter CORIOLANUS and Patricians.*

COR. Let them pull all about mine ears: present me

Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;

Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,

That the precipitation might down stretch

Below the beam of sight; yet will I still

Be thus to them.

1 PAT.

You do the nobler.

COR. I muse my mother

Does not approve me further, who was wont

To call them woollen vassals, things created

To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads

In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,

When one but of my ordinance stood up

To speak of peace or war.—

*Enter VOLUMNIA.*

I talk of you:

Why did you wish me milder? would you have me

False to my nature? Rather say, I play

The man I am.

VOL.

O, sir, sir, sir!

I would have had you put your power well on,

Before you had worn it out.

\* The thwartings—] An emendation of Theobald's, the old text having,—“The things.” &amp;c

b

I have a heart as little apt as yours.

But yet a brain that leads my use of anger.

To better vantage.]

Mr Collier's annotator here indulges in one of his most daring flights,—the intercalation of a whole line!—rendering the passage thus,—

“I have a heart as little apt as yours,

To brook reproof without the use of anger,

But yet a brain that leads my use of anger.

To better vantage.”

This interpolation, (which, by the way, has been corrupted or corrected since its publication in Mr. Collier's “Notes and Emendations,” and in his Mono-volume Shakespeare, where it reads,—

“To brook control without the use of anger.”)

we hold to be quite superfluous, and, if even a lacuna were manifest, to be altogether inadmissible. For admitting, which we

(\*) Old text, heart, corrected by Theobald.

are not guilty of, the antiquity claimed by Mr. Collier for the marginal annotations of his copy of the second folio, we agree with Mr. R. G. White (Shakespeare's Scholar, p. 76), that, “the interpolation of an entire line by one man in 1662, is as little justifiable as the interpolation of an entire scene by another man in 1769 or 1853.” That there is a difficulty in the construction of the speech as it stands in the ancient text, nobody can deny. But it is surely one susceptible of a solution less perilous and arbitrary than the insertion of a new line. Mr. Singer proposed to read *soft* for “apt;” an emendation which has not been favourably received. Our own impression, long before the “Perkins folio” came to light, was that the transcriber or compositor had slightly erred in the words “as little,” and that the poet probably wrote,—*of mettle, i.e. of temper, &c.*—

“I have a heart of mettle apt as yours,”

which naturally enough led to

“But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,  
To better vantage.”

The same you are not, (which, for your best ends,  
You adopt your policy) how is it less or worse,  
That it shall hold companionship in peace  
With honour, as in war, since that to both  
It stands in like request?

Cor.

Why force you this?

Vol. Because,

That now it lies upon to speak to the people;  
Not by your own instruction, nor by the matter  
Which your heart prompts you, but with such words  
That are but rotes in your tongue,  
Though but bastards, and syllables<sup>a</sup>  
Of no allowance<sup>b</sup> to your bosom's truth.  
Now, this no more dishonours you at all  
Than to take in a town<sup>c</sup> with gentle words,  
Which else would put you to your fortune, and  
The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where  
My fortunes and my friends at stake requir'd  
I should do so in honour: I am in this,  
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;  
And you will rather show our general louts  
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em,  
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard  
Of what that want might ruin.

MEN.

Noble lady!—

Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,  
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss  
Of what is past.

Vol.

I pr'ythee now, my son,  
Go to them, with this bount in thy hand;  
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with  
them)<sup>d</sup>

Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business  
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant  
More learned than the ears) waving thy head,  
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,  
Now humble as the ripest mulberry  
That will not hold the handling: or, say to them,  
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,  
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,  
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,  
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame  
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far  
As thou hast power and person.

MEN.

This but done,

Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours:  
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free  
As words to little purpose.

<sup>a</sup> Though but bastards, and syllables, &c.] In this speech we follow the arrangement of the old copies, which though imperfect is infinitely preferable to that adopted by all the modern editions. The verse before us is evidently corrupt; "but" seems to have crept in from the preceding line, and some word to have been lost; we may be permitted to guess that it originally ran,—

"Though'st bastards, and persuading syllables,"

or, "Though'st bastards, and glib syllables,"

<sup>b</sup> Of no allowance,—] Johnson and Capell read,—"Of no alli-

<sup>c</sup> —to take in a town—] To take in, meant to win, or subdue.

<sup>d</sup> —(here be with them)—] That is, adopt this action. So in

Vol.

God, and be rul'd; although I know thou hadst  
rather

Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,  
Than flatter him in a bower.—Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place; and, sir,  
'tis fit

You make strong party, or defend yourself  
By calumnies or by absence; all's in angor.

MEN. Only fair speech.

Com.

I think 'twill serve,  
If he can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol.

He must, and will:—  
Pr'ythee now, say you will, and go about it.

Com. Must I go show them my unbarbed  
sconce?

Must I with my base tongue give to my noble  
heart

A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:  
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,  
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind  
it,

And throw't against the wind.—To the market-  
place:—

You have put me now to such a part, which never  
I shall discharge to the life.

Com.

Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son,—as thou hast  
said

My praises made thee first a soldier, so,  
To have my praise for this, perform a part  
Thou hast not done before.

Com.

Well, I must do't:

Away, my disposition, and possess me  
Some harlot's spirit! my throat of war be turn'd,  
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe  
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice  
That babies lulla asleep! the smiles of knaves  
Tent in my cheeks; and schoolboys' tears take up  
The glasses of my sight! a beggar's tongue  
Make motion through my lips: and my arm'd  
knees,

Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his  
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't;  
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,

Brome's comedy, "A Jovial Crew, or The Merry Beggars," Act II. Sc. 1, Springrove, describing his having solicited alms as a cripple, says,—"I forsooth I was with him" [Holla.

—waving thy head,

Which often, &c.]

We would read,—

—waving thy head,—

While often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,  
Now humble as the ripest mulberry  
That will not hold the handling,—say to them," &c.

[—unbarbed sconce!] Unbarbed here means, bare, uncovered



And, by my body's action, teach my mind  
A most inherent baseness.

VOL. At thy choice then  
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour  
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let  
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear  
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death  
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.  
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'st it from  
me;

But owe thy pride thyself.

COR. Pray, be content:  
Mother, I am going to the market-place;  
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,  
Cog their hearts from them, and come home  
belov'd

Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going.  
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul,  
Or never trust to what my tongue can do  
I' the way of flattery further.

VOL. Do your will. [Exit.

COM. Away! the tribunes do attend you: arm  
yourself

To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd  
With accusations, as I hear, more strong  
Than are upon you yet.

COR. The world is, *mildly*:—pray you, let us  
go:

Let them accuse me by invention, I  
Will answer in mine honour.

MEN. Ay, but mildly.

COR. Well, *mildly* be it, then: *mildly*.  
[Exit.

### SCENE III.—The same The Forum

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

BRU. In this point charge him home,—that he  
affects  
Tyrannical power: if he evade us there,  
Enforce him with his envy to the people;  
And that the spoil got on the Antiates  
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?

ÆD. He's coming.

BRU. How accompanied?

ÆD. With old Menenius, and those senators  
That always favour'd him.

SIC. Have you a catalogue

Of all the voices that we have procur'd,  
Set down by the poll?

ÆD. I have; 'tis ready.

SIC. Have you collected them by tribes?

ÆD. I have

SIC. Assemble presently the people hither:

And when they hear me say, *It shall be so*  
*I' the right and strength o' the commons*, be it  
either

For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,  
If I say fine, cry *Fine*;—if death, cry *Death*;  
Insisting on the old prerogative  
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

ÆD. I shall inform them.

BRU. And when such time they have begun i'  
cry,

Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd  
Enforce the present execution  
Of what we chance to sentence.

ÆD. Very well.

SIC. Make them be strong, and ready for this  
hint.

When we shall hap to give't them.

BRU. Go about it.—  
[Exit Ædile.

Put him to choler straight: he hath been us'd  
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth<sup>a</sup>  
Of contradiction: being once chaf'd he cannot  
Be rem'd again to temperance, then he speaks  
What's in his heart; and that is there which looks  
With us to break his neck.

SIC. Well, here he comes.

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Sena-  
tors, and Patricians.

MEN. Calmly, I do beseech you.

COR. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece  
Will bear the knave by the volume.—The  
honour'd gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice  
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among's!  
Throng\* our large temples with the shows of  
peace,

And not our streets with war!

1 SEN. Amen. amen!

MEN. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

SIC. Draw near, ye people.

ÆD. List to your tribunes; audience! peace, I  
say!

<sup>a</sup> — to have his worth  
[Of contradiction.]

(\*) Old text, *Through*, corrected by Theobald.

so the old text. Rowe prints, "his word of," &c., Capell, "his  
word of," understanding 'worth to be a contraction of *pennyworth*."

and Mr Collier's annotator reads, "his mouth of," &c. But we  
are by no means convinced that any change is required



COR. First, hear me speak.

BOTH TRI. Well, say.—Peace, ho!

COR. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?

Must all determine here?

SIC. I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,  
Allow their officers, and are content  
To suffer lawful censure for such faults  
As shall be prov'd upon you?

COR. I am content.

MEN. Lo, citizens, he says he is content.  
The warlike service he has done, consider; think  
Upon the wounds his body bears, which show  
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

COR. Scratches with briers,

Scars to move laughter only.

MEN.

Consider further.

That when he speaks not like a citizen,  
You find him like a soldier: do not take  
His rougher accents\* for malicious sounds,  
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,  
Rather than envy you.

COM.

Well, well, no more.

COR. What is the matter,

That being pass'd for consul with full voice,  
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour  
You take it off again?

SIC.

Answer to us.

COR. Say, then: 'tis true, I ought so. [take

SIC. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to

\* Old text, actions, corrected by Theobald.

From Rome all season'd office, and to wind  
Yourself into a power tyrannical;  
For which you are a traitor to the people.

COR. How! traitor?

MEN. Nay, temperately: your promise.

COR. The fires of the lowest hell fold in the people!

Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune!  
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,  
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in  
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,  
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free  
As I do pray the gods!

SIC. Mark you this, people?

CITIZENS. To the rock! to the rock with him!

SIC. Peace!

We need not put new matter to his charge:  
What you have seen him do, and heard him  
speak,

Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,  
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying  
Those whose great power must try him; even  
this,

So criminal, and in such capital kind,  
Deserves the extremest death.

BRU. But since he hath serv'd well for Rome,—

COR. What do you prate of service?

BRU. I talk of that, that know it.

COR. You?

MEN. Is this the promise that you made your  
mother?

COR. Know, I pray you,—

COR. I'll know no further:

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,  
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger  
But with a grain of day.—I would not buy  
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;  
Nor check my courage for what they can give,  
To have't with saying, Good morrow.

SIC. For that he has  
(As much as in him lies) from time to time  
Envied\* against the people, seeking means  
To pluck away their power: has now at last  
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence  
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers  
That do distribute it; in the name of the people.  
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,  
Even from this instant, banish him our city;  
In peril of precipitation  
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more  
To enter our Rome gates. I the people's name,  
I say it shall be so.

\* Envied against the people.—That is, Stevens explains,  
"Behaved with signs of hatred to the people," but "envied" here  
is perhaps only a misprint of *Inveighed*; so in North's Plutarch,  
(Life of Solon) —"But Solon going up into the pulpit orations,  
stoutly inveighed against it."

b — cry of curs! Cry here means pack.

c Making but reservation of yourselves.—This, since Capell's

CITIZENS. It shall be so! it shall be so! let  
him away!

He's banish'd, and it shall be so!

COM. Hear me, my masters, and my common  
friends,—

SIC. He's sentenc'd; no more hearing.

COM. Let me speak:

I have been consul, and can show for\* Rome,  
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love  
My country's good with a respect more tender,  
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,  
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,  
And treasure of my loins: then if I would  
Speak that—

SIC. We know your drift: speak what?

BRU. There's no more to be said, but he is  
banish'd,

As enemy to the people and his country:

It shall be so.

CITIZENS. It shall be so! it shall be so!

COR. You common cry<sup>b</sup> of curs! whose breath  
I hate

As rock o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize  
As the dead carcasses of unburied men  
That do corrupt my air,—I banish you;  
And here remain with your uncertainty!  
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!  
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,  
Fan you into despair! Have the power still  
To banish your defenders; till at length  
Your ignorance, (which finds not till it feels)  
Making but<sup>c</sup> reservation of yourselves,  
(Still your own foes) deliver you,  
As most abated captives, to some nation  
That won you without blows! Despising,  
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:  
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS, Senators, and Patricians.]

ÆD. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

CITIZENS. Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone!  
Hoo! hoo!

[*Shouting, and throwing up their caps.*]

SIC. Go, see him out at gates, and follow  
him,

As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;  
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard  
Attend us through the city.

CITIZENS. Come, come, let us see him out at  
gates; come:—

The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—come.

[*Exeunt.*]

(\*) Old text, *from*, corrected by Theobald.

edition, has been invariably printed, "Making not reservation," &c., to the complete destruction of the sense, which manifestly is, —Banish all your defenders as you do me, till, at last, your ignorance, having reserved only your impotent selves, always your own foes, deliver you the humbled captives to some nation, &c. &c.



## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—Rome. *Before a Gate of the City.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, and several young Patricians.*

COR. Come, leave your tears ; a brief farewell :  
—the Beast

With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,  
Where is your ancient courage ? you were us'd

To say extremity<sup>a</sup> was the trier of spirits ;—  
That common chances common men could  
bear ;—

That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike  
Show'd mastership in floating ;—Fortune's blows,  
When most struck home, being gentle wounded,  
craves

<sup>a</sup> To say extremity was—] So the second folio ; the first has,  
"Extremities was," &c.

A noble cunning; \*—you were us'd to load me,  
With precepts, that would make invincible  
The heart that could not them.

VIR. O heavens! O heavens!

CON. Nay, I pray thee, woman,—

VOL. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in  
Rome,

And occupations perish!

CON. What, what, what!

I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,  
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,

If you had been the wife of Hercules,

Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd

Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,

Droop not; adieu.—Farewell, my wife!—my  
mother!

I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,

Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,

And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime  
general,

I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld  
Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,

'Tis fond<sup>b</sup> to wail inevitable strokes,

As 'tis to laugh at 'em.—My mother, you wot well

My hazards still have been your solace: and

Believe't not lightly, (though I go alone,

Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen

Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen) your  
son

Will or exceed the common, or be caught

With cautious baits and practice.<sup>c</sup>

VOL. My first son,—

Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius

With thee a while: determine on some course,

More than a wild exposure to each chance

'That starts i' the way before thee.

COR. O, the gods!

CON. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee

Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,

And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth

A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send

O'er the vast world to seek a single man,

And lose advantage which doth ever cool

I' the absence of the needer.

COR. Fare ye well:

Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full

Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one

That's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.—

Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and

My friends of noble touch: when I am forth,

Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.  
While I remain above the ground, you shall  
Hear from me still; and never of me aught  
But what is like me formerly.

MEN. That's worthily

As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep—

If I could shake off but one seven years

From these old arms and legs, by the good gods.

I'd with thee every foot!

CON.

Give me thy hand:—

Come.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Street near the Gate.*

*Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.*

SIC. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll  
no further.—

The nobility are vex'd, whom we see have sided  
In his behalf.

BRU.

Now we have shown our power,  
Let us seem humbler after it is done,  
Than when it was a-doing.

SIC.

Bid them home:

Say their great enemy is gone, and they

Stand in their ancient strength.

BRU.

Dismiss them home.—

[*Exit Ædile.*]

Here comes his mother.

SIC.

Let's not meet her.

BRU.

Why?

SIC. They say she's mad.

BRU.

They have taken note of us:  
Keep on your way.

*Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.*

VOL. O, ye're well met: the hoarded plague o'  
the gods

Requite your love!

MEN.

Peace, peace; be not so loud.

VOL. If that I could for weeping, you should  
hear,—

Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be  
gone? [*To BRUTUS.*]

VIR. You shall stay too: [*To SICINIUS*] I would  
I had the power  
To say so to my husband.

But we are now persuaded the sentiment intended is akin to that  
of two lines by Taylor, the Water-poet.—

"For when base Peasants shrink at Fortune's blowes,  
Then magnanimity most richly shewes,"

and has been rendered unintelligible by some omission in the text.

<sup>b</sup> 'Tis fond—] That is, 'Tis foolish.

<sup>c</sup> —cautious baits and practice] By insidious baits, and  
treachery.

\* — Fortune's blowes  
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves  
A noble cunning.—]

Every endeavour to elicit sense from this perplexing sentence  
is as failed Pope's "being gently wounded, craves," &c.; Hammer's  
"being sweetly wounded, craves," &c.; and Mr. Collier's "being  
gentle-minded, craves," &c. are alike disputable. At one time  
it struck us that the right location was possible.—

— Fortune's blowes

When most struck home, being gentle, wounded, craves," &c



SIC. Are you mankind? \*

VOL. Ay, fool; is that a shame?—Note but this, fool;

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxslap To banish him that struck more blows for Rome Than thou hast spoken words?

SIC. O, blessed heavens!

VOL. More noble blows than ever thou wise words;

And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;—yet go:—

Nay, but thou shalt stay too:—I would my son Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him, His good sword in his hand.

SIC. What then?

VIR. What then?

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

VOL. Bastards and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

MEN. Come, come, peace.

SIC. I would he had continu'd to his country As he began, and not unknot himself The noble knot he made.

BRU. I would he had.

VOL. *I would he had!* 'Twas you incens'd the rabble;—

Cats,<sup>b</sup> that can judge as fitly of his worth, As I can of those mysteries which heaven Will not have earth to know.

BRU. Pray, let us go.

VOL. Now, pray, sir, get you gone: [this;— You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear As far as doth the Capitol exceed The meanest house in Rome; so far, my son (This lady's husband here, this, do you see) Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

BRU. Well, well, we'll leave you.

SIC. Why stay we to be baited With one that wants her wits?

VOL. Take my prayers with you.—

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

I would the gods had nothing else to do, But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em But once a day, it would unloose my heart Of what lies heavy to't.

MEN. You have told them home; And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with me?

\* *Are you mankind?* Are you *terragena, biragone*? \* A *mankind woman*, Johnson says, "is a woman with the roughness of a man, and, in an aggravated sense, a woman ferocious, violent, and eager to shed blood."

<sup>b</sup> Cats,—] This is an odd epithet, whether intended for the Tribunes or the rabble. Mr Collier's annotator would substitute, *Curs*, but as Volturnus is here upbraiding them for their lack of perception, we surmise the genuine word was *Bats*, for which "Cats" is an easy misprint.

VOL. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,  
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go:  
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,  
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

MEN. Fie, fie, fie!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Highway between Rome and Antium.*

*Enter NICANOR and ADRIAN, meeting.*

NIC. I know you well, sir, and you know me:  
your name, I think, is Adrian.

ADR. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

NIC. I am a Roman; and my services are, as  
you are, against 'em. Know you me yet?

ADR. Nicanor? No.

NIC. The same, sir.

ADR. You had more beard when I last saw you;  
but your favour is well appeared\* by your tongue.  
What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the  
Volscean state, to find you out there: you have well  
saved me a day's journey.

NIC. There hath been in Rome strange insur-  
rections: the people against the senators, patricians,  
and nobles.

ADR. *Hath been!* is it ended then? Our state  
thinks not so; they are in a most wailike prepa-  
ration, and hope to come upon them in the heat of  
their division.

NIC. The main blaze of it, is past, but a small  
thing would make it flame again; for the nobles  
receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy  
Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take  
all power from the people, and to pluck from them  
their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can  
tell you, and is almost mature for the violent  
breaking out.

ADR. Coriolanus banished?

NIC. Banished, sir.

ADR. You will be welcome with this intelli-  
gence, Nicanor.

NIC. The day serves well for them now. I  
have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a  
man's wife is when she's fallen out with her hus-  
band. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well  
in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being  
now in no request of his country.

ADR. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate,  
thus accidentally to encounter you: you have  
ended my business, and I will merrily accompany  
you home.

NIC. I shall, between this and supper, tell you

most strange things from Rome, all tending to the  
good of their adversaries. Have you an army  
ready, say you?

ADR. A most royal one: the centurions, and  
their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the  
entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's  
warning.

NIC. I am joyful to hear of their readiness,  
and am the man, I think, that shall set them in  
present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and  
most glad of your company.

ADR. You take my part from me, sir; I have  
the most cause to be glad of yours.

NIC. Well, let us go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Antium. *Before Aufidius' House.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean apparel, disguised  
and muffled.*

COR. A goodly city is this Antium. City,  
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir  
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars  
Have I heard groan and drop: then know me not,  
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,  
In puny battle slay me.—

*Enter a Citizen.*

Save you, sir.

CIT. And you.

COR. Direct me, if it be your will,  
Where great Aufidius lies: is he in Antium?

CIT. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state at  
his house this night.

COR. Which is his house, beseech you?

CIT. This, here before you.

COR. Thank you, sir; farewell. [*Exit Citizen.*]  
O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast  
sworn,

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,  
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise,  
Are still together, who twin, as 't were, in love  
Unseparable, shall within this hour,  
On a dissension of a doit, break out  
To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes, [*sleep*]  
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their  
To take the one the other, by some chance,  
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear  
friends

And interjoin their issues. So with me:—

My birth-place hate<sup>b</sup> I, and my love's upon  
This enemy town.—I'll enter: if he slay me,

\* — your favour is well appeared by your tongue ] This may  
import, your favour is well manifested, or rendered apparent; but  
Johnson would read, — appeared, and Steevens and Mr. Collier's

annotator propose, "approved by your tongue."

<sup>b</sup> My birth-place hate I, — ] The old text has "— hate I." We  
owe the restoration to Canall.



He does fair justice ; if he give me way,  
I'll do his country service.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*The same. A Hall in Aufidius' House.*

*Music within. Enter a Servant.*

1 SERV. Wine, wine, wine ! What service is  
here !  
I think our fellows are asleep.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter another Servant.*

2 SERV. Where's Cotus ? my master call's for  
him.—Cotus !

[*Exit.*]

*Enter CORIOLANUS.*

COR. A goodly house :  
The feast smells well ; but I appear not like a  
guest.

*Re enter the first Servant.*

1 SERV. What would you have, friend ? whence

Here's no place for you : pray, go to the door.

[*Exit.*]

COR. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,  
In being Coriolanus.\*

*Re enter second Servant.*

2 SERV. Whence are you, sir ? Has the porter  
his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such  
companions ? Pray, get you out.

COR. Away !

2 SERV. Away ! Get you away.

COR. Now thou'rt troublesome.

2 SERV. Are you so brave ? I'll have you  
talked with anon.

*Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.*

3 SERV. What fellow's this ?

\* *In being Coriolanus.] In obtaining his surname from the name  
of Corioli.*



1 SERV. A strange one as ever I looked on : I cannot get him out o' the house : pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3 SERV. What have you to do here, fellow ? Pray you, avoid the house. [hearth.

COR. Let me but stand ; I will not hurt your

3 SERV. What are you ?

COR. A gentleman.

3 SERV. A marvellous poor one.

COR. True, so I am.

3 SERV. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station : here's no place for you ; pray you, avoid : come.

COR. Follow your function, go and batten on cold bits. [Pushes him away.

3 SERV. What, will you not ? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 SERV. And I shall. [Exit.

3 SERV. Where dwellest thou ?

COR. Under the canopy

3 SERV. Under the canopy ?

COR. Ay,

3 SERV. Where's that ?

COR. I' the city of kites and crows.

3 SERV. I' the city of kites and crows !—What an ass it is !—then thou dwellest with daws too ?

COR. No, I serve not thy master.

3 SERV. How, sir ! do you meddle with my master ?

COR. Ay ; 'tis an honest service than to meddle with thy mistress.

Thou prat'st, and prat'st ; serve with thy trencher, hence ! [Beats him away.

*Enter AUFIDIUS and the second Servant.*

AUF. Where is this fellow ?

2 SERV. Here, sir ; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

AUF. Whence com'st thou ? what wouldst thou ? Thy name ?

Why speak'st not ? Speak, man : what's thy name ?

COR. If, Tullus, not yet thou know'st me,

[Unmuffling.

And, seeing me, dost not think me for the man I am,

Necessity commands me name myself.

AUF. What is thy name ? [Servants retire.

COR. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears, And harsh in sound to thine.

AUF. Say, what's thy name ?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face

Bears a command in't ; though thy tackle's torn,

Thou show'st a noble vessel : what's thy name ?

COR. Prepare thy brow to frown : know'st thou me yet ?

AUF. I know thee not :—thy name ?

COR. My name is Cains Marcius, who hath done To thee particularly, and to all the Volscies, Great hurt and mischief ; thereto witness may My surname, Coriolanus : the painful service, The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood Shed for my thankless country, are requited But with that surname ; a good memory, And witness of the malice and displeasure [maims ; Which thou should'st bear me : only that name is—The cruelty and envy of the people, Permitted by our dastard nobles, who Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest ; And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity Hath brought me to thy hearth ; not out of hope, Mistake me not, to save my life ; for if I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world I would have voided thee ; but in mere spite, To be full quit of those my banishers, Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast A heart of wreak<sup>b</sup> in thee, that will revenge Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn ; so use it, That my revengeful services may prove As benefits to thee ; for I will fight Against my canker'd country with the spleen Of all the under fiends. But if so be Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes Thou'rt tir'd, then, in a word, I also am Longer to live most weary, and present My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice ; Which not to cut would show thee but a fool, Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate, Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast, And cannot live but to thy shame, unless It be to do thee service.

AUF. O, Marcius, Marcius, Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter Should from yond cloud speak divine things, And say, 'Tis true ; I'd not believe them more Than thee, all-noble Marcius.<sup>(1)</sup> Let me twine Mine arms about that body, where against My grain'd ash an hundred times hath broke, And scar'd the moon with splinters ! Here I clip The anvil of my sword, and do contest As hotly and as nobly with thy love, As ever in ambitious strength I did Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,<sup>c</sup>

<sup>a</sup> — memory.—] That is, memorial

<sup>b</sup> — wreak.—] Vengeance

<sup>c</sup> Know thou first.—] First apparently means here nob'est, as in

the opening scene of this act, where Volturnus calls Coriolanus "my first son."

I lov'd the maid I married; never man  
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,  
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,  
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw  
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell  
thee,

We have a power on foot; and I had purpose  
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,  
Or lose mine arm for't: thou hast beat me out  
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since  
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;  
We have been down together in my sleep,  
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,  
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy  
Marcius,

Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that  
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all  
From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war  
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,  
Like a bold flood o'er-bear. O, come, go in,  
And take our friendly senators by the hands;  
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,  
Who are prepar'd against your territories,  
Though not for Rome itself.

COR. You bless me, gods!

AUF. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou  
wilt have

The leading of thine own revenges, take  
The one half of my commission, and set down,—  
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st  
\* Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own  
ways;

Whether to knock 'gainst the gates of Rome,  
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,  
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in;  
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall  
Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!  
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;  
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand! Most  
welcome!

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*]

1 SERV. [*Advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration!

2 SERV. By my hand, I had thought to have  
struck him with a cudgel; and yet my mind  
gave me his clothes made a false report of him.

1 SERV. What an arm he has! He turned me  
about with his finger and his thumb, as one would  
set up a top.

2 SERV. Nay, I knew by his face that there was  
something in him: he had, sir, a kind of face,  
methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 SERV. He had so; looking, as it were,—  
Would I were hanged, but I thought there was  
more in him than I could think.

\* — *sowle*.—] The etymology of this word is uncertain, but it is  
still employed in many English counties for lugging and dragging.  
Stevens quotes a line from Heywood's comedy, called "Love's

2 SERV. So did I, I'll be sworn: he is simply  
the rarest man i' the world.

1 SERV. I think he is; but a greater soldier  
than he, you wot one.

2 SERV. Who? my master?

1 SERV. Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 SERV. Worth six on him.

1 SERV. Nay, not so neither; but I take him  
to be the greater soldier.

2 SERV. Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to  
say that: for the defence of a town, our general is  
excellent.

1 SERV. Ay, and for an assault too.

*Re-enter third Servant.*

3 SERV. O, sakes, I can tell you news! news,  
you rascals!

1 and 2 SERV. What, what, what? let's partake.

3 SERV. I would not be a Roman, of all nations;  
I had as lieve be a condemned man.

1 and 2 SERV. Wherefore? wherefore?

3 SERV. Why, here's he that was wont to thrack  
our general, Caius Marcius.

1 SERV. Why do you say, *thrack our general*?

3 SERV. I do not say, thrack our general; but  
he was always good enough for him.

2 SERV. Come, we are fellows and friends; he  
was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say  
so himself.

1 SERV. He was too hard for him directly, to  
say the truth on't: before Corioli, he scotched him  
and notched him like a carbonado.

2 SERV. An he had been cannibally given, he  
might have broiled and eaten him too.

1 SERV. But more of thy news.

3 SERV. Why, he is so made on here within,  
as if he were son and heir to Mars; set at upper  
end o' the table; no question asked him by any of  
the senators but they stand bald before him: our  
general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies  
himself with's hand, and turns up the white  
o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the  
news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but  
one half of what he was yesterday; for the other  
has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole  
table. He'll go, he says, and sowle\* the porter  
of Rome gates by the ears: he will mow down all  
before him, and leave his passage polled.<sup>b</sup>

2 SERV. And he's as like to do't as any man  
I can imagine.

3 SERV. Do't! he will do't: for, look you, sir,  
he has as many friends as enemies; which friends,  
sir, as it were, durst not, look you, sir, show them

Mistress," 1636, where it occurs,—

"Venus will sowle me by the ears for this"

b — polled.] *Cleared*



selves, as we term it, his friends, whilst he's in directitude.\*

1 SERV. *Directitude!* What's that?

3 SERV. But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood,<sup>b</sup> they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 SERV. But when goes this forward?

3 SERV. To-morrow; to-day; presently: you shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as 't were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 SERV. Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 SERV. Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's spritely walking,<sup>c</sup> audible, and full of vent.<sup>d</sup> Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; muffled, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children than wars a destroyer of men.

2 SERV. 'Tis so: and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 SERV. Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 SERV. Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians.—They are rising, they are rising.

ALL. In, in, in, in!

[*Exeunt.*]

a —directitude.] Mr. Collier's annotator would read, *dejectitude*.  
b —in blood,—] See note (c), p. 71, Vol. 1

c —it's spritely walking,—] That is, quick *moving*, or *marching*.  
The modern editors<sup>1</sup> read, "—it's spritely, *waking*," &c.

d —full of vent ] *Vent* is *voice*, *utterance*.

SCENE VI.—Rome. A Public Place.

*Enter SICINIUS and BURULLUS.*

SIC. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;

His remedies are tame i' the present peace<sup>e</sup> And quietness o' the people, which before Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends Blush that the world goes well; who rather had, Though they themselves did suffer by 't, behold Dis-sentious numbers pestering streets, than see Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going About their functions friendly

BUR. We stood to't in good time.—Is this Menenius?

SIC. 'T is he, 't is he: O he is grown most kind Of late.—Hail, sir!

*Enter MENENIUS.*

MEN. Hail to you both!

SIC. Your Coriolanus is not much missed but with his friends: the commonwealth doth stand; and so would do, were he more angry at it.

MEN. All's well; and might have been much better, if he could have temporized.

SIC. Where is he, hear you?

MEN. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife hear nothing from him.

<sup>e</sup> His remedies are tame i' the present peace.—] A correction by Theobald, the old copies having,—"His remedies are tame, the present peace." Omission, however, is not, perhaps, the only defect in the line; the word "remedies" is very equivocal.

*Enter three or four Citizens.*

CITIZENS. The gods preserve you both ! \*

SIC. God-den, our neighbours.

BRU. God-den to you all, god-den to you all.

I CIT. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

SIC. Live, and thrive !

BRU. Farewell, kind neighbours : we wish'd  
Coriolanus

Had lov'd you as we did.

CITIZENS. Now the gods keep you !

BOTH TRI. Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

SIC. This is a happier and more comely time  
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,  
Crying confusion.

BRU. Caius Marcius was  
A worthy officer i' the war ; but insolent,  
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,  
Self-loving,—

SIC. And affecting one sole throne,  
Without assistance.

MEN. I think not so.

SIC. We should by this, to all our lamentation,  
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

BRU. The gods have well prevented it, and  
Rome  
Sits safe and still without him.

*Enter an Ædile.*

ÆD. Worthy tribunes,

There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,  
Reports,—the Volscs with two several powers  
Are enter'd in the Roman territories ;  
And with the deepest malice of the war  
Destroy what lies before 'em.

MEN. 'Tis Aufidius,  
Who, hearing of our Marcins' banishment,  
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world,  
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,  
And durst not once peep out.

SIC. Come, what talk you of Marcius ?

BRU. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be

The Volscs dare break with us.

MEN. *Cannot be !*

We have record that very well it can ;  
And three examples of the like have been  
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,  
Before you punish him, where he heard this ;  
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,

And beat the messenger who bids beware  
Of what is to be dreaded.

SIC. Tell not me :

I know this cannot be.

BRU. Not possible.

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS. The nobles, in great earnestness, are  
going

All to the senate house : some news is come \*

That turns their countenances.

SIC. 'Tis this slave,—

Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes,—his raising !  
Nothing but his report !

MESS. Yes, worthy sir,  
The slave's report is seconded ; and more,  
More fearful, is deliver'd.

SIC. What more fearful ?

MESS. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,  
(How probable I do not know) that Marcius,  
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome ;  
And vows revenge as spacious as between  
The young'st and oldest thing.

SIC. This is most likely !

BRU. Rais'd only that the weaker sort may wish  
Good\* Marcius home again.

SIC. The very trick on't.

MEN. This is unlikely :  
He and Aufidius can no more atone  
Than violent'st contrariety.

*Enter another Messenger.*

MESS. You are sent for to the senate :  
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius  
Associated with Aufidius, rages  
Upon our territories ; and have already  
O'er-borne their way, consum'd with fire, and took  
What lay before them.

*Enter COMINIUS.*

COM. O, you have made good work !

MEN. What news ? what news ?

COM. You have help to ravish your own daughters, and

To melt the city leads upon your pates ;

To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses ;—

MEN. What's the news ? what's the news ?

COM. Your temples burned in their cement ; and  
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd  
Into an augre's bore.

MEN. Pray now, your news ?—

(\*) Old text, *coming*.

"—are you so gospell'd,

To pray for this good man ?"

\* Good Marcius.—Mr. Collier's annotator proposes to read,—"God Marcius," which may be right ; yet in "Macbeth," Act III. Sc. 1, when Macbeth, by way of instigating the murderers to slay Banquo, expatiates on the wrongs that chief had done them, he asks, ironically,—

You have made fair work, I fear me. Pray, your news?

If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,—  
COM. If!

He is their god; he leads them like a thing,  
Made by some other deity than nature,  
That shapes man better: and they follow him,  
Against us brats, with no less confidence,  
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,  
Or butchers killing flies.

MEN. You have made good work,  
You and your apron-men: you that stood so much  
Upon the voice of occupation,\* and  
The breath of garlic-eaters!

COM. He'll shake your Rome about your ears.

MEN. As Hercules did shake down mellow  
fruit.—

You have made fair work!

BRU. But is this true, sir?

COM. Ay; and you'll look pale  
Before you find it other. All the regions<sup>b</sup>  
Do smilingly revolt; and who resist  
Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance, [him?  
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame  
Your enemies and his find something in him.

MEN. We are all undone, unless  
The noble man have mercy.

COM. Who shall ask it?  
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people  
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf  
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they  
Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they charg'd him  
even

As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,  
And therein show'd like enemies.

MEN. 'Tis true:  
If he were putting to my house the brand  
That should consume it, I have not the face  
To say, *Reseech you, cease*.—You have made fair  
hands,

You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

COM. You have brought  
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never  
So incapable of help.

BOTH TRI. Say not, we brought it.

MEN. How! Was it we? we lov'd him; but,  
like beasts

And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters.  
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

COM. But I fear  
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,  
The second name of men, obeys his points  
As if he were his officer:—desperation  
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,  
That Rome can make against them.

*Enter a troop of Citizens.*

MEN. Here come the clusters,—

And is Aufidius with him?—You are they  
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast  
Your stinking greasy caps in hooting  
At Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;  
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,  
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs  
As you threw caps up will he tumble down,  
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;  
If he could burn us all into one coal,  
We have deserv'd it.

CITIZENS. Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 CIT. For mine own part,

When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

2 CIT. And so did I.

3 CIT. And so did I; and, to say the truth, so  
did very many of us: that we did, we did for the  
best; and though we willingly consented to his  
banishment, yet it was against our will.

COM. Ye're goodly things, you voices!

MEN. You have made good work,  
You and your cry!—Shall's to the Capitol?

COM. O, ay; what else?

[*Exeunt COM. and MEN*

SIC. Go, masters, get you home; be not dis-  
may'd:

These are a side that would be glad to have  
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home.  
And show no sign of fear.

1 CIT. The gods be good to us! Come, masters,  
let's home. I ever said we were i' the wrong,  
when we banished him.

2 CIT. So did we all. But, come, let's home.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*

BRU. I do not like this news.

SIC. Nor I.

BRU. Let's to the Capitol.—Would half my  
wealth

Would buy this for a lie!

SIC. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*A Camp; at a small distance  
from Rome.*

*Enter AUFIDIUS and his Lieutenant*

AUF. Do they still fly to the Roman?

LIEU. I do not know what witchcraft's in him,  
but

Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,  
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;  
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,  
Even by your own.

\* — occupation, —] That is, *merchants, craftsmen.*

<sup>b</sup> *All the regions*—] Should perhaps be, "All the *legions*," as

**AUF.** I cannot help it now ;  
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot  
Of our design. He bears himself more proudly  
Even to my person, than I thought he would  
When first I did embrace him ; yet his nature  
In that's no changeling, and I must excuse  
What cannot be amended.

**LEU.** Yet I wish, sir,  
(I mean for your particular) you had not  
Join'd in commission with him ; but either  
Had \* borne the action of yourself, or else  
To him had left it solely.

**AUF.** I understand thee well ; and be thou  
sure,

When he shall come to his account, he knows not  
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,  
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent  
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,  
And shows good husbandry for the Volscean state,  
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon  
As draw his sword ; yet he hath left undone  
That which shall break his neck or hazard mine,  
Where'er we come to our account.

**LEU.** Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry  
Rome ?

**AUF.** All places yield to him ere he sits down ;  
And the nobility of Rome are his :  
The senators and patricians love him too :  
The tribunes are no soldiers ; and their people

(\*) Old text, *hate*.

\* By sovereignty of nature ] The image is founded on the fabulous power attributed to the osprey, of fascinating the fish on which it preys. Thus, in Peele's play, called "The Battle of Alcazar," 1594, Act II. Sc. 1,—

" I will provide thee of a princely osprey,  
That as she flieth over fish in pools,  
The fish shall turn their glistering bellies up,  
And thou shalt take thy liberal choice of all "

— but he has a merit,

To choke it in the utterance ]

The latter portion of this speech is miserably confused. After "So hated, and so banish'd," there is obviously a chasm, which it were vain to think of filling up

— So our virtues  
Lie in the interpretation of the time ;  
And power, unto itself most commendable,  
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair  
To extol what it hath done ]

Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty  
To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome,  
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it  
By sovereignty of nature.\* First he was  
A noble servant to them ; but he could not  
Carry his honours even : whether 'twas pride,  
Which out of daily fortune ever taints  
The happy man ; whether defect of judgment,  
To fail in the disposing of those chances  
Which he was lord of ; or whether nature,  
Not to be other than one thing, not moving  
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding  
peace

Even with the same austerity and garb  
As he controll'd the war ; but one of these,  
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,  
For I dare so far free him) made him fear'd,  
So hated, and so banish'd : but he has a merit,  
To choke it in the utterance.† So our virtues  
Lie in the interpretation of the time ;  
And power, unto itself most commendable,  
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair  
To extol what it hath done.‡  
One fire drives out one fire ; one nail, one nail ;  
Rights by rights fonder,§ strengths by strengths  
do fail.

Come, let's away. When Caius, Rome is thine.  
Thou art poor'st of all ; then shortly art thou  
mine. [Exeunt.]

(\*) Old text, *veritas*.

The sentiment to be conveyed was no doubt identical with that expressed in Act I. Sc. 4 of "Hamlet"—

" So, oft it chances in particular men,  
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,

• Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,  
As infinite as man may undergo,)  
• Shall in the general censure take corruption  
From that particular fault."

And so, proceeds Antidius, our very virtues appear false by the misconstruction of the age, and even authority, which can exact applause, has not a more succubal, i.e. certain, tomb for its best actions than the very chair of triumph wherein they are called

† Rights by rights fonder.—] The old copies have "fouler," which has been changed to,—fouled; foul are, suffer, foil'd are and taller. The emendation we adopt is by Malone.





## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—Rome. *A Public Place.*

*Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and Others.*

MEN. No, I'll not go: you hear what he hath said

Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him  
In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father:  
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him,  
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee  
The way into his mercy: nay, if he coyed  
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

COM. He would not seem to know me.

MEN. . . Do you hear?

*It was a bare petition of a state  
To one whom they had punish'd ]  
Mason had no doubt we should read,—"It was a bare petition;"*

COM. Yet one time he did call me by my name:  
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops  
That we have bled together. *Coriolanus*,  
He would not answer to: forbad all names;  
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,  
Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire  
Of burning Rome.

MEN. Why, so! you have made good work:  
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,  
To make coals cheap,—a noble memory!

COM. I minded him how royal 'twas to pardon  
When it was less expected: he replied,  
It was a bare<sup>a</sup> petition of a state  
To one whom they had punish'd.

but, even with this amendment, it is questionable if we have got  
what the poet wrote.

MEN. : Very well:  
Could he say less?

COM. I offer'd to awaken his regard  
For's private friends: his answer to me was,  
He could not stay to pick them in a pile  
Of noisome musty chaff: he said, 'twas folly.  
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,  
And still to nose the offence.

MEN. *For one poor grain or two!*  
I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,  
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains:  
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt  
Above the moon. We must be burnt for you.

SIC. Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuse your  
aid  
In this so never-heeded help, yet do not  
Upbraid 's with our distress. But, sure, if you  
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,  
More than the instant army we can make,  
Might stop our countryman.

MEN. No! I'll not meddle.

SIC. Pray you, go to him.

MEN. What should I do?

BRU. Only make trial what your love can do  
For Rome, towards Marcius.

MEN. Well, and say that Marcius return me,  
As Cominius is return'd, unheard; what then?—  
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot  
With his unkindness? say't be so?

SIC. Yet your good will  
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the mea-  
suro

As you intended well.

MEN. I'll undertake't:  
I think he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,  
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.  
He was not taken well; he had not din'd:  
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then  
We pout upon the morning, are unapt  
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd  
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood  
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls  
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch  
him

Till he be dioted to my request,  
And then I'll set upon him.

\* \* \* Good faith, I'll prove him  
Speed how it will, I shall ere long have knowledge  
Of my success.)  
Is this is invariably pointed,—

"Good faith, I'll prove him,  
Speed how it will I shall ere long," &c.  
some critics have proposed to read,—

"You shall ere long," &c.

but the meaning of Menenius is,—I'll try him, and come what  
may, I shall not long be kept in suspense "Success" has here  
the signification of *success* in Italian; a *event*, *consequence*.  
b I tell you, he does sit in gold.—The same idea, it has been  
noted, occurs in Homer (*Iliad*, viii. 442).—

"Αὐτὸς δὲ χρυσίον ἐπὶ θρόνῳ εὐπρόσθε Ζεὺς  
ἔκειτο."

BRU. You know the very road into his kindness,  
And cannot lose your way.

MEN. Good faith, I'll prove him:  
Speed how it will, I shall ere long have know-  
ledge.

Of my success.\* [Exit

COM. He'll never hear him.

SIC.

Not?

COM. I tell you, he does sit in gold,<sup>b</sup> his eye  
Red as 't would burn Rome; and his injury  
The gazer to his pity. I kneel'd before him;  
'T was very faintly he said, *Rise*; dismiss'd me  
'Thus, with his speechless hand: what he would do,  
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,  
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:<sup>c</sup>  
So, that all hope is vain, unless<sup>d</sup> his noble mother  
And his wife; who, as I hear, mean to solicit him  
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,  
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.

[Exeunt

SCENE II.—*An advanced Post of the Volscian  
Camp before Rome. The Guard at their  
Stations.*

*Enter to them, MENENIUS.*

1 G. Stay: whence are you?

2 G. Stand, and go back.

MEN. You guard like men; 'tis well: but, by  
your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come

To speak with Coriolanus.

1 G. From whence?

MEN. From Rome.

1 G. You may not pass, you must return: our  
general

Will hear no more from thence.

2 G. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire,  
before

You'll speak with Coriolanus.

MEN. Good my friends,  
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,

which Pope renders,—

"Th' eternal Thunderer sat thron'd in gold."

— what he would not,

Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:]

The sense of this passage we conjecture to have been destroyed by  
the misprint of "his" for *no*, "his" being inadvertently caught  
by the transcriber from the next line. If we read,—

— what he would do,

He sent in writing after me; what he would not,  
Bound with an oath to yield to no conditions."

the meaning is clear enough,—what he would consent to, he sent  
in writing. what he would not, he bound himself by oath to  
yield on no condition<sup>d</sup>

d — unless—] That is, *except*.





And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks.<sup>a</sup>  
My name hath touch'd your ears; it is Menenius.

1 G. Be it so, go back; the virtue of your name  
Is not here passable.

MEN. I tell thee, fellow,  
Thy general is thy lover: I have been  
The book of his good acts, whence men have read  
His fame unparallel'd, haply amplified;  
For I have ever verified<sup>b</sup> my friends,  
(Of whom he's chief) with all the size that verity  
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,  
Like to a bowl upon a subtle<sup>c</sup> ground,  
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise  
Have almost stamp'd the leasing:<sup>d</sup> therefore, follow,  
I must have leave to pass.

1 G. Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in  
his behalf as you have uttered words in your own,  
you should not pass here: no, though it were as  
virtuous to lie as to live chastely. Therefore, go  
back.

MEN. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is  
Menenius, always factionary on the party of your  
general.

<sup>a</sup> — lots to blanks.—] *Prizes to blanks*, everything to nothing:  
so in "Romeo and Juliet," Act III. Sc. 5.—

"— and all the world to nothing  
That he cares ne'er come back."

<sup>b</sup> For I have ever verified my friends, &c.] Hanner gave *man-  
aged*, and Mr. Collier's annotator has the same emendation; but  
perhaps the true word is *rarefied*, that is, *stretched out*. See  
"Love's Labour's Lost" Act IV. Sc. 2, where, for "ratified,"—

2 G. Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you  
say you have) I am one that, telling true under  
him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go  
back.

MEN. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I  
would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 G. You are a Roman, are you?

MEN. I am as thy general is.

1 G. Then you should hate Rome, as he does.  
Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the  
very defender of them, and, in a violent popular  
ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to  
front his revenges with the easy<sup>e</sup> groans of old wo-  
men, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with  
the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant<sup>f</sup>  
as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the  
intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with  
such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived;  
therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your  
execution: you are condemned; our general has  
sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

MEN. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here,  
he would use me with estimation.

"Here are only numbers *rarefied*," we should also probably read  
*rarefied*.

<sup>c</sup> — a subtle ground.—] A *smooth, slippery* ground.

<sup>d</sup> — stamp'd the leasing.] "I have almost given the *lie* such a  
sanction as to render it current."—MALONE.

<sup>e</sup> — the easy groans.—] "Easy groans" may mean the *slight*,  
*inconsiderable* groans; but *quarry, wheezy* groans?

<sup>f</sup> — a decayed dotant.—] So the old text. Many editors, how-  
ever, read *dotard*.

2 G. Come, my captain knows you not.

MEN. I mean, thy general.

1 G. My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go; lest I let forth your half pint of blood;—back,—that's the utmost of your having:—back.

MEN. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

*Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*

COR. What's the matter?

MEN. Now, you companion,\* I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by\* my entertainment with him, if thou standest not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here;—this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

COR. Away!

MEN. How! away?

COR. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs

Are servanted to others: though I owe My revenge properly,<sup>b</sup> my remission lies In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar, Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone. Mine ears against your suits are stronger than Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee, Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,

*[Gives a letter.]*

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius, I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius, Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st!—

AUF. You keep a constant temper.

*[Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.]*

1 G. Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2 G. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: you know the way home again.

1 G. Do you hear how we are shent<sup>c</sup> for keeping your greatness back?

2 G. What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

MEN. I neither care for the world nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, ye're so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself fears it not from another: let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away!

*[Exit.]*

1 G. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 G. The worthy fellow is our general: he's the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. *[Exeunt.]*

### SCENE III.—*The Tent of Coriolanus.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and Others.*

COR. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow

Set down our host.—My partner in this action, You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly I have borne this business.

AUF. Only their ends You have respected; stopp'd your ears against The general suit of Rome; never admitted A private whisper, no, not with such friends That thought them sure of you.

COR. This last old man, Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome, Lov'd me above the measure of a father; Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge Was to send him; for whose old love, I have (Though I show'd sourly to him) once more offer'd The first conditions, which they did refuse, And cannot now accept; to grace him only That thought he could do more, a very little I have yielded to: fresh embassies and suits, Nor from the state nor private friends, hereafter Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?

*[Shout without.]*

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

*Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, leading young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection! All bond and privilege of nature, break! Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.— What is that court'sy worth? or those doves' eye-

<sup>b</sup> — properly.—<sup>c</sup> Peculiarly, personally.  
<sup>c</sup> — shent—) Disgraced.

(\*) Old text omits, by.

\* — companion,—] That is, as we now say, fellow



Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and  
am not

Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows ;  
As if Olympus to a molehill should  
In supplication nod ; and my young boy  
Hath an aspect of intercession, which  
Great nature cries, *Deny not*.—Let the Volscies  
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy ; I'll never  
Be such a gosling to obey instinct ; but stand,  
As if a man were author of himself,  
And knew no other kin.

VIRG. My lord and husband !

CON. These eyes are not the same I wore in  
Rome.

VIRG. The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd  
Makes you think so.

CON. Like a dull actor now,  
I have forgot my part, and I am out,  
Even to a full disgrace.—Best of my flesh,  
Forgive my tyranny ; but do not say,  
For that, *Forgive our Romans*.—O, a kiss  
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge !  
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss  
I carried from thee, dear ; and my true lip  
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods ! I prate,\*  
And the most noble mother of the world  
Leave unsaluted : sink, my knee, i' the earth ;  
[*Kneels*.

Of thy deep duty more impression show  
Than that of common sons.

VOL. O, stand up bless'd .  
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,  
I kneel before thee ; and improperly  
Show duty, as mistaken all this while  
Between the child and parent. [*Kneels*

CON. What is this ?  
Your knees to me ? to your corrected son ?  
Then let the pebbles on the hungry\* beach  
Fillip the stars ; then let the mutinous winds  
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun ;  
Murdering impossibility, to make  
What cannot be, slight work.

VOL. Thou art my warrior :  
I help\* to frame thee.—Do you know this lady ?

CON. The noble sister of Publicola,  
The moon of Rome ; chaste as the icicle,  
That's curd'd by the frost from purest snow,  
And hangs on Dian's temple :—dear Valeria !

VOL. This is a poor epitome of youth,  
Which by the interpretation of full time  
May show like all yourself.

CON. The god of soldiers,  
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform  
Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou mayst  
prove  
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars

(\*) Old text, *pray*, corrected by Theobald.

\* — the hungry beach.—The sterile, unprolific beach ; or as

(\*) Old text, *hope*, corrected by Theobald.

Malone suggested, the shore hungry for shipwrecks *Littus  
avarum*.

Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,  
And saving those that eye thee!

VOL. Your knee, sirrah.

COR. That's my brave boy!

VOL. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,  
Are suitors to you.

COR. I beseech you, peace:

Or, if you'd ask, remember this before,—  
The things\* I have forsworn to grant may never  
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me  
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate  
Again with Rome's mechanics: tell me not  
Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not  
To allay my rages and revenges with  
Your colder reasons.

VOL. O, no more, no more!

You have said you will not grant us anything;  
For we have nothing else to ask, but that  
Which you deny already: yet we will ask;  
That, if you fail in our request,<sup>a</sup> the blame  
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.

COR. Aufidius, and you Volscies, mark; for  
we'll

Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request?

VOL. Should we be silent and not speak, our  
raiment

And state of bodies would bewray what life  
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,  
How more unfortunate than all living women  
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which  
should

Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with  
comforts,

Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and  
sorrow;

Making the mother, wife, and child, to see  
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing  
His country's bowels out. And to poor we  
Thine enmity's most capital: thou barrest us  
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort  
That all but we enjoy; for how can we,  
Alas! how can we for our country pray,

Whereto we are bound,—together with thy victory,  
Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose

The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,  
Our comfort in the country. We must find

An evident calamity,<sup>b</sup> though we had  
Our wish, which side should win; for either thou

Must, as a foreign recreant, be led  
With manacles through our streets, or else

Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,  
And bear the palm for having bravely shed

Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,  
I purpose not to wait on fortune till  
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee  
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,  
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner  
March to assault thy country, than to tread  
(Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,  
That brought thee to this world.

VING. Ay, and mine,  
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your  
name  
Living to time.

BOY. 'A shall not tread on me;  
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

COR. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,  
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.  
I have sat too long. [Rising.]

VOL. Nay, go not from us thus,  
If it were so that our request did tend

To save the Romans, thereby to destroy  
The Volscies whom you serve, you might condemn

us,  
As poisonous of your honour: no; our suit  
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volscies  
May say, *This mercy we have shew'd; the*

Romans,  
*This we receiv'd*; and each in either side

Give the *All-hail* to thee, and cry, *Be bless'd*  
For making up this peace! Thou know'st, great

son,  
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,  
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit

Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name,  
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;  
Whose chronicle thus writ,—*The man was noble,*  
*But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;*  
*Destroy'd his country; and his name remains*  
*To the ensuing age abhorr'd.* Speak to me, son:

Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,  
To imitate the graces of the gods;

To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,  
And yet to charge† thy sulphur with a bolt

That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?  
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man

Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you;  
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy;

Perhaps thy childishness will move him more  
Than can our reasons.—There's no man in the

world  
More bound to's mother; yet here he lets me

prate  
Like one of the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life  
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;

(\*) Old text, *thing*.

(\*) Old text, *five*.

(†) Old text, *change*.

<sup>a</sup> That, if you fail in our request,—] If you fail to grant what we require. Pope and Mr. Collier's annotator read, "—if we fail," &c.

<sup>b</sup> An evident calamity,—] An inevitable calamity. So in Act

I<sup>st</sup>. Sc. 7.—

"And power—"

Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair."

When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,  
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,  
Loaden with honour. Say my request's unjust,  
And spurn me back: but, if it be not so,  
Thou art not honest, and the gods will plague  
thee,

That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which  
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:  
Down, ladies! let us shame him with our knees.  
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,  
Than pity to our prayers. Down! an end:  
This is the last. So, we will home to Rome,  
And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold 's;  
This boy that cannot tell what he would have,  
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,  
Does reason our petition with more strength  
Than thou hast to deny't.—(Come, let us go:  
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;  
His wife is in Corioli, and his child  
Like him by chance.—Yet give us our dispatch:  
I am hush'd until our city be a-fire,  
And then I'll speak a little

COR. [*After holding VOLUNIA by the hand,*  
*silent.*] O mother, mother!

What have you done?—Behold! the heavens do  
ope,

The gods look down, and this unnatural scene  
They laugh at.—O, my mother, mother! O!  
You have won a happy victory to Rome;  
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,  
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,  
If not most mortal (to) him! But, let it come.—  
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,  
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,  
Were you in my stead, would you have heard  
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

AUF. I was mov'd withal.

COR. I dare be sworn, you were:  
And, sir, it is no little thing to make  
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,  
What peace you'll make, advise me: for my part,  
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray  
you,

Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!

AUF. [*Aside.*] I am glad, thou hast set thy  
mercy and thy honour  
At difference in thee: out of that I'll work.  
Myself a former fortune.

[*The Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.*

COR. Ay, by and by;

[*To VOLUNIA, VIRGILIA, &c.*

But we will drink together; and you shall hear  
A better witness back than words, which we,  
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.  
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve  
To have a temple built you: (2) all the swords  
In Italy, and her confederate arms,  
Could not have made this peace.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Rome. *A Public Place.*

*Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS:*

MEN. See you yond' coign o' the Capitol,—  
yond' corner-stone?

SIC. Why, what of that?

MEN. If it be possible for you to displace it  
with your little finger, there is some hope the  
ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may pre-  
vail with him. But I say there is no hope in't;  
our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.

SIC. Is't possible that so short a time can alter  
the condition of a man?

MEN. There is differencey between a grub and a  
butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This  
Marcus is grown from man to dragon: he has  
wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

SIC. He loved his mother dearly.

MEN. So did he me: and he no more remem-  
bers his mother now than an eight-year-old horse  
The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes: when  
he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground  
shrinks before his treading: he is able to pierce a  
corset with his eye; talks like a knell, and his  
hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing  
made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is  
finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a  
god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

SIC. Yes, morey, if you report him truly.

MEN. I paint him in the character. Mark  
what mercy his mother shall bring from him:  
there is no more mercy in him than there is milk  
in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and  
all this is 'long of you.

SIC. The gods be good unto us!

MEN. No, in such a case the gods will not be  
good unto us. When we banished him, we re-  
spected not them; and, he returning to break our  
necks, they respect not us.

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your  
house:

The plebeians have got your fellow-trip  
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if  
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,  
They'll give him death by inches.

*Enter another Messenger.*

SIC. What's the news?

MESS. Good news! good news!—the ladies have  
prevail'd,  
The Volscians are dislodg'd, and Marcus gone!

A happier day did never yet greet Rome,  
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend, art thou certain this is true? is 't  
most certain?

Sic. Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire:  
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?  
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,  
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark  
you!

[Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and  
drums beaten, all together. Shouting  
also without.

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,  
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,  
Make the sun dance. Hark you! [Shouting again.

MEN. This is good news:  
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia  
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,  
A city full of tribunes, such as you,  
A sea and land full. You have pray'd well to-day;  
This morning for ten thousand of your throats  
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!

[Shouting and music.

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings:  
next,

Accept my thankfulness.

Sic. Mess. Sir, we have all  
Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city?

Sic. Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We'll meet them, and help the joy.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The same. A Street near the Gate.

Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators,  
Patricians, and People. They pass over the  
stage.

1 SEN. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!  
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,  
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before  
them:

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,  
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;  
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!

ALL. Welcome, ladies! Welcome!

[A flourish with drums and trumpets.  
Exeunt.

\* — blown tide.—] Blown tide, like "blown ambition," "King  
Lear," Act IV. Sc. 4, means "swell's tide." There is no allusion  
to the wind, as some commentators suppose.

\* Coriolani.] In all the editions, from Rowe downwards, this  
scene has been laid in Antium, until Mr. Singer correctly changed  
it to Corioli.

\* Sir, his stoutness.—] A word seems to have dropped out of  
this line; it possibly ran originally,—"Witness, sir, his stoutness."  
\* Which he did end all her; So the old copies. Rowe changed  
"end" to "make;" Mr. Collier's annotator substitutes "car,"  
and Mr. Collier has a preference for it,—"did in all his;" but  
is not "end" an erratum for bind? So, in "As You Like It,"

\* SCENE VI.—Corioli. A Public Place.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords o' the city, I am here:  
Deliver them this paper: having read it,  
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,  
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,  
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse  
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and  
Intends to appear before the people, hoping  
To purge himself with words: dispatch.

[Exeunt Attendants.

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius'  
faction.

Most welcome!

1 CON. How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so  
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,  
And with his charity slain.

2 CON. Most noble sir,  
If you do hold the same intent wherein  
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you  
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;  
We must proceed as we do find the people.

3 CON. The people will remain uncertain whilst  
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either  
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;  
And my pretext to strike at him admits  
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd  
Mine honour for his truth: who being so heighten'd,  
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,  
Seducing so my friends; and, to this end,  
He bow'd his nature, never known before  
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 CON. Sir, his stoutness,  
When he did stand for consul, which he lost  
By lack of stooping,—

Auf. That I would have spoke of.  
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;  
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;  
Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way  
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose  
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,  
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments  
In mine own person; help to reap the fame  
Which he did end all his; and took some pride

Act I. Sc. 2,—

"They that reap must shear and bind."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Bonducs," Act IV. Sc. 3,—

"—when Rome, like reapers,  
Sweat blood and spirit for a glorious harvest,  
And bound it up, and brought it off"

And in the ancient Harvest Song,—

"Hook, hooky, we have shears  
And bound what we did reap."

To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,  
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and  
He wag'd me with his countenance,\* as if  
I had been mercenary.

1 Con. So he did, my lord,—  
The army marvell'd at it; and, in the last,  
When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd  
For no less spoil than glory,—

Auf. There was it,  
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.  
At a few drops of woman's rheum, which are  
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour  
Of our great action; therefore shall he die,  
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great  
shouts of the People.*]

1 Con. Your native town you enter'd like a post,  
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,  
Splitting the air with noise.

2 Con. And patient fools,  
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear  
With giving him glory.

3 Con. Therefore, at your vantage,  
Ere he express himself, or move the people  
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,  
Which we will second. When he lies along,  
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury  
His reasons with his body.<sup>b</sup>

Auf. Say no more;  
Here come the lords.

*Enter the Lords of the city.*

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it.  
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd  
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

1 Lord. And grieve to hear't.  
What faults he made before the last, I think,  
Might have found easy fines: but there to end,  
Where he was to begin; and give away  
The benefit of our levies, answering us  
With our own charge; making a treaty where  
There was a yielding,—this admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches; you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with drum and colours;  
a crowd of Citizens with him.*

Con. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier; (3)  
No more infected with my country's love  
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting

Under your great command. You are to know,  
That prosperously I have attempted, and  
With bloody passage led your wars, even to  
The gates of Rome: Our spoils we have brought  
home.

Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,  
The charges of the action. We have made peace,  
With no less honour to the Antiates,  
Than shame to the Romans; and we here deliver,  
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,  
Together with the seal o' the senate, what  
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;  
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree  
He hath abus'd your powers.

Con. Traitor!—How now?

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Con. *Marcius!*

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; dost thou  
think

I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name,  
Coriolanus, in Corioli?—

You lords and heads o' the state, perfidiously  
He has betray'd your business, and given up,  
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome  
(I say, your city) to his wife and mother;  
Breaking his oath and resolution, like

A twist of rotten silk; never admitting  
Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears  
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,  
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart  
Look'd wondering each at other.

Con. Hear'st thou, Mars!

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears!

Con. Ha

Auf. No more.

Con. Measureless liar! thou hast made my heart  
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—  
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever  
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave  
lords,

Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion  
(Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him; that  
Must bear my beating to his grave) shall join  
To thrust the lie unto him.

1 Lord. Peace both and hear me speak.

Con. Cut me to pieces, Volscies! men and lads,  
Stain all your edges on me!—Boy! False hound!  
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,  
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I  
Flutter'd\* your Volscians in Corioli:  
Alone I did it!—Boy!

(\*) Old text, *Flatter'd*.

"—let him feel your sword;  
Which we will second, when he lies along  
After your way. His tale pronounc'd shall bury  
His Reasons, with his Body."

c — in Corioli!—] See note (b), in the preceding page.

— and  
He wag'd me with his countenance,—]  
This is explained,—he gave me his countenance for my wages, re-  
warded me with good looks. But "countenance," or we mistake,  
means here not looks, but *entertainment*. See note (F), p. 25,  
Vol. I.

b His reasons with his body.] In the old copies we have,—



. AUF. Why, noble lords,  
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,  
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,  
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

CONSPIRATORS. Let him die for't!

CITIZENS. [*Speaking promiscuously.*] Tear him  
to pieces!—Do it presently!—He killed my son!  
—my daughter!—He killed my cousin Marcus!  
—He killed my father!—

VOL. III.

2 LORD. Peace, ho!—no outrage!—peace!  
The man is noble, and his fame folds in  
This orb o' the earth. His last offence to us  
Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,  
And trouble not the peace.

COR. O, that I had him,  
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,  
To use my lawful sword!

AUF.

Insolent villain!



CON. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him !

[AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw, and kill CORIOLANUS, who falls, and AUFIDIUS stands on him.]

LORDS. Hold, hold, hold, hold !

AUF. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 LORD. O Tullus !—

2 LORD. Thou hast done a deed wherent Valour will weep.

3 LORD. Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet ;

Put up your swords.

AUF. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,

Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours To call me to your senate, I'll deliver Myself your loyal servant, or endure Your heaviest censure.

1 LORD. Bear from hence his body, And anourn you for him : let him be regarded As the most noble corse that ever herald Did follow to his urn.

2 LORD. His own impatience Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame. Let's make the best of it.

AUF. My rage is gone, And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up :— Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers ; I'll be one.—

Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully : Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he Hath widowed and unchilded many a one, Which to this hour bewail the injury, Yet he shall have a noble memory.— Assist.

[Exeunt, bearing the body of CORIOLANUS. A dead march sounded.]



# ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

## ACT I.

(1) SCENE I.—*Suffer us to furnish, and their store-houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers.*] The circumstances which led to the insurrection of the people in Rome at this period, and awakened their animosity in a peculiar degree against Caius Marius, are thus related in North's translation of Plutarch, the work to which Shakespeare was indebted for all the conduct of his tragedy, and for no inconsiderable portion of its language —

"Now he being grown to great credit and authority in Rome for his valiantness it fortune'd there grow sedition in the citie, because the Senate dyd favour the rich against the people, who did complaine of the sore oppression of usurers, of whom they borrowed money. For those that had little, were yet spoiled of that little they had by their creditours, for lack of ability to pay the usury — who offered their goods to be sold to them that would give most. And such as had nothing left, their bodies were layd hold on and they were made their bondmen, notwithstanding all the wounds and cuts they shewed, which they had received in many battels, fighting for defence of their country and common wealth: of the which, the last warre they made was against the SARTINES, wherein they fought upon the promise the rich men had made them, that from thenceforth they would intreat them more gently, and also upon the word of *Marius Valerius* chiefe of the Senate, who by authority of the Councell, and in the behalfe of the rich, sayed they should performe that they had promised. But after that they had faithfully served in this last battell of al, where they overcame their enemies, seeing they were never a whit the better, nor more gently intreated, and that the Senate would give no care to them, but made as though they had forgotten the former promise, and suffered them to be made slaves and bondmen to their creditours, and besides, to be turned out of all that ever they had: they fel then even to flat rebellion and mutiny, and to starve up dangerous tumults within the city. The ROMAINES enemies hearing of this rebellion, did straight enter the territories of ROME with a marvelous great power, spoiling and burning all as they came. Whereupon the Senate immediately made open proclamation by sound of trumpet, that all those which were of lawfull age to carry weapon, should come and enter their names into the muster-masters booke, to goe to the wars: but no man obeyed their commandement. Whereupon their chiefe magistrates, and many of the Senate, began to be of divers opinions among themselves. For some thought it was reason, they should somewhat yeeld to the poore peoples request, and that they should a little qualifie the severity of the law. Other held hard against that opinion, and that was *Martius* for one. For he alledged, that the creditours losing their money they had lent, was not the worst thing that was thereby: but that the lenity that was favoured, was a beginning of disobedience, and that the proud attempt of the commonwealth, was to abolish law, and to bring all to confusion. Therefore he sayed, if the Senate were wise, they should beimes prevent and quench this ill favoured and worse meant beginning."

(2) SCENE I.—*And leave me but the bran*] The reader desirous of investigating the origin of the famous apologue of the belly and its members will do well to consult an

article on the subject by Douce, in his "Illustrations of Shakespearo." The poet derived it apparently from Plutarch, through North's translation, and the marvellous skill with which he has varied and amplified the story will be seen from the version of it which that historian presents:—

"The Senate being afraid of their departure, dyd send unto them certain of the pleasauntest olde men, and the most acceptable to the people among them. Of those, *Menenius Agrippa* was he, who was sent for chiefe man of the message from the Senate. He, after many good persuasions and gentle requests made to the people, on the behalfe of the Senate, knit up his oration in the citie, with a notable tale, in this manner. That on a time all the members of mans bodie, dyd rebell against the bellie, complaining of it, that it only remained in the midst of the bodie, without doing any thing, neither dyd beare any labour to the maintenance of the rest: whereas all other partes and members dyd labour pynefully, and was very careful to satisfy the appetites and desires of the bodie. And so the bellie, all this notwithstanding, laughed at their follie, and sayed, It is true, I first receive all meates that nourish mans bodie: but afterwarde I send it againe to the nourishment of other partes of the same. Even so (q. he) O you, my masters, and citizens of ROME: the reason is a like betweene the Senate and you. For matters being well digested, and their counsells thoroughly examined, touching the benefit of the common wealth: the Senators are cause of the common commoditie that cometh into every one of you."

(3) SCENE III.—*His brow bound with oak.*] The oaken garland, accounted the most honourable crown among the Romans, was bestowed on him that had saved the life of a citizen —

"But *Martius* being more inclined to the warres, then any other gentleman of his time, beganne from his childhood to give himselfe to handle weapons, and daily did exercise himselfe therein: and outward he esteemed armour to no purpose, unless one were naturally armed within. Moreover he did so exercise his body to hardnesse, and all kinde of activitie, that he was very swift in running, strong in wrestling, and mightie in griping, so that no man could ever cast him. Inasmuch as those that would try matches with him for strength and nimblenesse, would say when they were overcome: that all was by reason of his natural strength, and hardnesse of ward, that never yeelded to any paine or toyle he tooke upon him. The first time he went to the wars, being but a stripling, was when *Tarquinius* surmained the proud (that had bene king of ROME, and was driven out for his pride, after many attempts made by sundry battels to come in againe, wherein he was ever overcome) did come to ROME with all the aide of the LATINES, and many other people of ITALY: even as it were to set up his whole rest upon a battell by them, who with a great and mighty army had undertaken to put him into his kingdome againe, not so much to pleasure him, as to overthrow the power of the ROMAINES, whose greatness they both feared and envied. In this battell, wherein are many hot and sharpe encounters of either party, *Martius* valiantly fought in the

## ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

sight of the Dictator and a ROMAIN souldier being thrown to the ground even hard by him, *Martius* straight bestrid him, and slue the enemy with his owne hands that had before overthrowen the ROMAIN. Hereupon after the battell was won, the Dictator did not forget so noble an act, and therefore first of all he crowned *Martius* with a garland of oken boughes. For whosoever saveth the life of a ROMAIN, it is a manner among them, to honour him with such a garland."

### (4) SCENE IV.—

*'Tis for the followers Fortune vultens uem,  
Not for the fliers.]*

So in the corresponding scene in the old translation of Plutarch:—

"Wherefore all the other VOLSCES fearing lest that city should be taken by assault, they came from all parts of the countrey to save it, extending to give the ROMAINES battell before the city, and to give an on-set on them in two several places. The Consul *Cominius* understanding this, divided his army also into two parts, and taking the one part with himself, he marched towards them that were drawing to the city out of the countrey: and the other part of his army he left in the campe with *Titus Lartius* (one of the valiantest men the ROMAINES had at that time) to resist those that would make any sally out of the city upon them. So the CORIOLANS taking small account of them that lay in campe before the city, made a sally out upon them, in the which at the first the CORIOLANS had the better; and drove the ROMAINES back againe into the trenches of their campe. But *Martius* being there at that time, running out of the campe with a few men with him, he slue the first enemies he met withall, and made the rest of them stay upon a souldier, crying out to the ROMAINES that had turned their backs, and calling them again to fight with a lowde voice. For he was even such another, as *Cato* would have a souldier and a captain to be, not only terrible and fierce to lay about him, but to make the enemy afraid with the sound of his voice, and grimmesse of his countenance. Then there flocked about him immediately, a great number of ROMAINES: whereat the enemies were so afraide, that they gave back presently.

"But *Martius* not staying so, did chase and follow them to their own gates, that fled for life. And there perceiving that the ROMAINES retired back, for the great number of darts and arrowes which flew about them euen from the wals of the city, and that there was not one man amongst them that durst venter himself to follow the flying enemies into their city, for that it was full of men of warre, very well armed and appointed, he did encourage his fellows with words and deeds, crying out to them, that fortune had opened the gates of the city, more for the followers than the fliers. But all this notwithstanding, few had the hearts to follow him. Howbeit *Martius* being in the throng among the enemies, thrust himself into the gates of the city, and entred the same among them that fled, without that any one of them durst at the first turne their face upon him, or offer to stay him. But he looking about him, and seeing he was entred the city with very few men to helpe him, and perceiving he was environed by his enemies that gathered round about to set upon him, did things then as it is written, wonderfull and incredible, as well for the force of his hand, as also for the agility of his body, and with a wonderfull courage and valiantnesse he made a lane through the midst of them, and overthrow also those he layed at: that some he made runne to the furthest part of the city, and other for feare he made yeeld themselves, and to let fall their weapons before him."

### (5) SCENE VI.—

*As I guess, Martius,  
Their bands 's the vaward are the Antates  
Of their best trust: or them Aufidius,  
Their very heart of hope.]*

The incidents in this battle are all closely copied from Plutarch:—

"*Martius* asked him howe the order of their enemies battell was, and on which side they had placed their best fighting men. The Consul made him answer, that he thought the bandes which were in the vaward of their battell, were those of the ANTATES, whom they esteemed to be the warlikest men, and which for valiant courage would give no place to any of the host of their enemies. Then prayed *Martius*, to be set directly against them. The Consul granted him, greatly praising his courage. Then *Martius*, when both armies came almost to joyne, advanced himselfe a good space before his company, and went so fiercely to give charge on the vaward that came right against him, that they could stand no longer in his hands: he made such a lane through them, and opened a passage into the battell of the enemies. But the two wings of either side turned one to the other, to compass him in betweene them: which the Consul *Cominius* perceiving, he sent thither straight of the best souldiers he had about him. So the battell was marvelous bloodie about *Martius*, and in a very short space many were slaine in the place. But in the end the ROMAINES were so strong, that they distressed the enemies, and brake their arraye: and scattering them, made them flye. Then they prayed *Martius* that he would retire to the campe, because they saw he was able to do no more, he was already so wearied with the great paine he had taken, and so faint with the great woundes he had upon him. But *Martius* answered them, that it was not for conquerours to yeeld, nor to be faint-hearted: and thereupon began afresh to chase those that fledde, untill such time as the armie of the enemies was utterly overthrowen, and numbers of them slaine and taken prisoners.

The next morning betimes, *Martius* went to the Consul, and the other ROMAINES with him. There the Consul *Cominius* going up to his chayer of state, in the presence of the whole armie, gave thanks to the gods for so great, glorious, and prosperous a victorie: then he spake to *Martius*, whose valiantnesse he commended beyond the Moone, both for that he himselfe saw him do with his eyes, as also for that *Martius* had reported unto him. So in the end he willed *Martius*, he should choose out of all the horses they had taken of their enemies, and of all the goodes they had wonne (whereof there was great store) tenne of every sorte which he liked best, before any distribution should be made to other. Besides this great honorable offer he had made him, he gave him in testimonie that he had wonne that day the prise of prowesse above all other, a goodly horse with a capparison, and all furniture to him: which the whole army beholding, did marvelously praise and commend. But *Martius* stepping forth, told the Consul, he most thankfully accepted the gift of his horse, and was a glad man besides, that his service had deserved his general's commendation: and as for his other offer, which was rather a mercenarie reward, then an honourable recompence, he would have none of it, but was contented to have his equall part with other souldiers. Onely, this grace (sayed he) I crave and beseech you to grant me: Among the VOLSCES there is an old friend and host of mine, an honest wealthy man, and now a prisoner, who living before in great wealth in his owne countrie, liveth now a poore prisoner, in the hands of his enemies: and yet notwithstanding all this his misery and misfortune, it would do me great pleasure if I could save him from this one danger, to keepe him from being sold as a slave. The souldiers hearing *Martius* words, made a marvelous great shout among them, and there were more that wondered at his great contentation and abstinence, when they saw so little covetousnesse in him, then they were that highly praised and extolled his valiantnesse. . . . . After this shout and noise of the assembly was somewhat appeased, the Consul *Cominius* began to speake in this sort: We cannot compell *Martius* to take these gifts we offer him if he will not receive them, but we will give him such a reward for the noble service he hath done, as he cannot refuse. Therefore we do order and decree, that henceforth he be called *Coriolanus*, unless his valiant acts have wonne him that name before our nomination. And so ever since, he still bare the third name of *Coriolanus*."

## ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

### ACT II.

(1) SCENE III.—[*And Censorinus, starting of the people.*] This line in brackets was supplied by Pope; the original, which mentioned Censorinus, having been accidentally left out, as will at once be seen from the parallel in Shakespeare's authority.—"The house of the at Rome was of the number of the *Patricians*, out of the which hath sprong many noble personages :

whereof Ancus Martius was one, King Numae daughter's sonne, who was King of Rome after Tullus Hostilius. Of the same house were Publius, and Quintus, who brought to Rome their best water they had by conduits. *Censorinus* also came of that familie, that was so surnamed because the people had chosen him *Censor* twice."—NORTH'S *Plutarch*, p# 237.

### ACT III.

#### (1) SCENE I.—

— *which will in time break open  
The locks of the senate, and bring in the crows  
To peck the eagles.*]

Compare Plutarch.—"But Martius standing up on his feete, dyd somewhat sharpe take up those, who went about to gratifie the people therein: and called them people pleasers, and traitours to the nobilitie. Moreover he sayed they nourished against themselves the naughtie seede and cockle of insolencie and sedition, which had bene sowed and scattered abroad amongst the people, whom they should have cut off, if they had been wise, and have prevented their growthe: and not (to their owne destruction) to have suffered the people to establish a magistrat for themselves, of so great power and authority as that man had, to whom they had granted it. Who was also to be feared, because he obtained what he would, and did nothing but what he listed, neither passed for any obedience to the Consuls, but lived in all liberty, acknowledging no superiour to command him, saving the only heads and authours of their faction, whom he called his magistrats. Therefore sayed he, they that gave counsell, and perswaded that the corne should be given out to the common people *gratis*, as they used to doe in the cities of

GRÆCE, where the people had more absolute power, dyd but only nourish their disobedience, which would breake out in the ende to the utter ruine and overthrowe of the whole state. For they will not thinke it is done in recompence of their service past, sithence they know well enough they have so oft refused to goe to the warres, when they were commanded: neither for their mutinies when they went with us, whereby they have rebelled and forsaken their countrie: neither for their accusations which their flatterers have preferred unto them, and they have received, and made good against the Senate: but they will rather judge, we give and grant them this, as abusing our selves, and standing in feare of them, and glad to flatter them every way. By this means their disobedience will still grow worse and worse: and they will never leave to practise new sedition and uprores. Therefore it were a great folly for us, me thinks to do it: yea, shall I say more? we should if we were wise, take from them the Tribuneship, which most manifestly is the embasement of the Consulship, and the cause of the division of their city. The state whereof as it standeth, is not now as it was wont to be, but becometh dismembred in two factions, which maintaynes alwaies civil dissention and discord between us, and will never suffer us againe to be united into one body."

### ACT IV.

#### (1) SCENE V.—

— *I'd not believe them more  
Than thee, all-noble Marcus.*]

Here, as in many other scenes in the play, the poet has followed the historian almost literally.—

"It was even twilight when he entered the citie of ANURIUM, and many people met him in the streets, but no man knew him. So he went directly to *Tullus Aufidius* house, and when he came thither, he got him up straight to the chimney hearth, and sat him downe, and spake not a word to any man, his face all muffled over. They of the house spying him, wondered what he should be, and yet they durst not byd him rise. For ill favouredly muffled and disguised as he was, yet there appeared a certaine majestie in his countenance, and in his silence: whereupon they went to *Tullus* who was at supper, to tell him of the strange disguising of this man. *Tullus* rose presently from the borde, and coming towards him, asked him what he was, and wherefore he came. Then *Martius* unmuffled himselfe, and after he had paused a while, making no answer, he sayed unto him: If thou knowest me not yet, *Tullus*, and seeing me, dost not perhappes beleve me

to be the man I am indeede, I must of necessitie bewraye myselfe to be that I am. I am *Caius Martius*, who hath done to thy self particularly, and to all the *VOLSCS* generally, great hurte and mischief, which I cannot denie for my surname of *Coriolanus* that I beare. For I never had other benefit nor recompence, of all the true and paynfull service I have done, and the extreme daungers I have bene in, but this only surname: a good memorie and witness of the malice and displeasure thou shouldest beare me. In deede the name only remaineth with me: for the rest, the envie and crueltie of the people of *ROME* have taken from me, by the sufferance of the darstardly nobilitie and magistrats, who have forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremitie hath now driven me to come as a poore suter, to take thy chimney hearth, not of any hope I have to save my life thereby. For if I had feared death, I would not have come hither to have put my life in hazard: but prickt forward with spite and desire I have to be revenged of them that thus have banished me, whom now I beginne to be avenged on, putting my persons into the hands of their enemies. Wherefore, if thou hast any heart to be wrecked of the injuries thy enemies have done thee, speed thee now, and let my

## ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

misery serve thy turne, and so use it, as my service may be a benefite to the VOLSCES: promising thee, that I will fight with better good will for all you, then ever I dyd when I was against you, knowing that they fight more valiantly, who know the force of their enemy then such as have never proved it. And if it be so that thou dare not, and that thou art wearie to prove fortune any more, then am I also wearie to live any longer. And it were no wisdom in thee, to save the life of him, who hath bene heretofore thy mortall enemy, and whose service now can nothing help nor pleasure thee. *Tullus* hearing what he sayed was a

marvelous glad man, and taking him by the hand, he sayed unto him: Stand up, *O Martius*, and be of good cheare, for in profering thyselfe unto us, thou doest us great honour: and by this means thou maist hope also of greater things at all the VOLSCES hands. So he feasted him for that time, and entertained him in the honourablest manner he could, taking with him in no other matters at that present: but within few dayes after, they fell to consultation together, in what sort they should beginne their wars.

## ACT V.

### (1) SCENE III --

——— *O, my mother, mother! O!*  
*You have won a happy victory to Rome:*  
*But, for your son, believe it, O, believe it,*  
*Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,*  
*If not most mortal to him.]*

This affecting interview is thus described in Plutarch — “Nowe was *Martius* set then in his chayer of state, with all the honours of a generall, and when he had spied the women coming asfarre off, he marveld what the matter ment: but afterwards knowing his wife which came foremost, he determined at the first to persist in his obstinate and inflexible rancker. But overcome in the ende with natural affection, and being altogether altered to see them, his harte would not serve him to tyme then coming to his chayer, but coming downe in hast, he went to meete them, and first he kessed his mother, and embraced her a private while, then his wife and little children. And nature so wrought with him, that the teares fell from his eyes, and he could not keepe himselfe from making much of them, but yielded to the affection of his bloude, as if he had bene violently caried with the tyme of a most swift running stroume. After he had thus lovingly received them, and perceiving that his mother *Lavinia* would beginne to speake to him, he called the chiefest of the counsell of the VOLSCES to haue what she would say. Then she spake in this sort: If we held our peace (my sonne) and determined not to speake, the state of our poore bodies, and present sight of our rayment, would easely bewray to thee what life we have led at home, since thy exile and abode abroad, but thinke now with thy selfe, how much more unfortunately then all the women living, we are come hether, considering that the sight which should be most pleasant to all other to beholde, spitefull fortune hath made most fearefull to us: making my selfe to see my sonne, and my daughter here her husband, besieging the walls of his native countrie: so as that which is thonly comforte to all other in their adversitie and miserie, to pray unto the goddess, and to call to them for aide, is the onely thing which plongeth us into most deepe perplexitie. For we cannot (alas) together pray, both for victorie for our countrie, and for safety of thy life also: but a worke of grievous curses, yea more then any mortall enemy can heape upon us, are forcibly wrapt up in our prayers. For the bitter woe of most hard choyse is offered thy wife and children, to forgive the one of the two either to lose the persons of thy selfe or the nurse of their native countrie. For my selfe (my sonne) I am determined not to tary, till fortune in my life tyme doe make an end of this warre. For if I cannot perswade thee, rather to doe good unto both parties, then to overthrowe and destroye the one, preferring love and nature before the malice and enanitie of warres, thou shalt see, my sonne, and trust unto it, thou shalt no sooner march forward to assault thy countrie, but thy foot shall treade upon thy mothers wombe, that brought thee first into this world. And I maye not deferre to see the day, either that my sonne be led prisoner in triumphe by his naturall coun-

trymen, or that he himselfe do triumphe of them, and of his naturall countrie. For if it were so, that my request tended to save thy countrie, in destroying the VOLSCES, I must confesse, thou wouldest hardly and doubtfully resolve on that. For as to destroye thy natural countrie, it is altogether unmeet and unlawfull, so were it not just, and lesse honourable, to betraye those that put their trust in thee. But my onely demand consisteth, to make a gayle deliverer of all evils, which delivereth equall benefite and safety, both to the one and the other, but most honourable for the VOLSCES. For it shall appeare, that having victorie in their hands, they have of spaciall favour granted us singular graces: peace and amitie, about themselves have no lesse part of both, then we. Of which good, if it do come to passe, thy selfe is thonly author, and so hast thou thonly honour. But if it faile, and fall out contrary, thy selfe alone deservedly shalt carie the shameful repoeche and burden of either partie. So, though the end of warre be uncertaine, yet this notwithstanding is most certaine: that if it be thy chance to conquer, thou benefitest shalt thou reape of thy goodly conquest, to be chronicled the plague and destroyer of thy countrie. And if fortune also overthrowe thee, then the world will say that though desirous to revenge thy private injuries, thou hast for ever undone thy good frendes, who dyd most lovingly and curiously receive thee. *Martius* gave good eare unto his mothers wordes, without interrupting her speeche at all, and after she had sayed what she would, he held his peace a pretty while, and answered not a word. Hereupon she beganne againe to speake unto him, and sayed: My sonne, why doest thou not answer me? doest thou thinke it good altogether to give place unto thy choller and desire of revenge, and thinkest thou it not honeste for thee to graunt thy mother's request, in so weighty a cause? doest thou take it honorable for a noble man, to remember the wronges and injuries done him, and doest not in like case think it an honest noble mans parte to be thankfull for the goodnes that parents doe shewe to their children, acknowledging the duty and reverence they ought to beare unto them? No man living is more bounde to shewe himselfe thankfull in all partes and respects then thy selfe: who so unnaturally shewest all ingratitude. Moreover (my sonne) thou hast sorely taken of thy countrie, exacting grievous payments upon them, in revenge of the injuries offered thee: besides, thou hast not hitherto shewed thy poore mother any curteisie. And therefore, it is not onely honest, but due unto me, that without compulsion I should obtaine my so just and reasonable request of thee. But since by reason I cannot perswade thee to it, to what purpose doe I deferre my last hope? And with those wordes, herselfe, his wife, and children, fell down upon their knees before him: *Martius* seeing that, could refraine no longer, but went straight and lifte her up crying out: Oh mother, what have you done to me? And holding her hard by the right hande, oh mother, said he, you have won a happy victorie for your countrie, but mortall and unhappy for your sonne: for I see my selfe vanquished by you alone.”

## ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

### (2) SCENE III.—

*Ladies, you deserve  
To have a temple built you.]*

Which, according to Plutarch, they had: dedicated to *Fortune muliebri*:—

"Whereupon the Senate ordeined, that the Magistrates to gratifie and honor these ladies, should graunt them all that they would require. And they only requested that they would build a temple of *Fortune* of the women, unto the building whereof they offered them selves to defraye the whole charge of the sacrifices, and other ceremonies belonging to the service of the gods. Nevertheless, the Senate commending their good-will and forwardnes, ordained, that the temple and image should be made at the common charge of the citie. Notwithstanding that, the ladies gathered money among them, and made with the same a second image of *Fortune*, which the ROMAINES say dyd speake as they offered her up, in the temple, and dyd set her in her place."

### (3) SCENE VI.—*Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier.]*

"Now, when *Martius* was returned againe into the citie of Antium from his voyage, *Tullus*, that hated and could no longer abide him for the fear he had of his authoritie, sought divers means to make him out of the way, thinking that if he let slippe that present time, he should never recover the like and fit occasion againe. Wherefore *Tullus*, having procured manie other of his confederacy, required *Martius* might be deposed from his estate, to render up accompt to the VOLSCES of his charge and government. *Martius* fearing to become a private man againe under *Tullus* being General (whose authoritie was greater otherwise, then any other among all the VOLSCES) answered, He was willing to geve up his charge, and would resigne it into the hands of the lords of the VOLSCES, if they dyd all command him, as by all their commandment he received it. And moreover, that he would not refuse even at that present to geve up an accompt unto the people, if they would tarry the hearing of it. The people heroupon called a common counsell, in which assembly there were certaine orators appointed, that stirred up the common people against him: and when they had tolde their tales, *Martius* rose up to make them answer. Now, notwithstanding the malicious people made a marvelous great noise, yet when they saw him, for the reverence they bare unto his valiantnesse, they quieted themselves, and gave him audience to allwidge with leysure what he could for his purgation. Moreover, the honestest men of the ANTIATES, and who most re-

joyed in peace, shewed by their countenance that they would heare him willingly, and judge also according to their conscience. Whereupon *Tullus* fearing that if he dyd let him speake, he would prove his innocencie to the people, because amongst other things he had an eloquent tongue; besides that the first good service he had done to the people of the VOLSCES, dyd winne him more favour, then these last accusations could purchase him displeasure: and furthermore, the offence they layd to his charge, was a testimonie of the good-will they ought him; for they would never have thought he had done them wrong for that they took not the citie of ROME, if they had not bin very neare taking of it, by meanes of his approach and conduction. For these causes *Tullus* thought he might no longer delaye his presence and enterprise, neither to tarry for the mutining and rising of the common people against him: wherefore, those that were of the conspiracie, began to cry out that he was not to be heard, and that they would not suffer a traitor to usurpe tyrannicall power over the tribe of the VOLSCES, who would not yeld up his state and authority. And in saying these words, they all fell upon him, and killed him in the market place, none of the people once offering to rescue him. Howbeit it is a cleere case, that this murder was not generally consented unto, of the most parte of the VOLSCES: for men came out of all partes to honor his body, and dyd honourably bury him; setting up his tombe with great store of armour and spoiles, as the tombe of a worthy person and great captaine. The ROMAINES understanding of his death, shewed no other honour or malice, saving that they granted the ladies the request they made: that they might mourne tenne moneths for him, and that was the full time they used to weare blackes for the death of their fathers, brethren, or husbands, according to *Numa Pompilius* order, who established the same, as we have enlarged more ample in the description of his life. Now *Martius* being dead, the whole state of the VOLSCES hartly wished him alive againe. For, first of all they toll out with the *Aques* who were their friends and confederates, touching preheminnence and place: and this quarrell grew on so farre betweene them, that frives and murders fell out upon it one with another. After that the ROMAINES overcame them in battell, in which *Tullus* was slaine in the field and the flower of all their force was put to the sword: so that they were compelled to accept most shamefull conditions of peace, in yelding themselves subject unto the conquerors, and promising to be obedient at their commandment."—NORTH'S *Plutarch*

## CRITICAL OPINIONS ON CORIOLANUS.

"In the three Roman pieces, 'Coriolanus,' 'Julius Cæsar,' and 'Antony and Cleopatra,' the moderation with which Shakspeare excludes foreign appendages and arbitrary suppositions, and yet fully satisfies the wants of the stage, is particularly deserving of admiration. These plays are the very thing itself; and under the apparent artlessness of adhering closely to history as he found it, an uncommon degree of art is concealed. Of every historical transaction Shakspeare knows how to seize the true poetical point of view, and to give unity and rounding to a series of events detached from the immeasurable extent of history without in any degree changing them. The public life of ancient Rome is called up from its grave, and exhibited before our eyes with the utmost grandeur and freedom of the dramatic form, and the heroes of Plutarch are ennobled by the most eloquent poetry.

"In 'Coriolanus' we have more comic intermixtures than in the others, as the many-headed multitude plays here a considerable part; and when Shakspeare portrays the blind movements of the people in a mass, he almost always gives himself up to his merry humour. To the plebeians, whose folly is certainly sufficiently conspicuous already, the original old satirist Menenius is added by way of abundance. Droll scenes arise of a description altogether peculiar, and which are compatible only with such a political drama; for instance, when Coriolanus, to obtain the consulate, must solicit the lower order of citizens, whom he holds in contempt for their cowardice in war, but cannot so far master his haughty disposition as to assume the customary humility, and yet extorts from them their votes."—SCHLEGEL.

\* \* \* "The serious and elevated persons of this drama are delineated in colours of equal, if not superior strength. The unrivalled military prowess of Coriolanus, in whose nervous arm 'Death—that dark spirit'—dwelt; the severe sublimity of his character, his stern and unbending hauteur, and his undisguised contempt of all that is vulgar, pusillanimous, and base, are brought before us with a raciness and power of impression, and, notwithstanding a very liberal use both of the sentiments and language of his Plutarch, with a freedom of outline which, even in Shakspeare, may be allowed to excite our astonishment.

"Among the female characters a very important part is necessarily attached to the person of Volumnia; the fate of Rome itself depending upon her parental influence and authority. The poet has accordingly done full justice to the great qualities which the Cheronæan sage has ascribed to this energetic woman; the daring loftiness of her spirit, her bold and masculine eloquence, and, above all, her patriotic devotion, being marked by the most spirited and vigorous touches of his pencil.

"The numerous vicissitudes in the story; its rapidity of action; its contrast of character; the splendid vigour of its serious, and the satirical sharpness and relish of its more familiar scenes, together with the animation which prevails throughout all its parts, have conferred on this play, both in the closet and on the stage, a remarkable degree of attraction."—DRAKE.





## WINTER'S TALE.





# THE WINTER'S TALE.

THE first edition of this play known is that of the folio, 1623; and the earliest notice of its performance is an entry in the manuscript *Diary (Mus. Asin. Oron.)* of Dr. Simon Forman, who thus describes the plot of the piece, which he witnessed at the Globe Theatre, May 15th, 1611:—

“Observe ther howe Lyontes the Kinge of Cicillia was overcom with jelousy of his wife with the Kinge of Bohemia, his frind, that came to see him, and howe he contrived his death, and wold have had his cup-bearer to have poisoned, who gavo the Kinge of Bohemia warfing thereof and fled with him to Bohemia.

“Remember also howe he sent to the orakel of Apollo, and the aunswer of Apollo that she was giltless, and that the kinge was jelouse, &c., and howe, except the child was found againe that was loste, the kinge should die without yssue; for the child was caried into Bohemia, and there laid in a forrest, and brought up by a sheppard, and the Kinge of Bohemia, his sonn married that wench: and howe they fled into Cicillia to Leontes, and the sheppard having showed [hy] the letter of the nobleman whom Leontes sent, it was that child, and [hy] the jewells showed about her, she was known to be Leontes daughter, and was then 16. yers old.

“Remember also the rog [rogue] that cam in all tottered like roll pixci\* and howe he fayned him sick and to have him robbed of all that he had, and howe he cosoned the por man of all his money, and after cam to the shop ther [sheep sheer?] with a pedlors packe, and ther cosoned them again of all their money; and how he changed apparell with the Kinge of Bomia, his sonn, and then how he turned courtier, &c. Beware of trustinge feined beggars or fawninge fellowe.”†

In the same year, as we learn from a record in the Accounts of the Revels at Court, it was acted at Whitehall:—

“The kings  
players.

The 5th of November. A play called  
yo winters nightes Taylo.”

[1611.]

The accounts of Lord Harrington, Treasurer of the Chamber to James I., show that it was again acted at Court, before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector, in May, 1613.

And it is further mentioned in the Office Book of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, under the date of August the 19th, 1623:—

“For the kings players. An olde playe called Wintern Tale, formerly allowed of by Sir George Bucke and likewyse by mee on Mr. Hemmings his wordo that therf was nothing prophane added or reformed, though the allowed booke was missing: and therefore I returned it without a fee, this 19th of August, 1623.”

\* This was no doubt some noted vagabond, whose nick name has not come down to us correctly. Mr Collier prints it, “Coll Pixci”

† From a carefully executed copy made from the original by Mr. Halliwell.

## PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

From these facts Mr. Collier infers, and his inference is strengthened by the style of the language and the structure of the verse, that "The Winter's Tale" was a novelty at the time Forman saw it played at the Globe, and had "been composed in the autumn and winter of 1610-11, with a view to its production on the Bankside, as soon as the usual performances by the king's players commenced there."

The plot of "The Winter's Tale" is founded on a popular novel by Robert Greene, first printed in 1588, and then called "Pandosto: The Triumph of Time,"\* &c., though in subsequent impressions intitled, "The History of Dorastus and Fawnia." In this tale we have the leading incidents of the play, and counterparts, though insufferably dull and coarse ones, of the principal personages. But Shakespeare has modified the crude materials of his original with such judgment, and vivified and ennobled the characters he has retained with such incomparable art, that, as usual, he may be said to have imposed rather than to have incurred an obligation by adopting them.

\* "PANDOSTO THE TRIUMPH OF TIME. Which Discovered by a pleasant Historie, that although by the lines of sinister fortune, Truth may be concealed yet by the insight of fortune it is most manifestly revealed. Proves not for joy to avoid from it thoughts, profitable for youth to shun other wanton pastime, and bringing to both a sweet content."

*Temporis filia veritas. By Robert Greene, Master of Artes in Cambridge. Omne tibi punctum qui miscuit utile dulci. Printed at London by Thomas Orwin for Thomas Cadman, dwelling at the Signe of the Bible neere unto the North doore of Pauls, 1588.*

## Persons Represented.

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia*  
 MAMILLIUS, *Son to Leontes*  
 CAMILLO,  
 ANTIGONUS, *Sicilian Lords.*  
 CLEOMENES,  
 DION,  
*Another Sicilian Lord.*  
 ROGERO, *a Sicilian Gentleman*  
*An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius*  
 Officers of a Court of Judicature  
 POLIXENES, *King of Bohemia*  
 FLORIZEL, *Son to Polixenes*  
 ARCHIDAMUS, *a Bohemian Lord*  
 Paulina's Steward. . .

A Mariner.  
 Gaoler  
*An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.*  
 Clown, *Son to the old Shepherd*  
 AUTOLYCHUS, *a Rogue*  
 Time, *as Chorus*  
 HERMIONE, *Queen to Leontes*  
 PERDITA, *Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*  
 PAULINA, *Wife to Antigonus*  
 EXILIA, } *Attending on the Queen.*  
 Two Ladies, }  
 MORSA, } *Shepherdesses.*  
 DORCAS, }

*Lords, Ladies, and Attendants. Suitors for a Pance, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.*

SCENE, — Sometimes in SICILIA; sometimes in BOHEMIA



## ACT I

SCENE I—*Sicilia. An Antechamber in Leontes' Palace*

*Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS*

ARCH. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

CAM. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

ARCH. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves, for indeed,—

CAM. Beseech you,—

ARCH. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge, we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say—We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintel-

ligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot perceive us, as little accuse us.

CAM. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

ARCH. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

CAM. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods, and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies, that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a

vast;\* and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

ARCH. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

CAM. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject,<sup>b</sup> makes old hearts fresh; they that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life to see him a man.

ARCH. Would they else be content to die?

CAM. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

ARCH. If the king had no son they would desire to live on crutches till he had one.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

*Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, and Attendants.*

POL. Nine changes of the wat'ry star have been The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne Without a burden: time as long again Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks; And yet we should, for perpetuity, Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher, Yet standing in rich place, I multiply, With one wo-thank-you, many thousands more That go before it.

LEON. Stay your thanks awhile, And pay them when you part.

POL. Sir, that's to-morrow. I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance Or breed upon our absence; that may blow No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,

\* — *shook hands, as over a vast*; So the first folio that of 1622 reads,—"over a vast sea" The earlier lection is no doubt the true one; in "The Tempest," Act I. Sc. 2, we have, "cast of night;" and in "Pericles," Act III. Sc. 1,—

"The God of this great vast, rebuke these surges"

b — *one that, indeed, physics the subject.*—"Subject," in this place, may import the people generally, as it is usually interpreted, yet from the words which immediately follow,—"<sup>b</sup> makes old hearts fresh," it has perhaps a more particular meaning.—The sight and hopes of the princely boy were cordial to the afflicted, and invigorating to the old.

— *that may blow*  
*No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,*  
*This is put forth too truly!*

Hammer reads,—

And Capell,— "This is put forth too early."

"This is put forth too tardily."

The sense appears to be,—Oh that no misfortune may occur at home

*This is put forth too truly!* Besides, I have stay'd

To tire your royalty.

LEON. We are tougher, brother, Than you can put us to't.

POL. No longer stay.

LEON. One seven-night longer.

POL. Very sooth, to-morrow.

LEON. We'll part the time between's then; and in that

I'll no gainsaying.

POL. Press me not, beseech you, so;

There is no tongue that moves, none, none if the world,

So soon as yours could win me: so it should now;

Were there necessity in your request, although

'T were needful I denied it. My affairs

Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder,

Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,

To you a charge and trouble: to save both,

Farewell, our brother.

LEON. Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you.

HER. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until [sir,

You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You,

Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure

All in Bohemia's well; this satisfaction

The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him,

He's beat from his best ward.

LEON. Well said, Hermione.

HER. To tell he longs to see his son, were strong

But let him say so then, and let him go;

But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,

We'll thrack him hence with distaffs.—

Yet of your royal presence [To POLIXENES.] I'll adventure

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia

You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,

To let him there a month, behind the *geat*<sup>c</sup>

Prefix'd for's parting: yet, good deed, Leontes,

I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind

What lady-she<sup>d</sup> her lord.—You'll stay?

to justify my apprehensions, and make me say, "I predicted too truly" but Mr Dyce and Mr Collier suspect, with reason, that the passage is corrupt.

d To let—] To stay.

e — *behind the geat*—] A "*geat*" was the name of the scroll containing the route and resting-places of royalty during a progress; and Hermione's meaning may be,—when he visits Bohemia he shall have my licence to prolong his sojourn a month beyond the time prescribed for his departure. But *geat*, or *jest*, also signified a show or revelry, and it is not impossible that the sense intended was,—he shall have my permission to remain a month after the farewell entertainment.

f *What lady-she her lord*—] Mr. Collier's annotator suggests, possibly enough, "What lady should her lord." The difficulty in the expression arises, we apprehend, solely from the omission of the hyphen in "lady-she;" that restored, the sense is unimpeachable.—I love thee not a tick of the clock behind whatever high-born woman does her husband. So in Massinger's play of "The Bondman," Act I. Sc. 3,—

"I'll kiss him for the honour of my country;  
With any she in Corinth."

POL. No, madam.

HER. Nay, but you will?

POL. I may not, verily.

HER. *Verily!*

You put me off with limber *rows*; but I,  
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars  
with oaths,

Should yet say, *Sir, no going*. Verily,  
You shall not go; a lady's verily's  
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?  
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,  
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees  
When you depart, and save your thanks. How  
say you?

My prisoner or my guest? by your dread verily;  
One of them you shall be.

POL. Your guest then, madam  
To be your prisoner should import offending;  
Which is for me less easy to commit  
Than you to punish.

HER. Not your gaoler, then,  
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you  
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys.  
You were pretty lordings then?

POL. We were, fair queen,  
Two lads that thought there was no more behind,  
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,  
And to be boys eternal.

HER. Was not my lord the venter wag o' the  
two?

POL. We were as twin'd lambs that did frisk  
i' the sun

And bleat the one at th' other. What we chang'd  
Was innocency for innocence; we knew not  
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd  
That any did. Had we pursu'd that life,  
And our weak spirits ne'er been hush'd near'd  
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd  
heaven

Boldly, *Not guilty*, the imposition clear'd,  
Hereditary ours.\*

HER. By thus we gather,  
You have tripp'd since

POL. O, my most sacred lady,  
Temptations have since then been born to us! for  
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl,  
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes  
Of my young play-fellow

HER. Grace to boot!  
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say

Your seen and I are devils; yet, go on.

The chances we have made you do, we'll answer,

If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us  
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not  
With any but with us.

LEON.

Is he won yet?

HER. He'll stay, my lord.

LEON.

At my request he would not,  
Hermione, my dear'st, thou never spok'st  
To better purpose.

HER.

Never?

LEON.

Never, but once.

HER. What! have I twice said well? when  
was't before?

I pry'thee, tell me. Crani us with praise, and  
make us

As fat as tame things: one good deed dying  
tongueless,

Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.

Our praises are our wages. You may ride us  
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere  
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal;—  
My last good deed was to entreat his stay;  
What was my first? it has an elder sister,  
Or I mistake you. O, would her name were Grace!  
But once before I spoke to the purpose when?  
Nay, let me have't; I long.

LEON

Why, that was when  
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to  
death,

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,  
And clap thyself my love, then didst thou utter,  
*I am yours for ever*.

HER.

'Tis Grace, indeed!—  
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose  
twice;

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;

The other for some while a friend.

[Giving her hand to POLIXENES.]

LEON.

[Aside.] Too hot, too hot!  
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.  
I have tremor cordis on me,—my heart dances,—  
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment  
May a fire face put on, derive a liberty  
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,<sup>a</sup>  
And well become the agent: 't may, I grant:  
But to be padding palms and pinching fingers,  
As now they are; and making practis'd smiles,  
As in a looking-glass, — and then to sigh, as 't  
were

The mort o' the deer,<sup>d</sup> O, that is entertainment  
My bosom likes not, nor my brows!—Mamillius,  
Art thou my boy?

MAM

Ay, my good lord.

<sup>a</sup> — bounty, fertile bosom,—] Hammer and Mr. Collier's annotator read,—

— bounty's fertile bosom," &c.

<sup>d</sup> The mort o' the deer.] The mort or mors of the deer was a particular strain blown by the huntmen when the deer was killed. There is, perhaps, also, a latent play on the word "deer," akin to that in the ensuing speech on "neat."



LEON. I' feeks? \*  
 Why, that's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd  
 thy nose?—  
 They say, it is a copy out of mine. Come,  
 captain,  
 We must be neat;—not rent, but cleanly, captain:  
 And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,  
 Are all call'd neat.—Still virginaling  
 [Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE.  
 Upon his palm? (1) How now, you wanton  
 calf?

Art thou my calf?

MAM. Yes, if you will, my lord.

LEON. Thou want'st a rough pash,<sup>b</sup> and the  
 shoots that I have.

To be full like me:—yet, they say we are  
 Almost as like as eggs; women say so,  
 That will say anything: but were they false  
 As o'er-dyed blacks,<sup>c</sup> as wind, as waters;—false  
 As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes  
 No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true  
 To say this boy were like me—Come, sir page,  
 Look on me with your welkin eye:<sup>d</sup> sweet  
 villain!  
 Most dear'st! my collop?—Can thy dam?—  
 may't be  
 Affection thy intention stabs the centre?  
 Thou dost make possible things not so held?  
 Communicat'st with dreams?—How! can this  
 be?—

\* I' feeks! A popular corruption of "in faith," it is supposed.

<sup>b</sup> — a rough pash, —] That is, a tufted head or brow.

<sup>c</sup> As o'er-dyed blacks, —] Absurdly changed by Mr. Collier's annotator to, "our dead blacks." "Blacks" was the common term for mourning habiliments formerly; and by "o'er-dyed blacks" were meant such garments as had become rotten and faded by frequent immersion in the dye. If any change in the

text be admissible, we should read, "o'er dyed blacks." *Time*, in Webster's "Dutchess of Malf," Act V. Sc. 2, —

"I do not think but sorrow makes her look  
 Like to an o'er dy'd garment."

<sup>d</sup> — welkin eye:] That is, sky-coloured eye.



With what's unreal thou coactive art,  
And fellow'st nothing? Then 't is very credent,  
Thou mayst co-join with something;<sup>a</sup> and thou dost,—

And that beyond commission;<sup>b</sup> and I find it,—  
And that to the infection of my brains,  
And hardening of my brows.

POL. What means Sicilia?

HER. He something seems unsettled.

POL. How, my lord!

What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?<sup>c</sup>

— ( *And thy dam* '—may't be  
Affection thy intention stabs the centre!  
Thou dost make possible things not so held;  
Communicat'st with dreams!—*Ho*! ' can this be!—  
With what's unreal thou coactive art,  
And fellow'st nothing? Then 't is very credent,  
Thou mayst co-join with something, &c.]

"Affection" here means *imagination*, "intention" signifies *intention or intensity*, and the allusion, though the commentators have all missed it, is plainly to that mysterious principle of nature by which a parent's features are transmitted to the off-spring. Pursuing the train of thought induced by the acknowledged likeness between the boy and himself, Leontes asks, "Can it be possible a mother's vehement imagination should penetrate even to the womb, and there imprint upon the embryo what stamp she chooseth? Such apprehensive fantasy, then," he goes on to say, "we may believe will readily co-join with something tangible, and it does," &c. &c.

<sup>a</sup> And that beyond commission ] "Commission" here, as in a former passage of the scene, "I'll give him my commission," means *warrant, permission, authority*

VOL. III.

HER. You look as if you hold a brow of much distraction:

Are you mov'd, my lord? (2)

LEON. No, in good earnest.—

[*Aside.*] How sometimes nature will betray its fully,

Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime  
To harder bosoms!—Looking on the lines  
Of my boy's face, methought<sup>d</sup> I did recoil  
Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreech'd,  
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,

POL. How, my lord!

What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?]

"In the folio, the words 'What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?' have the prefix '*Leo*;' Hamme assigned them to Polixenes. Mr Collier and Mr Knight restore them—very injudiciously, I think—to Leontes. (I suspect that the true reading here is,—

POL. Ho, my lord!

What cheer? how is't with you? &c.—

for Leontes is standing apart from Polixenes and Hermione; and 'how,' as I have already noticed, was frequently the old spelling of 'ho'—*Drca*.

<sup>d</sup> — methought I did recoil—] Mr Collier, upon the strength of a MS annotation in Lord Ellesmere's copy of the first folio, prints "*my thoughts* I did recoil," but "*methoughts*" of the original was often used for "*methought*." So, in the folio text of "*Richard III.*" Act I Sc 4,—

"*Me thoughts* that I had broken from the tower," &c.

And in the same scene,—

"*Me thoughts* I saw a thousand fearful wretches," &c.



Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,  
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous:  
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,  
This squash,\* this gentleman:—Mine honest friend,

Will you take eggs for money?<sup>b</sup>

MAM. No, my lord, I'll fight.

LEON. You will? why, happy man be's dole!—My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we  
Do seem to be of ours?

POL. If at home, sir,  
He's all my exercise; my mirth, my matter;  
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;  
My parasite, mine soldier, statesman, all:  
He makes a July's day short as December;  
And with his varying childness cures in me  
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

LEON. No stands this squire  
Off'd with me. We two will walk, my lord,  
And leave you to your gravest steps.—Hermione,  
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome;  
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:  
Next to thyself and my young rover, he's  
Apparent to my heart.<sup>c</sup>

HER. If you would seek us,  
We are yours i' the garden: shall's attend you  
there?

LEON. To your own bents dispose you: you'll  
be found,

Be you beneath the sky.—[*Aside.*] I am angling  
now,

Though you perceive me not how I give line.

Go to, go to!

[*Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE.*

How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!

And arms her with the boldness of a wife

To her allowing husband!<sup>d</sup> Gone already!—

[*Exeunt POLIXENES, HERMIONE, and  
Attendants.*

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd<sup>e</sup>  
one.

Go play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I  
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue  
Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamour  
Will be my knell.—Go play, boy, play.—There  
have been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;  
And many a man there is, even at this present,  
(Now, while I speak this) holds his wife by th'  
arm,

That little thinks she has been sluic'd in's absence,  
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by  
Sir Smile, his neighbour: pay, there's comfort in't  
Whiles other men have gates, and those gates  
open'd,

As mine, against their will. Should all despair  
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind  
Would hang themselves. Physic for't there's none;  
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike  
Where 't is predominant; and 't is powerful,  
think it,

From east, west, north, and south: be it concluded,  
No barricado for a belly; know't,  
It will let in and out the enemy,  
With bag and baggage: many a thousand on's  
Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy!

MAM. I am like you, they say.

LEON. Why, that's some comfort.—

What, Camillo there?

CAM. Ay, my good lord.

LEON. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest  
man.— [*Exit MAMILLIUS.*

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

CAM. You had much ado to make his anchor  
hold:

When you cast out, it still came home.

LEON. Didst note it?

CAM. He would not stay at your petitions; made  
His business more material.

LEON. Didst perceive it?—

[*Aside.*] They're here with me<sup>f</sup> already; whis-  
p'ring, rounding,

*Sicilia is a—so-forth*: 'Tis far gone,

When I shall gust it last.—How came't, Camillo,  
That he did stay?

CAM. At the good queen's entreaty.

LEON. At the queen's be't: *good* should be  
pertinent;

But so it is, it is not.<sup>h</sup> Was this taken

By any understanding pate but thine?

For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in

More than the common blocks:—not noted, is't,

But of the finer natures? by some severals

\* This squash.—] A "squash" is an immature pea-pod. The word occurs again in "Twelfth Night," Act I Sc. 5,—

"As a squash before it is a peasecod.

and in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Act III, Sc. 1

<sup>b</sup> Will you take eggs for money? This was a proverbial phrase, implying, Will you suffer yourself to be cajoled?

<sup>c</sup> Apparent to my heart.] Nearest to my affections.

<sup>d</sup> To her allowing husband!] That is, probably, her allowed, her lawful husband.

<sup>e</sup>—a fork'd one.] A horned one. So, in "Othello," Act III.

2, 3,—

"Even then this forked plague is fated to us  
When we do quicken."

<sup>f</sup> I am like you, they say.] So the second folio; the 1<sup>st</sup> reads, "I am like you say."

<sup>g</sup> They're here with me already; whispering, &c.] That is, say the modern editors, "Not Polixenes and Hermione, but casual observers"; or "They are aware of my condition"! Strange forgetfulness of a common form of speech. By "They're here with me already," the King means,—the people are already mocking me with this opprobrious gesture (the cuckold's emblem with their fingers), and whispering, &c. So in "Coriolanus," Act III. Sc. 2,—

"Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;

And thus far having stretch'd it, (*here be with them*).  
See also note (<sup>h</sup>), p. 161 of the present Volume.

<sup>h</sup> But so it is, it is not.] But as you apply the word, it is not pertinent.

Of head-pieces extraordinary? lower messes<sup>a</sup>.  
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.

CAM. *Business*, my lord? I think most under-stand

Bohemia stays here longer.

LEON. Ha?

CAM. Stays here longer.

LEON. Ay, but why?

CAM. To satisfy your highness, and the en-treaties

Of our most gracious mistress.

LEON. *Satisfy*

The entreaties of your mistress?—*satisfy*!—  
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo.  
With all the near'st things to my heart, as well  
My chamber-councils, wherein, priest-like, thou  
Hast cleans'd my bosom,—I from thee departed  
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been  
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd  
In that which seems so.

CAM. Be it forbid, my lord!

LEON. To bide upon't—thou art not honest: or,  
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,  
Which boxes<sup>c</sup> honesty behind, restraining  
From course requir'd; or else thou must be counted  
A servant grafted in my serious trust,  
And therein negligent; or else a fool, [drawn,  
That seek'st a game play'd home, the rich stake  
And acst it all for jest.

CAM. My gracious lord,

I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;  
In every one of these no man is free,  
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,  
Among the infinite doings of the world,  
Sometimes puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,  
If ever I were wilful-negligent,  
It was my folly; if industriously  
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,  
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful  
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,  
Whereof the execution did cry out  
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear  
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,  
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty  
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,  
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass  
By its own visage: if I then deny it,  
'Tis none of mine.

LEON. Have not you seen, Camillo,  
(But that's past doubt,—you have, or your eye-  
glass

Is thicker than a cuckold's horn) or heard,  
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour  
Cannot be mute) or thought, (for cogitation  
Resides not in that man that does not think it\*)  
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,  
(Or else be impudently negative,  
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought) then say  
My wife's a hobbyhorse; <sup>•</sup> deserves a name  
As rank as any flax-wench that puts to  
Before her troth-plight: say't, and justify't.  
CAM. I would not be a slander-ly to hear  
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without  
My present vengeance taken: shrew my heart,  
You never spoke what did become you loss  
Than this; which to periterate were sin  
As deep as that, though true.

LEON. Is whispering nothing?  
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?  
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career  
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible  
Of breaking honesty) horsing foot on foot?  
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?  
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes  
Blind with the pin and web,<sup>f</sup> but theirs, theirs only,  
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?  
Why, then, the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;  
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;  
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these  
nothings,

If this be nothing.

CAM. Good my lord, be cur'd  
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;  
For 't is most dangerous.

LEON. Say it be; 'tis true.

CAM. No, no, my lord.

LEON. It is; you lie, you lie!  
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;  
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;  
Or else a hovering temporizer, that  
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,  
Inclining to them both. Were my wife's liver  
Infected as her life, she would not live  
The running of one glass.

CAM. Who does infect her?

LEON. Why, he that wears her like her medal,  
hanging  
About his neck, Bohemia: who—if I  
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes  
To see alike mine honour as their profits,  
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that  
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,

<sup>a</sup> — lower messes—] Meaning inferior persons, such as sat at meals below the salt.

<sup>b</sup> To bide upon't—] This expression appears to mean, as Mr. Dyce has shown by examples,—My abiding opinion is.

<sup>c</sup> — boxes—] To box or bough is to hamstring.

<sup>d</sup> — its—] The comparatively frequent use of the impersonal "its," (though, for the most part, with the apostrophe, *it's*.) in this piece, while it is found but rarely in any of the other plays; in many, not at all; may be taken as an indication that "The

<sup>e</sup> (\*) Old text, *Holy-Horse*.  
Winter's Tale" was one of the poet's latest productions. See note (3), p. 330, Vol. I.

<sup>f</sup> — that does not think it—] The lection of the second folio, at least in some copies of that edition; the first has, "—that do's not think," &c.

<sup>g</sup> — the pin and web,—] Has before been explained to mean the disorder of the sight called a cataract.

His cupbearer,—whom I from meaner form  
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship; who mayst  
see

Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,  
How I am gall'd,—mightst bespice a cup,  
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;  
Which draught to me were cordial.

CAM. Sir, my lord,<sup>a</sup>  
I could do this; and that with no rash potion,  
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work  
Maliciously like poison: but I cannot  
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,  
So sovereignly being honourable.  
I have lov'd thee,<sup>b</sup>—

LEON. Make that thy question, and go rot!  
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,  
To appoint myself in this vexation? sully  
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,—  
Which to preserve is sleep; which being spotted,  
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?  
Give scandal to the blood of the prince my son,—  
Who I do think is mine, and love as mine,—  
Without ripe moving to't?—Would I do this?  
Could man so blench?

CAM. I must believe you, sir;  
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't;  
Provided that, when he's remov'd, your highness  
Will take again your queen as yours at first,  
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing  
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms  
Known and allied to yours.

LEON. Thou dost advise me,  
Even so as I mine own course have set down:  
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

CAM. My lord,  
Go then; and with a countenance as clear  
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,  
And with your queen. I am his cupbearer;  
If from me he have wholesome beverage,  
Account me not your servant.

LEON. This is all;—  
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;  
Do't not, thou splitt'st thine own.

CAM. I'll do't, my lord.

LEON. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised me.<sup>(3)</sup> [Exit.]

CAM. O miserable lady!—But, for me,  
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner  
Of good Polixenes, and my ground to do't  
Is the obedience to a master; one,  
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have

All that are his so too.—To do this deed,  
Promotion follows: if I could find example  
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings  
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't; but since  
Nor brass, nor stoffe, nor parchment, bears not one,  
Let villainy itself forswear't. I must  
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain  
To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now!  
Here comes Bohemia.

Re-enter POLIXENES.

POL. This is strange! methinks  
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—  
Good day, Camillo.

CAM. Hail, most royal sir!

POL. What is the news? the court?

CAM. None rare, my lord.

POL. The king hath on him such a countenance  
As he had lost some province, and a region  
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him  
With customary compliment; when he,  
Wasting his eyes to the contrary, and falling  
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and  
So leaves me to consider what is breeding  
That changes thus his manners.

CAM. I dare not know, my lord.

POL. How! dare not? do not? Do you know,  
and dare not  
Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;  
For to yourself, what you do know, you must  
And cannot say you dare not. Good Camillo,  
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,  
Which shows me mine chang'd too; for I must be  
A party in this alteration, finding  
Myself thus alter'd with it.

CAM. There is a sickness  
Which puts some of us in distemper, but  
I cannot name the disease, and it is caught  
Of you that yet are well.

POL. How! caught of me?  
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:  
I have look'd on thousands who have sped the  
better

By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo—  
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto  
Clerk-like experienc'd, which no less adorns  
Our gentry than our parents' noble names,  
In whose success<sup>d</sup> we are gentle,—I beseech you,  
If you know aught which does behove my know-  
ledge

<sup>a</sup> Sir, my lord,—] With his usual ignorance of Shakespearian phraseology, Mr. Collier's ever-meddling annotator, both here and in Act III. Sc. 1, where Perdita says,—“Sir, my gracious lord.” &c., for “Sir,” reads “Sure.” And Mr. Collier, mindless of Faulstich's “Sir, my liege, your eye hath too much youth,” &c. in Act V. Sc. 1, of this very play; of Prospero's,—“Sir, my liege, do not infect your mind,” &c.; of Hamlet's,—“Sir, my good friend,” &c., chooses to adopt the substitution, and tells us, “Sure” is “evidently the true text”!

<sup>b</sup> I have lov'd thee,—] These words, though forming a part of Camillo's speech in the old copies, are sometimes assigned to Leontes in modern editions.

<sup>c</sup> For to yourself, what you do know, you must And cannot say you dare not.] That is,—For what you know, you must not and cannot say you dare not tell yourself.

<sup>d</sup> In whose success we are gentle,—] By succession from whom we derive gentility.



Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not  
In ignorant concealment.

CAM. I may not answer.

POL. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!  
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo?  
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man  
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the  
least

Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare  
What incidency thou dost guess of harm  
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;  
Which way to be prevented, if to be;  
If not, how best to bear it.

CAM. Sir, I will tell you;  
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him  
That I think honourable: therefore, mark my  
counsel,

Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as  
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me  
Cry *lost*, and so good night!

POL. On, good Camillo.

CAM. I am appointed him to murder you!<sup>a</sup>

POL. By whom, Camillo?

CAM. By the king.

POL. For what?

CAM. He thinks, nay, with all confidence, he  
swears,

<sup>a</sup> I am appointed him to murder you! I am the agent fixed  
upon to murder you.

<sup>b</sup> To vice you to't,—] To screw you to it. So in "Twelfth  
Night," Act V. Sc. 1,—

"— I partly know the instrument  
That screws me from my true place in your favour."

As he had seen't, or been an instrument  
To vice<sup>b</sup> you to't,—that you have touch'd his queen  
Forbiddenly.

POL. O, then my best blood turn  
To an infected jelly, and my name  
Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best!<sup>c</sup>  
Turn then my freshest reputation to  
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril  
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,  
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection  
That e'er was heard or read!

CAM. Swear his thought over<sup>d</sup>  
By each particular star in heaven, and  
By all their influences, you may as well  
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,  
As, or by oath remove, or counsel shake  
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation  
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue  
The standing of his body.

POL. How should this grow?

CAM. I know not: but I am sure 't is safer to  
Avoid what's grown than question how 't is born.  
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—  
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you  
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night!  
Your followers I will whisper to the business;  
And will, by twos and threes, at several posterns,

<sup>c</sup> Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best! That is, with the  
name of Judas.

<sup>d</sup> Swear his thought over—] Theobald suggested,— "Swear *this*  
*though*, over," which, besides being foreign to the mode of expres-  
sion in Shakespeare's time, is a change quite uncalled for; to swear  
over=over-swear, is merely to out-swear.

Clear them o' the city: for myself, I'll put  
My fortunes to your service, which are here  
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;  
For, by the honour of my parents, I  
Have utter'd truth; which if you seek to prove,  
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer  
Than one condemned by the king's own mouth,  
Thereon his execution sworn.

POL. I do believe thee;  
I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand;  
Be pilot to me, and thy places\* shall  
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and  
My people did expect my hence departure  
Two days ago.—This jealousy  
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,

Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,  
Must it be violent: and as he does conceive  
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever  
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must  
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:  
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort  
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing  
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;  
I will respect thee as a father, if  
Thou bear'st my life off hence: let us avoid.

CAM. It is in mine authority to command  
The keys of all the posterns. Please your high-  
ness

To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away!

[*Exeunt.*]

\* *places*—] By "*places*" are perhaps meant *dignities*, or *honours*.

<sup>b</sup> Good expedition be my friend, and comfort  
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing  
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion!]

Warburton gives,—

" — and comfort

The gracious queen's; "

Hammcr and Mr. Collier's annotator,—

" Good expedition be my friend! Heaven comfort," &c.,  
the latter substituting "dream" for "*theme*" But we are still  
wide—*into celo, tota regione*—of the genuine text, now, it may be  
stared, irrecoverable.





## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*Sicilia. The Palace.*

*Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.*

HER. Take the boy to you : he so troubles me  
'Tis past enduring.

1 LADY. Come, my gracious lord,  
Shall I be your playfellow ?

MAM. No, I'll none of you.

1 LADY. Why, my sweet lord ?

MAM. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me  
as if

I were a baby still.—I love you better.

2 LADY. And why so, my lord ?

MAM. Not for because  
Your brows are blacker ; yet black brows, they  
say,

Become some women best, so that there be not  
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,  
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

2 LADY. Who taught you this ? \*

MAM. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray  
now

What colour are your eyebrows ?

1 LADY. Blue, my lord.

MAM. Nay, that's a meek : I have seen a lady's  
nose

That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

2 LADY. Hark ye ;

The queen your mother rounds apace : we shall  
Present our services to a fine new prince  
One of these days ; and then you'd wanton with  
us,

If we would have you.

1 LADY. She is spread of late  
Into a goodly bulk : good time encounter her !

HER. What wisdom stirs amongst you ?—Come,  
sir, now

I am for you again : pray you, sit by us,  
And tell's a tale.

MAM. Merry, or sad, shall't be ?

HER. As merry as you will.

MAM. A sad-tale's best for winter :  
I have one of sprites and goblins.

HER. Let's have that, good sir.  
Come on, sit down :—come on, and do your best  
To fright me with your sprites ; you're powerful  
at it.

MAM. There was a man,—

\* Who taught you this ? It has been customary, since the time of Rowe, to read,—“ Who taught you this ? ” though in the old text the pronoun is only indicated by an apostrophe.

HER. Nay, come, sit down; then or.

MAM. Dwelt by a churchyard;—I will tell it softly;

Yond crickets shall not hear it.

HER. Come on then,  
And give't me in mine ear.

*Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and others.*

LEON. Was he met there? his train? Camillo  
with him? [never]

1 LORD. Behind the tuft of pines I met them;  
Saw I men scout so on their way: I ey'd them  
Even to their ships.

LEON. How bless'd am I  
In my just censure!—in my true opinion!—  
Alack, for lesser knowledge!—how accurs'd  
In being so bless'd!—There may be in the cup  
A spider steep'd,\* and one may drink, depart,<sup>b</sup>  
And yet partake no venom: for his knowledge  
Is not infected: but if one present  
The abhor'd ingredient to his eye, make known  
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,  
With violent hefts:—I have drunk, and seen the  
spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pauder:—  
There is a plot against my life, my crown;  
All's true that is mistrusted:—that false villain,  
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:  
He has discover'd my design, and I  
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick  
For them to play at will.—How came the posterns  
So easily open?

1 LORD. By his great authority;  
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,  
On your command.

LEON. I know't too well.—  
Give me the boy:—I am glad you did not nurse  
him:

Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you  
Have too much blood in him.

HER. What is this? sport?

LEON. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come  
about her;

Away with him!—and let her sport herself  
[*Exit MAMILLIUS, with some of the Attendants.*]  
With that she's big with; for 't is Polixenes  
Has made thee swell thus.

HER. But I'd say he had not,—

And I'll be sworn,—you would believe my saying,  
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

LEON. You, my lords,

Look on her, mark her well; be but about

To say, *she is a goodly lady*, and

The justice of your hearts will thereto add,

'T is pity *she's not honest, honourable*:

Praise her but for this her without-door form,

(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech) and  
straight

The shrug, the *hum*, or *ha*,—these petty brands

That calumny doth use:—O, I am out,

That mercy does; for calumny will scar

Virtue itself:—these shrugs, these hums and ha's,

When you have said *she's goodly*, come between,

Ere you can say *she's honest*: but be't known,

From him that has most cause to grieve it should  
be,

She's an adulteress!

HER. Should a villain say so,  
The most replenish'd villain in the world,  
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,  
Do but mistake.

LEON. You have mistook, my lady,  
Polixenes for Leontes: O, thou thing,  
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,  
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,  
Should a like language use to all degrees,  
And mannerly distinguishment leave out  
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said  
She's an adulteress; I have said with whom:  
More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is  
A federaly\* with her; and one that knows  
What she should shame to know herself  
But with her most vile principal, that she's  
A bed-swarver, even as bad as those  
That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy  
To this their late escape.

HER. No, by my life,  
Privy to none of this! How will this grieve you  
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that  
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,  
You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say  
You did mistake.

LEON. No' if I mistake  
In those foundations which I build upon,  
The centre is not big enough to bear  
A schoolboy's top.—Away with her to prison!  
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty  
But that he speaks.

\* A spider steep'd, —] It was a prevalent belief anciently that spiders were venomous, and that a person might be poisoned by drinking any liquid in which one was infused. From the context it would appear, however, that to render the draught fatal, the victim ought to see the spider. So, in Middleton's "No Wit, no Help like a Woman's," Act II. Sc. 1, —

"Even when my lip touch'd the contracting cup,  
Even then to see the spider!"

<sup>b</sup> — and one may drink, depart, &c.] Mr. Collier's annotator

reads,—"and one may drink *a pari*;" but what Shakespeare wrote, we are persuaded, was,—

"— and one may drink *deep o't*,  
And yet partake no venom."

<sup>c</sup> — hefts —] "Hefts" are *heavings*.

<sup>d</sup> — a pinch'd thing;] That is, a *restrained, nipped, confined* thing.

\* A federaly—] A supposed corruption of *fedary*, and signifying a *confederate*, or *accomplice*. See note (d), p. 608, Vol. II

**HER.** There's some ill planet reigns :  
I must be patient till the heavens look  
With an aspect more favourable.—Good my lords,  
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex  
Commonly are,—the want of which vain dew  
Perchance shall dry your pities,—but I have  
That honourable grief ledg'd here, which burns  
Worse than tears drown : beseech you all, my lords,  
With thoughts so qualified as your charities  
Shall best instruct you, measure me ;—and so  
The king's will be perform'd !

**LEON.** Shall I be heard ? [To the Guards.

**HER.** Who is't that goes with me ?—Beseech  
your highness,

My women may be with me, for, you see,  
My plight requires it.—Do not weep, good fools ;  
There is no cause : when you shall know your  
mistress

Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears

As I come out : this action I now go on

Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord :

I never wish'd to see you sorry ; now [leave.

I trust I shall.<sup>(1)</sup>—My women, come ; you have

**LEON.** Go, do our bidding ; hence !

[*Exeunt QUEEN and Ladies, with Guards.*

**1 LORD.** Beseech your highness, call the queen  
again.

**ANT.** Be certain what you do, sir, lest your  
justice

Prove violence ; in the which three great ones suffer,  
Yourself, your queen, your son.

**1 LORD.** For her, my lord,

I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,

Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless

'T the eyes of heaven and to you ; I mean,

In this which you accuse her.

**ANT.** If it prove

She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where

I lodge my wife ; I'll go in couples with her ; \*

\* Than when I feel and see her, no farther trust her ;

For every inch of woman in the world,

Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,

If she be.

**LEON.** Hold your peace.

*If it prove  
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where  
I lodge my wife, I'll go in couples with her.]*

A prodigious amount of nonsense has been written on this unfortunate passage, but not a single editor or critic has shown the faintest perception of what it means. The accepted explanation, that by "I'll keep my stables where I lodge my wife," &c. Antigonus declares, that he will have his stables in the same place with his wife, or, as some writers express it, he will "make his stable or dog-kennel of his wife's chamber" is set gravity completely at defiance. What he means—and the excessive grossness of the idea can hardly be excused—is, unquestionably, that if Hermione be proved incontinent he should believe every woman is unchaste, his own wife as licentious as Semiramis, ("Equum adamatum a Semiramide." &c.—*Pliny*, l. viii. c. 42.) and where he lodged her he would "keep" that is, guard, or fasten the entry of his stables. This sense of the word "keep" is so common, even in Shakespeare, that it is amazing no one should have seen its application here. For example—

<sup>b</sup> "Dromio, keep the gate."—*Comedy of Errors*, Act II. Sc. 2

<sup>c</sup> "Keep the door close, sirrah."—*Henry VIII.* Act V. Sc. 1.

**1 LORD.**

Good my lord,—

**ANT.** It is for you we speak, not for ourselves,  
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,  
That will be damp'd for't ; would I knew the  
villain,

I would land-damn<sup>c</sup> him. Be she honour-flaw'd,—  
I have three daughters : the eldest is eleven ;  
The second, and the third, nine, and some five ;  
If this prove true, they'll pay for't : by mine  
honour,

I'll geld<sup>d</sup> 'em all ; fourteen they shall not see,  
To bring false generations : they are co-heirs ;  
And I had rather glib myself than they  
Should not produce fair issue.

**LEON.** Cease ! no more.

You smell this business with a sense as cold  
As is a dead man's nose : but I do see't and feel't,  
As you feel doing thus ; and see withal  
The instruments that feel.<sup>d</sup>

**ANT.** If it be so,

We need no grave to bury honesty ;  
There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten  
Of the whole dungy earth.

**LEON.**

What ! lack I credit ?

**1 LORD.** I had rather you did lack than I, my  
lord.

Upon this ground ; and more it would content me  
To have her honour true than your suspicion,  
Be blam'd for't how you might.

**LEON.** Why, what need we

Commune with you of this, but rather follow  
Our forceful instigation ? Our prerogative  
Calls not your counsels ; but our natural goodness  
Imparts this : which, if you (or stuffed,  
Or seeming so in skill<sup>e</sup>) cannot or will not  
Relish a truth, like us, inform yourselves  
We need no more of your advice. the matter,  
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all  
Properly ours.

**ANT.** And I wish, my liege,  
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,  
Without more overture.

**LEON.** How could that be ?

Either thou art most ignorant by age,

<sup>a</sup> "I thank you keep the door."—*Hamlet*, Act IV. Sc. 5.

<sup>b</sup> "Gratiano, keep the house," &c.—*Othello*, Act V. Sc. 2.

<sup>c</sup> — and by some putter-on,—] "Putter-on" appears to have been a term of reproach, implying an instigator, or plottor. It occurs again in "Henry VIII." Act I. Sc. 2. See note (b), p. 650, Vol. II.

<sup>d</sup> — land-damn him ] "Land-damn" may almost with certainty be pronounced corrupt. The only tolerable attempt to extract sense from it, as it stands, is that of Rann, who conjectured that it meant "condemned to the punishment of being built up in the earth"—a torture mentioned in "Titus Andronicus," Act V. Sc. 3,—

"Set him breast deep in earth, and famish him," &c.

<sup>e</sup> — and see withal  
The instruments that feel.]

A stage direction of some kind is required at these words. Hammer gives, "Laying hold of his arm," Dr. Johnson, "Striking his brows."

<sup>f</sup> — in skill—] That is, cunning, design.





Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,  
 Added to their familiarity,  
 (Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,  
 That lack'd, sight only, nought for approbation ;  
 But only seeing, all other circumstances  
 Made up to the deed) doth push on this proceeding :  
 Yet, for a greater confirmation,  
 (For, in an act of this importance, 't were  
 Most piteous to be wild) I have dispatch'd in post  
 To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,  
 Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know  
 Of stuff'd sufficiency. Now, from the oracle  
 They will bring all ; whose spiritual counsel had,  
 Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well ?

1 LORD. Well done, my lord.

LEON. Though I am satisfied, and need no more  
 Than what I know, yet shall the oracle  
 Give rest to the minds of others ; such as he  
 Whose ignorant credulity will not  
 Come up to the truth. So have we thought it  
 good,

From our free person she should be confin'd,  
 Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence  
 Be left her to perform. Come, follow us ;  
 We are to speak in public ; for this business  
 Will raise us all.

ANT. [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,  
 If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*]

\* That lack'd, sight only, nought for approbation. ] The meaning is,—That wanted, seeing excepted, nothing for proof.

SCENE II.—*The same. The outer Room of a Prison.*

*Enter PAULINA and Attendants.*

PAUL. The keeper of the prison,—call to him ;  
 Let him have knowledge who I am.—

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Good lady !

No court in Europe is too good for thee ;  
 What dost thou, then, in prison ?

*Re-enter Attendant, with the Gaoler.*

Now, good sir,

You know me, do you not ?

GAOL.

For a worthy lady,

And one who much I honour.

PAUL.

Pray you, then,

Conduct me to the queen.

GAOL. I may not, madam : to the contrary  
 I have express commandment.

PAUL.

Here's ado,

To lock up honesty and honour from [you,  
 The access of gentle visitors !—Is't lawful, pray  
 To see her women ? any of them ? Emilia ?

GAOL. So please you, madam,  
 To put apart these your attendants, I  
 Shall bring Emilia forth.

PAUL.

I pray now, call her.—

Withdraw yourselves.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

GAOL.

Anti, madam,

I must be present at your conference.

PAUL. Well, be it so, prythee. [*Exit Gaoler.*  
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,  
As passes colouring.

*Re-enter Gaoler, with EMILIA.*

Dear gentlewoman,

How fares our gracious lady?

EMIL. As well as one so great and so forlorn  
May hold together: on her frights and griefs,  
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater)  
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

PAUL. A boy?

EMIL. A daughter; and a goodly babe.  
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives  
Much comfort in't: says, *My poor prisoner,*  
*I am innocent as you.*

PAUL. I dare be sworn:—  
These dangerous unsafe lunces<sup>a</sup> i' the king! he-  
shrew them!

He must be told on't, and he shall: the office  
Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me:  
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,  
And never to my red-look'd anger be  
The trumpet any more.—Pray you, Emilia,  
Commend my best obedience to the queen;  
If she dares trust me with her little babe,  
I'll show't the king, and undertake to be  
Her advocate to the loudest. We do not know  
How he may soften at the sight o' the child;  
The silence often of pure innocence  
Persuades, when speaking fails.

EMIL. Most worthy madam,  
Your honour and your goodness is so evident,  
That your free undertaking cannot miss  
A thriving issue: there is no lady living [*ship*  
To meet for this great errand. Please your lady-  
To visit the next room, I'll presently  
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;  
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design,  
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,  
Lest she should be denied.

PAUL. Tell her, Emilia,  
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from't,  
As boldness from my bosom, let not be doubted  
I shall do good.

EMIL. Now be you bless'd for it!  
I'll to the queen: please you, come something<sup>a</sup>  
nearer. [*the babe,*

GAOL. Madam, if't please the queen to send  
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,  
Having no warrant.

<sup>a</sup> These dangerous unsafe lunces.—] To remedy the apparent tautology in this line, Mr. Collier's annotator would have us read, —still more tautologically,—

"These dangerous unsafe lunces," &c  
But the old text needs no alteration; "dangerous," like its syno-

PAUL. You need not fear it, air:  
This child was prisoner to the womb, and is,  
By law and process of great Nature, thence  
Freed and enfranchis'd; not a party to  
The arigor of the king, nor guilty of,  
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

GAOL. I do believe it.

PAUL. Do not you fear; upon mine honour, I  
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

ANTIGONUS, Lords, and other Attendants,  
in waiting behind.

*Enter LEONTES.*

LEON. Nor night nor day no rest. It is but  
weakness

To bear the matter thus;—mere weakness. If  
The cause were not in being,—part o' the cause,  
She the adulteress: for the harlot king  
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank  
And level<sup>b</sup> of my brain, plot-proof; but she  
I can hook to me:—say that she were gone,  
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest  
Might come to me again.—Who's there?

1 ATTEND. [*Advancing.*] My lord!

LEON. How does the boy?

1 ATTEND. He took good rest to-night;  
'Tis hop'd his sickness is discharg'd.

LEON. To see his nobleness!  
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,  
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took<sup>c</sup> it deeply;  
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself;  
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,  
And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely:—go,  
See how he fares. [*Exit Attend.*—] Fie, fie! no  
thought of him;—

The very thought of my revenges that way  
Recoil upon me. In himself too mighty,  
And in his parties, his alliance,—let him be,  
Until a time may serve for present vengeance,  
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes  
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow;  
They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor  
Shall she within my power.

*Enter PAULINA, with a Child.*

1 LORD. You must not enter.

PAUL. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second  
to me.

nym "perilous," was sometimes used for *biting, caustic, mischievous*, and in some such sense may very well stand here.

<sup>b</sup> — out of the blank  
And level of my brain,—]

"Blank" and "level" are terms in gunnery; the former means mark, the latter range



Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,  
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,  
More free than he is jealous.

ANT

That's enough.

2 ATTEND. Madam, he hath not slept to-night;  
commanded

None should come at him.

PAUL.

Not so hot, good air;

I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—

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That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh . . .  
At each his needless heavings,—such as you  
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I  
Do come with words as med'cinal as true,  
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour  
That presses him from sleep.

LEON.

What\* noise there ho?

(\*) First folio wh.

PAUL. No noise, my lord; but needful conference  
About some gossips for your highness.

LEON. How!—  
Away with that audacious lady!—Antigonus,  
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me:  
I knew she would.

ANT. I told her so, my lord,  
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,  
She should not visit you.

LEON. What, canst not rule her?

PAUL. From all dishonesty he can: in this,  
(Unless he take the course that you have done,  
Commit me, for committing honour) trust it,  
He shall not rule me.

ANT. La you now! you hear:  
When she will take the rein, I let her run;  
But she'll not stumble.

PAUL. Good my liege, I come,—  
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes  
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,  
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dares  
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,  
Than such as most seem yours:—I say, I come  
From your good queen.

LEON. Good queen!

PAUL. Good queen, my lord, good queen: I  
say, good queen;  
And would by combat make her good, so were I  
A man, the worst about you.

LEON. Force her hence.

PAUL. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes  
First hand me: on mine own accord I'll off;  
But first I'll do my errand.—The good queen,  
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;  
Here 't is; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the Child.*]

LEON. Out!

A mankind<sup>b</sup> witch! Hence with her, out o' door:  
A most intelligencing bawd!

PAUL. Not so.

I am as ignorant in that as you  
In so entitling me: and no less honest<sup>c</sup>  
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,  
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

LEON. Traitors!  
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.—  
Thou dotard [To ANTIQONUS.], thou art woman-  
tir'd,<sup>d</sup> unroosted!

By thy dame Partlet here:—take up the bastard;  
Take 't up, I say; give 't to thy crone.

PAUL. For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou

Take'st up the princess by that forced baseness<sup>e</sup>  
Which he has put upon 't!

LEON. He dreads his wife!

PAUL. So I would you did; then 't were past  
all doubt

You'd call your children yours.

LEON. A nest of traitors!

ANT. I am none, by this good light.

PAUL. Nor I; nor any,

But one, that's here, and that's himself; for he  
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,  
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,  
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and  
will not

(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse  
He cannot be compell'd to 't) once remove  
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,  
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

LEON. A callat,  
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her  
husband,

And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;  
It is the issue of Polixenes:

Hence with it; and, together with the dam,  
Commit them to the fire!

PAUL. It is yours;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,  
So like you, 't is the worse.—Behold, my lords,  
Although the print be little, the whole matter  
And copy of the father,—eye, nose, lip;  
The trick of 's frown; his forehead; nay, the valley,  
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his  
smiles;

The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—  
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it  
So like to him that got it, if thou hast  
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours  
No yellow in 't, lest she suspect, as he does,  
Her children not her husband's!

LEON. A gross hag!

And, lose!,<sup>f</sup> thou art worthy to be hang'd,  
That wilt not stay her tongue.

ANT. Hang all the husbands

That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself  
Hardly one subject.

LEON. Once more, take her hence!

PAUL. A most unworthy and unnatural lord  
Can do no more.

LEON. I'll have thee burn'd.

PAUL. I care not:

It is an heretic that makes the fire,  
Not she which burns in 't. I'll not call you tyrant;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,  
So like you, 't is the worse.—

Overbury quotes this "old proverb" in his character of "A Sargeant".—"The devil calls him his white sonne; he is so like him, that he is the worse for it, and hee lukes after his father."—  
OVERBURY'S Works, Ed 1616.

<sup>f</sup> — lose!, —] Said to be derived from the Saxon *Loetan*, to lose, and to mean an abandoned, worthless fellow.

<sup>a</sup> — in comforting your evils.—] "Comforting" is here employed in the old and forensic sense of *encouraging, abetting, &c.*

<sup>b</sup> A mankind *witch*! See note (a), p. 167

<sup>c</sup> — honest.—] That is, *chaste*.

<sup>d</sup> — woman-tir'd.—] As we say, *hem-poked*.

<sup>e</sup> — by that forced baseness.—] By that *false* appellation, *bastard*.

But this most cruel usage of your queen  
(Not able to produce more accusation [savours  
Than your own weak-bing'd fancy) something  
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,  
Yea, scandalous to the world.

LEON. On your allegiance,  
Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,  
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,  
If she did know me once. Away with her!

PAUL. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.  
Look to your babe, my lord; 't is yours: Jove  
send her [hands?—

A better guiding spirit!—What needs these  
You, that are th' is so tender o'er his follies,  
Will never do him good, not one of you.  
So, so:—farewell; we are gone. [Exit.

LEON. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—  
My child? away with't!—eye thou, that hast  
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,  
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;  
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:  
Within this hour bring me word 't is done,  
(And by good testimony) or I'll seize thy life,  
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse,  
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so,  
The bastard brains with these my proper hands  
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;  
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

ANT. I did not, sir:  
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,  
Can clear me in 't.

1 LORD. We can;—my royal liege,  
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

LEON. You're liars all. [credit:

1 LORD. Beseech your highness, give us better  
We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech  
So to esteem of us: and on our knees we beg,  
(As recompense of our dear services  
Past and to come) that you do change this purpose,  
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must  
Lead on to some foul issue: we all kneel.

LEON. I am a feather for each wind that blows:—  
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel  
And call me father? Better burn it now,  
Than curse it then. But be it: let it live:—  
It shall not neither. You, sir, come you hither;

[To ANTIGONUS.

You that have been so tenderly officious  
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,  
To save this bastard's life,—for 't is a bastard,  
So sure as this beard's grey,—what will you ad-  
venture  
To save this brat's life?

ANT. Anything, my lord,

That my ability may undergo,  
And nobleness impose:—at least, thus much,  
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left  
To save the innocent:—anything possible.

LEON. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword,  
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

ANT. I will, my lord.

LEON. Mark, and perform it, seest thou; for  
the fail

Of any point in 't shall not only be  
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,  
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,  
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry  
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it  
To some remote and desert place, quite out  
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,  
Without more mercy, to its own protection  
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune  
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,  
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,  
That thou commend<sup>c</sup> it strangely to some place,  
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

ANT. I swear to do this, though a present  
death

Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:  
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens  
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,  
Casting their savageness aside, have done  
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous  
In more than this deed does require!—and blessing,  
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,  
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! (2)

[Exit, with the Child.

LEON. No, I'll not rear

Another's issue.

2 ATTEND. Please your highness, posts,  
From those you sent to the oracle, are come  
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,  
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,  
Hasting to the court.

1 LORD. So please you, sir, their speed  
Hath been beyond account.

LEON. Twenty-three days  
They have been absent: 't is good speed; foretells  
The great Apollo suddenly will have  
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;  
Summon a session, that we may arraign<sup>d</sup>  
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath  
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have  
A just and open trial. While she lives,  
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;  
And think upon my bidding. [Exeunt.

<sup>a</sup> — and beseech —] Here again in the old text the elision of you  
is marked by an apostrophe; thus, beseech'.

<sup>b</sup> So sure as this beard's grey, —] Unless we read according to  
a marginal annotation in Lord Ellesmere's copy of the first folio,  
—"thy beard," we must suppose the king to point to, or touch the  
beard of Antigonus; he himself, who twenty-three years before  
the play began was unbreeched, could hardly have a grey beard.

<sup>c</sup> — to its own protection —] Although the pronoun "its" occurs  
more frequently in this piece than in any other of Shakespeare's  
plays, showing it to have been one of his last works, that now  
indispensable vocable was still only in its infancy; for in this drama  
we have "it" in the instance above, and again in Act III. Sc. 2, —

"The innocent milke in it most innocent mouth."

<sup>d</sup> — commend —] To commend was to commit.



## ACT III

### SCENE I.—Sicilia. *A Street in some Town.*

*Enter CLEOMENES and DION.*

CLEO. The climate's delicate; the air most sweet;  
Fertile the isle; the temple much surpassing  
The common praise it bears.

DION. I shall report,  
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,  
(Methinks I so should term them) and the reverence

Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!  
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly  
It was i' the offering!

CLEO. But, of all, the burst  
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,  
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,  
That I was nothing.

DION. If the event o' the journey  
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be it so!  
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,  
The time is worth the use on't.

CLEO. Great Apollo,  
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,  
So forcing faults upon Hermione,  
I little like.

DION. The violent carriage of it  
Will clear or end the business: when the oracle  
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up)  
Shall the contents discover, something rare  
Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go,—fresh  
horses;—  
And gracious be the issue! *[Exeunt.]*

### SCENE II.—*The same. A Court of Justice.*

LEONTES, Lords, and Officers discovered, properly seated.

LEON. This sessions (to our great grief we  
pronounce)  
Even pushes 'gainst our heart; the party tried,  
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one  
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd  
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly  
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,  
Even to the guilt or the purgation.—  
Produce the prisoner.

OFF. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen  
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

\* Silence! In the old copies this word stands as a stage direction, but that it was intended for a command, to be spoken by

the officer, or by the ordinary crier, is evident. Compare the opening of the scene of Queen Katharine's trial in "*Henry VIII.*"



*Enter HERMIONE, guarded ; PAULINA and Ladies, attending.*

LEON. Read the indictment.

OFF. [*Reads.*] *Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia ; and*

*conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband : the pretence\* whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.*

\* — pretence—] That is, *plot, design, &c.* So, in "Macbeth," Act II. Sc. 1,—

— and thence  
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight  
Of treasonous malice "



HER. Since what I am to say must be but that  
Which contradicts my accusation, and  
The testimony on my part no other  
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot  
me

To say, *Not guilty*; mine integrity,  
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,  
Be so receiv'd. But thus,—If powers divine  
Behold our human actions (as they do),

I doubt not, then, but innocence shall make  
False accusation blush, and tyranny  
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know  
(Who least will seem to do so) my past life  
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,  
As I am now unhappy; which is more  
Than history can pattern, though devis'd  
And play'd to fake spectators; for behold me,—  
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe



A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,  
The mother to a hopeful prince, & here standing,  
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore  
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it  
As I weigh grief,\* which I would spare: for honour,  
'T is a derivative from me to mine,  
And only that I stand for. I appeal  
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes  
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,  
How merited to be so; since he came,  
With what encounter so uncourteous I  
Have strain'd, to appear thus:† if one jot beyond  
The bound of honour, or in act or will  
That way inclining, haden'd be the hearts  
Of all that hear me, and my nearest of kin  
Cry *Hie!* upon my grave!

LEON. I ne'er heard yet  
That any of these bolder vices wanted  
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,  
Than to perform it first.

HER. That's true enough,  
Though 't is a saying, sir, not due to me.

LEON. You will not own it.

HER. More than mistress of  
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must  
not

At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,  
(With whom I am accus'd) I do confess  
I lov'd him,—as in honour he requir'd,—  
With such a kind of love as might become  
A lady like me, with a love, even such,  
So and no other, as your self commanded:  
Which not to have done, I think had been in me  
Both disobedience and ingratitude  
To you and toward your friend; whose love had  
spoke,

Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,  
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,  
I know not how it tastes: though it be dish'd  
For me to try how: all I know of it,  
Is that Camillo was an honest man;  
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,  
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

LEON. You knew of his departure, as you  
know

What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

HER. Sir,  
You speak a language that I understand not:

My life stands in the level of your dreams,\*  
Which I'll lay down.

LEON. Your actions are my dreams;  
You had a bastard by Polixenes,  
And I but dream'd it:—as you were past all  
shame.

(Those of your fact<sup>d</sup> are so,) so past all truth;  
Which to deny, concerns more than avails; for as  
Thybiat hath been cast out, like to itself,  
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,  
More criminal in thee than it) so thou  
Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage,  
Look for no less than death.<sup>(1)</sup>

HER. Sir, spare your threats;  
The bug which you would fright me with, I seek.  
To me can life be no commodity:  
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,  
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,  
But know not how it went: my second joy,  
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence  
I am barr'd, like one infectious: my third comfort,  
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,  
The innocent milk in it<sup>e</sup> most innocent mouth.  
Hud'd out to murder: myself on every post  
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred,  
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs  
To women of all fashion;—lastly, hurried  
Here to this place, i' the open air, before  
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,  
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,  
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.  
But yet hear this; mistake me not:—no life,—  
I prize it not a straw,—but for mine honour.  
(Which I would free) if I shall be condemn'd  
Upon surmises,—all proofs sleeping else,  
But what your jealousies awake,—I tell you  
'T is rigour, and not law.—Your honours all.  
I do refer me to the oracle:  
Apollo be my judge!<sup>(2)</sup>

I LEON. This your request  
Is altogether just.—therefore, bring forth,  
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*]

HER. The emperor of Russia was my father.  
O, that he were alive, and here beholding  
His daughter's trial! that he did but see  
The flatness of my misery.—yet with eyes  
Of pity, not revenge!

This is not remarkably perspicuous, the sense appears to be,—  
By what unwarrantable familiarity have I lapsed, that I should  
be made to stand as a public criminal thus?

<sup>c</sup> — in the level.— To be *in the level* is to be within the range  
or compass. — “and therefore when under his covert or pertision  
he is gotten within his *level* and hath the Winde fit and certain,  
then hee shall make choice of his marke,” &c.—MARKHAM'S  
*Hunger's Prevention*, 1621, p. 45.

<sup>d</sup> (Those of your fact—) Those of your *crime*. Thus, in  
“Pericles,” Act IV. Sc. 3,—

“Becoming well thy fact.”

<sup>e</sup> — in it most innocent mouth,—] See note (b), p. 214.

\* — *For life, I prize it  
As I weigh grief, which I would spare*]

It is surmised that the passage should have passed without question,  
for “grief” must surely be an error. Hermione thinks that life  
to her is of as little estimation as the most trivial thing which  
she would part with, and she expresses the same sentiment  
shortly after, in similar terms,—

“—no life,—  
I prize it not a straw.”

Could she speak of “grief” as a trifle, of no moment or import-  
ance?

With what encounter so uncourteous I  
Have strain'd, to appear thus.]

*Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION.*

OFFI. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice

That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have  
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought

This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd  
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,  
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,  
Nor read the secrets in 't.

CLEO. and DION. All this we swear.

LEON. Break up the seals, and read.

OFFI. [*Reads.*] *Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found* (3)

LORDS. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

HER. Praised!

LEON. Hast thou read truth?

OFFI. Ay, my lord; even so  
As it is here set down.

LEON. There is no truth at all i' the oracle:  
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

*Enter an Attendant, hastily.*

ATTEN. My lord the king, the king!

LEON. What is the business?

ATTEN. O sir, shall be hated to report it!  
The prince your son, with more conceit and fear  
Of the queen's speed,\* is gone.

LEON. How! gone?

ATTEN. Is dead.

LEON. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves

Do strike at my injustice. [*HERMIONE faints.*]  
How now there!

PAUL. This news is mortal to the queen.—  
Look down,  
And see what death is doing.

LEON. Take her hence:  
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover:—  
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—  
Beseech you tenderly apply to her  
Some remedies for life.—

[*Exeunt PAULINA and Ladies, with  
HERMIONE.*]

Apollo, pardon  
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—  
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;

\* *Of the queen's speed, —] Of the queen's fate, As, for-  
tune.*

b No richer than his honour, how he glisters  
Thorough my rust! and how his piety  
Does my deeds make the blacker!]

The force of this is miserably enfeebled by the punctuation here-  
before adopted, —

ew woo my queen; recall the good Camillo,  
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;  
For, being transported by my jealousies  
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose  
Camillo for the minister, to poison  
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,  
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied  
My swift command, though I with death, and with  
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,  
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,  
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest  
Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,  
Which you knew great; and to the hazard  
Of all uncertainties himself commended.  
No richer than his honour, how he glisters  
Thorough my rust! and how his piety  
Does my deeds make the blacker! b

*Re-enter PAULINA.*

PAUL. Woe tho while!  
O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,  
Break too!

1 LORD. What fit is this, good lady?

PAUL. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for  
me?  
What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying?  
boiling

In leads or oild? what old or newer torture  
Must I receive, whose every word deserves  
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny  
Together working with thy jealousies, —  
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle  
For girls of mine! — O, think what they have done,  
And then run mad indeed, — stark mad! for all  
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spiers of it.  
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 't was nothing, —  
That did but show thee of a fool,\* inconstant  
And damnable<sup>d</sup> ingratul<sup>d</sup> — not was't much,  
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour,  
To have him kill a king, — poor trespasses,  
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon  
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,  
To be or none, or little, — though a devil  
Would have shed water out of fire, ere done 't;  
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death  
Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts  
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart  
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire  
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,  
Laid to thy answer: but the last, — O, lords,

and to the hazard  
Of all incertainties himself commended,  
No richer than his honour, how he glisters, &c.

\* That did but show thee of a fool, —] Theobald proposed to  
read, — "of a soul," a Warburton, — "show thee off, a  
fool," but any change would be to destroy a form of speech  
characteristic of the author's time, "of a fool," is the same as  
"for a fool"

<sup>d</sup> And damnable ingratul. That is, "damnable ingratul."

When I have said, cry, *Woe!* the queen, the queen,  
The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead; and vengeance for't  
Not dropp'd down yet!

1 LORD. The higher powers forbid!

PAUL. I say, she's dead; I'll swear't. If word nor oath

Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring  
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,  
Heat outwardly or breath within, I'll serve you  
As I would do the gods.—But, O, thou tyrant!  
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier  
Than all thy woe's can stir: therefore betake thee  
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,  
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,  
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter,  
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods  
To look that way thou wert.

LEON. Go on, go on  
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd  
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

1 LORD. Say no more,  
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault  
In the boldness of your speech.

PAUL. I am sorry for't;  
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,  
I do repent. Alas, I have show'd too much  
The rashness of a woman! he is touch'd  
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's  
past help,

Should be past grief; do not receive affliction  
At my petition;<sup>a</sup> I beseech you, rather  
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you  
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,—  
Sir, royal sir,—forgive a foolish woman:  
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—  
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;  
I'll not remember you of my own lord,  
Who is lost too: take your patience to you.  
And I'll say nothing.

LEON. Thou durst speak but well,  
When most the truth, which I receive much  
better

Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me  
To the dead bodies of my queen and son:  
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall  
The causes of their death appear, unto

Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit  
The chapel where they lie; and tears shed there  
Shall be my recreation: so long as nature  
Will bear up with this exercise, so long  
I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me  
To these sorrows. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Bohemia. A desert Country near  
the Sea.

Enter ANTIGONUS with the Babe; and a Mariner

ANT. Thou art perfect<sup>e</sup> then, our ship hath  
touch'd upon  
The deserts of Bohemia?

MAN. Ay, my lord; and fear  
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,  
And threaten present blusters; in my conscience,  
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,  
And frown upon us.

ANT. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get  
aboard;

Look to thy bark; I'll not be long before  
I call upon thee.

MAN. Make your best haste; and go not  
Too far t' the land: 't is like to be loud weather;  
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures  
Of prey that keep upon't.

ANT. Go thou away:  
I'll follow instantly.

MAN. I am glad at heart  
To be so rid o' the business. [Exit.]

ANT. Come, poor babe:—  
I have heard (but not believ'd) the spirits o' the  
dead

May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother  
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream  
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,  
Sometimes her head on one side, some, another;  
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,  
So fill'd, and so becoming:<sup>d</sup> in pure white robes,  
Like very sanctity, she did approach  
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me;  
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes  
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon  
Did this break from her: *Good Antigonus,  
Since fate, against thy better disposition,*

<sup>a</sup> When I have said, cry, *Woe!* [When I have done, do you cry, *Woe!*

—do not receive affliction  
At my petition.]

We should perhaps read,—“do not receive affliction,” &c., but certainly not,—

“—do not receive affliction  
At repetition.”

as suggested by Mr Collier's annotator

“Thou art perfect, then.” [“Perfect” is commonly used by our old writers for confident well assured, thus in “Cymbeline,” Act III Sc. 1,—“I am perfect that the Papillonians and Dalmatians are—” &c.]

<sup>d</sup> So fill'd, and so becoming.] Mr Collier's annotator suggests, and Mr Collier adopts, an alteration which at once destroys the meaning of the poet, and converts a beautiful image into one pre-eminently ludicrous—

“So fill'd, and so over-running”!

“So becoming” here means, so self-restrained, not as it is usually explained, so decent, or so dignified. Compare the following in “Romeo and Juliet,” Act IV Sc. 2,—

“I met the youthful lord at Laurence's cell;  
And gave him what becoming love I might,  
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.”

*Hath made thy person for the thrower-out  
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,  
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,  
There weep, and leave it, crying; and, for the  
babe*

*Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,  
I pray thee, call't. For this ungentle business,  
Put on thee by my lord; thou ne'er shalt see  
Thy wife Paulina more:—and so, with shrieks,  
She melted into air. Affrighted much,  
I did in time collect myself; and thought  
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys;  
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,  
I will be squar'd by this. \*I do believe  
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that  
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue  
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,  
Either for life or death, upon the earth  
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!—*

*[Laying down the Child.]*

There lie; and there thy character: \* there these:—

*[Laying down a bundle.]*

Which may, if Fortune please both breed thee,  
(pretty!)

And still rest thine.<sup>b</sup>—The storm begins:—poor  
wretch,

That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd  
To loss and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,  
But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I  
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!  
The day frowns more and more:—thou'rt like to  
have

A lullaby too rough:—I never saw

The heavens so dim by day.—

*[Noise without of Hunters and Dogs.]*

A savage clamour!—

Well may I get aboard!—*[Sees a Bear.]* This is  
the chase!

I am gone for ever! *[Exit, pursued by the Bear.]*

*Enter an old Shepherd.*

SHEP. I would there were no age between ten  
and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep  
out the rest: for there is nothing in the between  
but getting wenches with child, wronging the  
ancientry, stealing, fighting—Hark you now!—  
Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and

\* — thy character. } Some editors and the name, "Perdita," by  
which the child hereafter might be recognised

b. Blossom, speed thee well!—  
There lie, and there thy character. there these:—  
Which may, if Fortune please both breed thee, (pretty!)  
And still rest thine.]

The meaning is manifestly,—“Poor Blossom, good speed to thee”  
which may happen, despite thy present desolate condition, if  
Fortune please to adopt thee, (thou pretty one!) and remain thy  
constant friend; the intermediate line,—“There lie,” &c. being,  
of course, parenthetical. From the punctuation hitherto adopted,—

“Blossom, speed thee well!”

There lie; and there thy character, there these.

two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have  
scared away two of my best sheep, which I fear  
the wolf will sooner find than the master; if any-  
where I have them, 't is by the sea-side, browsing  
of ivy.<sup>d</sup> Good luck, an't be thy will!—What  
have we here? *[Taking up the Babe.]* Morey on's,  
a barno; a very pretty barno! A boy or a child,<sup>e</sup>  
I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one; sure,  
some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can  
read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has  
been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some  
behind-door-work: they were warmer that got  
this than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up  
for pity: yet I'll tarry till my someone; he hol-  
laed but even now.—Whoa, ho! ho!

CLO. *[Without.]* Hilloa, loa!

SHEP. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a  
thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten,  
come hither.

*Enter Clown.*

What ailest thou, man?

CLO. I have seen two such sights, by sea and  
by land!—but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is  
now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it you  
cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

SHEP. Why, boy, how is it?

CLO. I would you did but see how it chafes,  
how it rages, how it takes up the shore!—but  
that's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry  
of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not  
to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with  
her mainmast, and anon swallowed with yest and  
froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hog'shead.  
And then for the land-service,—to see how the  
bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to  
me for help, and said his name was Antigonus, a  
nobleman:—but to make an end of the ship,—to  
see how the sea flap-dragon'd it<sup>d</sup>:—but, first, how  
the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them;  
—and how the poor gentleman roared, and the  
bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the  
sea or weather.

SHEP. Name of mercy! when was this, boy?

CLO. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw  
these sights: the men are not yet cold under

Which may, if Fortune please, both breed thee pretty,  
And still rest thine.”

the editors, one and all, must have supposed Antigonus to antici-  
pate that the rich clothes, &c. which he leaves with the child, might  
breed it beautiful and prove of permanent utility to it in its after  
course of life

c A boy or a child, I wonder! “I am told, that in some of our  
inland counties, a female infant, in contradistinction to a male one,  
is still termed, among the peasantry—a child.”—STEEVENSON.

In support of this, Mr. Halliwell quotes the following from  
Hole's MS. Glossary of Devonshire Words, collected about 1780,  
“A child, a female infant.”

d — the sea flap-dragon'd it —] This may mean,—swallowed  
it as our old sailors call a flap-dragon



water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman, —he's at it now.

SHEP. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

CLO. I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her; there your charity would have lacked footing.

SHEP. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but

look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou mett'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing cloth\* for a squire's child! look thee here! take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see:—it was told me I should be rich by the fairies; this is some changeling:—open't. What's within, boy?

CLO. You're a made\* old man; if the sins of

\* — a bearing cloth—1 The mantle in which an infant was wrapped when carried to the font to be baptized.

(\*) Old text, *mad*.

your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live.  
Gold! all gold!

SHEP. This is fairy gold, boy, and 't will prove  
so: up with it, keep it close; home, home, the  
next<sup>b</sup> way. We are lucky, boy, and to be so still,  
requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go:  
—come, good boy, the next way home.

CLO. Go you the next way with your findings.  
I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentlenken,  
and how much he hath eaten: they are never

cared<sup>c</sup> but when they are hungry: if there be any  
of him left, I'll bury it.

SHEP. That's a good deed. If thou mayest  
discern by that which is left of him, what he is,  
fetch me to the sight of him.

CLO. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put  
him i' the ground.

SHEP. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good  
deeds on't. [Exeunt.]

<sup>a</sup> This is fairy gold.—keep it close! To divulge the possession of fairies' gifts was supposed to entail misfortune. Thus, Ben Jonson,—

“A prince's secrets are like fairy favours,  
Wholesome if kept, but poison if discover'd”

<sup>b</sup> — the next way! “The next way” meant the nearest way  
<sup>c</sup> — cared— That is, malicious, dangerous



## ACT IV.

*Enter Time, as Chorus.\**

TIME. I,—that please some, try all ; both joy  
and terror  
Of good and bad ;—that make and unfold error ;—  
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,  
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime  
To me or my swift passage, that I slide  
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried  
Of that wide gap ; since it is in my power  
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour  
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass  
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,  
Or what is now receiv'd : I witness to  
The times that brought them in ; so shall I do  
To the freshest things now reigning, and make stale  
The glistening of this present, as my tale  
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,  
I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing

As you had slept between. Leontes leaving,—  
The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving,  
That he shuts up himself ;—imagine me,  
Gentle spectators, that I now may be  
In fair Bohemia ;\* and remember well,  
I mentioned a son o' the king's, which Florizel  
I now name to you ; and with speed so pace  
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace  
Equal with wondering : what of her ensues  
I list not prophesy ; but let Time's news  
Be known when 't is brought forth :—a shepherd's  
daughter,  
And what to her adheres, which follows after,  
Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,  
If ever you have spent time worse ere now ;  
If never, yet that Time himself doth say,  
He wishes earnestly you never may. [*Exit.*

Leontes leaving,—  
The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving,  
That he shuts up himself ;—imagine me,  
Gentle spectators, that I now may be  
In fair Bohemia,]

It is hardly credible that, in every edition, not excepting even that of Mr. Dyce, which is immeasurably superior to most others in the article of punctuation, these lines should stand thus,—

—“— Leontes leaving  
The effects of his fond jealousies, so grieving  
That he shuts up himself, imagine me,” &c. &c.]

If the absurdity of representing Leontes as “leaving” the consequences of his foolish jealousies, and at the same time as so “grieving” over them that he shuts himself up, were not enough to

indicate the poet's meaning, how could any editor possibly mis-lead who had bestowed a moment's reflection on the parallel passage in the original story?—“This epitaph being engraven, Pandosto would once a day repair to the tombe, and there with watry plantanes bewaile his misfortune, covering no other companion but sorrowe, nor no other harmonie but repentance. But leaving him to his dolorous passions, at last let us come to shewe the tragicall discourse of the young infant.” Compare, too, the corresponding lines in Shakespeare's “Fisherman's Tale,” 1595,—

“He having thus her funerals dispatcht,  
Lied in vast dolour, and perpetuall griefe,  
Sighing, and crying out against the Fate,  
Amid these woes, whome now I meane to leave,  
And make recourse unto this little babe,” &c.





SCENE I.—Bohemia A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.

*Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.*

POL. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee anything; a death to grant this.

CAM. It is fifteen years since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so,—which is another spur to my departure.

POL. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made: better not to have had thee, than this to want thee: thou, having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, (as too much I cannot) to be more thankful to thee shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou

callest him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest thou the prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

CAM. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown; but I have missingly\* noted, he is of late much retired from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

POL. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness, from whom I have this intelligence,—that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

CAM. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

POL. That's likewise part of my intelligence; but<sup>b</sup> I fear the angle that plucks our son thither.

\* — but I have missingly noted —] Hammer, with some plausibility, reads, — "missingly noted," and Mr. Collier's annotator proposes the same substitution.

<sup>b</sup> — but I fear the angle that plucks our son thither ] "But," in

this place, is the Saxon *Botan* = to bait, and the King's meaning, — The attractions of that girl form part of my intelligence, and they are, I apprehend, the angle which draws the prince there.





thou shalt accompany us to the place ; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd ; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

CAM. I willingly obey your command.

POL. My best Camillo !—We must disguise ourselves. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.*

*Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.*

*When daffodils begin to peer,—  
With hey ! the dory over the dale,—  
Why then comes in the sweet o' the year ;  
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.*

*The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,  
With hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!  
Doth set my pugging\* tooth on edge;  
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.*

*The lark that tirra-lirra chants,—  
With hey! with hey! the thrush and the jay,—  
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,  
While we lie tumbling in the hay.*

I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time,  
wore three-pile;° but now I am out of service:

*But shall I go mourn for that, my dear? [Singing.  
The pale moon shines by night;  
And when I wander here and there,  
I then do most go right.*

*If tinkers may have leave to live,  
And bear the sow-skin budget;  
Then my account I well may give,  
And in the stocks amouch it.*

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to  
lesser linnen. My father named me Autolycus;  
who, being as I am, littered under Mercury, was  
likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With  
die and drab I purchased this caparison, and my  
revenue is the silly cheat;⁴ gallows and knock  
are too powerful on the highway; beating and  
hanging are terrors to me; for the life to come, I  
sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

*Enter Clown.*

CLO. Let me see:—every eleven wether tod;⁵  
every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen  
hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

AUT. If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

*[Aside.*

CLO. I cannot do't without counters.—Let me  
see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing  
feast? [Reads.] *Three pound of sugar; five pound  
of currants; rice*—What will this sister of mine  
do with rice? But my father hath made, her  
mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She  
hath made me four-and-twenty nasegaws for the  
shearers,—three-man song-mo'n' all, and very good  
ones; but they are most of them means and bases;  
but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings  
psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron, to  
colour the warden's pies; mace,—dates,—none,  
that's out of my note; [Reads.] *nutmegs, seven;  
a race or two of ginger*; but that I may beg;—

\* — pugging tooth—] Pugging was a cant term equivalent to priggish.

⁵ *With hey! with hey!*] The second "with hey" was added in the folio of 1632.

⁴ — three-pile:] That is, *three piled velvet*.

⁵ — the silly cheat:] A technical phrase in rogues' parlance, meaning *petty theft*.

*four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.*

AUT. O, that ever I was born!

*[Groveling on the ground.*

CLO. I' the name of me—

AUT. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these  
rags; and then, death, death!

CLO. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more  
rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

AUT. O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offend  
me more than the stripes I have received; which  
are mighty ones and millions.

CLO. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may  
come to a great matter.

AUT. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money  
and apparel taken from me, and these detestable  
things put upon me.

CLO. What by, a horse-man or a foot-man?

AUT. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

CLO. Indeed, he should be a foot-man by the  
garments he has left with thee; if this be a  
horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service.  
Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me  
thy hand.

*[Helping him up.*

AUT. O, good sir! tenderly, O!

CLO. Alas, poor soul!

AUT. O, good sir! softly, good sir! I fear, sir,  
my shoulder-blade is out.

CLO. How now! canst stand?

AUT. Softly, dear sir; [*Picks his pocket.*] good  
sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

CLO. Dost lack any money? I have a little  
money for thee.

AUT. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you,  
sir: I have a kinsman not past three-quarters of a  
mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there  
have money, or anything I want. Offer me no  
money, I pray you,—that kills my heart.

CLO. What manner of fellow was he that robbed  
you?

AUT. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go  
about with trol-my-dames: (1) I knew him once a  
servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for  
which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly  
whipped out of the court.

CLO. His vices, you would say; there's no  
virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it,  
to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but  
abide.<sup>b</sup>

AUT. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this  
man well. he hath been since an apo-bearer; (2)  
then a process-server, a bailiff; then he com-  
passed a motion of the Prodigal Son, (3) and married

e — every eleven wether tod:] He means, every eleven wethers  
yields a tod = twelve eight pounds of wool.

f — three-man song —] Singers of songs in three parts.

g — warden pies:] Wardens was the old name for a species of  
pears.

h — and yet it will no more but abide:] Equivalent to,—And  
yet it will barely, or with difficulty, remain.



a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolyous.

CLO. Out upon him! prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

AUT. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

CLO. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but looked big and spit at him, he'd have run.

AUT. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter; I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

CLO. How do you now?

AUT. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

CLO. Shall I bring thee on the way?

AUT. No good-faced sir; no, sweet sir

CLO. Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

AUT. Prosper you, sweet sir!—[Exit Clown.]—Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too. If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled,<sup>a</sup> and my name put in the book of virtue!

[Singing.

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,*

*And merrily hent<sup>b</sup> the stile-a:*

*A merry heart goes all the day,*

*Your sad tires in a mile-a.<sup>(4)</sup>* [Exit

<sup>a</sup> — let me be unrolled.—] Struck off the roll of vagabonds, and entered on the book of true men.

<sup>b</sup> hent the stile-a:] "Hent" is from the Saxon *hentan*,—to take

SCENE III.—*The same. Before a Shepherd's Cottage.**Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.*

FLOR. These your unusual weeds to each part of you

Do give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora, Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing Is as a meeting of the petty gods, And you the queen on't.

PER. Sir, my gracious lord, To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me.— O, pardon, that I name them!—your high self, The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscur'd With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid.

Most goddess-like prank'd up: but that our feasts

In every mess have folly, and the feeders Digest it with a custom, I should blush To see you so attired; swoon,\* I think, To show myself a glass.

FLOR. I bless the time, When my good falcon made her flight across Thy father's ground.<sup>(5)</sup>

PER. Now Jove afford you cause! To me, the difference forges dread; your greatness

Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble To think your father by some accident Should pass this way, as you did: O, the Fates! How would he look, to see his work, so noble, Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold The sternness of his presence?

FLOR. Apprehend Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves, Humbling their duties to love, have taken The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god, Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain, As I seem now:<sup>(6)</sup>—their transformations Were never for a piece of beauty rarer, Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts Burn hotter than my faith.

PER. O, but, sir, Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power of the king; One of these two must be necessities,

Which then will speak,—that you must change this purpose, Or I my life.

FLOR. Thou dearest Perdita, With these fore'd thoughts, I prythee, darken not The mirth o' the feast: or I'll be thine, my fair, Or not my father's; for I cannot be Mine own, nor anything to any, if I be not thine: to this I am most constant, Though destiny say No. Be merry, gentle!<sup>b</sup> Strangle such thoughts as these with anything That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:

Lift up your countenance, as it were the day Of celebration of that nuptial which We two have sworn shall come.

PER. O, lady Fortune, Stand you auspicious!

FLOR. See, your guests approach: Address yourself to entertain them sprightly, And let's be red with mirth.

*Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO disguised; Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, and other Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

SHEP. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon

This day she was both pantler, butler, cook; Both dame and servant: welcom'd all; serv'd all; Would sing her song and dance her turn; now here,

At upper end o' the table, now, i' the middle; On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire With labour, and the thing she took to quench it, She would to each one sip. You are retir'd As if you were a feasted one, and not The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid These unknown friends to us welcome; for it is A way to make us better friends, more known. Come, quench your blushes, and present yourself That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come on,

And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing, As your good flock shall prosper.

PER. Sir, welcome! [*To POLIXENES.*]

It is my father's will I should take on me The hostess-ship o' the day.—You're welcome, sir! [*To CAMILLO.*]

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend

MRS,

—swoon, I think,  
To show myself a glass.]

So Hamlet; and to our mind the emendation is so convincingly true, that we are astonished it should ever have been questioned

The old copies have, "—swoone, I think."

<sup>b</sup> Be merry, gentle! Mr Collier's annotator, in his rage for reformation, changes this to, "Be merry, girl." The meaning is obviously, —Be merry, gentle one!



Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth  
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the  
season

Are our camellions, and streak'd gillyvors,\*  
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind  
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not  
To get slips of them.

POL. Wherefore, gentle maiden,  
Do you neglect them?

PER. For I have heard it said,  
There is an art which, in their piousness, shares  
With great creating nature.

POL. Say there be;  
Yet nature is made better by no mean.  
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,  
Which you say adds to nature, is an art  
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we  
marry

A gentler scion to the wildest stock,  
And make conceive a bark of baser kind  
By bond of nobler race: this is an art  
Which does mend nature,—change it rather; but  
The art itself is nature.

PER. So it is.

POL. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,  
And do not call them bastards.

PER. I'll not put  
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;  
No more than, were I painted, I would wish  
This youth should say, 'twere well; and only  
therefore

Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you.  
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;  
The marigold,<sup>b</sup> that goes to bed w' the sun,  
And with him rises weeping; these are flowers  
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given  
To men of middle age: ye're very welcome.

CAM. I should leave grazing, were I of your  
flock.

And only live by gazing.

PER. Out, alas!

You'd be so lean, that blasts of January  
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my  
fair'st friend,

I would I had some flowers o' the spring, that  
might

Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,  
That wear upon your virgin branches yet  
Your maidenheads growing.—O, Proserpina,<sup>(7)</sup>  
For the flowers now, that hide, hidest, thou lett'st  
fall

From Dis's waggon! daffodils.

That come before the swallow dares, and take

The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,  
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,  
That die unmarried, ere they can behold  
Bright Phoebus in his strength,—a malady  
Most incident to maids;—bold oxlips, and  
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,  
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,  
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,  
To strew him o'er and o'er!

FLO. What! like a corse?

PER. No, like a bank for love to lie and play  
on;

Not like a corse; or if,—not to be buried,  
But quick, and in mine arms.—Come, take your  
flowers:

methinks I play as I have seen them do  
In Whitsun pastorals: sure, this robe of mine  
Does change my disposition.

FLO. What you do

Still betters what is done. When you speak  
sweet,

I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,  
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms  
Pray so; and for the ordering your affairs,  
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish  
you

A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do  
Nothing but that; move still, still so,  
And own no other function: each your doing,  
So singular in each particular,  
Crowns what you are doing in the present deed,<sup>c</sup>  
That all your acts are queens.

PER. O, Doricles!

Your praises are too large: but that your youth,  
And the true blood which peeps fairly through  
it,

Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,  
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,  
You wou'd me the false way.

FLO.

I think you have  
As little skill<sup>d</sup> to fear as I have purpose  
To put you to't.—But, come; our dance, I pray:  
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,  
That never mean to part.

PER.

I'll swear for 'em.

POL. This is the prettiest low-born lass that  
ever

Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does or  
seems,

But smacks of something greater than herself;  
Too noble for this place.

CAM. He tells her something

\* — gillyvors, —] An ancient and popular form of "gilly-  
flowers."

<sup>b</sup> The marigold, —] The sun-flower. "Some call it, *Sponsus  
Solis*, the Spouse of the Sunne, because it sleeps and is awakened  
with him." — *Lycosthen's Book of Notable Things*

<sup>c</sup> And the true blood which peeps fairly through it, —] Mr.  
Collier's annotator, as "necessary to the measure," proposes, —

"which peeps so fairly" &c. But the rhythm does not require  
the addition, we need only make a slight transposition, and  
read, —

"And the true blood which through it fairly peeps."

<sup>d</sup> As little skill, —] As little reason, &c.

That makes her blood look out : \* good sooth, she is  
The queen of curds and cream.

CLO. Come on, strike up !

DOR. Mopsa must be your mistress : marry,  
garlic,

To mend her kissing with.

MOR. Now, in good time !

CLO. Not a word, a word ; we stand upon our  
manners.—

Come, strike up ! [Music.]

*Here a Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

POL. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is  
this

Which dances with your daughter ?

SHEP. They call him Doricles ; and boasts  
himself

To have a worthy feeding : but I have it

Upon his own report, and I believe it :

He looks like sooth. He says, he loves my  
daughter ;

I think so too ; for never gaz'd the moon

Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,

As 'twere, my daughter's eyes : and, to be plain,

I think there is not half a kiss to choose

Who loves another best.

POL. She dances featly.

SHEP. So she does anything ; though I report it,

That should be silent : if young Doricles

Do light upon her, she shall bring him that

Which he not dreams of.

*Enter a Servant.*

SERV. O master, if you did but hear the pedler  
at the door, you would never dance again after a  
tabor and pipe ; no, the bagpipe could not move  
you : he sings several tunes faster than you'll tell  
money : he utters them as he had eaten ballads,  
and all men's ears grow to his tunes.

CLO. He could never come better : he shall  
come in : I love a ballad but even too well, if it be  
doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant  
thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

SERV. He hath songs for man or woman, of all  
sizes ; no milliner can so fit his customers with  
gloves : he has the prettiest love-songs for maids ;  
so without bawdry, which is strange, with such

delicate burdens of dildos and jadings : jump her  
and thump her ; and where some stretch-mouth'd  
rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break  
a foul gap<sup>b</sup> into the matter, he makes the maid to  
answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man* ; puts  
him off, slights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm,  
good man*.

POL. This is a brave fellow.

CLO. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-  
conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided<sup>c</sup> wares ?

SERV. He hath ribands of all the colours i' the  
rainbow ; points,<sup>d</sup> more than all the lawyers in Bo-  
hemia can learnedly handle, though they come to  
him by the gross ; inkles, caddissses,<sup>e</sup> cambrics,  
lawns ; why, he sings 'em over, as they were  
gods or goddesses ; you would think, a smock were  
a she-magel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and  
the work about the square<sup>f</sup> on't.

CLO. Pr'ythee, bring him in ; and let him ap-  
pear singing.

POL. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous  
words in 's tunes. [Exit Servant.]

CLO. You have of these pedlers, that have more  
in them than you'd think, sister.

PER. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

*Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.*

*Lawn as white as driven snow ;*

*Cyprus black as e'er was crow ;*

*Gloves as sweet as damask roses ;*

*Masks for faces and for noses ;*

*Bugle-bracelet, necklace, amber,*

*Perfume for a lady's chamber ;*

*Golden quoifs and stomachers,*

*For my lads to give their dears ;*

*Pins and poking-sticks of steel ;<sup>(8)</sup>*

*What maids lack from head to heel :*

*Come, buy of me, come ; come buy, come buy ;*

*Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry : come, buy.*

CLO. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou  
shouldst take no money of me ; but being en-  
thralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of  
certain ribands and gloves.

MOR. I was promised them against the feast ;  
but they come not too late now.

DOR. He hath promised you more than that, or  
there be liars.

\* *That makes her blood look out* : Theobald's correction, the  
old text having,—" look on't." The misprint was not uncommon  
thus, in "Cymbeline," Act II. Sc. 3.—

"Must wear the print of his remembrance out,"

and in "Twelfth Night," Act III. Sc. 4.—

"And laid mine honour too unchary out,"

where, in both instances, the old editions have "on't."

<sup>b</sup> — a foul gap.—] Mr. Collier's annotator would read,—a foul  
jape, that is, a broad jest ; but a "foul gap" means a gross paren-

thesis. See Puttenham's "Arte of Poesy," Lib III. c. xii., under  
"Parenthesis, or the Insertion."

<sup>c</sup> — unbraided wares !] That is, unspolied, unfaded, sterling  
goods.

<sup>d</sup> — points.—] A quibble on "points," the laces with metal tags  
by which the dress was fastened up, and thence for argument.

<sup>e</sup> — inkles, caddissses.—] *Inkle* is a kind of tape, and *caddis* a  
narrow worsted galloon.

<sup>f</sup> — the square on't.] The "square" appears to have signified the  
bosom part of the chemise, which, as we see in old pictures  
and engravings, was frequently ornamented with embroidery.



MOR. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more;—which will shame you to give him again.

CLO. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they should

bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering Clamour<sup>a</sup> your tongues, and not a word more.

<sup>a</sup> Clamour your tongues,—] Some will have this to be a corruption of *chamour* or *chambre*, from the French *châmer*, to refrain: others suspect it to be only a misprint for *charm*, but from the following line in Taylor, the Water Poet first cited by VOL. II.

Mr Hunter,— •

"Clamour the promulgation of your tongues,"

It would seem to have been a familiar phrase.



MOP. I have done. Come, you promised me—  
tawdry lace\* and a pair of sweet gloves.

CLO. Have I not told thee how I was cozened  
by the way, and lost all my money?

AUT. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners  
abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

CLO. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose  
nothing here.

AUT. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many  
parcels of charge.

CLO. What hast here? ballads?

MOP. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad  
in print a'-life: for then we are sure they are true.

AUT. Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a  
usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-  
bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat  
adders' heads, and toads carbonadoed.

MOP. Is it true, think you?

AUT. Very true; and but a month old.

DOR. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

AUT. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mis-  
tress Taleporter, and five or six honest wives' that  
were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

MOP. Pray you now, buy it.

CLO. Come on, lay it by: and let's first see  
more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

AUT. Here's another ballad, Of a fish, that ap-  
peared upon the coast on Wednesday the fourscore of  
April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung  
this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: (9) it  
was thought she was a woman, and was turned into  
a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one  
that loved her: the ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

DOR. Is it true too, think you?

AUT. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses  
more than my pack will hold.

CLO. Lay it by too: another.

AUT. This is a merry ballad but a very pretty  
one.

MOP. Let's have some merry ones.

AUT. Why, this is a passing<sup>b</sup> merry one, and  
goes to the tune of *'Two maids wooing a man:'*  
there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it;  
'tis in request, I can tell you.

MOP. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a  
part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

DOR. We had the tune on't a month ago.

AUT. I can bear my part: you must know, 'tis  
my occupation: have at it with you.

### SONG.

A *Get you hence, for I must go,  
Where it fits not you to know.*

\* — a tawdry lace—] A sort of ornament worn by women round  
the neck or waist, and so called, it is said, after St. Audrey  
(Etheledreda) •

<sup>b</sup> — a passing merry one.—] As we should now call it, a sur-  
prisingly merry one, an exceeding merry one

D. *Whither?*

M. *O, whither?*

D. *Whither?*

M. *It becomes thy oath full well,  
Thou to me thy secrets tell:*

( D. *Me too, let me go thither.*

M. *Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:*

( D. *If to either, thou dost ill.*

A. *Neither.*

D. *What, neither?*

A. *Neither.*

D. *Thou hast sworn my love to be;*

M. *Thou hast sworn it more to me:*

*Then whither go'st? say, whither?*

CLO. We'll have this song out anon by our-  
selves. my father and the gentlemen are in sad  
talk, and we'll not trouble them.—Come, bring  
away thy pack after me.—Wench, I'll buy for  
you both.—Pedler, let's have the first choice.—  
Follow me, girls.

[Exit with MOPSA and DORCAS.]

AUT. And you shall pay well for 'em.

[Singing.]

*Will you buy any tape,  
Or lace for your cape,  
My dainty duck, my dear-a?  
Any silk, any thread,  
Any toys for your head,  
Of the new'st and ju'st, jin'st wear-a?  
Come to the pedler;  
Money's a meddler,  
That doth utter all men's ware-a.* [Exit.]

Re-enter Servant.

SERV. Master, there is three carters, three  
shepherds, three netherds, three swineherds, that  
have made themselves all men of hair; (10) they call  
themselves Saltiers,<sup>d</sup> and they have a dance which  
the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols,  
because they are not in 't; but they themselves are  
o' the mind, (if it be not too rough for some that  
know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

SHEP. Away! we'll none on't; here has been  
too much homely foolery already.—I know, sir, we  
weary you.

POL. You weary those that refresh us: pray,  
let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

SERV. One three of them, by their own report,  
sir, hath danced before the king; and not the  
worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half  
by the squire.<sup>e</sup>

SHEP. Leave your prating: since these good

c — sad—] For grave, serious

d — Saltiers ] The rustic's blunder for *Saltys*.

e — the squire.] The foot-rule French, *esquiers*. See note  
(b), p. 22, Vol. I.

men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

SERV. Why, they stay at door, sir. [Exit.

*Re-enter Servant, with twelve Rustics, habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.*

POL. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.—

Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.

[Aside.] He's simple and tells much.—How now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something that does take  
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young.

And handed love as you do, I was wont  
To load my she with knacks: I would have ran-  
sack'd

The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it  
To her acceptance; you have let him go,  
And nothing marted with him. If your lass  
Interpretation should abuse, and call this  
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited  
For a reply, at least, if you make a care  
Of happy holding her.

FLO. Old sir, I know  
She prizes not such trifles as these are:  
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd  
Up in my heart; which I have given already,  
But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life  
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,  
Hath sometime lov'd! I take thy hand,—this  
hand,

As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,  
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,  
That's bolted<sup>b</sup> by the northern blasts twice o'er.

POL. What follows this?

How prettily the young swain seems to wash  
The hand was fair before!—I have put you out:—  
But to your protestation; let me hear  
What you profess.

FLO. Do, and be witness to't.

POL. And this my neighbour too?

FLO. And he, and more  
Than he, and men,—the earth, the heavens, and  
all:—

That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,  
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth  
That ever made eye swerve; had force and know-  
ledge [them,  
More than was ever man's,—I would not prize

Without her love; for her, employ them all;  
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,  
Or to their own perdition!

POL. Fairly offer'd.

CAM. This shows a sound affection.

SHERP. But, my daughter,  
Say you the like to him?

PER. I cannot speak  
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:  
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I out out  
The purity of his.

SHERP. Take hands, a bargain!—  
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:  
I give my daughter to him, and will make  
Her portion equal his.

FLO. O, that must be  
P the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,  
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;<sup>a</sup>  
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,  
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

SHERP. Come, your hand;—  
And, daughter, yours.

POL. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you;  
Have you a father?

FLO. I have: but what of him?

POL. Knows he of this?

FLO. He neither does nor shall.

POL. Methinks a father  
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest  
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once  
more;

Is not your father grown incapable  
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid  
With age and altering rheums? can he speak?  
heav?

Know man from man? dispute his own estate?<sup>a</sup>  
Lies he not bed-rd? and again does nothing  
But what he did, being childish?

FLO. No, good sir;  
He has his health, and ampler strength indeed  
Than most have of his age.

POL. By my white beard,  
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong  
Something unfilial: reason, my son  
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,  
The father (all whose joy is nothing else  
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel  
In such a business.

FLO. I yield all this;  
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,  
Which 't is not fit you know, I not acquaint  
My father of this business.

<sup>a</sup> O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.—] This we must suppose to be a continuation of some discourse begun between Polixenes and the old Shepherd while the dance proceeded.

<sup>b</sup> — bolted—] *Sifted*.

<sup>c</sup> — more than you can dream of yet,  
Enough then for your wonder.]

We have shown before, in several instances, that "yet" was fre-

quently used in the sense of *now*. In the present passage that meaning is indispensable to the antithesis.

<sup>d</sup> — dispute his own estate?] That is, reason upon his affairs or condition. The phrase is found again in "Romeo and Juliet," Act III. Sc. 3,—

"Let me dispute with thee of thy estate."

POL. Let him know 't.

FLO. He shall not.

POL. Pr'ythee, let him.

FLO. No, he must not.

SHKP. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve

At knowing of thy choice.

FLO. Come, come, he must not.—  
Mark our contract.

POL. Mark your divorce, young sir,  
[Discovering himself.]

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base

To be acknowledg'd; thou a sceptre's heir,  
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook!—Thou old  
traitor,

I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can  
But shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh  
picco

Of excellent witchcraft, who, of force, must know  
The royal fool thou cop'st with,—

SHKP. O, my heart!

POL. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars,  
and made

More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,  
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh  
That thou no more shalt never see this knack, (as  
never<sup>a</sup>)

I mean thou shalt) we'll but thee from succession;  
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,  
Far than Deucalion off,—mark thou my words;—  
Follow us to the court;—Thou churl, for this time,  
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee  
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,  
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,  
Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou  
These rural latches to his entrance open,  
Or hoop<sup>\*</sup> his body more with thy embraces,  
I will devise a death as cruel for thee  
As thou art tender to 't. [Exit.]

PER. Even here undone!<sup>b</sup>

I was not much afraid: for once or twice  
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,  
The self-same sun that shines upon his court  
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but  
Looks on alike.—Will't please you, sir, be gone?

[To FLORIZEL.]

I told you what would come of this: beseech you,  
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,  
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch father,  
But milk my ewes, and weep.

CAM. Why, how now, father!

Speak, ere thou diest.

SHKP. I cannot speak, nor think,  
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir,  
[To FLORIZEL.]

You have undone a man of fourscore three;  
That thought to fill his grave in quiet,—yea,  
To die upon the bed my father died,  
To lie close by his honest bones! but now  
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me  
Where no priest shovels in dust.—O cursed wretch!

[To PERDITA.]

That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst  
adventure

To mingle faith with him!—Undone! undone!

If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd  
To die when I desire. [Exit.]

FLO. Why look you so upon me?  
I am but sorry, not afraid; delay'd,  
But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;  
More straining on for plucking back; not following  
My lash unwillingly.

CAM. Gracious my lord,  
You know your father's temper: at this time  
He will allow no speech,—which I do guess  
You do not purpose to him;—and as hardly  
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:  
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,  
Come not before him.

FLO. I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo?

CAM. Even he, my lord.

PER. How often have I told you 't would be  
thus!

How often said, my dignity would last  
But till 't were known!

FLO. It cannot fail, but by  
The violation of my faith; and then  
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,  
And mat the seeds within! Lift up thy looks:—  
From my succession wipe me, father! I  
Am heir to my affection.

CAM. Be advis'd.

FLO. I am,—and by my fancy:<sup>c</sup> if my reason  
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;  
If not, my senses better pleas'd with madness,  
Do bid it welcome.

CAM. This is desperate.<sup>d</sup> Sir.

FLO. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow,<sup>e</sup>  
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo  
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may

(\*) Old text, *hope*

<sup>a</sup> That thou no more shalt never see this knack, (as never  
I mean thou shalt!)

The first "never" appears to have crept in by the inadvertence of  
the compositor, whose eye caught it from the end of the line

<sup>b</sup> Even here undone! This is the accepted punctuation, and it  
ought not to be lightly tampered with, yet some readers may  
possibly think with us that the passage would be more in harmony

(\*) First folio, *my*.

with the high-born spirit by which Perdita is unconsciously sus-  
tained in this terrible moment, if it were read,—

"Even here undone,  
I was not much afraid; for once or twice," &c.

<sup>c</sup> — by my fancy | That is, by my love  
<sup>d</sup> — but it does fulfil my vow,—] As, is understood,—"but as it  
does fulfil my vow, I needs must think it honesty."

Be thereat glean'd ; for all the sun sees, or  
 The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide  
 In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath  
 To this my fair belov'd : therefore, I pray you.  
 As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,  
 When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not  
 To see him any more) cast your good counsels  
 Upon his passion. Let myself and fortune  
 Tug for the time to come. This you may know,  
 And so deliver,—I am put to sea  
 With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore.  
 And, most opportune to our need, I have  
 A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd  
 For this design. What course I mean to hold  
 Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor  
 Concern me the reporting.

CAM. O, my lord,  
 I would your spirit were easier for advice,  
 Or stronger for your need !

FLO. Hark, Perdita.—  
 [Takes her aside.  
 I'll hear you by and by. [To CAMILLO.

CAM. He's immovable<sup>b</sup>  
 Resolv'd for flight. Now were I happy, if  
 His going I could frame to serve my turn ;  
 Save him from danger, do him love and honour,  
 Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,  
 And that unhappy king, my master, whom  
 I so much thirst to see.

FLO. Now, good Camillo,  
 I am so fraught with curious business, that  
 I leave out ceremony. [Going.

CAM. Sir, I think,  
 You have heard of my poor services, 't' the love  
 That I have borne your father ?

FLO. Very nobly  
 Have you deserv'd : it is my father's music,  
 To speak your deeds ; not little of his care  
 To have them recompens'd as thought on.

CAM. Well, my lord,  
 If you may please to think I love the king,  
 And, through him, what's nearest to him, which is  
 Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,  
 (If your more ponderous and settled project  
 May suffer alteration) on mine honour  
 I'll point you where you shall have such receiving  
 As shall become your highness ; where you may  
 Enjoy your mistress ; (from the whom, I see,  
 There's no disjunction to be made, but by,  
 As heavens forbid ! your ruin) marry her ;  
 And (with my best endeavours in your absence)  
 Your discontenting father strive to qualify,  
 And bring him up to liking.

FLO. How, Camillo,  
 May this, almost a miracle, be done ?  
 That I may call thee something more than man,  
 And, after that, trust to thee.

CAM. Have you thought on  
 A place, whereto you'll go ?

FLO. Not any yet :  
 But as the unthought-on accident is guilty  
 To what we wildly do, so we profess  
 Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies  
 Of every wind that blows.

CAM. Then list to me :  
 This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,  
 But undergo this flight,—make for Sicilia ;  
 And there present yourself and your fair princess,  
 (For so I see she must be) 'fore Leontes ;  
 She shall be habited as it becomes  
 The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see  
 Leontes opening his free arms, and weeping  
 His welcomes forth ; asks thee, the son, for-  
 giveness,

As 't were 't the father's person ; kisses the hands  
 Of your fresh princess ; o'er and o'er divides him  
 'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness,—the one  
 He chides to hell, and bids the other grow  
 Faster than thought or time.

FLO. Worthy Camillo,  
 What colour for my visitation shall I  
 Hold up before him ?

CAM. Sent by the king your father  
 To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir,  
 The manner of your bearing towards him, with  
 What you, as from your father, shall deliver,  
 Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down :  
 The which shall point you forth at every sitting  
 What you must say ; that he shall not perceive,  
 But that you have your father's bosom there,  
 And speak his very heart.

FLO. I am bound to you :  
 There is some sap in this.

CAM. A course more promising  
 Than a wild dedication of yourselves  
 To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores ; most  
 certain,  
 To miseries enough : no hope to help you ;  
 But, as you shake off one, to take another.  
 Nothing so certain as your anchors ; who  
 Do their best office, if they can but stay you  
 Where you'll be loth to be : besides, you know,  
 Prosperity's the very bond of love,  
 Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together  
 Affliction gilds.

PICK. One of these is true :

<sup>a</sup> — to our need, —] Théobald's correction the old copies reading, "her need."

<sup>b</sup> He's immovable  
 Resolv'd for flight.

(\*) Old text, there

"Immovable" is here employed adverbially. "He's immovably resolved," &c. So in Act III. Sc. 2.—"And damnable ungrateful."

I think affliction may subdue the cheek,  
But not take in the mind.

CAM. . . . . Yea, say you so ?  
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven  
years,  
Be born another such.

FLO. . . . . My good Camillo.  
She is as forward of her breeding as  
She is i' the rear of our birth.\*

CAM. . . . . I cannot say, 'tis pity  
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress  
To most that teach.

PER. . . . . Your pardon, sir ; for this  
I'll blush you thanks.

FLO. . . . . My prettiest Perdita !—  
But, O, the thorns we stand upon !—Camillo,—  
Preserver of my father, now of me,  
The medicine of our house !—how shall we do ?  
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son ;  
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.†

CAM. . . . . My lord,  
Fear none of this : I think you know my fortunes  
Do all lie there ; it shall be so my care  
To have you royally appointed, as if  
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,  
That you may know you shall not want,—one  
word. [They talk aside.]

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

AUT. Ha, ha ! what a fool Honesty is ! and  
Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman !  
I have sold all my trumpery ; not a counterfeit  
stone, not a riband, glass, pomander,‡ brooch,  
table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie,  
bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting ;  
they throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets  
had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to  
the buyer : by which means I saw whose purse  
was best in picture ; and what I saw, to my good  
use I remembered. My clown (who wants but  
something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love  
with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his  
petticoats till he had both tune and words ; which  
drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their  
other senses stuck in ears : you might have pinched  
a placket, it was senseless ; 'twas nothing to geld  
a cod-piece of a purse, I would have filed keys  
off that hung in chains : no hearing, no feeling,  
but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing<sup>d</sup> of  
it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and

cut most of their festival purses ; and had not the  
old man come in with a whoobub against his  
daughter and the king's son, and scared my  
choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive  
in the whole army.

[CAM. FLO. and PER. come forward.  
CAM. Nay, but my letters, by this means being  
there  
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

FLO. And those that you'll procure from king  
Leontes—

CAM. Shall satisfy your father.

PER. . . . . Happy be you !  
All that you speak shows fair.

CAM. . . . . Who have we here ?—  
[Seeing AUTOLYCUS.]

We'll make an instrument of this ; omit  
Nothing may give us aid.

AUT. [Aside.] If they have overheard me now,  
—why, hanging.

CAM. How now, good fellow ! why shakest thou  
so ? Fear not, man ; here's no harm intended to  
thee.

AUT. I am a poor fellow, sir.

CAM. Why, be so still ; here's nobody will steal  
that from thee ; yet, for the outside of thy poverty,  
we must make an exchange ; therefore, disrobe  
thee instantly, (thou must think there's a necessity  
in't) and change garments with this gentleman :  
though the pennyworth on his side be the worst,  
yet hold thee, there's some boot. [Giving money.]

AUT. I am a poor fellow, sir.—[Aside.] I know  
ye well enough.

CAM. Nay, pr'ythee, dispatch : the gentleman  
is half flayed already.

AUT. Are you in earnest, sir ?—[Aside.] I smell  
the trick on't.

FLO. Dispatch, I pr'ythee.

AUT. Indeed, I have had earnest ; but I cannot  
with conscience take it.

CAM. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[FLO. and AUTOL. exchange garments.  
Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy  
Come home to ye !—you must retire yourself  
Into some covert : take your sweetheart's hat  
And pluck it o'er your brows ; muffle your face ;  
Dismantle you ; and, as you can, disliking  
The truth of your own seeming ; that you may  
(For I do fear eyes over\*) to shipboard  
Get undescried.

PER. . . . . I see the play so lies  
That I must bear a part.

from the wrist.

<sup>d</sup> — the nothing of it. It has been suggested that " nothing " in this place is a misprint for *nothing*, but like *moth* for *more*, it is only the old mode of spelling that word.

\* (For I do fear eyes over.) Rowe reads,—" eyes over you ; " a MS. note in Lord Ellesmere's copy of the first folio has, " eyes over." and Mr. Collier's annotator proposes the same alteration.

\* — i' the rear of our birth ] The original has,—" i' th' reare' out Birth."

† Nor shall appear in Sicilia ] It is usual to print this with a break after " Sicilia," the proper remedy, we believe, is to insert "so," which appears to have dropped out at press.—" Nor shall appear so in Sicilia."

‡ pomander.—] A pomander was a ball of perfumes, " *Pomme d'ambre*," carried in the pocket, worn round the neck, or suspended

CAM. No remedy.—  
Have you done there?  
FLO. Should I now meet my father,  
He would not call me son.

CAM. Nay, you shall have no hat.—  
Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

AUT. Adieu, Ar.  
FLO. O, Perdita, what have we twain forgot!  
Pray you, a word. [They converse apart.]

CAM. [Aside.] What I do next, shall be to tell  
the king

Of this escape, and whither they are bound;  
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail  
To force him after; in whose company  
I shall re-view Sicilia, for whose sight  
I have a woman's longing.

FLO. Fortune speed us!—  
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

CAM. The swifter speed the better.

[Exeunt FLO. PER. and CAM.]

AUT. I understand the business, I hear it: to  
have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand,  
is necessary for a cutpurse, a good nose is requisite  
also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see  
this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive.  
What an exchange had this been without boot!  
what a boot is here with this exchange! Sure, the  
gods do this year connive at us, and we may do  
anything *extempore*. The prince himself is about  
a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father  
with his clog at his heels: if I thought it were a  
piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I  
would not do't: I hold it the more knavery to  
conceal it; and therein am I constant to my  
profession.—Aside, aside!—here is more matter  
for a hot brain: every lane's end, every shop,  
church, session, hanging, yields a careful man  
work.

Enter Clown and Shepherd

CLO. See, see; what a man you are now!  
There is no other way but to tell the king she's a  
changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

SHEP. Nay, but hear me.

CLO. Nay, but hear me.

SHEP. Go to, then.

CLO. She being none of your flesh and blood,  
your flesh and blood has not offended the king;  
and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished  
by him. Show those things you found about her;  
those secret things, all but what she has with her:  
this being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant  
you.

SHEP. I will tell the king all, every word; yea,  
and his son's pranks too,—who, I may say, is no  
honest man neither to his father nor to me, to go  
about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

CLO. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest  
off you could have been to him; and then your  
blood had been the dearer by I know how much an  
ounce.

AUT. [Aside.] Very wisely, puppies!

SHEP. Well, let us to the king: there is that  
in this fardel<sup>a</sup> will make him scratch his beard.

AUT. I know not what impediment this com-  
plaint may be to the flight of my master.

CLO. Pray heartily he be at palace.

AUT. Though I am not naturally honest, I am  
so sometimes by chance:—let me pocket up my  
pedler's excrement.<sup>b</sup>—[Aside, Taking off his false  
beard.] How now, rustics! whither are you  
bound?

SHEP. To the palace, an it like your worship.

AUT. Your affairs there? what? with whom?  
the condition of that fardel, the place of your  
dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having,  
breeding, and anything that is fitting to be known,  
discover.

CLO. We are but plain fellows, sir.

AUT. A lie, you are rough and hairy. Let me  
have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen,  
and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we  
pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing  
steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

CLO. Your worship had like to have given us  
one, if you had not taken yourself with the  
manner.

SHEP. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

AUT. Whether it like me or no, I am a cour-  
tier. See'st thou not the air of the court in these  
enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of  
the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from  
me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt?  
Thinkest thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from  
thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I  
am courtier cap-a-pé; and one that will either  
push on or pluck back thy business there: where-  
upon I command thee to open thy affair.

SHEP. My business, sir, is to the king.

AUT. What advocate hast thou to him?

SHEP. I know not, an't like you.

CLO. [Aside to the Shepherd.] Advocate's the  
court-word for a pheasant; say, you have none.

SHEP. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock  
nor hen.

AUT. How bless'd are we that are not simple  
men!

<sup>a</sup> — fardel—] A bundle, pack, or burden

<sup>b</sup> — excrement.] He means beard. We have a similar appli-  
cation of the word in "Love's Labour's Lost," Act V. Sc. 1,—

(\*) Old text, *af*.

"and with his royal finger thus, dally with my *excrement*, with  
my mustachio."



Yet nature might have made me as these are,  
Therefore I'll not disdain.

CLO. This cannot be but a great courtier.

SHEP. His garments are rich, but he wears  
them not handsomely.

CLO. He seems to be the more noble in being  
fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know  
by the picking on's teeth.

AUT. The fardel there? what's 'i' the fardel?  
Wherefore that box?

SHEP. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel  
and box, which none must know but the king;  
and which he shall know within this hour, if I may  
come to the speech of him.

AUT. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

SHEP. Why, sir?

AUT. The king is not at the palace: he is gone  
aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air  
himself: for if thou be'st capable of things serious,  
thou must know the king is full of grief.

SHEP. So 't is said, sir,—about his sop, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

AUT. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast,\* let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

CLO. Think you so, sir?

AUT. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

CLO. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

AUT. He has a son,—who shall be flayed alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead, then recovered again with aquavite, or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication<sup>b</sup> proclaims, shall be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him,—where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the king: being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

CLO. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside

of his hand, and no more ado. Remember,—stoned, and flayed alive!

SHEP. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

AUT. After I have done what I promised?

SHEP. Ay, sir.

AUT. Well, give me the moiety.—Are you a party in this business?

CLO. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

AUT. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son;—hang him, he'll be made an example.

CLO. Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king, and show our strange sights: he must know 't is none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else.—Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

AUT. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

CLO. We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

SHEP. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*]

AUT. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion,—gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't. To him will I present them; there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*]

\* If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly. This only critic who has noticed the term "hand fast" is Mr. R. G. White, and he quite mistakes its meaning. To be in "hand fast"—*moin-prize*, is to be at large only on security given.

b — prognostication proclaims,—] The hottest day predicted by the almanack. "Almanacks were in Shakespeare's time published under this title, 'An Almanack and Prognostication made for the year of our Lord God 1596.'"—MALONE.







## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Sicilia. A Room in the Palace of Leontes.*

*Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and others.*

CLEO Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A saint-like sorrow : no fault could you make,  
Which you have not redeem'd ; indeed, paid down  
More penitence than done trespass : at the last,  
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil ;  
With them, forgive yourself.

LEON. Whilst I remember  
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget  
My blemishes in them ; and so still think of  
The wrong I did myself : which was so much,  
That heirless it hath made my kingdom ; and  
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man  
Bred his hopes out of.

PAUL. True, too true, my lord.\*  
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,  
Or from the all that are took something good,

To make a perfect woman, she, you kill'd,  
Would be unparallel'd.

LEON. I think so. *Kill'd !*  
She I *kill'd !* I did so. But thou strik'st me  
Sorely, to say I did ; it is as bitter  
Upon thy tongue as in my thought. Now, good  
now,

Say so but seldom.

CLEO. Not at all, good lady ;  
You might have spoken a thousand things that  
would

Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd  
Your kindness better.

PAUL. You are one of those  
Would have him wed again.

DION. If you would not say,  
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance  
Of his most sovereign name ; consider little  
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,  
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour  
Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy

\* True, too true, my lord ] A correction of Theobald, the old editions having.—

" Destroy'd the sweet'st Companion, that ere man  
Bred his hopes out of, true.  
Paul : Too true (my Lord :) "

Than to rejoice the former queen is well?<sup>a</sup>  
 What holier than,—for royalty's repair,  
 For present comfort and for future good,—  
 To bless the bed of majesty again  
 With a sweet fellow to 't?

PAUL.

There is none worthy.

Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods  
 Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes;  
 For has not the divine Apollo said,  
 Is 't not the tenor of his oracle,  
 That king Leontes shall not have an heir  
 Till his lost child be found? which that it shall,  
 Is all as monstrous to our human reason,

As my Antigonus to break his grave,  
 And come again to me; who, on my life,  
 Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel  
 My lord should to the heavens be contrary,  
 Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue;

[To LEONTES.

The crown will find an heir. Great Alexander  
 Left his to the worthiest; so his successor  
 Was like to be the best.

LEON.

Good Paulina,—

Who hast the memory of Hermione,  
 I know, in honour,—O, that ever I  
 Had squar'd me to thy counsel!—then, even now,  
 I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;  
 Have taken treasure from her lips,—

PAUL.

And left them

More rich for what they yielded.

LEON.

Thou speak'st truth.

No more such wives; therefore, no wife one  
 worse,

And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit  
 Again possess her corpse, and on this stage  
 (Where we offenders now) appear,<sup>b</sup> soul-ven'd,  
 And begin, *Why to me?*

PAUL.

Had she such power,

She had just cause,<sup>c</sup>

LEON.

She had; and would incense me

To murder her I married.

PAUL.

I should so:

Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark  
 Her eye; and tell me for what dull part in't  
 You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even your  
 ears

Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd  
 Should be, *Remember mine!*

LEON.

Stars, stars,

<sup>a</sup> — the former queen is well? An expression applied to the dead: thus in "Antony and Cleopatra," Act II Sc 5,—

"*Mess* First, madam, he is well.

Cleop.

Why there's more gold

But, sirrah, mark, we use

To say the dead are well," &c.

See also Malone's note in the Variorum edition, Vol XIV. p. 400.

b

— and on this stage

(Where we offenders now) appear, &c ]

Theobald reads,—

And all eyes else dead coals! — fear thou no wife;  
 I'll have no wife, Paulina.

P

Will you swear

Never to marry but by my free leave?

LEON. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!

PAUL. Then, good my lords, bear witness to  
 his oath.

CLEO. You tempt him over-much.

PAUL.

Unless another,

As like Hermione as is her picture,

Affront his eye.

CLEO.

Good madam,—

PAUL.

I have done.<sup>d</sup>

Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,  
 No remedy but you will,—give me the office  
 To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young  
 As was your former; but she shall be such  
 As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take  
 joy

To see her in your arms.

LEON.

My true Paulina,

We shall not marry till thou bidd'st us.

PAUL.

That

Shall be when your first queen's again in breath;  
 Never till then.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

GENT. One that gives out himself prince

Florizel,

Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she  
 'The fairest I have yet beheld) desires access  
 To your high presence.

LEON.

What with him? he comes not

Like to his father's greatness: his approach,  
 So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us  
 'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd  
 By need and accident. What train?

GENT.

But few,

And those but mean.

LEON.

His princess, say you, with him?

GENT. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I  
 think,

That e'er the sun shone bright on.

PAUL.

O, Hermione,

As every present time doth boast itself

Above a better gone, so must thy grave<sup>e</sup>

Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself

" — and on this stage

• {Where we offend her now) appear," &c.

c She had just cause | The first and second folios have,—"She had just such cause"

d PAUL. I have done | In the old editions, the words, "I have done," form part of the preceding speech; they were erroneously assigned by Capell

— so must thy grave

Give way to what's seen now ]

"Grave" has been changed by some editors to *grace*, by others to *graves*, to the destruction of a very fine idea

Have said, and writ so, (but your writing now  
Is colder than that theme,) *She had not been,*  
*Nor was not to be equal'd*;—thus your verse  
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,  
To say you have seen a better.

GENT. Pardon, madam;  
The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon)  
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,  
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,  
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal  
Of all professors else; make proselytes  
Of who she but bid follow.

PAUL. How! not women?

GENT. Women will love her, that she is a  
woman

More worth than any man; men, that she is  
The rage of all women.

LEON. Go, Cleomenes;  
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,  
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis  
strange,

[*Exeunt CLEOMENES, Lords, and Gentleman.*  
He thus should steal upon us.

PAUL. Had our prince  
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd  
Well with this lord; there was not full a month  
Between their births.

LEON. Pr'ythee, no more; cease; thou know'st,  
He dies to me again when talk'd of: sure,  
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches  
Will bring me to consider that which may  
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

*Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL and  
PERDITA.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;  
For she did print your royal father off,  
Conceiving you: were I but twenty-one,  
Your father's image is so hit in you.  
His very air, that I should call you brother,  
As I did him; and speak of something, wildly  
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!  
And you, fair princess,—goddess!—(O, alas!  
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth  
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as  
You, gracious couple, do! and then I lost  
(All mine own folly) the society,  
Amity too, of your brave father, whom,  
Though bearing misery, I desire my life.  
Once more to look on him.

FLO. By his command

Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him  
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,<sup>a</sup>  
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity  
(Which waits upon worn times) hath something  
seiz'd

His wish'd ability, he had himself  
The fountains and waters 'twixt your throne and his  
Mensur'd to look upon you; whom he loves  
(He bade me say so) more than all the sceptres,  
And those that bear them, living.

LEON. O, my brother,  
(Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done thee  
stir

Afresh within me; and these thy offices,  
So rarely kind, are as interpreters  
Of my behind-hand slackness!—Welcome hither,  
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too  
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage,  
At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,  
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less  
The adventure of her person?

FLO. Good my lord,  
She came from Libya.

LEON. Where the warlike Smaulus,  
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd?

FLO. Most royal sir, from thence; from him,  
whose daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence  
(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,  
To execute the charge my father gave me,  
For visiting your highness. My best train  
I have from your Italian shores dismiss'd;  
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify  
Not only my success in Libya, sir,  
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety  
Here where we are.

LEON. The blessed gods  
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you  
Do climate here! You have a holy father,  
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,  
So sacred as it is, I have done sin,  
For which the heavens, taking angry note,  
Have left me issueless, and your father's bless'd  
(As he from heaven merit it) with you,  
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,  
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,  
Such goodly things as you!

*Enter a Lord.*

LORD. Most noble sir,  
That which I shall report will bear no credit,  
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,

<sup>a</sup> — that a king, at friend, —] This has been variously and need-  
lessly altered, the most recent change is, — "a king as friend,"  
but "a king at friend" means a king on terms of friendship, and  
is as much the phraseology of Shakespeare's age as "to friend," —

"I know that we shall have him well to friend," — *Julius Caesar*  
Act III Sc 1; "Had I admittance and opportunity to friend," —  
*Cymbeline*, Act I. Sc. 4.

Bohemia greets you from himself by me ;  
Desires you to attach his son, who has  
(His dignity and duty both cast off)  
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with  
A shepherd's daughter.

LEON. Where's Bohemia ? speak !

LORD. Here in your city ; I now came from  
him :

I speak amazedly ; and it becomes  
My marvel and my message. To your court  
While he was hast'ning, (in the chase, it seems,  
Of this fair couple) meets he on the way  
The father of this seeming lady, and  
Her brother, having both their country quitted  
With this young prince.

FLO. Camillo has betray'd me ;  
Whose honour and whose honesty, till now,  
Endur'd all weathers.

LORD. Lay 't so to his charge ;  
He's with the king your father.

LEON. Who ? Camillo ?

LORD. Camillo, sir ; I spake with him, who  
now

Has these poor men in question. Never saw I  
Wretches so quake : they kneel, they kiss the  
earth,

Forswear themselves as often as they speak ;  
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them  
With divers deaths in death.

PER. O my poor father !—  
The heavens set spies upon us, will not have  
Our contract celebrated.

LEON. You are married ?

FLO. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be ;  
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first.—  
The odds for high and low's alike.

LEON. My lord,  
Is this the daughter of a king ?

FLO. She is,  
When once she is my wife.

LEON. That once, I see, by your good father's  
speed,

Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,  
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,  
Where you were tied in duty ; and as sorry  
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,  
That you might well enjoy her.

FLO. Dear, look up :  
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,  
Should chase us with my father, power no jot  
Hath she to change our loves.—Beseech you, sir,  
Remember since you ow'd no more to time  
Than I do now : with thought of such affections,  
Step forth mine advocate ; at your request  
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

LEON. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious  
mistress.

Which he counts but a trifle.

PAUL. Sir, my liege,\*

Your eye hath too much youth in't : not a  
month

'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such  
gazes

Than what you look on now.

LEON. I thought of her,

Even in these looks I made.—But your petition  
[To FLORIZEL.]

Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father ;  
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,  
I am friend to them and you : upon which  
errand

I now go toward him ; therefore, follow me,  
And mark what way I make : come, good my lord.  
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The same. Before the Palace of  
Iacontes.*

*Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman.*

AUT. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this  
relation ?

GENR. I was by at the opening of the fardel ;  
heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how  
he found it : whereupon, after a little amazedness,  
we were all commanded out of the chamber ; only  
this, methought I heard the shepherd say he found  
the child.

AUT. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

GENR. I make a broken delivery of the busi-  
ness,—but the changes I perceived in the king  
and Camillo were very notes of admiration : they  
seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear  
the cases of their eyes ; there was speech in their  
dumbness, language in their very gesture ; they  
looked as they had heard of a world ransomed,  
or one destroyed : a notable passion of wonder  
appeared in them ; but the wisest beholder, that  
knew no more but seeing, could not say if the im-  
portance<sup>b</sup> were joy or sorrow,—but in the extremity  
of the one it must needs be.—Here comes a  
gentleman that happily knows more :

*Enter ROGERO.*

The news, Rogero ?

ROG. Nothing but bonfires : the oracle is  
fulfilled ; the king's daughter is found : such a

\* Sir, my liege.—] See note (\*), p. 204.

b —[If the importance were joy or sorrow,—] The meaning seems

to be,—A mere spectator could never have said whether their  
emotion were of joyful or sorrowing significance.



deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.—Here comes the lady Paulina's steward; he can deliver you more.—

*Enter Paulina's Steward*

How goes it now, sir? this news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: has the king found his heir?

STEW. Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione's;—her jewel about the neck of it;—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character;—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother;—the affection of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding;—and many other evidences, proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

ROG. No.

STEW. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such

manner, that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them,—for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, *O, thy mother, thy mother!* then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries ~~he~~ his daughter with clipping\* her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

ROG. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

STEW. Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his, that Paulina knows.

GENT. What became of his bark and his followers?

STEW. Wrecked the same instant of their

\* — with clipping her.] That is, embracing her. So in "Coriolanus," Act I. Sc. 6,—

"O! let me clip ye  
In arms as sound as when I woo'd."

master's death, and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child, were even then lost when it was found. But, O, the noble combat that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

GENT. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

STEW. One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, (caught the water, though not the fish) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to 't. (bravely confessed and lamented by the king) how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *Alas!* I would fain say, bleed tears,—for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen 't, the woe had been universal.

GENT. Are they returned to the court?

STEW. Not the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they say one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer:—thither, with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

ROG. I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

GENT. Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*]

AUT. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what; but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other dis-

credits. Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

*Enter Shepherd and Clown.*

SHEP. Come, boy; I am past more children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

CLO. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born. you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie, do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

AUT. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

CLO. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

SHEP. And so have I, boy.

CLO. So you have;—but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother; and then the two kings called my father brother; and then the prince my brother, and the princess my sister, called my father father; and so we wept,—and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

SHEP. We may live, son, to shed many more.

CLO. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

AUT. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

SHEP. Pr'ythee, son, do, for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

CLO. Thou wilt amend thy life?

AUT. Ay, as it like your good worship.

CLO. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

SHEP. You may say it, but not swear it.

CLO. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

SHEP. How if it be false, son?

CLO. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend:—and I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands,\* and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it; and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

\* — a tall fellow of thy hands,—] See note (\*), p. 287, Vol. II.



AUT I will prove so, sir, to my power.

CLO. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Chapel in Paulina's House.*

*Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.*

LEON. O, grave and good Paulina, the great comfort

That I have had of thee!

PAUL.

What, sovereign sir,

I did not well, I meant well. All my services You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd,

With your crown'd brother, and these your<sup>a</sup> contracted

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit, It is a surplus of your grace, which never My life may last to answer.

LEON.

O, Paulina,

We honour you with trouble:—but we came To see the statue of our queen: your gallery Have we pass'd through, not witho<sup>a</sup> much content In many singularities; but we saw not That which my daughter came to look upon, The statue of her mother.

PAUL.

As she liv'd peerless, So her dead likeness, I do well believe, Excels whatever yet you look'd upon, Or hand of man hath done: therefore I keep it Lonely,\* apart. But here it is—prepare

<sup>a</sup> With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted—] This verse reads so unaccountably that we suspect the second "your" to be an interpolation of the compositor.

(\*) Old text, *Lonely*.



To see the life as lively mock'd as ever  
Still sleep mock'd death: behold! and say 'tis  
well.

[PAULINA undraws a curtain, and discovers  
HERMIONE as a statue.

I like your silence.—it the more shows off  
Your wonder: but yet speak;—first, you, my  
liege.

Comes it not something near?

LEON.

Her natural posture!—  
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed  
Thou art Hermione, or rather, thou art she.  
In thy not chiding,—for she was as tender  
As infancy and grace.—But yet, Paulina,  
Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing  
So aged as this seems.

POL.

O, not by much.

PAUL. So much the more our carver's excellence;



Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her  
As she liv'd now.

LEON. As now she might have done,  
So much to my good comfort, as it is  
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,  
Even with such life of majesty (warm life,  
As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her!  
I am ashamed,—does not the stone rebuke me,—  
For being more stone than it?—O, royal piece,  
There's magic in thy majesty; which has  
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and  
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,  
Standing like stone with thee!

PER. And give me leave;  
And do not say 't is superstition that  
I kneel, and then implore her blessing—Lady,  
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,  
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

PAUL. O, patience!  
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's  
Not dry.

CAM. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,  
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,  
So many summers dry—scarce any joy  
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,  
But kill'd itself much sooner.

PER. Dear my brother,  
Let him that was the cause of this have power  
To take off so much grief from you as he  
Will piece up in himself.

PAUL. Indeed, my lord,  
If I had thought the sight of my poor image  
Would thus have wrought you (for the stone is  
mine)  
I'd not have show'd it.

Let be! let be!  
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—  
What was he that did make it?

To a reader of taste and sensibility the act by which the emotions of Leontes are developed in this situation, from the moment when with an apparent feeling of disappointment he first beholds the "so much wrinkled" statue, and gradually becomes impressed, amazed, enthralled, till at length, borne along by a wild, tumultuous throng of indomitable sensations, he reaches that grand climax where, in delicious rapture, he clasps the figure to his bosom and faintly murmurs,—

"O, she's warm!"

must appear consummate. Mr. Collier and his annotator, however, are not satisfied. To them the eloquent abruptness,—

"—but that, methinks, already—  
What was he that did make it?"

is but a blot, and so, to add "to the force and clearness of the speech of Leontes," they stem the torrent of his passion in mid-stream and make him drivel out—

"Would I were dead, but that methinks, already  
I am but dead stone looking upon a stone."

Can anything be viler? Conceive Leontes whumping of himself as "dead" just when the thick pulsation of his heart could have been heard, and speaking of the statue as a "stone" at the very moment when, to his imagination it was flesh and blood! Was it thus Shakespeare wrought? The insertion of such a line in such a place is absolutely monstrous, and implies, both in the forger and the utterer, an entire incompetence to appreciate the finer touches of his genius. But it does more, for it betrays the most discreditable ignorance of the current phraseology of the poet's time. When Leontes says,

LEON.

Do not draw the curtain!

PAUL. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your  
fancy

May think anon it moves.

LEON.

Let be! let be!

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—

What was he that did make it?—See, my lord!

Would you not deem it breath'd? and that those  
veins

Did verily bear blood?

PER.

Masterly done!

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

LEON. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,  
As we are mock'd with art!

PAUL.

I'll draw the curtain;

My lord's almost so far transported that

He'll think anon it lives.

LEON.

O, sweet Paulina,

Make me to think so twenty years together!

No settled senses of the world can match

The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone!

PAUL. I am sorry, so, I have thus far stirr'd  
you: but

I could afflict you further.

LEON.

Do, Paulina!

For this affliction has a taste as sweet

As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,

There is an air comes from it! What fine  
chisel

Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,  
For I will kiss her.

PAUL.

Good my lord, forbear!

The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;—

You'll mar it, if you kiss it: stain your own

With only painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

"Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—"

Mr Collier's annotator, and Mr Collier, and all the advocates of the intercalated line, assume him to mean,—*"I should desire to die, only that I am already dead or holding converse with the dead,"* whereas, in fact, the expression, *"Would I were dead,"* &c. is neither more nor less than an imprecation, equivalent to—*"Would I may die,"* &c., and the king's real meaning, in reference to Paulina's remark, that he will think *anon* it moves, is, *"May I die, if I do not think it moves already."* In proof of this, take the following examples, who's might easily be multiplied a hundred-fold, of similar forms of speech—

"—and, would I might be dead,  
If I in thought—" &c.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act IV. Sc. 4.

"Would I had no being,  
I this salute my blood a jot!"  
*Henry VIII*, Act II. Sc. 3.

"The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings  
To wash the eyes of kings"  
*Anton, and Cleopatra*, Act V. Sc. 1.

"Would I with thunder presently might die  
So I might speak"  
*Summer's Last Will and Testament*.

"—I let me suffer death  
In my apprehension—" &c.  
*Beaumont and Fletcher's Play of The "Night-Walker,"* Act III. Sc. 6.

"Would I were dead," &c.  
"If I do know," &c.  
*BEN JONSON'S Tale of a Tub*, Act II. Sc. 1.

LEON. No, not these twenty years!

PER. So long could I  
Stand by, a looker-on.

PAUL. Either forbear,  
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you  
For more amazement. If you can behold it,  
I'll make the statue move; indeed, descend  
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think  
(Which I protest against) I am assisted  
By wicked powers.

LEON. What you can make her do.  
I am content to look on: what to speak,  
I am content to hear; for 't is as easy  
To make her speak as move.

PAUL. It is requir'd  
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;  
Or \* those that think it is unlawful business  
I am about, let them depart.

LEON. Proceed!

No foot shall stir.

PAUL. Music, awake her, strike!—

[*Music.*]

'T is time: descend; be stone no more; approach;  
Strike all that look upon with marvel! Come;  
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;  
Bequeath to Death your numbness, for from him  
Dear Life redeems you.—You perceive she stirs;

[*HERMIONE slowly descends from the pedestal.*  
Start not; her actions shall be holy as  
You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her,  
Until you see her die again: for then  
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand:  
When she was young you woo'd her, now in age  
Is she become the suitor!

LEON. O, she's warm!

[*Embracing her.*]

If this be magic, let it be an art  
Lawful as eating.

POL. She embraces him!

CAM. She hangs about his neck!

If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

POL. Ay, and make 't manifest where she has  
liv'd,

Or how stol'n from the dead!

PAUL. That she is living,  
Were it but told you, should be hooted at  
Like an old tale; but it appears she lives,

Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—  
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,  
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good  
lady;

Our Perdita is found.

[*Presenting PERDITA, who kneels to HERMIONE.*]

HER.

You gods, look down,  
And from your sacred vials pour your graces  
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,  
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd?  
how found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,—  
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle  
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv'd  
Myself, to see the issue.

PAL. There's time enough for that.  
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble  
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,  
You precious winners all: your exultation  
Partake\* to every one. I, an old turtle,  
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there  
My mate, that's never to be found again,  
Lament till I am lost.

LEON. O, peace, Paulina!

Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,  
As I by thine a wife: this is a match. [mine.]  
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found  
But how, is to be question'd,—for I saw her,  
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said  
many

A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek for  
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee  
An honourable husband.—Come, Camillo,  
And take her by the hand.—whose<sup>b</sup> worth and  
honesty

Is richly noted; and here justified  
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—  
What!—look upon my brother:—both your  
pardon,

That e'er I put between your holy looks  
My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,  
And son unto the king, whom heavens directing,  
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,  
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely  
Each one demand, and answer to his part  
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first  
We were dissever'd: hastily lead away. [*Exeunt*]

(\*) Old text, *On*.

a Partake—] That is, *participate*.

b — whose *worth and honesty*, &c.] "Whose" refers to Camillo,  
not to Paulina.

c What!—look upon my brother.—] This unfolds a charming

and delicate trait of action in Hermione: remembering how sixteen sad years ago her innocent freedom with Polixenes had been misconstrued, and keenly sensible, even amidst the joy of her present restoration to child and husband, of the bitter penalty they had revolved, she now turns from him, when they meet, with feelings of mingled modesty and apprehension.

# ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

## ACT I.

### (1) SCENE II.—

— *Still virginalling  
Upon his palm!*

By "virginalling," Leontes meant that Hermione was tapping or fingering on the hand of Polixenes, in the manner of a person playing on the "Virginals." This instrument, which, with the spinet and harpsichord, Mr Chappell tells us was the precursor of the modern piano forte, was stringed, and played on with keys, formerly called *jacks* :—

"Where be these rascals that skip up and down,  
Faster than *virginal jacks*?"  
*Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks, Act IV. Sc. I.*

It was of an oblong shape, somewhat resembling a small square pianoforte, and, from the repeated mention of it in books of Shakespear's age, as well as long afterwards, must have been in general vogue among the opulent. The name, as Naron supposed, was most probably derived from its being chiefly used by young girls.

(2) SCENE II.—*Are you mov'd, my lord?* In Greene's novel, the theme of which, it will be seen from our extracts, Shakspere pretty closely followed, except in the repulsive catostrophie, the *revers* of action is reversed; Pandosto [Leontes] being King of Bohemia, and Egistus [Polixenes, King of Sicily]. After describing the visit paid by the latter to Pandosto, and the "honest familiarity" which sprang up between him and Bellaria [Hermione], the novelist proceeds to expatiate on the effects of this familiarity upon the mind of Pandosto :—

"He then began to measure all their actions, and to misconstrue of their too private familiarity, judging that it was not for honest affection, but for disordinate fancy, so that he began to watch them more narrowly to see if he could gette any true and certaine proofe to confirme his doubtfull suspicion. While thus he noted their looks and gestures and suspected their thoughtes and meanings, they two seely soules, who doubted nothing of this his treacherous intent, frequented daily eache others companie, which drove him into such a franticke passion, that he beganne to beare a secret hate to Egistus and a lowering countenance to Bellaria; who marvelling at such unaccustomed frowns, began to cast beyond the moone, and to enter into a thousand sundry thoughtes, which way she should offend her husband, but finding in her selfe a cleare conscience ceased to muse, until such time as she might find fit opportunitie to demand the cause of his dumps. In the meane time Pandostes minde was so farre charged with jealousy, that he did no longer doubt, but was assured, (as he thought) that his friend Egistus had entered a wrong pointe in his tables, and so had played him false play."

### (3) SCENE II.—

— *I'll do't, my lord.*

LEON. *I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.]*

Compare the corresponding circumstances as related in the novel :—"Devising with himself a long time how he might best put away Egistus without suspicion of treacherous mur-

der, he concluded at last to poyson him, which opinion pleasing his humour, he became resolute in his determination, and the better to bring the matter to passe he called unto him his cupbearer, with whom in secret he brake the matter, promising to him for the performance thereof to give him a thousand crownes of yearly revenues.

"His cupbearer, eyther being of a good conscience or willing for fashion sake to deny such a bloudy request, began with great reasons to perswade Pandosto from his determinate mischief, showing him what an offence murder was to the Gods, how such unnaturall actions did more displease the heavens than men, and that causelesse cruelty did seldome or never escape without revenge: he layd before his face that Egistus was his friend, a king, and one that was come into his Kingdome to confirme a league of perpetuall amitie betwixt them, that he had and did shew him a most friendly countenance, how Egistus was not onely honoured of his owne people by obedience, but also loved of the Bohemians for his curtesie, and that if he now should without any just or manifest cause poyson him, it would not onely be a great dishonour to his majestie, and a means to sow perpetuall enmity between the Sicilians and the Bohemians, but also his owne subjects would repine at such treacherous cruelty. These and such like perswasions of the union (for so was his cupbearer called) could no wint prevail to diswade him from his devollish enterprize, but remaining resolute in his determination (his fury so fired with rage as it could not be appeased with reason), he began with bitter taunts to take up his minn, and to lay before him two bailes, preferment and death, saying that if he would poyson Egistus he would advance him to high dignities, if he refused to doe it of an obstinate minde, no torture should be too great to requite his disobedience. Franson, seeing that to perswade Pandosto any more was but to strive against the streame, consented as soone as an opportunity would give him leave to dispatch Egistus, wherewith Pandosto remained somewhat satisfied, hoping now he should be fully revenged of such mistrusted injuries, intending also as soon as Egistus was dead to give his wife a sop of the same sawse, and so be rid of those which were the cause of his restless sorrow."

(4) SCENE II.—*Come, sir, away! [Exeunt.]* The betrayal of the king's jealous design is thus related in the story.—"Lingring thus in doubtfull feare, in an evening he went to Egistus lodging, and desirous to breake with him of certaine affaires that touched the king, after all were commanded out of the chamber, Franson made manifest the whole conspiracie which Pandosto had devised against him, desiring Egistus not to account him a traitor for betraying his masters counsaile, but to thinke that he did it for conscience, hoping that although his maister, inflamed with rage or incensed by some sinister reports or slanderous speeches, had unagined such causelesse mischiefe, yet when time should pacifie his anger, and try those talebearers but flattering parasites, then he would count him as a faithfull servant that with such care had kept his masters credite. Egistus had not fully heard Franson tell forth his tale, but a quaking feare possessed all his limbes, thinking that there was some treason wrought, and that Franson did but shaddow his craft with these false colours: wherefore he began to waxe in choller,

## ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

and said that he doubted not Pandosto, sith he was his friend, and there had never as yet been any breach of amity. He had not sought to invade his lands, to conspire with his enemies, to dissuade his subjects from their allegiance; but in word and thought he rested his at all times: he knew not therefore any cause that should move Pandosto to seek his death, but suspected it to be a compacted knavery of the Bohemians to bring the king and him to odds.

"Frandon staying him in the midst of his talks, told him that to dally with princes was with the swannes to sing against their death, and that if the Bohemians had intended any such mischief, it might have been better brought to passe then by revealing the conspiracie, therefore his Majestie did ill to misconstrue of his good

meaneng, sith his intent was to hinder treason, not to become a traitor; and to confirme his promises, if it pleased his Majestie to fly into Sicilia for the safegarde of his life, hee would goe with him, and if then he found not such a practice to be pretended, let his imagined treacherie be repayed with most monstrous torments. Egistus hearing the sollemne protestations of Frandon, began to consider that in love and kingdome neither faith nor lawe is to be respected, doubting that Pandosto thought by his death to destroy his men, and with speedy warre to invade Sicilia. These and such doubties thoroughly wayghed he gave great thanks to Frandon, promising if hee might with life returne to Syracusa, that he would create him a duke in Syccilia, craving his counsell how hee might escape out of the countrie."

## ACT II.

### (1) SCENE I.—

— *Adieu, my lord :  
I never wish'd to see you sorry ; now  
I trust I shall !*

"Whereupon he began to imagine that Frandon and his wife Bellara had conspired with Egistus, and that the fervent affection shee bare him was the onely meanes of his secret departure, in so much that incensed with rage he commaunded that his wife should be carried straight to prison until they heard further of his pleasure. The guards, unwilling to lay their hands on such a virtuous princess and yet fearing the kings fury, went very sorrowfull to fulfill their charge. Coming to the queenes lodging they found her playing with her young sonne Garinter, unto whom with teares doing the message, Bellara, astonished at such a hard censure and finding her cleere conscience a sure advocate to plead in her cause, went to the prison most willingly, where with sighes and teares shee past away the time till she might come to her trial.

"But Pandosto, whose reason was suppressed with rage and whose unbridled folle was incensed with fury, seeing Frandon had bewrayed his secrets, and that Egistus might well be rayled on, but not revenged, determined to wraoke all his wrath on poore Bellara. He therefore caused a generall proclamation to be made through all his realme that the queene and Egistus had, by the help of Frandon, not only committed most incestuous adultery, but also had conspired the kings death whereupon the traitor Frandon was fled away with Egistus, and Bellara was most justly imprisoned. This proclamation being once blazed through the countrie, although the virtuous disposition of the queene did halfe discredit the contents, yet the suddaine and speedy passage of Egistus, and the secret departure of Frandon, induced them (the circumstances thoroughly considered) to thinke that both the proclamation was true, and the king greatly injured: yet they pityed her case, as sorrowfull that so good a ladye should be crossed with such adverse fortune. But the king, whose restlesse rage would remit no pity, thought

that although he might sufficiently requite his wifes falshood with the bitter plague of punishing penury, yet his munde should never be glutted with revenge till he might have fit time and opportunity to repay the treachery of Egistus with a totall injury. But a curst cow hath oftentimes short hornes, and a willing munde but a weak arme; for Pandosto, although he felt that revenge was a spur to warre, and that onely alwaies proffereth steel, yet he saw that Egistus was not onely of great puissance and prowess to withstand him, but had also many kings of his alliance to ayde him if neede should serve, for he married the Emperours daughter of Russia." —*Pandosto The Triumph of Time*, 15-8

(2) SCENE III.—*Poor thing, condemn'd to loss !* In the novel, as in the play, the unhappy queen, while in prison, gives birth to a daughter, which the king at first determines shall be burnt, but being diverted from this bloody purpose by the remonstrance of his nobles, he resolves to set the haplesse infant adrift upon the sea.—"The guard left her in this perplexitie, and carried the child to the king, who quite devoid of pity commanded that without delay it should be put in the boat, having neither rudd nor other [rudder?] to guide it and so to be carried into the midst of the sea, and there left to the wind and wave as the destinies please to appoint. The very ship men, seeing the sweete countenance of the young babe, began to accuse the king of rigor, and to pity the child's hard fortune, but were constrain'd them to that which their nature did abhorre, so that they placed it in one of the ends of the boat and with a few greene bows made a homely cabin to shrowd it as they could from wind and weather. Having thus trimm'd the boat they tied it to a ship and so hal'd it into the mayne sea, and then cut in under the cable, which they had no sooner done, but there arose a mighty tempest, which tossed the little boate so vehemently in the waves that the ship men thought it could not continue long without sinking; yea, the storm grew so great, that with much labour and perill they got to the shore."

## ACT III.

(1) SCENE II.—*Look for no less than death* ["But leaving the child to her fortunes, againe to Pandosto, who not yet glutted with sufficient revenge desired which way he should best increase his wifes calamitie. But first assembling his nobles and counsellors, hee called her for the more reproch into open court, where it was objected against her that she had committed adulterie with

Egistus, and conspired with Frandon to poyson Pandosto her husband, but their pretence being partly spied, shee counsell'd them to sly away by night for their better safety. Bellara, who standing like a prisoner at the barre, feeling in herself a cleare conscience to withstand her false accusers, seeing that no lesse than death could pacifie her husbands wrath, waxed bolde and desired that

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she might have lawe and justice, for mercy shee neyther craved nor hoped for; and that those perjured wretches which had falsely accused her to the king might be brought before her face to give in evidence. But Pandosto, whose rage and jealousy was such as no reason nor equitie could appease, tolde her, that for her accusers they were of such crudite as their wordes were sufficient witness, and that the sodaine and secret flight of Egeus and Franion confirmed that which they had confessed; and as for her, it was her parte to deny such a monstrous crime, and to be impudent in forswearing the fact, since shee had past all shame in committing the fault: but her state countenance should stand for no coyns, for as the bestard which she bare was served, so she should with some cruell death be requited."—*Pandosto. The Triumph of Time*, 1588.

### (2) SCENE II.—

— Your honours all,  
I do refer me to the oracle  
Apollo be my judge !]

THE extracts here given will show that in most of the incidents connected with the arrangement of the queen, the great dramatist varies but little from the story. He has made one important change, however, without which we should have lost the finest scene in the play, for in the novel the unfortunate lady, overcome with grief for the death of her oldest child, expired in the public court shortly after the response of the oracle is declared.

"The noble men which sate in judgement said that Bellaria spake reason, and intreated the king that the accusers might be openly examined and sworn, and if then the evidence were such as the jury might finde her guilty, (for seeing she was a prince she ought to be tried by her peers) then let her have such punishment as the extremite of the law will assigne to such malefactors. The king presently made answer that in this case he might and would dispence with the law, and that the jury being once panned they should take his word for sufficient evidence, otherwise he would make the poindest of them repent it. The noble men seeing the king in choler were all wised, but Bellaria, whose hie then hung in the ballance, being more perpetual infame than momentarie death, told the king if his fure might stand for a law that it were vaine to have the jury yield their verdict, and therefore she fell downe upon her knees, and desired the king that for the love he bare to his young sonne Garinter, whome she brought into the world, that hee would graunt her a request, which was this, that it would please his majestie to send sixe of his noble men whom he best trusted to the Isle of Delphos, thore to enquire of the oracle of Apollo whether she had committed adultery with Egeus or conspired to poyson him with Franion? and if the god Apollo, who by his

divine essence knew<sup>al</sup> secrets, gave answer that she was guiltie, shee were content to suffer any torment were it never so terrible. The request was so reasonable that Pandosto could not for shame deny it, unlesse he would bee counted of all his subjects more wilfull than wise: he therefore agreed that with as much speede as might be there should be certaine Embassadors dispatched to the Ile of Delphos, and in the meane season he commanded that his wife should be kept in close prison."

(3) SCENE II.—*And the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.* The answer of the oracle in the play is almost literally the same as that in the tale:—

### "THE ORACLE.

"Suspition is no prooffe: Jealousie is an unequal judge: Bellaria is chast: Egeus blameless: Franion a true subject: Pandosto treacherous. His babe innocent, and the king shall live long without an heir, if that which is lost be not founde."

(4) SCENE III.—*They have scared away two of my best sheep,—— if anywhere I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing of eey.* This is one of the instances, proving that Shakespeare had the novel before him while composing his drama, in which the identical expression of the original is transferred to the copy. After recounting how the babe, which had been left to the mercies of the "gustfull seas," floated two whole daies without succour, roade at every pulle to bee drowned in the sea, till at last the tempest ceased and the little boate was driven with the tyde into the coaste of Sicilia, where sticking upon the sandes it rested," the novelist proceeds to tell that, "It fortuned a poore mercenary sheepeheard that dwelled in Sicilia, who got his living by other mens flockes, nussed one of his sheepe, and thinking it had staid into the covert that was hard by, sought very diligently to find that which he could not see, fearing either that the wolves or eagles had undone him (for he was so poore as a sheepe was halfe his substance), wandered downe toward the sea cliffes to see if perchance the sheepe was *browsing on the sea wy,* whereon they greatly doele, but not finding her there, as he was ready to returne to his flocke hee heard a child cry, but knowing there was no house nere, he thought he had mistaken the sound and that it was the bleating of his sheepe. Wherefore looking more narrowly, as he cast his eye to the sea, he spied a little boate, from whence, as he attentively listened, he might heare the cry to come. Standing a good while in a maze, at last he went to the shoare, and wading to the boate, as he looked in he saw the little babe lying alone ready to die for hunger and colde, wrapped in a mantle of scarlet richely imbrodered with golde, and having a chayne about the necke."

## ACT IV.

(1) SCENE II.—*Trol-my-lames* ] A game more anciently known as "Pigeon-holes," because the balls were driven through arches on the board resembling the apertures in a dove-cote. It is mentioned in a treatise, quoted by Farmer, on "*Buckstone Buttes*;"—"The ladies, gentle women, wyves, maydes, if the weather be not agreeable, may have in the ende of a beucho eleven holes made, intoe the which to trouble pummits, either wyolent or softe, after their own discretion the pastyme *troule in madame* is termed;" and an illustration, showing the board and mode of play, will be found prefixed to Emblem No. II. in Quarles' "*Emblemes*" 1635, which begins:—

"Prepost'rous fool, thou *troul'st* amies;  
Thou err'st, that's not the way, 'tis *this*."

(2) SCENE II.—*An ape-bearer* ] In explanation of a passage in Massinger's play of "*The Bondman*," Act III. Sc. 3, Gifford has an amusing note on the excellence displayed by our ancestors in the education of animals:—"Banks's horse far surpassed all that have been brought up in the academy of Mr Astley; and the apes of these days are more clowns to their progenitors. The apes of Massinger's time were gifted with a pretty smattering of politics and philosophy. The widow Wild had one of them: 'He would come over for all my friends, but was the dog-"

## ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

god's thing to my enemies; he would sit upon his tale before them, and frown like John-a-napes when the pope is named."—*The Parson's Wedding.*

Another may be found in *Ram Alley* :—

"Men say you've tricks; remember, Noble captain,  
You skip when I shall shake my whip. Now, sir,  
What can you do for the great Turk?  
What can you do for the Pope of Rome?  
Is  
He stirreth not, he moveth not, he waggeth not  
What can you do for the town of Geneva, sirrah?  
[Captain holds up his hand, &c.]

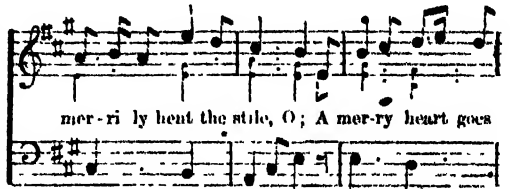
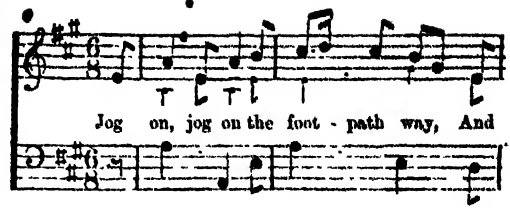
The occupation of the ape-bearer, then, was to instruct apes in their tumbling, and to exhibit the learned animals for a consideration to the public. The course of tuition must have required no little patience on the part of the teacher, and great docility in the pupil; for it usually ended in giving to the ape-bearer an absolute control over the creature, which, by means of some secret correspondence between them, could be made to express either anger or good-humour at the keeper's will. This perfect mastery gave occasion for a saying attributed to James I.—"If I have Jack-a-napes, I can make him bite you; if you have Jack-a-napes, you can make him bite me." In the Induction to Ben Jonson's "*Bartholomew Fair*," the stage-keeper speaks of "a juggler with a well-educated ape, to come over the chain for a King of England, and back again for the prince, and sit still for the Pope and the King of Spain." This evolution of *coming over, &c.* was performed by the animal's placing his forepaws on the ground, and turning over the chain on his head, and going back again in the same fashion, as the feat is represented in an illuminated manuscript of the fourteenth century.

(3) SCENE II.—*Then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son* [A "Motion," though sometimes used to denote a puppet, more frequently signified a *puppet-show*. In these exhibitions, the successors of the ancient Mysteries, scriptural subjects appear to have been the most attractive. In Ben Jonson's "*Bartholomew Fair*," Act V. Sc. I, the master of a puppet show ejaculates,—"*O, the motions that I Lantern Leatherhead have given light to in my time since my master, Pod, died!* Jerusalem was a stately thing, and so was Nineveh and the City of Norwich, and Sodom and Gomorrah," &c. Mr Halliwell has given an engraving representing the performance of a *Motion* of the Prodigal Son, copied from an English woodcut of the seventeenth century, and Strutt, in his "*Sports and Pastimes*," reprints a Bartholomew Fair showman's bill, which affords a lively picture of what a *Motion* was in later times.—"*At Crawley's Booth, over against the Crown Tavern in Smithfield, during the time of Bartholomew Fair, will be presented a little opera called the Old Creation of the World, yet newly revived, with the addition of Noah's Flood, also several fountains playing water during the time of the play.—The last scene does present Noah and his family coming out of the Ark with all the beasts two and two, and all the fowls of the air seen in a prospect sitting upon trees, likewise over the Ark is seen the Sun rising in a most glorious manner. Moreover, a multitude of Angels will be seen in a double rank, which presents a double prospect, one for the sun, the other for a palace, where will be seen six Angels ringing of bells.— Likewise Machines descend from above, double and triple, with Dives rising out of Hell, and Lazarus seen in Abraham's bosom, &c.*"

### (4) SCENE II.—

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a:  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mole-a.]*

These lines are part of a song found in a collection of "Witty Ballads, Jovial Songs, and Merry Catches," called "*An Antidote against Melancholy*;" 1661. It is said to have been set as a round for three voices by John Hilton; and the melody, a base and accompaniment being added, is given as follows from "*The Dancing Master*," 1650, by Mr. Knight in his "*Pictorial Shakespeare*:"—



### (5) SCENE III —

*I bless the time,  
When my good filson made her flight across —  
Thy father's ground.]*

So is the tale—"It happened not long after this that there was a meeting of all the farmers daughters in Mycelin, whither Fawna was also bidden as the mistress of the feast, who having attired her self in her best garments, went among the rest of her companions to the merry meeting, there spending the day in such homely pastimes as shepherds use. As the evening grew on, and their spates ceased, each taking their leave at other, Fawna, desiring one of her companions to bear her company, went home by the hocks to see if they were well folded, and as they returned it happened that Dorastus (who all that day had been hawking, and kille stores of game) encountered by the way these two in yds, and casting his eye suddenly on Fawna he was half afraid fearing that with Acteon he had seen Diana; for he thought such exquisite perfection could not be found in any mortal creature."

### (6) SCENE III —

— The gods themselves,  
Humbling their deities to love, have taken  
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter  
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune  
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-br'd god,  
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,  
As I sing now.]

Literally, this is from the novel; but mark the change effected by the few but admirably chosen epithets.—"*And yet, Dorastus, shame not at thy shepherds weeds; the heavenly gods have sometime earthly thoughtes. Neptune became a ram, Jupiter a bul, Apollo a shepherd: they gods, and yet in love; and thou a man appointed to love*"

# ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

## (7) SCENE III.—

— O, Proserpina,  
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou lett'st fall  
From Dis's waggon !]

See the passage in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, lib. v.

"— ut summa vestem laxavit ab ora  
Collecti flores tunicis cecidere rebus."

and the following translation by Shakespeare's contemporary, Golding:—

" Neare Fenn walls there stands a lake Pergusa is the name,  
Cayster heareth not more songs of swannes than doth the same.  
A wood environn every side the water round about,  
And with his leys, as with a weir doth keep, the sun heat out  
The boughes doe yeld a coole fresh air, the moistness of the  
ground  
Yeclds sundrie flowers continuall spring is all the yeare there  
found

While in the garden Proserpine was taking her pasture,  
In gathering either violet blew, or liliek white as snow,  
And while of maidenlike desire she hid her maund and lip  
Endavouring to out-gather her companions there By lip  
Dis spide her, lov'd her, caught her up, and all at once all  
more

So hasty, hot, and swift a thing is love, as may appeere  
The ladie with a wailing voice alight did often call  
Her mother and her waiting maids, but mother most of all  
And as she from the upper part her garments would have rent  
By chance she at her lip slip downe, and out the flowers went "

## (8) SCENE III.—*Poking-sticks of steel*]

"Those poking sticks were heated in the fire, and made use of to adjust the platts of ruffs." In Marston's *'Malcontent'* [Act V. Sc. 3] 1604, is the following instance: "There is such a deale a punn in these ruffles, when the fine cleau fall is worth all, and again, if you should chance to take a nip in an afternoon, your falling hand requires no poking stick to recover his form," &c. Again, in Middleton's comedy of *'Blurt, Master Constable'* [Act III. Sc. 3], 1602: "You ruff must stand in print, and for that purpose, *not poking sticks* with four long handles, lest they search you [by sweating] hands," &c. Again, in the Second Part of Stalbo's *Anatomie of Almes*, 1600 no date: "They *(poking-sticks)* be made of yron and Steele, and some of brasse kept as bright as silver, yea some of silver it selfe, and it is well if in proceesse of time they grow not to be gold. The fashion whereof they be made, I cannot resemble to any thing so well as to a spurt of a little squabbe which little children use to squit out water withall, and when they come to staring and setting of their ruffles, then must this instrument be heated in the fire, the better to stuffe the ruffe," &c. — STEEVENS

## (9) SCENE III.—*(Of a fish, that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the fourteenth of April, &c.)*

"The Shakespearean era was the age of ballads, broadsides, and fugitive pieces on all kinds of wonders, which were either gross exaggerations of facts or mere inventions. The present dialogue seems to be a general, not a particular, satire; but it may be curiously illustrated by an early ballad of a fish, copied from the unique exemplar preserved in the Miller collection, entitled, — 'The description of a rare or rather most monstrous fish, taken on the east coast of Holland the xviij of November, anno 1560.' In 1560 was published a prose broadside, containing, — 'A true description of this marvellous strange fish, which was taken on Thursday was senyght, the 16 day of June, this present month, in the yeare of our Lord God, 1560.' Fins, Qu. C. R.—Imprinted at London, in Fleetstreete, beneath the conduit, at the signe of Saint John Evangelist, by Thomas Colwell.' In 1604 was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company: 'A strange reporte of a monstrous fish that appeared in the form of a *wahagn*, from her waist upward, scene in the sea;' and in May of the same year, 'a ballad called a ballad of a strange and monstrous fish scene in the sea on Friday the 17 of Febr 1603.' In Sir Henry Herbert's office-book, which contains a register of all the shows of London from 1623 to 1642, is 'a licence to Francis Sherrot to shew a *strange fish* for a yeare, from the 10th of Marche, 1635.'" — HALLIWELL.

(10) SCENE III.—*Men of hair.*] A dance in which the performers were disguised as satyrs, not unusually formed a feature of the entertainment on festival occasions in older time, and this species of masquerade is connected with a very tragic incident graphically told by Froissart, which occurred at the French court in 1392:—

"It fortuned that, soon after the retaining of the foresaid knight, a marriage was made in the king's house between a young knight of Vermandois and one of the queen's gentlewomen; and because they were both of the king's house, the king's uncles, and other lords, ladies, and damoiselles, made great triumph. There was the Dukos of Orleans, Berry, and Bourgoigne, and their wives, dancing and making great joy. The king made a great supper to the lords and ladies, and the queen kept her estate, desiring every man to be merry. And there was a squire of Normandy, called Hogfrey mon Genay, he advised to make some pastime. The day of the marriage, which was on a Tuesday before Candlemas, he provided for a mummer, against night, he devised six coats made of linen cloth, covered with pitch, and thereon flax-like hair, and had them ready in a chaubier. The king put on one of them, and the Earl of Jouy, a young lusty knight, another, and Sir Charles of Poitiers the third, who was son to the earl of Valentinois, and Sir Juan of Foix another, and the son of the Lord Nanthouillet had on the fifth, and the squire himself had on the sixth, and when they were thus arrayed in these six coats, and as well fast in them, they seemed like wild woodhousers, full of hair from the top of the head to the sole of the foot. This device pleased well the French king, and was well content with the squire for it. They were appareled in these coats secretly in a chamber that no man knew thereof but such as helped them. When Sir Juan of Foix had well devised these coats, he said to the king, — 'Sir, command straightly that no man approach near us with any torch or fire, for if the fire fasten in any of these coats, we shall all be burnt without remedy.' The king answered and said, — 'Juan, ye speak well and wisely, it shall be done as ye have devised;' and a commandment sent for an usher of his chamber, commanding him to go into the chaubier where the ladies danced, and to command all the valets holding torches to stand up by the walls, and none of them to approach near to the woodhousers that should come thither to dance. The usher did the king's commandment, which was fulfilled. Soon after the Duke of Orleans entered into the hall, accompanied with four knights and six torches and knew nothing of the king's commandment for the torches, nor of the mummeries that was coming thither, but thought to behold the dancing, and began himself to dance. Therewith the king with the five other came in, they were so disguised in flax that no man knew them. Five of them were fastened one to another, the king was loose, and went before and led the device.

"When they entered into the hall every man took so great heed to them that they forgot the torches: the king departed from his company and went to the ladies to sport with them, as youth required, and so passed by the queen and came to the Duchess of Berry, who took and held him by the arm, to know what he was, but the king would not show his name. Then the duchess said, 'Ye shall not escape me till I know your name.' In this mean season great mischief fell on the other, and by reason of the Duke of Orleans, howbeit, it was by ignorance, and against his will, for if he had considered before the mischief that fell, he would not have done as he did for all the good in the world, but he was so desirous to know what personages the five were that danced, he put one of the torches that his servant held so near, that the heat of the fire entered into the flax (wherein if fire take there is no remedy), and suddenly was on a bright flame, and so each of them set fire or other; the pitch was so fastened to the linen cloth, and their shirts so dry and fine, and so joining to their flesh, that they began to burn and to cry for help: none durst come near them; they that did burnt their hands by reason of the heat of the pitch: one of them called

## ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

Nanthorillet advised him how the botay was thereby; he fled thither, and cast himself into a vessel full of water, wherein they rinsed pots, which saved him, or else he had been dead as the other were; yet he was sore hurt with the fire. When the queen heard the cry that they made, she doubted her of the king, for she knew well that he should be one of the six; therewith she fell into a swoon, and knights and ladies came and comforted her. A piteous noise there was in the hall. The Duchess of Berry delivered the king from that peril, for she did cast over him the train of her gown, and covered him from the fire. The king would have gone from her. Whither will ye go? quoth she; ye see well how your company burns. What are ye? I am the king, quoth he. Haste ye, quoth she, and get you into other apparel, and come to the queen.

And the Duchess of Berry had somewhat comforted her, and had showed her how she should see the king shortly. Therewith the king came to the queen, and as soon as she saw him, for joy she embraced him and fell in a swoon; then she was borne to her chamber, and the king went with her. And the bastard of Foix, who was all on a fire, cried ever with a loud voice, Save the king, save the king! Thus was the king saved. It was happy for him that he went from his company, for else he had been dead without remedy. This great mischief fell thus about midnight in the hall of Saint Powle in Paris, where there was two burnt to death in the place, and other two, the bastard of Foix and the Earl of Jouy, borne to their lodgings, and died within two days after in great misery and pain."

## ACT V.

(1) SCENE III.—*The ruddiness upon her lip is wet* ] However general the distaste for colouring sculpture in the present day, there can be no denying that the practice is of very high antiquity, since the painted low reliefs found in such profusion in the Egyptian tombs are usually assigned to the period B.C. 2400. In these remains there appears to have been the same intention as that shown in the coloured Monumental Effigies of the later middle-ages and the sixteenth century, namely, the production of a perfect and substantial image of the person represented, painted with his natural complexion and apparelled "in his habit as he lived." In this view of the custom it may be divested of much of its bad taste, especially if we suppose that really eminent artists were frequently employed as well on the painting of the figure as on the modelling and carving it. The later commentators only have taken this the true view of the statue of Hermione; though they have all pointed out the poet's error in representing Giulio Romano as a sculptor. We are inclined to doubt, however, whether Shakespeare committed any mis-

take upon the subject: when he calls the statue "A piece many years in doing, and now newly performed," he may have remembered that Vasari, Romano's contemporary, has recorded that "over his paintings he sometimes consumed months and even years, until they became wearisome to him." And when he represents this artist as colouring sculpture, he may have recollected the same authority states, that Giulio Romano built a house for himself in Mantua, opposite to the church of St. Barnaba. "The front of this he adorned with a fantastic decoration of coloured stuccoes; causing it at the same time to be painted and adorned with stucco work within." It will be readily admitted that when the practice of making painted effigy portraits and busts was established, the greatest talent as well as the most inferior might be employed on the colouring; and Vasari adds further, that Giulio Romano would not refuse to set his hand to the most trifling matter, when the object was to do a service to his lord or to give pleasure to his friends. —



## CRITICAL OPINIONS ON THE WINTER'S TALE.

“‘The Winter's Tale’ is as appropriately named as ‘The Midsummer Night's Dream.’ It is one of those tales which are peculiarly calculated to beguile the dreary leisure of a long winter evening, and are even attractive and intelligible to childhood, while, animated by fervent truth in the delineation of character and passion, and invested with the embellishments of poetry, lowering itself, as it were, to the simplicity of the subject, they transport even manhood back to the golden age of imagination. The calculation of probabilities has nothing to do with such wonderful and fleeting adventures, when all end at last in universal joy and, accordingly, Shakspeare has here taken the greatest licence of anachronisms and geographical errors; not to mention other incongruities, he opens a free navigation between Sicily and Bohemia, makes Giulio Romano the contemporary of the Delphic oracle. The piece divides itself in some degree into two plays. Leontes becomes suddenly jealous of his royal bosom-friend Polyxenes, who is on a visit to his court; makes an attempt on his life, from which Polyxenes only saves himself by a clandestine flight;—Hermione, suspected of infidelity, is thrown into prison, and the daughter which she there brings into the world is exposed on a remote coast;—the accused queen, declared innocent by the oracle, on learning that her infant son has pined to death on her account, falls down in a swoon, and is mourned as dead by her husband, who becomes sensible, when too late, of his error: all this makes up the first three acts. The last two are separated from these by a chasm of sixteen years; but the foregoing tragical catastrophe was only apparent, and this serves to connect the two parts. The princess, who has been exposed on the coast of Polyxenes' kingdom, grows up among low shepherds; but her tender beauty, her noble manners, and elevation of sentiment, bespeak her descent; the Crown Prince Florizel, in the course of his hawking, falls in with her, becomes enamoured, and courts her in the disguise of a shepherd; at a rural entertainment Polyxenes discovers their attachment, and breaks out into a violent rage, the two lovers seek refuge from his persecutions at the court of Leontes in Sicily, where the discovery and general reconciliation take place. Lastly, when Leontes beholds, as he imagines, the statue of his lost wife, it descends from the niche: it is she herself, the still living Hermione, who has kept herself so long concealed; and the piece ends with universal rejoicing. The jealousy of Leontes is not, like that of Othello, developed through all its causes, symptoms, and variations; it is brought forward at once full grown and mature, and is portrayed as a distempered frenzy. It is a passion whose effects the spectator is more concerned with than its origin, and which does not produce the catastrophe, but merely ties the knot of the piece. In fact, the poet might perhaps have wished slightly to indicate that Hermione, though virtuous, was too warm in her efforts to please Polyxenes; and it appears as if this germ of inclination first attained its proper maturity in their children. Nothing can be more fresh and youthful, nothing at once so ideally pastoral and princely, as the love of Florizel and Perdita; of the prince, whom love converts into a voluntary shepherd; and the princess, who betrays her exalted origin without knowing it, and in whose hands nosegays become crowns. Shakspeare has never hesitated to place ideal poetry side by side of the most vulgar prose: and in the world of reality also this is generally the case. Perdita's foster-father and his son are both made simple boors, that we may the more distinctly see how all that ennobles her belongs only to herself. Autolycus, the merry pedlar and pickpocket, so imitably portrayed, is necessary to complete the rustic feast, which Perdita on her part seems to render meet for an assemblage of gods in disguise.”—



TROILUS & CRESSIDA.



# TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

FOURTEEN years before the appearance of the folio of 1623, a quarto edition of this play was published under the title of "The Famous Historie of Troylus and Cresseid. Excellently expressing the beginning of their loves, with the conceited wooing of Pandarus Prince of Licia. Written by William Shakespeare. London Imprinted by G. Eld for R. Bonian and H. Walley, and are to be sold at the spread Eagle in Pauls Church-yard, over against the great North doore. 1609." In the same year, another edition, or rather a second issue of the above, was printed with a different title-page,—“The Historie of Troilus and Cressida. As it was acted by the Kings Maiesties servants at the Globe. Written by William Shakespeare. London,” &c. Nor is this the only diversity between the two issues, for the first contains the following curious prefatory address, which was omitted in all the subsequent copies,—

“A never Writer to an ever Reader. NEWES.

“Eternall reader, you have heere a new play, never staſd with the Stage, never clapper-clawd with the palmes of the vulgar, and yet passing full of the palme comically, for it is a birth of your braine, that never undertooke any thing comically vainely: and were but the vaine names of Commedies changd for the titles of commodities, or of Playes for Pleas, you should see all those grand censors, that now stile them such vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their gravities, especially this author's Commedies, that are so ham'd to the life, that they serve for the most common Commentaries of all the actions of our lives, shewing such a dexteritie and power of witte, that the most displeas'd with Playes are pleas'd with his Commedies. And a'l such dull and heavy-witted worldlings, as were never capable of the witte of a Commedie, coming by report of them to his representations, have found that witte there that they never found in themselves, and have parted better-witted then they came; feeling an edge of witte set upon them, more then ever they dreamd they had brinn to grinde it on. So much and such savoured salt of witte is in his Commedies, that they seeme (for their height of pleasure) to be borne in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty then this. And had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, (for so much as will make you thinke your teesterne well bestowed) but for so much worth, as even poore I know to be stuf in it. It deserves such a labour, as well as the best Commedie in Terence or Plautus. And beleve this, that when hee is gone, and his Commedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English Inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the perill of your pleasures losse, and Judgements, refuse not, nor like thus the losse for not being sullied with the smoake breath of the multitude, but thanke fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you. Since by the great possessors wits, I beleve, you should have payd for them rather then been payd. And so I leave all such to bee payd for (for the states of their wits healths) that will not praise it.—VALL.”

From this address we may conclude that, when first published, the piece had not been acted, or only acted at court, and that, being shortly after represented on the stage, it was thought necessary to withdraw the preface, and substitute another title-page.

In Henslowe's Diary is an entry, showing that in April, 1599, Decker and Chettle were occupied in writing a play, called “Troilus and Cressida,” and this may have been the “booke” recorded on the Stationers' Registers, February 7th, 1602-3,—

“Mr. Roberts] The booke of Troilus and Cressida, as yt is acted by my Lo. Chamberlains men.”

Farther, as the company to which Shakespeare belonged was entitled the “Lord Chamberlain's Servants” until the year 1603, and as some parts of his “Troilus and Cressida” are evidently the production of an inferior writer, it is not at all improbable that the earlier piece formed the basis of the later one.

In the preface to his alteration of the present play, Dryden remarks that, “The original story was written by one Lollius, a Lombard, in Latin verse, and translated by Chaucer into English.” “Twere to consider too curiously,” perhaps, to enter here upon the question whether “My auctor Lollius” were a tangible personage, or the mere creation of the old bard's fancy; we may be satisfied the plot of the drama is immediately founded upon the poem of “Troilus and Cryseyde.” Upon this point there can be no reasonable doubt; and Mr. Godwin, in his “Life of Chaucer,” complains, with reason, that the commentators have dealt ungenerously towards the elder poet in not acknowledging the honour conferred upon him by the immortal dramatist,—

## PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

“ It would be extremely unjust to quit the consideration of Chaucer’s poem of ‘Troilus and Cressida,’ without noticing the high honour it has received in having been made the foundation of one of the plays of Shakespear. There seems to have been in this respect a sort of conspiracy in the commentators upon Shakespear against the glory of our old English bard. In what they have written concerning this play, they make a very slight mention of Chaucer; they have not consulted his poem for the purpose of illustrating this admirable drama; and they have agreed, as far as possible, to transfer to another author the honour of having supplied materials to the tragic artist. Dr. Johnson says, ‘Shakespeare has in his story followed, for the greater part, the old book of Caxton, which was then very popular;’ but the character of Thersites, of which it makes no mention, is a proof that this play was written after Chapman had published his version of Homer.’ Mr. Steevens asserts that ‘Shakespeare received the greatest part of his materials for the structure of this play from the ‘Troy Boke of Lydgate.’ And Mr. Malone repeatedly treats the ‘History of the Destruction of Troy, translated by Caxton,’ as ‘Shakespeare’s authority’ in the composition of this drama. \* \* \* \* \* The fact is, that the play of Shakespear we are here considering has for its main foundation the poem of Chaucer, and is indebted for many accessory helps to the books mentioned by the commentators. \* \* \* \* \*

“ We are not, however, left to probability and conjecture as to the use made by Shakespear of the poem of Chaucer. His other sources were Chapman’s translation of Homer, the ‘Troy Book’ of Lydgate, and Caxton’s ‘History of the Destruction of Troy.’ It is well known that there is no trace of the particular story of ‘Troilus and Cressida’ among the ancients. It occurs, indeed, in Lydgate and Caxton; but the name and actions of Pandarus, a very essential personage in the tale as related by Shakespear and Chaucer, are entirely wanting, except a single mention of him by Lydgate, and that with an express reference to Chaucer as his authority. Shakespear has taken the story of Chaucer with all its imperfections and defects, and has copied the series of its incidents with his customary fidelity;—an exactness seldom to be found in any other dramatic writer.”

## Persons Represented.

PRIAM, <i>King of Troy</i>	ACHILLES,	
HECTOR,	ULYSSES,	
TROILUS,	NESTOR,	<i>Grecian Commanders.</i>
PARIS,	AJAX,	
DEIPHOBUS,	DIOMEDES,	
HELENUS,	PATROCLUS,	
MARGARELON, <i>a natural Son of Priam</i>	THERSITES, <i>a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.</i>	
ÆNEAS,	ALEXANDER, <i>Servant to Cressida.</i>	
ANTENOR,	Servant to Troilus	
CALCHAS, <i>a Trojan Priest, taking part with the Greeks</i>	Servant to Paris	
PANDARUS, <i>Uncle to Cressida</i>	Servant to Diomedes.	
AGAMEMNON, <i>the Grecian General.</i>	HELEN, <i>Wife to Menelaus.</i>	
MENELAUS, <i>his Brother</i>	ANDROMACHE, <i>Wife to Hector.</i>	
	CASSANDRA, <i>Daughter to Priam; a Prophetess.</i>	
	CRESSIDA, <i>Daughter to Calchas.</i>	

Trojan and Grecian Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE,—TROY; and the Grecian Camp before it.

## PROLOGUE.

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of  
Greece

The princes orgulous,<sup>a</sup> their high blood chaf'd,  
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,  
Fraught with the ministers and instruments  
Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore  
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay  
Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is made  
To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures  
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,  
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.  
To Tenedos they come;  
And the deep-drawing barks\* do there disgorge  
Their warlike fraughtage. Now on Dardan plains  
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch  
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,

Dardan, and Tymbria, Helias, Chotas, Troien,  
And Antenoridae,<sup>b</sup> with massy staples,  
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,  
Sperr<sup>c</sup> up the sons of Troy.  
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,  
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,  
Sets all on hazard.—And hither am, I come  
A prologue arm'd,<sup>d</sup>—but not in confidence  
Of author's pen or actor's voice; but suited  
In like conditions as our argument,—  
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play  
Leaps o'er the vaunt<sup>e</sup> and firstlings of those broils,  
Beginning in the middle; starting thence away  
To what may be digested in a play.  
Take, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;  
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

(\*) First folio, *Barke*

<sup>a</sup> *The princes orgulous*.—] "Orgulous," from the French *Orgueilleux*, means *proud, haughty*

<sup>b</sup> Dardan, and Tymbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,  
And Antenoridae.—]

So these names are exhibited in the folio 16.23. (with the exception of the last, which is there "*Antenorides*,") a circumstance that leads us to conjecture Shakespeare had consulted Lydgate's poem called, "The historye, sege and destruction of Troye."—

"The firste of all and strengest ke withall

Was by the kynge called *Dardanydes*.  
And in storye lyke as it is founde,  
*Tymbria* was named the seconde.  
And the thirde called *Helias*

The fourthe gate highte also *Cetheas*.

The fyfte *Troiana*, the sixth *Antenorides*," &c.—

as well as Caxton's "Recuyell of the histories of Troye," &c., where, in the chapter headed, "How the kynge Priam reddified the cyte of troye," it is said, "In this Cyte were sixe pryncypall pates, of whome that one was named *daidan* the seconde *tymbria* the thrid *helias* the fourthe *chetas* the fifthe *troyenne*, and the sixthe *antenoridae*."

<sup>c</sup> *Sperr up the sons of Troy*] The folio, where alone of the old editions this Prologue is given, reads, "Sterre up" Theobald first proposed "Sperr," an old word signifying to *shut up*, which is occasionally used by Chaucer, Spenser, and other of our early writers.

<sup>d</sup> "arm'd,—] From this it appears that the speaker of the Prologue, instead of wearing the customary black cloak, was dressed in armour,—] In like conditions as our argument"

<sup>e</sup> — the vaunt—] That is, the *van*, the *fore-going*, the *beginning*



## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—Troy. *Before Priam's Palace.*

*Enter TROILUS armed, and PANDARUS.*

TRO. Call here my varlet ;\* I'll unarm again :  
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,  
That find such cruel battle here within ?  
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,\*,  
Let him to field ; Troilus, alas ! hath none.

PAN. Will this gear ne'er be mended ?

TRO. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to  
their strength.

Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant ;  
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,  
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance ;  
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,  
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

PAN. Well, I have told you enough of this :  
for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further.  
He that will have a cake out of the wheat must  
needs tarry the grinding.

\* — varlet } A "varlet" anciently signified a footman or  
valet

TRO. Have I not tarried?

PAN. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

TRO. Have I not tarried?

PAN. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

TRO. Still have I tarried.

PAN. Ay, to the leavening; but here's yet in the word *hereafter*, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

TRO. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be, Doth lesser blench<sup>a</sup> at sufferance than I do.

At Priam's royal table do I sit;

And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—

So, traitor!—when she comes!—when is she thence?<sup>b</sup>

PAN. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

TRO. I was about to tell thee,—when my heart, As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain; Lest Hector or my father should perceive me, I have (as when the sun doth light a storm<sup>c</sup>) Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile; But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness, Is like that mirth face turns to sudden sadness.

PAN. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's,—well, go to,—there were no more comparison to the women.—but, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her,—but I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit; but—

TRO. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—When I do tell thee, there my hopes be drown'd, Reply not in how many fathoms deep They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad In Cressid's love: thou answer'st, *she is fair*; Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice: Handlest in thy discourse,—*O, that her hand, In whose comparison all whites are ink, Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense*

*Hard as the palm of ploughman!*—this thou tell'st me,

As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her; But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm, Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me The knife that made it.

PAN. I speak no more than truth.

TRO. Thou dost not speak so much.

PAN. Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.<sup>d</sup>

TRO. Good Pandarus,—how now, Pandarus?

PAN. I have had my labour for my travail: ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

TRO. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

PAN. Because she's kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday.<sup>e</sup> But what care I? I care not an she were a blackamoor; 'tis all one to me.

TRO. Say I she is not fair?

PAN. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

TRO. Pandarus,—

PAN. Not I.

TRO. Sweet Pandarus,—

PAN. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there ascend.

[*Exit. An alarm.*]

TRO. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair, When with your blood you daily paint her thus. I cannot fight upon this argument; It is too starv'd a subject for my sword. But Pandarus,—O gods, how do you plague me! I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar; And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo, As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.

(\*) Old text, *a-scan*

(†) First folio, *it*

<sup>a</sup> — blench—] *To blench* meant to *flinch*, or *start off*. The word is found again in "The Winter's Tale," Act I. Sc. 2, in "Hamlet," Act II. Sc. 2, and in "Measure for Measure," Act IV. Sc. 5.

<sup>b</sup> — when she comes!—when is she thence? So Rowe; the old editions having,—

"—then she comes when she is thence"

<sup>c</sup> Handlest in thy discourse,—*O, that her hand, &c.* This line, we surmise, has suffered from a compositor's transposition: the genuine reading, apparently, being,—

'Handlest in thy discourse her hand,—*O, that, In whose comparison,*" &c.

Unless, indeed, the words, "her hand," were intended to be repeated,—

"Handlest in thy discourse her hand,—*O, that her hand,*" &c.

In any case, it is evident from what follows, "this thou tell'st me," &c.—that *Troilus* is repeating, or pretending to repeat, what *Pandarus* had said in praise of *Cressida's* hand; and the lines should be marked off as a quotation.

<sup>d</sup> — she has the mends in her own hands! This was a proverbial expression, the meaning,—*She must make the best of it.* So Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy,"—"and if men will be jealous in such cases, the mends is in their own hands—they must thank themselves."

<sup>e</sup> — she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday! We are not sure we understand this, it perhaps means,—*She would be considered as fair in ordinary apparel as Helen in holiday finery.*



Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,  
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we ?  
Her bed is India ; there she lies, a pearl :  
Between our Ilium and where she resides,  
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood ;  
Ourself, the merchant ; and this sailing Pandar,  
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

*Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.*

ÆNE. How now, prince Troilus ! wherefore not  
asleep ?

TRO. Because not there : this woman's answer  
sorts.\*

For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day ?

ÆNE. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

TRO. By whom, Æneas ?

ÆNE. Troilus, by Menelaus.

TRO. Let Paris bleed : 'tis but a scum to scorn ;  
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*]

ÆNE. Hark, what good sport is out of town  
to-day !

TRO. Better at home, if *would I might*, were  
*may.*—

But to the sport abroad, —are you bound thither ?

ÆNE. In all swift haste.

TRO. Come, go we, then, together.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—*The same. A Street.*

*Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.*

CRES. Who were those went by ?

ALEX. Queen Hecuba and Helen.

CRES. And whither go they ?

ALEX. Up to the eastern tower.

Whose height commands as subject all the vale,  
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience  
is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd :  
He chid\* Andromache, and struck his armourer ;  
And, like as there were husbandry in war,  
Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,<sup>b</sup>  
And to the field goes he, where every flower  
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw  
In Hector's wrath.

CRES. What was his cause of anger ?

ALEX. The noise goes, this : there is among  
the Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector ;  
They call him, Ajax.

CRES. Good ; and what of him ?

ALEX. They say he is a very man *per se*,  
And stands alone.

CRES. So do all men, —unless they are drunk,  
sick, or have no legs

ALEX. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts  
of their particular additions ;<sup>c</sup> he is as valiant as the  
lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant : a  
man into whom nature hath so crowded humours,  
that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced  
with discretion : there is no man hath a virtue,  
that he hath not a glimpse of ; nor any man an  
attaint, but he carries some stain of it : he is  
melancholy without cause, and merry against the  
hair.<sup>d</sup> he hath the joints of every thing, but every  
thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus,  
many hands and no use ; or purblind\* Argus, all  
eyes and no sight.

CRES. But how should this man, that makes me  
smile, make Hector angry ?

ALEX. They say, he yesterday coped Hector in  
the battle, and struck him down ; the disdain† and  
shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting  
and waking

CRES. Who comes here ?

ALEX. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

*Enter PANDARUS*

CRES. Hector's a gallant man.

ALEX. As may be in the world, lady.

PAN. What's that ? what's that ?

CRES. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

PAN. Good morrow, cousin Cressid : what do  
you talk of ? —Good morrow, Alexander. —How  
do you, cousin ? When were you at Ilium ?

CRES. This morning, uncle.

PAN. What were you talking of, when I came ?  
Was Hector armed and gone ere ye came to  
Ilium ? Helen was not up, was she ?

CRES. Hector was gone, but Helen was not up.

PAN. E'en so ; Hector was stirring early.

CRES. That were you talking of, and of his  
anger.

PAN. Was he angry ?

CRES. So he says here.

(\*) First folio, *chides*

(\*) First folio, *purblind*.

(†) First folio, *disdained*

\* — sorts, —] That is, *suits*, *fits* as appropriate. As in " Henry  
V." Act IV. sc. 1. —

" It sorts well with thy fierceness

Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light. —] Some cor-  
ruption has been suspected here and it is noticeable, that both

in the quarto and folio the disputed word is spelt *lyte*, not  
*light* yet the obvious meaning, that Hector was lightly armed,  
is sufficiently intelligible

c — additions,] *Qualities*, or *characteristics*.

d — against the hair ! As we now say, —*against the grain*. The  
French have still the expression, —*à contrepoil*.



PAN. True, he was so; I know the cause too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that; and there's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.

CRES. What, is he angry too?

PAN. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

CRES. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

PAN. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man, if you see him?

CRES. Ay, if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

PAN. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

CRES. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

PAN. No, nor \* Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

CRES. 'Tis just to each of them, he is himself.

PAN. Himself! Alas, poor Troilus! I would, he were,—

CRES. So he is.

PAN. Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

CRES. He is not Hector.

PAN. Himself! no, he's not himself,—would 'twere himself! Well, the gods are above; time must friend or end. Well, Troilus, well,—I would, my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

CRES. Excuse me

PAN. He is elder.

CRES. Pardon me, pardon me.

PAN. The other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when the other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit\* this year.

CRES. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

PAN. Nor his qualities,—

CRES. No matter.

PAN. Nor his beauty.

CRES. 'Twould not become him,—his own's better.

PAN. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown fawot, (for so 'tis, I must confess)—not brown neither—

CRES. No, but brown.

PAN. Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

CRES. To say the truth, true and not true.

PAN. She praised his complexion above Paris.

CRES. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

PAN. So he has.

CRES. Then Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flouting a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

PAN. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

CRES. Then she's a merry Greek,\* indeed.

PAN. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into the compassed window,—and you know he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

CRES. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

PAN. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

CRES. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?†

PAN. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him;—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,—

CRES. Juno have mercy!—how came it cloven?

PAN. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

CRES. O, he smiles valiantly.

PAN. Does he not?

CRES. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

PAN. Why, go to then:—but to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

CRES. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

PAN. Troilus! why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

CRES. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

PAN. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin;—indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

CRES. Without the rack.

PAN. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

CRES. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

PAN. But there was such laughing! Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er,—

CRES. With mill-stones.

PAN. And Cassandra laughed,—

CRES. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes;—did her eyes run o'er too?

PAN. And Hector laughed.

CRES. At what was all this laughing?

PAN. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

CRES. A'n't had a green hair, I should have laughed too.

PAN. They laughed not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer.

CRES. What was his answer?

PAN. Quoth she, *Her's but one and fifty hairs\* on your chin, and one of them is white.*

CRES. This is her question.

PAN. That's true: make no question of that. *One and fifty hairs*, quoth he, *and one white: That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons. Jupiter!* quoth she, *which of these hairs is Paris, my husband?* *The forked one*, quoth he; *pluck't out, and give it him.* But there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

CRES. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

PAN. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

CRES. So I do.\*

PAN. I'll be sworn 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

CRES. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. [A retreat sounded.]

PAN. Hark! they are coming from the field:

(\*) Old text, *will*—Howe's correction

\* — a merry Greek.—] This expression, which seems to have meant a *wag*, or *unmourner*, is frequently met with in old books. Our earliest English comedy, "Ralph Roister Doister," has a character, who is the droll of the piece, called "Mathewe Merry-greeke." See, too, Act IV. Sc. 4, of the present play.—

"A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks."

(\*) First folio, *does*

† — so old a lifter! A "lifter" was anciently a cant term for a thief, and we still retain it in *shop-lifter*.

\* — one and fifty hairs.—] The old text has, "*— two and fifty hairs.*" &c., which Theobald changed, to make out the number of Priam and his fifty sons.

shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass toward Ilium? good niece; do; sweet niece Cressida.

CRES. At your pleasure.

PAN. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

CRES. Speak not so loud.

*ÆNEAS passes over the stage.*

PAN. That's Æneus; is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy. I can tell you: but mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

*ANTENOR passes over.*

CRES. Who's that?

PAN. That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough; he's one o' the soundest judgments† in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person.—When comes Troilus?—I'll show you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

CRES. Will he give you the nod?\*

PAN. You shall see.

CRES. If he do, the rich<sup>b</sup> shall have more.

*HECTOR passes over.*

PAN. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; there's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector!—there's a brave man, niece!—O, brave Hector!(1)—Look how he looks! there's a countenance! is't not a brave man?

CRES. O, a ‡ brave man!

PAN. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good.—look you what hucks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there! there's no jesting: there's † laying on, take't off who will,|| as they say: there be hucks!

CRES. Be those with swords?

PAN. Swords! any thing, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one. by God's lid, it does one's heart good.—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece; is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—

*PARIS passes over.*

Why, this is brave now.—Who said he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do

Helen's heart good now, ha!—Would I could see Troilus now!—you shall see\* Troilus anon.

*HELENUS passes over.*

CRES. Who's that?

PAN. That's Helenus.—I marvel where Troilus is:—that's Helenus;—I think he went not forth to-day:—that's Helenus.

CRES. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

PAN. Helenus! no:—yes, he'll fight indifferent well:—I marvel where Troilus is!—Hark! do you not hear the people cry, *Troilus*?—Helenus is a priest.

CRES. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

*TROILUS passes over.*

PAN. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus.—'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece.—Hom!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

CRES. Peace, for shame, peace!

PAN. Mark him; note † him;—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece; look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's; and how he looks, and how he goes!—O, admirable youth! he ne'er saw three-and-twenty.—Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way!—Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O, admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye ‡ to boot.

CRES. Here come more.

*Forces pass over the stage.*

PAN. Arses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat!—I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus.—Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

CRES. There is among the Greeks, Achilles,—a better man than Troilus.

PAN. Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

CRES. Well, well.

PAN. Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, dis-

(\*) First folio omits, tell.

(†) First folio, judgement.

(‡) First folio omits, a

(§) First folio omits, there's

(||) First folio, ill.

(\*) First folio omits, see.

(†) First folio, not.

(‡) First folio, give money.

a. Will he give you the nod? To give the nod meant, we apprehend, like to give the dor—the using some gesture which turned the party against whom it was directed into ridicule.

b. If he do, the rich shall have more.] If "rich" is the genuine word, it must have conveyed some allusion now lost to us possibly, however, it may be only a misprint for *rich*.

course, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like,\* the spice and salt that seasons a man?

CRES. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pie,—for then the man's date is out.

PAN. You are such a† woman! a man knows not at what ward you lie.

CRES. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these. and at all these wards I lie,‡ at a thousand watches.

PAN. Say one of your watches.

CRES. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too. if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

PAN. You are such another!

*Enter Troilus' Boy*

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

PAN. Where?

Boy. At your own house: there he unarms him.\*

PAN. Good boy, tell him I come. [*Exit Boy*.] I doubt he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

CRES. Adieu, uncle.

PAN. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

CRES. To bring,‡ uncle.

PAN. Ay, a token from Troilus. [*Exit*.]

CRES. By the same token— you are a bawd — Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice, He offers in another's enterprise.

But more in Troilus thousand fold I see Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be; Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing: Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing: That she belov'd knows nought, that knows not this,—

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is: That she was never yet, that ever knew Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue: Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—

(\*) First folio, *so forth*. (†) First folio, *such another woman*.  
(‡) First folio, *I lay at, at, &c*

\* — there he unarms him.] These words are only in the quartos.  
PAN. I'll be with you, niece, &c  
CRES. To bring, uncle.]

Mr Dyce has supplied some examples of the peculiar expression to be with a person to bring,—

"And I'll close with Brvan till I have gotten the thing  
That he hath promis'd me, and then I'll be with him to bring"  
PHELPS'S *Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamides*  
'And here I'll have a ring at him, that's flat,  
And, Balthazar, I'll be with thee to bring"  
KID'S *Spanish Tragedy*, Act IV.

*Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:*  
Then\* though my heart's content† firm love doth  
bear,  
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.  
[*Exeunt*.]

• SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp. Before Agamemnon's Tent.*

*Trumpets. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, and others.*

AGAM. Princes,  
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?  
The ample proposition that hope makes  
In all designs begun on earth below,  
Fails in the promis'd largeness: cheeks and dis-

asters  
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd:

As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,  
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain  
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

Not, princes, is it matter new to us,  
That we come short of our suppose so far,  
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls  
stand,

With every action that hath gone before,  
Whereof we have record, trial did draw  
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,  
And that unbodied figure of the thought  
That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you  
princes,

Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;<sup>4</sup>  
And call them shames;‡ which are, indeed, nought  
else

But the protractive trials of great Jove,  
To find persisive constancy in men?  
The fineness of which metal is not found  
In Fortune's love, for then the bold and coward,  
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,  
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:  
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,  
Distinction, with a brook§ and powerful fan,  
Puffing at all, winnows the light away:  
And what hath mass or matter, by itself  
Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.

(\*) First folio, *That*. (†) First folio, *Contented*.  
(‡) First folio, *thinks them shame*. (§) First folio, *lowd*

But the particular meaning it conveyed has yet to be disclosed.  
"Achievement is command ungain'd, beseech"] There is so much obscurity in the construction of this "maxim," that, although to us, in its terse irregularity, it appears conformable to Shakespeare's style, we are not surprised that Mr Harnesse's neat substitution,—

"Achiev'd men us command," &c

should be generally preferred.  
d — behold our works,] Mr Collier's annotator would read,—  
"—behold our wrecks"—perhaps rightly.



Nest. With due observance of thy godlike  
 seat,  
 Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply  
 Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance,  
 Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,  
 How many shallow hauble boats dare sail  
 Upon her patient† breast, making their way

(\*) First folio, *godly*.

(†) Quartos *ancient*

With those of nobler bulk!  
 But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage  
 The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold  
 The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains  
 cut,  
 Bounding between the two moist elements,  
 Like Perseus' horse: where's then the saucy boat,  
 Whose weak yntimber'd sides but even now  
 Co-rivall'd greatness? either to harbour fled,

Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so  
Doth valour's show and valour's worth divide  
In storms of Fortune: for in her ray and brightness,  
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize,<sup>a</sup>  
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind  
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,  
And flies fled under shade, why, then the thing of  
courage,  
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,  
And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,  
Re-chides<sup>b</sup> to chiding Fortune.

ULYSSES. Agamemnon.—  
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,  
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,  
In whom the tempers and the minds of all  
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.  
Besides the applause and approbation  
The which,—most mighty, for thy place and  
away,— [To AGAMEMNON.  
And thou, most reverend, for thy stretch'd-out  
life,— [To NESTOR.

I give to both your speeches,—which were such,  
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece  
Should hold up high in brass, and such again,  
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,  
Should with a bond of air (strong as the axletree  
On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish ears<sup>c</sup>  
To his experience'd tongue,—yet let it please  
both,—

Thou great, and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak

AGAM. Speak, prince of Ithaca;<sup>d</sup> and be't of  
less expect

That matter needless, of importless burden,  
Divide thy lips, than we are confident,  
When rank Thersites opens his mastiff<sup>e</sup> jaws,  
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

ULYSSES. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been  
down,

And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,  
But for these instances.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected:

And look how many Grecian tents do stand  
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.  
When that the general is not like the hive,

To whom the foragers shall all repair.

What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,  
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.

The heavens themselves, the planets, and this  
centre,

Observe degree, priority, and place,  
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,  
Office, and custom, in all line of order;  
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,  
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd  
Amidst the other; \* those med'cinable eyes  
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,  
And post, like the commandment of a king,  
Sans check, to good and bad: but, when the  
planets,

In evil mixture, to disorder wander,<sup>(2)</sup>  
What plagues and what portents! what mutiny!  
What raging of the sea! shaking of earth!  
Commotion in the winds! frights, changes, horrors,  
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate  
The unity and married calm of states  
Quite from their fixure! O, when degree is shak'd,  
Which is the ladder to all high designs,  
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,  
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,  
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,  
The primogenitive<sup>2</sup> and due of birth,  
Privilege of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,  
But by degree, stand in authentic place?  
Take but degree away, untune that string,  
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets  
In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters  
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shore's,  
And make a sop of all this solid globe:  
Strength should be lord of imbecility,  
And the rude son should strike his father dead:  
Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong  
(Between whose endless jar justice resides)  
Should lose their<sup>2</sup> names, and so should justice  
too.

Then every thing includes itself in power,  
Power into will, will into appetite;  
And appetite, an universal wolf,  
So doubly seconded with will and power,  
Must make perforce an universal prey,  
And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,  
Thus chaos, when degree is suffocate,  
Follows the choking.  
And this neglection of degree it is,  
That by a pace goes backward, with† a purpose  
It hath to chimb. The general's disdain'd  
By him one step below; he, by the next;  
That next, by him beneath: so every step,  
Exampled by the first pace that is sick

(\*) Old text, *nasticks*

(\*) First folio, *her*

(†) First folio, *in*.

<sup>a</sup> [i.e. brize, —] The *horae*, *flu*, or *god*  
<sup>b</sup> Re-chides to chiding Fortune.] The old text has *Retires* for  
his. Pope substituted *Returns*. Hammer, *Repl's*, and Mr  
Lee, *Retor's*: the two former are not sufficiently expressive, but  
the last will perhaps be more readily accepted than the word we  
have ventured to adopt.

<sup>c</sup> On which heaven rides, —] And all the Greekish ears. —] So the  
quartos: the folio reads, —

"In which the Heavens ride, knit all Greekish ears"

<sup>d</sup> Speak, prince of Ithaca, &c.] This speech is omitted in the  
quartos.

\* Amidst the other,] Mr Singer reads speciously, but certainly  
in error. —

"Amidst the ether."

† The enterprise is sick.] Hammer has, —

"Then enterprise," &c.

<sup>2</sup> The primogenitive. —] Mr Collier asks, "Might we not read,  
*primogeniture*?" — forgetful that Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Warburton,  
Hammer, and Capell all read, *primogeniture*.

Of his superior, grows to an envious fever  
Of pale and bloodless emulation;  
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,  
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,  
Troy in our weakness stands,\* not in her strength.

NEST. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd  
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

AGAM. The nature of the sickness found;  
Ulysses,

What is the remedy?

ULYS. The great Achilles,—whom opinion  
crowns

The sinew and the forehead of our host,—  
Having his ear full of his airy fame,  
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent  
Lies mocking our designs: with him, Patroclus,  
Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day  
Breaks scurril jests;

And with ridiculous and awkward action

(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls.)

He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,

Thy topos deputation he puts on;

And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit

Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich

To hear the wooden dialogue and sound

'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,—

Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested\* seeming

He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,

'Tis like a chime a-mending; with terms un-  
squared, [dropp'd,

Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon

Would seem† hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,

The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,

From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;

Cries—*Excellent!*—'tis Agamemnon just!

Now play me Nestor,—hem, and stroke thy  
beard,

As he, being 'dress'd<sup>b</sup> to some oration

That's done;—as near as the extremest ends

Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife:

Yet god Achilles still cries, *Excellent!*

'Tis Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus,  
Arming to answer in a night alarm.

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age

Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit,

And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,

Shake in and out the rivet:—and at this sport

Sir Valour dies; cries, *O! enough, Patroclus:*  
*Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all*  
*In pleasure of my spleen.* And in this fashion,  
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,  
Severals and generals of grace exact,\*  
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,  
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,  
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves  
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

NEST. And in the imitation of these twain

(Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns

With an imperial voice) many are infect:

Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head

In such a rein, in full as proud a place

As broad Achilles: \* keeps his tent like him;

Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,

Bold as an oracle; and sets Thersites—

A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint—

To match us in comparisons with dirt;

To weaken and discredit our exposure,

How rank soever rounded-in with danger.

ULYS. They tax our policy, and call it  
cowardice;

Count wisdom as no member of the war;

Fore-stall prescience, and esteem no act

But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—

That do contrive how many hands shall strike,

When fitness calls† them on; and know, by measure

Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—

Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:

They call this—bed-work, mappery, closet-war;

So that the ram, that batters down the wall,

For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,

They place before his hand that made the engine,

Or those that with the fineness of their souls

By reason guide his execution.

NEST. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse,

Makes many Thetis' sons. [Trumpet sounds.

AGAM. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

MEN. From Troy.

Enter ÆNEAS.

AGAM. What would you fore our tent?

ÆNE. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray  
you?

AGAM. Even this.

(\*) First folio, *lies*

(†) First folio, *seems*

(\*) First folio inserts, and

(†) First folio, *call*

\* — o'er-wrested *seeming*—] "O'er-wrested" means *over-wound*; the image being taken from the instrument called a *wrest*, which was used for tuning the harp. In the old copies we have, "o'er rested," and the same mistake occurs in a subsequent passage, Act III. Sc. 3, where Calchas says,—

"— But this Antenor,

I know is such a *wrest* in their affairs," &c.—

the old text reading,—

— a *wrest* in their affairs," &c.

b — being 'dress'd —] That is, *address*, prepared  
c Severals and generals of grace exact,—] Mr. Collier's anno-  
tator reads,—

"Severals and generals all grace extract," &c.;—  
and Mr. Singer,—

"— are of grace extract"

We should prefer,—

"Severals and generals of grace *and* act," &c.—  
but are not quite convinced that any change is needed



**ÆNE.** May one, that is a herald and a prince,  
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

**AGAM.** With surety stronger than Achilles' arm,  
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one  
voice

Call Agamemnon head and general.

**ÆNE.** Fair leave and large security.—How  
may

A stranger to those most imperial looks  
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

**AGAM.** How?

**ÆNE.** Ay; I ask, that I might waken reve-  
rence,

And bid the cheek be ready with a blush  
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes  
The youthful Phœbus:

Which is that god in office, guiding men?

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

**AGAM.** This Trojan scorns us, or the men of  
Troy

Are ceremonious courtiers.

**ÆNE.** Courtiers as free, as debonaire, unarm'd,  
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:  
But when they would seem soldiers, they have  
gulls,

Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and Jove's  
accord,\*

Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,

Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!

The worthiness of praise distains his worth,

If that the\* prais'd himself bring the praise  
forth:

But what the repining enemy commends,

That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure,  
transcends.<sup>b</sup>

**AGAM.** Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself  
Æneas?

**ÆNE.** Ay, Greek, that is my name.

**AGAM.** What's your affair, I pray you?

**ÆNE.** Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

**AGAM.** He hears nought privately that comes  
from Troy.

**ÆNE.** Nor I from Troy come not to whisper  
him:

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;  
To set his sense on the attentive bent,  
And then to speak.

(\*) First folio, *he*

— and Jove's accord,  
Nothing so full of heart.]

Mr. Malone had not "the smallest doubt" that, the poet wrote,—  
"— and Jove's a god  
Nothing so full of heart"

We have very grave doubts whether he wrote anything of the kind, and are equally sceptical of "Jove's accord" being, like Horace's "*Jove probante*," an ablative absolute, as Stevens surmised. To us, "accord" appears to be a deprecation of some word signifying of old a membranous covering or receptacle for the heart, but this word we must admit our inability to supply

**AGAM.**

Speak frankly as the wind;

It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:

That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,  
He tells thee so himself.

**ÆNE.**

Trumpet, blow loud;

Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;  
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,  
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud;

[Trumpet sounds.]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy  
A prince call'd Hector,—Priam is his father,—

Who in this dull and long-contin'd truce

Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,

And to this purpose speak.<sup>(3)</sup> Kings, princes,  
lords!

If there be one among the fair'st of Greece,

That holds his honour higher than his ease;

That seeks his praise more than he fears his  
peril;

That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;

That loves his mistress more than in confession,

(With truant vows to her own lips he loves)

And dare avow her beauty and her worth

In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.

Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,

Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,

He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,

Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;

And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,

Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,

To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:

If any come, Hector shall honour him:

If none, he'll say in Troy when he retires,

The Grecian dames are sun-burnt, and not worth

The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

**AGAM.** This shall be told our lovers, lord

Æneas;

If none of them have soul in such a kind.

We left them all at home: but we are soldiers;

And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,

That means not, hath not, or is not in love!

If then one is, or hath, or means to be,

That one meets Hector: if none else, I am he.\*

**NEST.** Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man

When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;

But if there be not in our Grecian host†

One noble man that hath one spark of fire

(\*) First folio, *I'll be he*

(†) First folio, *mould*

<sup>b</sup> But what the repining enemy commends,  
That breath fame blows, that praise, sole pure, transcends.]

With the exception of Mr. Collier's annotator, who substitutes the senseless compound *soul-pure*, for "sole pure," the scholiasts appear to be perfectly satisfied with this passage as it stands in the ancient copies, and it would seem presumptuous, therefore, to disturb the text. At the same time, we entertain a firm conviction that Shakespeare has suffered here, as in other places, by a silly transposition of his words, and that he must have written,—

"But what the repining enemy commends,  
That breath fame blows, that praise *pure Sol* transcends."

To answer for his love, tell him from me,—  
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,  
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;  
And, meeting him, will tell him that my lady  
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste  
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,  
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

ÆNE. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

ULYSS. Amen.

AGAM. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;

To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.\*  
Achilles shall have word of this intent;  
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:  
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,  
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all except ULYSSES and NESTOR.*]

ULYSS. Nestor,—

NEST. What says Ulysses?

ULYSS. I have a young conception in my brain.  
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

NEST. What is't?

ULYSS. This 'tis:—

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride  
That hath to this maturity blown up  
In rank Achilles must or now be cropp'd.  
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,  
To overbulk us all.

NEST. Well, and how?

ULYSS. This challenge that the gallant Hector  
sends,

However it is spread in general name,  
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

NEST. The purpose is perspicuous even as  
substance,

Whose grossness little characters sum up:  
And, in the publication, make no strain,  
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren  
As banks of Lybia,—though, Apollo knows,  
'Tis dry enough,—will, with great speed of judgment,

Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose  
Pointing on him.

ULYSS. And wake him to the answer, think you?

NEST. Yes, 'tis most meet: who may you else  
oppose,

That can from Hector bring his honour\* off,  
If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,  
Yet in this trial much opinion dwells;  
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute  
With their fin'st palate: and trust to me,  
Ulysses,

Our imputation<sup>b</sup> shall be oddly<sup>c</sup> pois'd

In this wild action; for the success,  
Although particular, shall give a scantling  
Of good or bad unto the general;  
And in such indexes, although small pricks  
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen

The baby figure of the giant mass  
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,  
He that meets Hector issues from our choice;  
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,  
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,  
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd  
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,  
What heart receives from hence the conquering  
part,

To steel a strong opinion to themselves?  
Which entertain'd, limbs are† his instruments,<sup>d</sup>  
In no less working than are swords and bows  
Directive by the limbs.

ULYSS. Give pardon to my speech;—  
Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.  
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,  
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,  
The lustre of the better yet to show,  
Shall show the better.<sup>e</sup> Do not consent  
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;  
For both our honour and our shame in this  
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

NEST. I see them not with my old eyes; what  
are they?

ULYSS. What glory our Achilles shares from  
Hector,  
Were he not proud, we all should share with  
him:

But he already is too insolent;  
And we were better parch in Afric sun  
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,  
Should he 'scape Hector fair: if he were foil'd,  
Why, then we did our main opinion crush  
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;  
And, by device, let blockish Ajax<sup>(4)</sup> draw  
The sort<sup>f</sup> to fight with Hector: among ourselves,

(\*) First folio, *first*

\* Quarto *to us honour*

(†) Old text inserts, *in*.

<sup>a</sup> Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth! The quarto reads,—Now heavens forfend such scarcity of men!

<sup>b</sup> —imputation—] Mr. Collier, following his annotator, reads, "reputation," neither being aware that "imputation" was often used in that sense: see "Hamlet," Act V Sc 2,—"I mean, sir, for his weapon, but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed."

<sup>c</sup> —oddly—] That is, *unequally*.

<sup>d</sup> Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments.—] This and the two following lines are omitted in the quarto.

The lustre of the better yet to show,  
Shall show the better.]

So the folio the quarto reads,—

The lustre of the better shall exceed,  
By showing the worse first

<sup>f</sup> The sort—] That is, the lot.

Give him allowance as the worthier man,<sup>a</sup>  
 For that will physic the great Myrmidon,  
 Who broils in loud applause, and make him  
 fall

His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends.  
 If the dull, brainless Ajax come safe off,  
 We'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,  
 Yet go we under our opinion still,  
 That we have better men. But, hit or miss,

Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—  
 Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Ulysses,

Now I begin to relish thy advice;<sup>b</sup>

And I will give a taste of it forthwith

To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.

Two curs shall tame each other: pride alone

Must tarre<sup>c</sup> the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> — as the worthier man,—] The quarto reads,—for the better man.

<sup>b</sup> Ulysses,  
 Now I begin to relish thy advice.]

The old text reads,—

"Now, Ulysses, I begin," &c

<sup>c</sup> — tarre—] To tarre means to provoke See note (<sup>b</sup>), p 311, Vol I





## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*Another part of the Grecian Camp.*

*Enter AJAX and THERSITES.*<sup>(1)</sup>

AJAX. Thersites,—

THER. Agamemnon—how if he had boils, full, all over, generally?—

AJAX. Thersites,—

THER. And those boils did run?—Say so,—did not the general run then? \* were not that a botchy core?—

AJAX. Dog,—

THER. Then would come some matter from him; I see none now.

AJAX. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel, then. *[Strikes him.]*

THER. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

AJAX. Speak then, thou vinewedst<sup>b</sup> leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

THER. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but I think thy horse will sooner con an oration than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

AJAX. Toadstool! learn me the proclamation.

THER. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strikest me thus?

AJAX. The proclamation,—

THER. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

(\*) First folio omits, *then*.

- a botchy core!—] Query, "a botchy cur?"

<sup>b</sup> — vinewedst leaven,—] *Vinewed* is mouldy or decayed. In the folio the word is misprinted *whinedst*: the quarto reads, "unsalted."

AJAX. Do not, porcupine,\* do not; my fingers itch.

THEM. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsome scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strik'st as slow as another.<sup>b</sup>

AJAX. I say, the proclamation,—

THEM. Thou grumblest and rail'st every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

AJAX. Mistrust Thersites!

THEM. Thou shouldst strike him.

AJAX. Cobloaf!

THEM. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a quiler breaks a biscuit.

AJAX. You whorson cur! [*Beating him.*]

THEM. Do, do!

AJAX. Thou stool for a witch!

THEM. Ay, do, do; thou' sodd'n-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego<sup>d</sup> may tutor thee. Thou scurvy-valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

AJAX. You dog!

THEM. You scurvy lord!

AJAX. You cur! [*Beating him.*]

THEM. Murs his idiot! do, rudeness! do camel! do, do!

*Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.*

ACHIL. Why, how now, Ajax! wherefore do you thus?\*

How now, Thersites! what's the matter, man?

THEM. You see him there, do you?

ACHIL. Ay; what's the matter?

THEM. Nay, look upon him.

ACHIL. So I do; what's the matter?

THEM. Nav, but regard him well.

ACHIL. Well! why, I do so.

THEM. But yet you look not well upon him, for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

ACHIL. I know that, fool.

THEM. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

AJAX. Therefore I beat thee.

THEM. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *piamater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him.

ACHIL. What?

THEM. I say, this Ajax—

[AJAX offers to beat him, ACHILLES interposes.]

ACHIL. Nay, good Ajax.

THEM. Has not so much wit—

ACHIL. Nay, I must hold you.

THEM. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

ACHIL. Peace, fool!

THEM. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

AJAX. O, thou damned cur! I shall—

ACHIL. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

THEM. No, I wariant you; for a fool's will shame it.

PATR. Good words, Thersites.

ACHIL. What's the quarrel?

AJAX. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

THEM. I serve thee not.

AJAX. Well, go to, go to.

THEM. I serve here voluntary.

ACHIL. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary,—no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

THEM. Even so?—a great deal of your wit, too, lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; 'a\* were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

ACHIL. What, with me too, Thersites?

THEM. There's Ulysses and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your † grandsires had nails on their toes.—yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the wars.‡

ACHIL. What, what?

THEM. Yes, good sooth; to, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

AJAX. I shall cut out your tongue.

THEM. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

(\*) First folio, *this*

(\*) First folio, *he*

(†) Old text, *their*.

(‡) First folio, *warre*

\* — porcupine — Here as in other passages where the word occurs, it is spelt "porpentine," the old form, which ought perhaps to have been retained.

b When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strik'st as slow as another } This is omitted in the folio

c Do, do! An expression of contempt, which was probably accompanied by some mocking gesture or grimace.

d — an assinego — "Assinego" is a Portuguese word for an ass  
e — bought and sold — That is, *out-witted, betrayed*. See note (\*), p. 318, Vol. II.

f — to, Achilles! to, Ajax! to! To! to! are words of encouragement which ploughmen of old employed to their draught horses and oxen.

PATR. No more words, Thersites; peace!\*

THER. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach† bids me, shall I?

ACHIL. There's for you, Patroclus.

THER. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools.

[Exit.

PATR. A good riddance.

ACHIL. Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:—

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun, Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy, To-morrow morning call some knight to arms, That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare Maintain,—I know not what; 'tis trash. Farewell.

AJAX. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

ACHIL. I know not, 'tis put to lottery; otherwise He knew his man.

AJAX. O, meaning you?—I'll go learn more of it. [Exit severally.

SCENE II.—Troy. A Room in Priam's Palace.

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and HELENUS.

PRI. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent, Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:—  
*Deliver Helen, and all damage due—  
As honour, loss of time, travail, expense,  
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consumed*

*In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—  
Shall be struck off:—*Hector, what say you to't?

HECT. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I

As far as toucheth‡ my particular,  
Yet, dread Priam,  
There is no lady of more softer bowels,  
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,  
More ready to cry out—*Who knows what follows?*  
Than Hector is. The wound of peace is surety,  
Surety secure;\* but modest doubt is call'd  
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches  
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go: •  
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,  
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dimes,<sup>b</sup>  
Hath been as dear as Helen,—I mean, of ours:

If we have lost so many tenths of ours,  
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us,  
Had it our name, the value of one ten,  
What merit's in that reason which denies  
The yielding of her up?

TROIL. Fie, fie, my brother!

Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,  
So great as our dread father, in a scale  
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum  
The past-proportion of his infinite?  
And buckle-in a waist most fathomless  
With spans and inches so diminutive  
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

HEL. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,°

You are so empty of them. Should not our father  
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons;  
Because your speech hath none that tells him so?

TROIL. You are for dreams and slumbers,  
brother priest;

You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:

You know an enemy intends you harm;  
You know a sword employ'd is perilous,  
And reason flies the object of all harm:  
Who marvels, then, when Helenus beholds  
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set  
The very wings of reason to his heels,  
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,<sup>d</sup>  
Or like a star dis-orb'd?—Nay, if we talk of  
reason,

Let's shut our gates, and sleep: manhood and honour

Should have hare\*-hearts, would they but fat  
their thoughts

With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect  
Make livers pale, and lusthood deject.

HECT. Brother, she is not worth what she doth  
cost

The holding.

TROIL. What's aught, but as 'tis valued?

HECT. But value dwells not in particular will,  
It holds his estimate and dignity  
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself  
As in the prize. 'tis mad† idolatry,  
To make the service greater than the god;  
And the will dotes, that is attributive‡  
To what infectiously itself affects,  
Without some image of the affected merit.

TROIL. I take to-day a wife, and my election  
Is led on in the conduct of my will;  
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,  
Two traitor pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores

(\*) First folio omits, *peace*. (†) Old text, *brach*  
(‡) First folio, *touches*

\* Surety secure;] In other words, over-confident assurance.

<sup>b</sup> — dimes, —] *Tenths*.

<sup>c</sup> No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons, &c.] Shake  
spears repeats this poor quibble on *reasons* and *reasons* more than

(\*) First folio, *hard*. (†) First folio, *made*.  
(‡) First folio, *inclination*.

once. See note (\*), p. 114, Vol. II.

<sup>d</sup> And fly like chidden Mercury, &c.] This and the following  
line are transposed in the folio.



Of will and judgment : how may I avoid,  
 Although my will distaste what it elected,  
 The wife I chose ? there can be no evasion  
 To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour :  
 We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,  
 When we have soil'd\* them ; nor the remainder  
 viands

We do not throw in unrespective sieve †  
 Because we now are full. It was thought meet,  
 Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks :  
 Your breath of full consent bellied his sails ;  
 The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,  
 And did him service : he touch'd the ports desir'd ;  
 And, for an old aunt,\* whom the Greeks held  
 captive,

He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and  
 freshness

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale<sup>b</sup> the morning.  
 Why keep we her ? the Grecians keep our aunt :  
 Is she worth keeping ? why, she is a pearl,

Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,  
 And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.  
 If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went,  
 (As you must needs, for you all cried—*Go, go !*)  
 If you'll confess he brought home noble prize,  
 (As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,  
 And cried—*Inestimable !*) why do you now  
 The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,  
 And do a deed that fortune never did,—  
 Beggar the estimation which you priz'd  
 Richer than sea and land ? O, theft most base,  
 That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep !  
 But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stol'n,  
 That in their country did them that disgrace,  
 We fear to warrant in our native place !

CAS. [*Without.*] Cry, Trojans, cry !

PRI. What noise ? what shriek is this ?

TRÖIL. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

CAS. [*Without.*] Cry, Trojans !

HECT. It is Cassandra.

(\*) First folio, *spoyl'd*

(†) First folio, *same*

\* — an old aunt, —] This was Hesione, Priam's sister.

<sup>b</sup> — makes stale the morning.] The quarto reads, — "makes pale the morning," &c.

*Enter CASSANDRA, weeping.* (2)

CAS. Cry, Trojans, cry ! lend me ten thousand eyes,

And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

HECT. Peace, sister, peace!

CAS. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled eld.\*

Soft infancy, that nothing canst\* but cry,

Add to my clamour ! let us pay betimes

A moiety of that mass of moan to come.

Cry, Trojans, cry ! practise your eyes with tears !

Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilium stand ;

Our fire-brand brother,† Paris, burns us all.

Cry, Trojans, cry ! a Helen and a woe !

Cry, cry ! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.

*[Exit.]*

HECT. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains

Of divination in our sister work

Some touches of remorse ? or is your blood

So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,

Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,

Can qualify the same ?

TROIL. Why, brother Hector,

We may not think the justness of each act

Such and no other than event doth form it ;

Nor once deject the courage of our minds,

Because Cassandra's mad ; her brain-sick raptures

Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel,

Which hath our several honours all engag'd

To make it gracious. For my private part,

I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons :

And Jove forbid there should be done amongst us

Such things as might offend the weakest spleen

To fight for and maintain !

PAN. Else might the world convince of levity

As well my undertakings as your counsels

But I attest the gods, your full consent

Gave wings to my propension, and cut off

All fears attending on so due a project.

For what, alas, can these my single arms ?

What propugnation is in one man's valour,

To stand the push and enmity of those

This quarrel would excite ? Yet, I protest,

Were I alone to pass<sup>c</sup> the difficulties,

And had as ample power as I have will,

Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,

Nor faint in the pursuit.

(\*) First folio, *can*

\* — wrinkled eld.—1 The quarto has *elders*, the folio, *elds*

† Our fire-brand brother.—1 An allusion to Hecuba having dreamed, when pregnant with Paris, she should bring forth a burning torch.—

" — *et facie prægnans*  
*Cassia regina Paris creat*"

*Æneid*, X. v. 705.

<sup>c</sup> — pass the difficulties.—1 A very doubtful expression. Mr Collier's emendator reads *pass* for "pass."

PAN.

Paris, you speak

Like one besotted on your sweet delights :

You have the honey still, but these the gall ;

So to be valiant is no praise at all.

PAN. Sir, I propose not merely to myself

The pleasures such a beauty brings with it ;

But I would have the soil of her fair rump

Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.

What treason were it to the ransom'd queen,

Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,

Now to deliver her possession up

On terms of base compulsion ! Can it be

That so degenerate a strain as this,

Should once set footing in your generous bosoms ?

There's not the meanest spirit on our party,

Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw.

When Helen is defended ; nor none so noble,

Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,

Where Helen is the subject : then, I say,

Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,

The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

HECT. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well ;

And on the cause and question now in hand

Have glaz'd,—but superficially ; not much

Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought

Unfit to hear moral philosophy :<sup>d</sup>

The reasons you allege do more conduce

To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,

Than to make up a free determination

'Twixt right and wrong ; for pleasure and revenge

Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice

Of any true decision. Nature craves

A<sup>1</sup> dues be render'd to their owners ; now,

What nearer debt in all humanity,

Than wife is to the husband ? If this law

Of nature be corrupted through affection ;

And that great minds, of partial indulgence

To then benumbed wills, resist the same ;

There is a law in each well-order'd nation,

To curb those raging appetites that are

Most disobedient and refractory.

If Helen, then, be wife to Sparta's king,—

As it is known she is,—these moral laws

Of nature and of nations<sup>e</sup> speak aloud

To have her back return'd : thus to persist

In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,

But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion

Is this, in way of truth : yet, ne'ertheless,

(\*) First folio, *Nelson*

— not much

Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought  
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.]

Did Shakespeare find this observation in the earlier play on which he based his "Troilus and Cressida," or borrow it from Bacon or obtain it immediately from Aristotle ? The inquiry is of some importance. Aristotle speaks of poetics—the *πολιτικὴ οὐκ ἐστὶν οἰκείον ἀπορρίπτειν ὁ μὲν*—though in the passage above, as in Bacon's "Advancement of Learning," the remark is applied to morals





My spritely brethren, I propend to you  
In resolution to keep Helen still.  
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance  
Upon our joint and several dignities.

TRÖIL. Why, there you touch'd the life of our  
design :

Were it not glory that we more affected  
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,  
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood  
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,  
She is a theme of honour and renown :  
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds ;  
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,  
And fame in time to come canonize us :  
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose  
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,  
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,  
For the wide world's revenue.

HECT. I am yours.  
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—  
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst  
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,  
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits :  
I was advertis'd their great general slept,  
Whilst emulation in the army crept ;  
Thus, I presume, will wake him.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp. Before  
Achilles' Tent.*

*Enter* THERSITES.

THER. How now, Thersites ! what, lost in the  
labyrinth of thy fury ? Shall the elephant Ajax  
carry it thus ? he beats me, and I rail at him :

O, worthy satisfaction! would it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me: 'sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,—a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O, thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove, the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *caduceus*; if ye\* take not that little-little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circum-  
vention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their† massy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil envy, say Amen.—What, ho! my lord Achilles!

*Enter PATROCLUS.*

PATR. Who's there? Thersites! Good Thersites, come in and rail.

THES. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation:‡ but it is no matter; thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue, heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corpse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen.—Where's Achilles?

PATR. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

THES. Ay: the heavens hear me!

*Enter ACHILLES.*

ACHIL. Who's there?

PATR. Thersites, my lord.

ACHIL. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come,—what's Agamemnon?

THES. Thy commander, Achilles:—then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

PATR. Thy lord, Thersites: then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

THES. Thy knower, Patroclus: then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

PATR. Thou mayst tell that knowest.

ACHIL. O, tell, tell.

THES. I'll decline the whole question:—Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

PATR. You rascal!

THES. Peace, fool! I have not done.

ACHIL. He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

THES. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

ACHIL. Derive this; come.

THES. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

PATR. Why am I a fool?

THES. Make that demand of the prover.§—It suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here?

ACHIL. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody.—Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*]

THES. Here is such patchery,‡ such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is a cuckold and a whore; a good quarrel,‡ to draw emulous\* factions, and bleed to death upon. Now the dry *serpigo* on the subject! and war and lechery confound all! [*Exit.*]

*Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and AJAX.*

AGAM. Where is Achilles?

PATR. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

AGAM. Let it be known to him that we are here. He shent<sup>d</sup> our messengers; and we lay by Our appertainments, visiting of him: Let him be told so; lest<sup>e</sup> perchance he think We dare not move the question of our placé, Or know not what we are.

PATR. I shall so say to him. [*Exit.*]

(\*) First folio, *thou*.

(†) First folio, *the*.

(‡) First folio inserts, *a*.

\* If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation. A similar play on *slip* and *counterfeit*, the cant names for false pieces of money, occurs in "Romeo and Juliet" see note (b), p. 178, Vol. I. By "contemplation," he refers to his previous devout imprecations.

† — of the prover. — The folio reads, *to the creator*.  
‡ — patchery. — "Patchery" meant *roguey, villany*; not *folly*, as Mr. Collier persists in explaining it.

(\*) First folio, *emulations*.  
d He shent our messengers. An emendation of Theobald, the quarto reading, "He sate our messengers," &c. — the folio, — "He sent our messengers," &c.

e Let him be told so, lest perchance he think, &c. From the quarto; the folio having, — "Let him be told of, so perchance," &c.

ULYSSES. We saw him at the opening of his tent:  
He is not sick.

AJAX. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you\* will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: but why, why? let him show us a† cause.—A word, my lord.

[Takes AGAMEMNON aside.]

NEST. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

ULYSSES. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

NEST. Who? 'Thersites?

ULYSSES. He.

NEST. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

ULYSSES. No; you see, he is his argument that has his argument.—Achilles.

NEST. All the better; their fraction is more our wish than their faction: but it was a strong composure a fool could disunite.\*

ULYSSES. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.—Here comes Patroclus.

NEST. No Achilles with him.

ULYSSES. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.‡

*Re-enter PATROCLUS.*

PATR. Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry, If any thing more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness and this noble state To end upon him: he hopes it is no other But, for your health and your digestion sake, An after-dinner's breath.

AGAM. How you, Patroclus;— We are too well acquainted with these answers: But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn, Cannot outfly our apprehensions.

Much attribute he hath; and much the reason Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,— Not virtuously on§ his own part beheld,— Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss: Yea,|| like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish, Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him, We came to speak with him: and you shall not sin, If you do say we think him over-proud And under-honest: in self-assumption greater Than in the note of judgment: and worthier than himself

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on, Disguise the holy strength of their command, And underwrite in an observing kind His humorous predominance: yea, watch

His pettish luncs,¶ his ebbs, his flows, as if The passage and whole carriage of this action Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add, That, if he overhold his price so much,.

We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine Not portable, lie under this report—

Bring action hither, this cannot go to war: '

A stirring dwarf we do allowance give Before a sleeping giant:—tell him so.

PATR. I shall, and bring his answer presently.  
[Exit.]

AGAM. In second voice we'll not be satisfied; We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter you.

[Exit ULYSSES.]

AJAX. What is he more than another?

AGAM. No more than what he thinks he is

AJAX. Is he so much? Do you not think he thinks himself a better man than I am?

AGAM. No question

AJAX. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

AGAM. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

AJAX. Why should a man be 'proud'? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.\*

AGAM. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

AJAX. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

NEST. [Aside.] Yet he loves himself: is't not strange?

*Re-enter ULYSSES.*

ULYSSES. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

AGAM. What's his excuse?

ULYSSES. He doth rely on none; But carries on the stream of his dispose, Without observance or respect of any, In will peculiar and in self-admission.

AGAM. Why will he not, upon our fair request, Untent his person, and share the air with us?

ULYSSES. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only, [ness;]

He makes important: possess'd he is with great— And speaks not to himself, but with a pride That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth† Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,

(\*) First folio omits *you*

(†) First folio, *the*

(‡) First folio, *flight*

(§) First folio, *of*

(||) First folio inserts, *and*.

\* A strong composure a fool could disunite.] The folio reads: a strong counsell that a foole could disunite.

(\*) First folio, *what is*

(†) First folio, *wrath*.

¶ His pettish luncs,— A correction of Hamner; the folio reading,—

"His pettish luncs," &c.

In the quarto, the passage runs,—

"His course and lunc, his ebbs and flows, and if," &c.

That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,  
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,  
And batters 'gainst itself: what should I say?  
He is so plaguy-proud, that the death-tokens<sup>(b)</sup> of it  
Cry—No recovery.

AGAM. Let Ajax go to him.—  
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:  
'Tis said he holds you well; and will be led,  
At your request, a little from himself.

ULYSS. O, Agamemnon, let it not be so!  
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes  
When they go from Achilles: shall the proud lord,  
That bastes his arrogance with his own scam,  
And never suffers matter of the world  
Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve  
And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd  
Of that we hold an idol more than he?  
No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord  
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;  
Nor, by my will, assubugate his merit,  
As amply titled as Achilles is,  
By going to Achilles.  
That were to enlaid his fat-already pride;  
And add more goals to Cancer when he burns  
With entertaining great Hymenon.  
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;  
And say in thunder—*Achilles go to him!*

NEST. [*Aside*] O, this is well, he rubs the vein  
of him

DIO. [*Aside*] And how his silence drinks up  
this applause!

AJAX. If I go to him, with my armed fist  
I'll pash him o'er the face.

AGAM. O, no, you shall not go.

AJAX. An 'a be proud with me, I'll pheeze<sup>a</sup> his  
pride:

Let me go to him.

ULYSS. Not for the worth that hangs upon our  
quarrel.

AJAX. A pultry, insolent fellow,—

NEST. [*Aside*] How he describes himself!

AJAX. Can he not be sociable?

ULYSS. [*Aside*] The raven chides blackness.

AJAX. I'll let his humours' blood.

AGAM. [*Aside*] He will be the physician that  
should be the patient.

AJAX. An all men were o' my mind,—

ULYSS. [*Aside*] Wit would be out of fashion.

AJAX. 'A should not bear it so, 'a should  
eat swords first: shall pride carry it?

NEST. [*Aside*] An 't would, you'd carry half.

ULYSS. [*Aside*] 'A would have ten shares.

AJAX. I will knead him, I'll make him supple.

NEST. [*Aside*] He's not yet through warm:<sup>a</sup>  
force him with praises: pour in, pour in; his  
ambition is dry.

ULYSS. [*To AGAMEMNON*] My lord, you feed  
too much on this dislike.

NEST. Our noble general, do not do so.

DIO. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

ULYSS. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him  
harm.

Here is a man—but 'tis before his face;—  
I will be silent.

NEST. Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

ULYSS. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

AJAX. A whorson dog, that shall palter thus  
with us! Would he were a Trojan!

NEST. What a vice were it in Ajax now—

ULYSS. If he were proud,—

DIO. Or covetous of praise,—

ULYSS. Ay, or surly borne,—

DIO. Or strange, of self-affected!

ULYSS. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of  
sweet composure;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:

Fam'd\* be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

'Thrice-fam'd, beyond† all erudition:

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half: and, for thy vigour,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

To sinewy Ajax. I'll not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts: here's Nestor,—

Instructed by the antiquary times,

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise:—

But pardon, father Nestor, were you days

As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,

You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as Ajax.

AJAX. Shall I call you father?

NEST. Ay, my good son.<sup>c</sup>

DIO. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

ULYSS. There is no tarrying here; the hart  
Achilles

Keeps thicket. Please it our great‡ general

To call together all his state of war;

Fresh kings are come to Troy: to-morrow,

We must with all our main of power stand fast:

And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,

And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

AGAM. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:

Light boats§ sail swift, though greater hulks||  
draw deep. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> I'll pheeze his pride ] I'll tickle his pride See note (b),  
p. 227, Vol. I.

<sup>b</sup> He's not yet through warm ] In the old copies these words  
are inadvertently ascribed to Ajax.

(\*) First folio *Fame* (†) First folio *repents, beyond.*

(‡) First folio omits, *great* (§) First folio inserts, *may.*

(||) First folio, *bulks.*

<sup>c</sup> Av, my good son ] In the folio, these words are attributed to  
Ulysses.



## ACT III.

SCENE I.—Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

*Enter PANDARUS and a Servant.*

PAN. Friend, you,—pray you, a word: do not you follow the young lord Paris?

SERV. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

PAN. You depend upon him, I mean?

SERV. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

PAN. You depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.

SERV. The lord be praised!

PAN. You know me, do you not?

SERV. Faith, sir, superficially.

PAN. Friend, know me better; I am the lord Pandarus.

SERV. I hope I shall know your honour better.

PAN. I do desire it.

SERV. You are in the state of grace.

[*Music within.*]

PAN. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles.\*—What music is this?

SERV. I do but partly know, sir; it is music in parts.

PAN. Know you the musicians?

SERV. Wholly, sir.

PAN. Who play they to?

SERV. To the hearers, sir.

PAN. At whose pleasure, friend?

SERV. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

PAN. Command, I mean, friend.

SERV. Who shall I command, sir?

PAN. Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play?

SERV. That's to't, indeed, sir: marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who's there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,—

PAN. Who, my cousin Cressida?

SERV. No, sir, Helen; could you not find out that by her attributes?

PAN. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seeths.

SERV. Sudden business! there's a stewed phrase, indeed!

*Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.*

PAN. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them!—especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

HELEN. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

(\*) First folio, *little*

\* — good broken music ] Broken music signified the music of stringed instruments. See note (1), p. 120, Vol. II.

b — well you say so, in fits ] Paris means you speak in music, alluding to the "Rude, in sooth, in good sooth, very rude" "Fits" was sometimes used to denote the divisions of a song, at others, the song itself, and, occasionally, a strain of harmony.

c You must not know where he sups ] Both the quarto and folio give these words to Helen, indeed, we suspect the distribution of the speeches in this scene is in several instances erroneous.

d — with my disposer Cressida ] No scholiast has been fortunate enough to discover why Paris terms Cressida his "disposer"; and some editors transfer the speeches in which she is so called to Helen, who, it is thought, might apply the epithet in the sense of "handmaid." It seems, however, more suitable to Paris, and possibly in Shakespeare's day may have been a colloquial term for a wild, forward damsel, since we know that "dispos'd," among other meanings, bore that of—inclined to wantonness. Thus, in Peele's "Edward I."

*Longsh. Say any thing but so.  
Once, Nell, thou gav'st me this.*

PAN. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—Fair prince, here is good broken\* music.

PAR. You have broke it, cousin; and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance.—Nell, he is full of harmony.

PAN. Truly, lady, no.

HELEN. O, sir,—

PAN. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

PAR. Well said, my lord! well you say so, in fits.<sup>b</sup>

PAN. I have business to my lord, dear queen.—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

HELEN. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

PAN. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But, marry, thus, my lord,—my dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

HELEN. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord.—

PAN. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you,— [melody:]

HELEN. You shall not bob us out of our If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

PAN. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, I faith,—

HELEN. And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.

PAN. Nay, that shall not serve your turn, that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

HELEN. My lord Pandarus.—

PAN. What says my sweet queen?—my very sweet queen?

PAR. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

HELEN. Nay, but my lord,—

PAN. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.<sup>c</sup> [side.<sup>d</sup>

PAR. I'll lay my life \* with my disposer Cressida.

(\*) First folio omits, *I'll lay my life.*

*Q. Elinor. I pray, let go.*

*Ye are dispos'd, I think."*

In Beaumont and Fletcher's "Custom of the Country," Act I. Sc. 1,—

"But You love a gentlewoman, a young handsome woman; I have lov'd a thousand, and so few.

*Ans. You are dispos'd."*

And in the same author's "Valentinian," Act II. Sc. 4,—

*"Chi. No,*

*I'll make you no such promise.*

*"Clau. If you do, sir,*

*\* Take heed you stand to't*

*Chi. Wondrous merry ladies!*

*Lucina. The wenches are dispos'd*

Mr. Dyce, who has furnished the above and other examples of this peculiar employment of the word, is probably right in supposing the Princess, in "Love's Labour's Lost," Act II. Sc. 1, so uses it, and in that case there should be no break after "dispos'd."

*\* Prin. Come, to our pavilion. Royet is dispos'd."*

PAN. No, no, no such matter; you are wide; come, your disposer is sick.

PAR. Well, I'll make excuse.

PAN. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

PAR. I spy.

PAN. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

HELEN. Why, this is kindly done.

PAN. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

HELEN. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

PAN. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twin.

HELEN. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

PAN. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

HELEN. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine fore-head.

PAN. Ay, you may, you may.\*

HELEN. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

PAN. Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

PAR. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

PAN. In good troth, it begins so:

*Love, love, nothing but love, still more!*

*For, O, love's bow*

*Shoots buck and doe:*

*The shaft confounds*

*Not that it wounds,*

*But tickles still the sore.*

*These lovers cry—O! O! they die!*

*Yet that which seems the wound to kill,*

*Doth turn O! O! to ha! ha! ha! he!*

*So dying love lives still:*

*O! O! a while, but ha! ha! ha!*

*O! O! groans out for ha! ha! ha!*

Heigh-ho.

HELEN. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

PAR. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

PAN. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—why, they are vipers: is love a generation of vipers?—Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

PAR. Hector, Diophobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have

armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

HELEN. He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, lord Pandarus?

PAN. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

PAR. To a hair.

PAN. Fare-well, sweet queen.

HELEN. Commend me to your niece.

PAN. I will, sweet queen.

[Exit.]

[A retreat sounded.]

PAR. They're come from field: let us to Priam's hall,

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you

To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd, Shall more obey than to the edge of steel, Or force of Greekish sinews: you shall do more Than all the island kings,—disarm great Hector.

HELEN. 'T will make us proud to be his servant, Paris:

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty Gives us more palm in beauty than we have; Yea, overshines ourself.

PAN. Sweet, above thought I love thee!<sup>b</sup>

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. — *The same.* Pandarus' Orchard.

*Enter PANDARUS and a Servant, meeting*

PAN. How now! where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

SERV. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

PAN. O, here he comes.—

*Enter TROILUS.*

How now, how now?

TROIL. Sirrah, walk off. [Exit Servant.]

PAN. Have you seen my cousin?

TROIL. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door, Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks, Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon, And give me swift transportation to those fields, Where I may wallow in the lily beds, Propos'd for the deserver! O, gentle Pandarus, From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings, And fly with me to Cressid!

\* Ay, you may, you may ] See note (b), p. 149.

<sup>b</sup> Sweet, above thought I love thee! ] In the folio mistakenly assigned to Helen.



PAN. Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight. *[Exit.]*

TROIL. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.

The imaginary relish is so sweet  
That it enchants my sense; what will it be,  
When that the wat'ry palate tastes\* indeed  
Love's thrice-repured† nectar? death, I fear me;  
Swooning destruction: or some joy too fine,  
Too subtle-potent, tun'd‡ too sharp in sweetness,  
For the capacity of my ruder powers:  
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,  
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;  
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps  
The enemy flying.

*Re-enter PANDARUS.*

PAN. She's making her ready, she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so

blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain.—she fetches her breath so short as a new-ta'en sparrow. *[Exit.]*

TROIL. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:  
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;  
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,  
Like vassalage at unawares encountering  
The eye of majesty.

*Re-enter PANDARUS with CRESSIDA.*

PAN. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills.<sup>b</sup>—Why do you not speak

(\*) O'ld text, *pollais taste* (†) First folio, *thrice-reputed*.  
(‡) First folio, and

\* — watched—] See note (a), p. 693, Vol. II.  
b — fills—] "Fills," or *phills*, are the *thills*, the shafts of a cart or waggon.



to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend day-light! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress.<sup>(1)</sup> How now, a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel,\* for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

TROIL. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

PAN. Words pay no debts, give her deeds; but she'll bereave you o' the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's —*In witness whereof the parties interchangeably* — Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire. *[Exit.*

CRES. Will you walk in, my lord?

TROIL. O, Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus?

CRES. Wish'd, my lord?—the gods grant!—O, my lord!

TROIL. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dieg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

CRES. More dregs than water, if my fears\* have eyes.

TROIL. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.

CRES. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer† footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: to fear the worst oft cures the worst.

TROIL. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

CRES. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

TROIL. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

CRES. They say all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

TROIL. Are there such? such are not we: praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth; and,

being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

CRES. Will you walk in, my lord?

*Re-enter PANDARUS.*

PAN. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

CRES. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

PAN. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

TROIL. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word and my firm faith.

PAN. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant, being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thown.

CRES. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:—

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day, For many weary months.

TROIL. Why was my Cressid, then, so hard to win? [lord,

CRES. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my With the first glance that ever—pardon me;—

If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.

I love you now; but not, till now, so much

But I might master it;—in faith, I lie;

My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown\*

Too headstrong for their mother:—see, we fools!

Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,

When we are so unsecret to ourselves?—

But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;

And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;

Or that we women had men's privilege

Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;

For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak

The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,

Cunning† in dumbness, from my weakness draws

My very soul of counsel:‡ stop my mouth.

TROIL. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

PAN. Pretty, i' faith.

CRES. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;

Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss:

(\*) Old text, *teares*

(†) First folio, *safe*

(\*) First folio, *grow*.

(†) Old text, *Commung*.

\* The falcon as the tercel,—] The meaning of this is,—The falcon (the female hawk) I'll wager to be as good as the tercel (the male hawk). In other words, I'll back my niece to be as staunch at that game as Troilus. So, in Day's old play of "The Isle of Gulls," where the characters are playing bowls,—

"Dut Come, the last marks, this cast is worth all the rest."

*Troil.* The leader as the follower.

*Jess.* Bad's the best."

Again, in "Lingua," Act I Sc. last,—

"Tactus Next after me, I as yourself at any time."

‡ My very soul of counsel.] The folio reads,

"My soule of counsell from me," &c.

I am asham'd;—O, heavens! what have I done?—

For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

TROIL. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

PAN. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,—

CRES. Pray you, content you.

TROIL. What offends you, lady?

CRES. Sir, mine own company.

TROIL. You cannot shun yourself.

CRES. Let me go and try:

I have a kind of self resides with you;

But an unkind self, that itself will leave,

To be another's fool. I would be gone:—

Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

TROIL. Well know they what they speak, that speak so wisely. [than love;

CRES. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft And fell so roundly to a large confession.

To angle for your thoughts; but you are wise;

Or else you love not,<sup>b</sup> for to be wise, and love,

Exceeds man's might, that dwells with gods above.

TROIL. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,

(As, if it can, I will presume in you.)

To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love; (2)

To keep her constancy in plight and youth,

Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind

That doth renew swifter than blood decays!

Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—

That my integrity and truth to you

Might be affronted with the match and weight

Of such a winnow'd purity in love;

How were I then unlifted! but, alas

I am as true as truth's simplicity,

And simpler than the infancy of truth.

CRES. In that I'll war with you.

TROIL. O, virtuous fight,

When right with right wars who shall be most right!

True swains in love shall, in the world to come,

Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,

Full of protest, of oath, and big compass.

Want smiles, truth tir'd with iteration.—

As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,<sup>c</sup>

As sun to day, as turtle to her mate.

As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—

Yet, after all comparisons of truth,  
As truth's authentic author to be cited,  
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,  
And sanctify the numbers.

CRES.

Prophet may you be

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,

When time is old and hath forgot itself,

When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,

And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,

And mighty states characterless are grated

To dusty nothing; yet let memory,

From false to false, among false maids in love,

Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—as false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,

As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,

Paid to the hind, or step-dame to her son;

Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,

As false as Cressid (3)

PAN. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it;

I'll be the witness. Here I hold your hand;

here, my cousin's. If ever you prove false one

to another, since I have taken such pains to bring

you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called

to the world's end after my name, call them all—

Pandars; let all constant men be Troiluses, all

false women Cressids, and all brokers-between

Pandars! say, Amen

TROIL. Amen.

CRES. Amen.

PAN. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a

chamber and a bed,<sup>d</sup> which bed, because it shall

not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to

death: away!

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied frauds here,

Bed, chamber,† Pandar to provide this gear!

[Exeunt.]

### SCENE III -- The Grecian Camp.

Flourish. Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIO-  
MEDES, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, and  
CALCHAS.

CAL. Now, princes, for the service I have done  
you,

The advantage of the time prompts me aloud

To call for recompence. Appear it to your mind,<sup>e</sup>

<sup>a</sup> I would be gone —  
Where is my wit?

The folio transposes these sentences

<sup>b</sup> Or else you love not ] "Or, in other words, you love not"

Such is the simple and obvious meaning, though the commentators have all overlooked it. See the notes ad l in the Variorum

Shakespeare, and in more recent editions

<sup>c</sup> — as plantage to the moon,—] The belief in the influence of the moon upon vegetation was universally prevalent in Shakespeare's day Farmer has illustrated this by an apt quotation from Scott's "Discovery of Witchcraft," 1581,— "The poore husband-man perceiveth that the increase of the moone maketh plants and living creatures fruitful so as in the full moone they are in best

(\*) First folio, as Winds, as (†) First folio inserts, and.

strength, decreasing in the wane, and in the conjunction doo utterlie wither and vade"

<sup>d</sup> — and a bed,—] Capell added these words, which, or something equivalent, appear to have been inadvertently omitted from the original text

<sup>e</sup> Appear it to your mind, &c ] In Chapman's translation of "The Iliads of Homer," Book I, we meet a similar form of expression,—

"—(afford  
Impression of it in thy soule)"

That, through the sight I bear in things from Jove,<sup>a</sup>  
 I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,  
 Incur'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,  
 From certain and possess'd conveniences,  
 To doubtful fortunes; sequest'ring from me all  
 That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,  
 Made tame and most familiar to my nature;  
 And here, to do you service, am become  
 As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:  
 I do beseech you, as in way of taste,  
 To give me now a little benefit,  
 Out of those many register'd in promise,  
 Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.<sup>(b)</sup>

AGAM. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan?  
 make demand.

CAL. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,  
 Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.  
 Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)  
 Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,  
 Whom Troy hath still deni'd; but this Antenor,  
 I know, is such a wrest<sup>b</sup> in their affairs,  
 That their negotiations all must slack,  
 Wanting his manage; and they will almost  
 Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,  
 In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,  
 And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence  
 Shall quite strike off all service I have done,  
 In most accepted pain.<sup>c</sup>

AGAM. Let Diomedes bear him,  
 And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have  
 What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,  
 Furnish you fairly for this interchange.  
 Withal, bring word if Hector will to-morrow  
 Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

DRO. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden  
 Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt* DIOMEDES and CALCHAS.]

*Enter* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before the Tent.

ULYS. Achilles stands in the entrance of his  
 tent —  
 Please it our general to pass strangely by him,  
 As if he were forgot.—and, princes all,

Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:—  
 I will come last. 'Tis like he'll question me  
 Why such unplausible eyes are bent, why turn'd on  
 him:<sup>d</sup>

If so, I have derision med'cinable,  
 To use between your strangeness and his pride,  
 Which his own will shall have desire to drink:  
 It may do good: pride hath no other glass  
 To show itself but pride; for supple knees  
 Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

AGAM. We'll execute your purpose, and put on  
 A form of strangeness as we pass along;—  
 So do each lord; and either greet him not,  
 Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more  
 Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

ACHIL. What, comes the general to speak  
 with me?  
 You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst  
 Troy.

AGAM. What says Achilles? would he aught  
 with us?

NEST. Would you, my lord, aught with the  
 general?

ACHIL. No.

NEST. Nothing, my lord.

AGAM. The better.

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON and NESTOR.]

ACHIL. Good day, good day.

MEN. How do you? how do you? [*Exit.*]

ACHIL. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

AJAX. How now, Patroclus?

ACHIL. Good morrow, Ajax.

AJAX. Hn?

ACHIL. Good morrow.

AJAX. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit.*]

ACHIL. What mean these fellows? know they  
 not Achilles?

PATR. They pass by strangely: they were us'd  
 to bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles;  
 To come as humbly as they us'd to creep  
 To holy altars.

ACHIL. What, am I poor of late?  
 'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,  
 Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,  
 He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,  
 As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,

<sup>a</sup> That, through the sight I bear in things from Jove. &c.] The old copies read, "— to Jove," or, "— to love," it being difficult to determine whether the latter word is intended for "Jove" or "love." Rowe printed,—

"That, through the sight I bear in things to come." &c.

Mr. Collier's annotator reads,—

"— Appeal it to your mind,  
 That through the sight I bear in things above." &c.

The substitution of "from" for "to," which we have taken the liberty to make, supposing the compositor misread "fro" as "to" receives some support from the passage in Chapman's "Iliads of Homer," Book I, where Calchas is sent for to discover why Apollo has struck the Greeks with the plague,—

"— Let us aske, some Prophet, Priest, or prove  
 Some dreame interpreter (for dreame es, are often sent from Jove)," &c.

<sup>b</sup> — a wrest—] See note (a), p. 273

<sup>c</sup> In most accepted pain.] Hamner and Warburton read,—

"In most accepted pay"

<sup>d</sup> Why such unplausible eyes are bent, why turn'd on him.] "If the eyes were bent on him, they were turn'd on him. This tautology, therefore, together with the redundancy of the line, plainly show that we ought to read, with Sir Thomas Hanmer,—

"Why such unplausible eyes are bent on him."

STEEVENS.



Show not their mealy wings but to the summer ;  
 And not a man, for being simply man,  
 Hath any honour : but honour\* for those honours  
 That are without him, as place, riches and favour,  
 Prizes of accident as oft as merit :  
 Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,  
 The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,  
 Do one pluck down another, and together  
 Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me :  
 Fortune and I are friends ; I do enjoy  
 At ample point all that I dul possess,  
 Save these men's looks ; who do, methinks, find out  
 Something not worth in me such rich beholding  
 As they have often given.—Here is Ulysses ;  
 I'll interrupt his reading.—  
 How now, Ulysses !

ULYSS. Now, great Thetis' son !

ACHIL. What are you reading ?

(\*) First folio, *honour'd*

a — how dearly ever parted,—] That is, *however richly endowed*.  
 b To others' eyes &c ] This and the next line are omitted in the folio.

c — and is mirror'd there—] A correction made both by Mr.

ULYSS. A strange fellow here  
 Writes me. That man—how dearly ever parted,\*  
 How much in having, or without or in,—  
 Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,  
 Nor feels not what he owes but by reflection ;  
 As when his virtues shining upon others  
 Heat them, and they retort that heat again  
 To the first giver.

ACHIL. This is not strange, Ulysses.  
 The beauty that is borne here in the face.  
 The hearer knows not, but commends itself  
 To others' eyes :<sup>b</sup> nor doth the eye itself  
 (That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself  
 Not going from itself ; but eye to eye oppos'd  
 Salute each other with each other's form.  
 For speculation turns not to itself,  
 Till it hath travell'd, and is mirror'd there<sup>c</sup>  
 Where it may see itself : this is not strange at all.

Collier's and Mr Singer's annotator ; and the word "speculation"  
 in the preceding line, which there imports *vision*, *espial*, and the  
 like, renders it almost indisputably necessary. The old text  
 reads,—

— and is *married* there "

ULYSSES. I do not strain\* at the position,—  
It is familiar,—but at the author's drift:  
Who, in his circumstance,† expressly proves—  
That no man is the lord of any thing,  
(Though in and of him there be† much consisting,)†  
Till he communicate his parts to others:  
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught  
Till he behold them form'd in the applause  
Where they're extended; who, like an arch, reverberates

The voice again; or like a gate of steel  
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back  
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;  
And apprehended here immediately  
The unknown Ajax.

Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;  
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things  
there are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use!  
What things again most dear in the esteem,  
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow  
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,  
Ajax renown'd. O, heavens, what some men do,  
While some men leave to do!  
How some men creep in skittish Fortune's hall,  
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!  
How one man eats into another's pride,  
While pride is fasting‡ in his wantonness!  
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already  
They clasp the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;  
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,  
And great Troy shrieking.

ACHILLES. I do believe it;  
For they pass'd by me, as misers do by beggars,—  
Neither gave to me good word, nor look:  
What, are my deeds forgot?

ULYSSES. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,

Wherein he puts aims for Oblivion,  
A great-siz'd monster of ingratitude:  
Those scraps are good deeds past;  
Which are devour'd as fast as they are made,  
Forgot as soon as done: perseverance, dear my lord,  
Keeps honour bright: to have done, is to hang  
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail  
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;  
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,  
Where one but goes abreast: keep, then, the path;  
For emulation hath a thousand sons,

That one by one pursue: if you give way,  
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,‡  
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,  
And leave you hindmost;—  
Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,  
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,\*  
O'er-run and trampled on: then what they do in  
present,  
Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours:  
For Time is like a fashionable host, [hand;  
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the  
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,  
Grasps—in the comer: the welcome ever smiles,  
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue-  
seek

Remuneration for the thing it was; for beauty, wit,  
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,  
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all  
To envious and calumniating time.  
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—  
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,  
Though they are made and moulded of things past:  
And give† to dust, that is a little gilt,  
More land than gilt o'er-dusted.  
The present eye praises the present object:  
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,  
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;  
Since things in motion sooner‡ catch the eye,  
Than what not stirs. The eye went once§ on thee,  
And still it might, and yet it may again,  
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,  
And ease thy reputation in thy tent;  
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,  
Made emulous missions† amongst the gods them-  
selves,

And have great Mars to faction.

ACHILLES. Of this my privacy  
I have strong reasons.

ULYSSES. But 'gainst your privacy  
The reasons are more potent and heroic:  
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love  
With one of Priam's daughters.

ACHILLES. Ha! known?

ULYSSES. Is that a wonder?  
The providence that's in a watchful state,  
Knows almost every grain of Ilium's|| gold;  
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;  
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,  
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.¶

(\*) First folio insert, &c.

(†) First folio, &c.

(‡) First folio, *feasting*.

\* — in his circumstance. —] In the detail or circumduction  
of his argument. — JOHNSON

† — forthright. † A *forthright* means a *strait path* thus in  
the "Tempest," Act III. Sc. 3. —

‡ — here's a maze trod, indeed,  
Through *forthrights* and meanders."

§ — gilt! — Quere, "— than gold o'er-dusted?"

¶ Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles? "Dumb  
cradles," the silent incubators of thoughts, may be right, but

(\*) Old text, *abject, neere*

(†) First folio, *begin*

(‡) Old text, *Plutoes*.

(§) First folio, *goe*.

(||) First folio, *out*.

the doubtful expression and the limping measure of the line  
instruct us to suspect some error lurks under the word "cradles,"  
which, indeed, we once believed a misprint for *cradles*. Mr Collier's  
annotator propose to restore the sense and rhythm by reading, —

"Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles,"

and Mr. Collier actually adopts "*cradles*," and terms it a val-  
uable emendation.

There is a mystery (with whom relation  
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;  
Which hath an operation more divine,  
Than breath, or pen, can give expression to:  
All the commerce that you have had with Troy,  
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;  
And better would it fit Achilles much,  
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:  
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,  
When fame shall in our islands\* sound her trumpet;  
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—  
*Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;*  
*But our great Ajax bravely beat down him*  
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;  
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

[Exit.

PATR. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd  
you:

A woman impudent and mannish grown  
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man  
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;  
They think, my little stomach to the war,  
And your great love to me, restrains you thus:  
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton  
Cupid

Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,  
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,  
Be shook to air.†

ACHIL. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

PATR. Ay, and perhaps receive much honour  
by him.

ACHIL. I see my reputation is at stake;  
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

PATR. O, then beware;  
Those wounds heal ill that men do give them-  
selves:

Omission to do what is necessary  
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;  
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints  
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

ACHIL. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patro-  
clus:

I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him  
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,  
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing;  
An appetite that I am sick withal,  
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;  
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,  
Even to my full of view.—A labour sav'd!

*Enter THERSITES.*

THER. A wonder!

ACHIL. What?

THER. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking  
for himself.

ACHIL. How so?

THER. He must fight singly to-morrow with  
Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an he-  
roical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

ACHIL. How can that be?

THER. Why, he stalks up and down like a pea-  
cock,—a stride and a stand: ruminates, like an  
hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to  
set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic  
regard, as who should say—There were wit in this\*  
head, an 'twould out; and so there is; but it lies  
as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not  
show without knocking. The man's undone for  
ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the  
combat, he'll break't himself in vain-glory. He  
knows not me: I said, *Good morrow, Ajax*; and  
he replies, *Thanks, Agamemnon*. What think you  
of this man, that takes me for the general? He's  
grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster.  
A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both  
sides, like a leather jerkin.

ACHIL. Thou must be my ambassador to him,  
Thersites.

THER. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he  
professes not answering; speaking is for beggars;  
he wears his tongue in's arms. I will put on his  
presence; let Patroclus make† demands to me, you  
shall see the Pageant of Ajax.

ACHIL. To him, Patroclus: tell him,—I humbly  
desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous  
Hector to come unarm'd to my tent; and to pro-  
cure safe conduct for his person, of the magnani-  
mous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-  
honoured captain-general of the Grecian army,  
Agamemnon, &c. Do this.

PATR. Jove bless great Ajax!

THER. Hum!

PATR. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

THER. Ha!

PATR. Who most humbly desires you to invite  
Hector to his tent;—

THER. Hum!

PATR. And to procure safe conduct from Aga-  
memnon.

THER. Agamemnon?

PATR. Ay, my lord.

THER. Ha!

PATR. What say you to't?

THER. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

PATR. Your answer, sir.

THER. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven  
o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he  
shall pay for me ere he has me.

(\*) First folio, *her hand*

(†) First folio, *ayrie ayrie*

(\*) First folio, *his*.

(†) First folio *inadvis*, *his*.

PATR. Your answer, sir.

THUR. Fare you well, with all my heart.

ACHIL. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

THUR. No, but he's out o'tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not: but, I am sure, none, —unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

ACHIL. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

THUR. Let me bear\* another to his horse: for that's the more capable creature. [stirr'd;

ACHIL. My mind is troubled, like a fountain And I myself see not the bottom of it. .

[*Exeunt ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.*

THUR. Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance. [Exit.

(\*) First folio, *carry*.





## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—Troy. A Street.

*Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS, and Servant, with a torch; at the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and others, with torches.*

*PAR.* See, ho! who is that there?

*DEI.* 'Tis the lord Æneas.

*ÆNE.* Is the prince there in person?—

*HAD I so good occasion to lie long,  
As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business  
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.*

*DIO.* That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord  
[hand,—  
Æneas.

*PAR.* A valiant Greek, Æneas,—take his

Witness the process of your speech, wherein\*  
You told how Diomed, in a whole week by days,  
Did haunt you in the field.

*ÆNE.* Health to you, valiant sir  
During all question of the gentle truce:  
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,  
As heart can think or courage execute.

*DIO.* The one and other Diomed embraces.  
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health  
But when contention and occasion meet,  
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,  
With all my force,\* pursuit, and policy.

*ÆNE.* And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly

(\*) First folio, *within*.

\* *With all my force, pursuit, and policy.*—“Force,” to express physical vigour, was a word of common use in Shakespeare's day,—

“My force the Erymanthean bore  
Should bravely overmatch.”

*Albions England*, c. xxxvi.  
but Mr. Collier's annotator, in unaccountable ignorance of its signification in this place, and in “The Winter's Tale,” Act III. Sc. 3,—

“— had force and knowledge  
More than was ever man's;”

proposes in the above case to read,—

“With all my *ferous* pursuit,” &c.

and in the other,—

“— had *sense* and knowledge.”



With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,  
Welcome to Troy ! now, by Atchises' life,  
Welcome, indeed ! By Venus' hand I swear,  
No man alive can love, in such a sort,  
The thing he means to kill, more excellently !

DIO. We sympathize :—Jove, let Æneas live,  
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,  
A thousand complete courses of the sun !  
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,  
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow !

ÆNE. We know each other well.

DIO. We do ; and long to know each other  
worse. [ing,

PAR. This is the most despiteful\* gentle greet-  
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—  
What business, lord, so early ?

ÆNE. I was sent for to the king ; but why, I  
know not. [this Greek

PAR. His purpose meets you : 'twas to bring  
To Calchas' house ; and there to render him,  
For the enfréed Antenor, the fair Cressid :  
Let's have your company ; or, if you please,  
Haste there before us : I constantly do think,  
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge)  
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night ;  
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,  
With the whole quality wherefore : † I fear,  
We shall be much unwelcome.

ÆNE. That I assure you ;  
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,  
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

PAR. There is no help ;  
The bitter disposition of the time  
Will have it so. On, lord ; we'll follow you.

ÆNE. Good morrow, all. [Exit.

PAR. And tell me, noble Diomed—'faith, tell  
me true,

Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—  
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen most,  
Myself or Menelaus ?

DIO. Both alike :  
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her  
(Not making any scruple of her soileure)  
With such a hell of pain and world of charge ;  
And you as well to keep her, that defend her  
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour)  
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends.  
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up  
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece ;  
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins  
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors.  
Both merits pois'd, each weighs not less nor more ;  
But he as he, the ‡ heavier for a whole.

PAR. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.  
DIO. She's bitter to her country. Hear me,  
Paris,—

For every false drop in her bawdy veils  
A Grecian's life hath sunk ; for every scruple  
Of her contaminated carrion weight,  
A Trojan hath been slain : since she could speak,  
She hath not given so many good words breath,  
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

PAR. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,  
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy :  
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—  
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.\*  
Here lies our way. [Exeunt

SCENE II.—The same. Court before the  
House of Pandarus.

Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

TROIL. Dear, trouble not yourself ; the morn is  
cold. [down ;

CRES. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle  
He shall unbolt the gates.

TROIL. Trouble him not ;  
To bed, to bed : sleep kill those pretty eyes,  
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,  
As infants' empty of all thought !

CRES. Good morrow then.

TROIL. I pry'thee now, to bed.

CRES. Are you a-weary of me ?

TROIL. O, Cressida ! but that the busy day,  
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,  
And dreaming night will hide our joys\* no longer,  
I would not from thee.

CRES. Night hath been too brief.

TROIL. Reshrew the witch ! with venomous  
wights she stays,

As tediously† as hell ; but flies the grasps of love,  
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.  
You will catch cold, and curse me.

CRES. Pry'thee, tarry ;  
You men will never tarry.—

O, foolish Cressid ! I might have still held off,  
And then you would have tarried. Hark ! there's  
one up.

PAN. [Within.] What, are all the doors open  
here ?

TROIL. It is your uncle.

CRES. A pestilence on him ! now will he be  
mocking :  
I shall have such a life,—

(\*) First folio, *deceitful* (†) First folio, *whereof*.

(‡) First folio, *which*.

[We'll not commend what we intend to sell.] Warburton pro-  
posed,—

— what we intend not sell, "

(\*) First folio, *eyes*  
and Mr. Collier's annotator,—

" We'll not commend what we intend to sell."  
The former, in all probability, is what the poet wrote.

(†) First folio, *hidiously*.



*Enter PANDARUS.*

PAN. How now, how now? how go maiden-heads?

—Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

CRES. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!

You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

PAN. To do what? to do what?—let her say what:—what have I brought you to do?

CRES. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er be good,

Nor suffer others.

PAN. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! ah poor capocchio!\*—hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him! (2)

[*Knocking.*]

\*—ah poor capocchio!—] The old text has, "a poor chipochia." "Capocchio" is an Italian word, signifying *simpleton*, *innocent*, and the like

CRES. Did not I tell you?—would he were knock'd i' the head!

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—  
My lord, come you again into my chamber:—  
You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

TROIL. Ha, ha!

CRES. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.— [Knocking.

How earnestly they knock!—Pray you, come in; I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

PAN. [*Going to the door.*] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

*Enter* ÆNEAS.

ÆNE. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

PAN. Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth, I knew you not! what news with you so early?

ÆNE. Is not prince Troilus here?

PAN. Here! what should he do here? [him;

ÆNE. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny it doth import him much to speak with me.

PAN. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn:—for my own part, I came in late. What should he do here?

ÆNE. Who!—nay, then:—come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you're 'ware: you'll be so true to him, to be false to him: do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go.

*As* PANDARUS *is going out, re-enter* TROILUS.

TROIL. How now! what's the matter? [you,

ÆNE. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute My matter is so rush: there is at hand Paris your brother, and Deiphobus, The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith, Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour, We must give up to Diomedes' hand The lady Cressida.

TROIL. Is it concluded so?

ÆNE. By Priam, and the general state of Troy:

They are at hand, and ready to effect it. [me!—

TROIL. [*Aside.*] How my achievements mock I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas. We met by chance; you did not find me here.

ÆNE. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature

Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS and ÆNEAS.

PAN. Is't possible? no sooner got but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would, they had broke's neck!

*Enter* CRESSIDA.

CRES. How now? what's the matter? who was here?

PAN. Ah, ah!

CRES. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord gone?

Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

PAN. Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

CRES. O, the gods!—what's the matter?

PAN. Pr'ythee, get thee in; would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his death:—O, poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

CRES. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you, what's the matter?

PAN. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

CRES. O, you immortal gods!—I will not go.

PAN. Thou must.

CRES. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my I know no touch of consanguinity;

No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me

As the sweet Troilus.—O, you gods divine!

Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,

If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,

Do to this body what extremes\* you can;

But the strong base and building of my love

Is as the very centre of the earth,

Drawing all things to it.—I will go in and weep;—

PAN. Do, do.

CRES. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks;

Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart

With sounding Troilus! I will not go from Troy!

[*Exeunt.*

\* Good, good, my lord, the secrets of nature  
Have not more gift in taciturnity.]

Mr. Collier's annotator, to correct the faulty measure, reads,—  
"— the secret laws of nature," &c.

The error, we believe, however is in the word "secrets," which appears to have been a misprint for "secretaries," or secretaries, meaning confidants. Thus, in Heywood's "The Four Prentises of London," 1632,—"Prince Tancred is but royal secretary." Again, in Greene's "Farewell of a Friend,"—"If thy wife be wise make

(\*) First folio, *extremities*.

her thy secretary." Again, in Drayton's "Polyolbion" (Notes to Song IX.),—"But in that true secretary of divinity and nature, Solomon," &c. So also in Ben Jonson's "Magnetic Lady," Act IV Sc 2,—

"If you have but a secretary laundress," &c.

And in the play of "The Antiquary," Act III. Sc. 1,—

"— unless you were Time's secretary," &c.

SCENE III.—*The same. Before Pandarus' House.*

*Enter* PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DRIPHOBUS,  
ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES.

PAR. It is great morning; and the hour pre-  
fix'd

Of her delivery to this valiant Greek  
Comes fast upon:—good my brother Troilus,  
Tell you the lady what she is to do,  
And haste her to the purpose.

TROIL. Walk into her house;  
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:  
And to his hand when I deliver her,  
Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus  
A priest, there offering to it his own\* heart.

[*Exit.*]

PAR. I know what 'tis to love;  
And would, as I shall pity, I could help!—  
Please you walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in Pandarus' House.*

*Enter* PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

PAN. Be moderate, be moderate.

CRES. Why tell you me of moderation?  
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,  
And violenteth† in a sense as strong  
As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it?  
If I could temporize with my affection,  
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,  
The like allayment could I give my grief:  
My love admits no qualifying dross:‡  
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

PAN. Here, here, here he comes.—

*Enter* TROILUS.

Ah sweet ducks!§

CRES. O, Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him.*]

PAN. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let  
me embrace too. O, heart,—as the goodly saying  
is,—

—O, heart, O,|| heavy heart,  
Why sigh'st thou without breaking

where he answers again,

*Because thou canst not ease thy smart,  
By friendship nor by speaking.*

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away  
nothing, for we may live to have need of such a  
verse; we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs?

TROIL. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd\* a  
purity,

That the bless'd gods—as angry with my fancy,  
More bright in zeal than the devotion which  
Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.

CRES. Have the gods envy?

PAN. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

CRES. And is it true that I must go from Troy?

TROIL. A hateful truth.

CRES. What, and from Troilus too?

TROIL. From Troy and Troilus.

CRES. Is it possible?

TROIL. And suddenly; where injury of chance  
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by  
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips  
Of all rejoinder, forcibly prevents  
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows  
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:  
We two, that with so many thousand sighs  
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves  
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.†  
Injurious Time now, with a robber's haste,  
Crans his rich thievery up, he knows not how:  
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,  
With distinct breath and consign'd\* kisses to them,  
He fumbles up into a loose adieu;  
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,  
Distasted‡ with the salt of broken tears.

ÆNE. [*Without.*] My lord, is the lady ready?

TROIL. Hark! you are call'd: some say the  
Genius so

Cries, *Come!* to him that instantly must die.—  
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

PAN. Where are my tears? ruin, to lay this  
wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root!

[*Exit.*]

CRES. I must, then, to the Grecians?

TROIL. No remedy.

CRES. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry  
Greeks!

When shall we see again?‡

TROIL. Hear me, my love: be thou but true of  
heart,— [this?]

CRES. I true! how now! what wicked deem is

TROIL. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,  
For it is parting from us:—

I speak not, be thou true, as fearing thee;

\* First folio omits, own.

(†) First folio, *And no less in*

(‡) First folio, *crossed*

(§) First folio, *a sweet ducke.*

(||) Old text omits, O.

\* — consign'd—] *Sealed*, from *consigne*.

(\*) First folio, *strange.*

(†) First folio, *our.*

(‡) First folio, *Distasted.*

‡ When shall we see again? In the folio, this inquiry is wrongly  
ascribed to Troilus.

For I will throw my glove to Death himself,  
That there's no maculation in thy heart :  
But, *be thou true*, say I, to fashion in  
My sequent protestation ; be thou true,  
And I will see thee.

CRES. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to  
As infinite as imminent ! but I'll be true.

TROIL. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear  
this sleeve.

CRES. And you this glove. When shall I see

TROIL. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,  
To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet, be true.

CRES. O, heavens !—*be true*, again ?

TROIL. Hear why I speak it, love ;  
The Grecian youths are full of quality ;  
They're loving, well compos'd with gifts of nature,<sup>a</sup>  
And flowing<sup>b</sup> o'er with arts and exercise ;  
How novelties may move, and parts with person,  
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy  
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)  
Makes me aboard.\*

CRES. O, heavens ! you love me not.

TROIL. Die I a villain then !

In this I do not call your faith in question,  
So mainly as my merit : I cannot sing,  
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,  
Nor play at subtle games ; fair virtues all,  
To which the Grecians are most prompt and  
pregnant :

But I can tell, that in each grace of these  
There lurks a still and dumb-discursive devil,  
That tempts most cunningly ; but be not tempted.

CRES. Do you think I will ?

TROIL. No.

But something may be done that we will not :  
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves.  
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,  
Presuming on their changeful potency.

ÆNE. [*Without.*] Nay, good my lord,—

TROIL. Come, kiss ; and let us part.

PAR. [*Without.*] Brother Troilus !

TROIL. Good brother, come you hither ;  
And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you.

CRES. My lord, will you be true ?

TROIL. Who, I ? alas, it is my vice, my fault :  
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,  
I with great truth catch mere simplicity ;  
Whilist some with cunning gild their copper crowns,  
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.  
Fear not my truth ; the moral of my wit  
Is—plain and true ;—there's all the reach of it.

(\*) First folio, *afraid*.

<sup>a</sup> They're loving, well compos'd with gifts of nature.—] The folio reads, *guts* ; the line is omitted in the quarto  
<sup>b</sup> And flowing o'er, &c.] The folio reads, "*Flowing and swelling o'er*," &c., but one or other of the words was certainly intended to be cancelled.

<sup>c</sup> I'll answer to my lust.] Lust, in its ancient sense of

*Enter* ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTEHOR, DEIPHOBUS,  
and DIOMEDES.

Welcome, sir Diomed ! here is the lady,

Which for Antenor we deliver you :

At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand ;

And by the way possess thee what she is.

Entreat her fair ; and, by my-soul, fair Greek,

If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,

Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe

As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio.

Fair lady Cressid,  
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects :  
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,  
Pleads your fair usage ; \* and to Diomed  
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

TROIL. Grecian, thou dost not use me cour-  
teously,

To shame the zeal<sup>†</sup> of my petition to thee.‡

In § praising her : I tell thee, lord of Greece.

She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,

As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.

I charge thee use her well, even for my charge ;

For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,

Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,

I'll cut thy throat !

Dio.

O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus :  
Let me be privileg'd by my place and message,  
To be a speaker free ; when I am hence,  
I'll answer to my lust : \* and know you, || lord,  
I'll nothing do on charge : to her own worth  
She shall be priz'd ; but that you say—Be't so,  
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour.—No.

TROIL. Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee,  
Diomed,

This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—

Lady, give me your hand ; and, as we walk,

To our own selves bend we our needful talk. (2)

[*Exeunt* TROILUS, CRESSIDA, and DIOMEDES.

[*Trumpet heard.*

PAR. Hark ! Hector's trumpet.

ÆNE. How have we spent this morning !  
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,  
That swore to ride before him to ¶ the field.

PAR. 'Tis Troilus' fault : come, come, to field  
with him.

DEI. Let us make ready straight.<sup>d</sup>

ÆNE. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,  
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels :

The glory of our Troy doth this day lie  
On his fair worth and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

(\*) First folio, *usage*

(†) First folio, *towards*.

(‡) First folio, *my*.

(§) Old text, *scale*

(||) First folio, *I*

(¶) First folio, *in*

*pleasure*, is intelligible, but it looks very like a misprint for *trust*

<sup>d</sup> DEI Let us make ready straight.] In the folio, where alone this line is found, the prefix is "*Deo*"



SCENE V.—*The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.*

*Enter* \*AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES,  
PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, &  
and others.

AGAM. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,

\* Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,  
Anticipating time with starting courage ]  
In the old copies, the passage is pointed thus absurdly,—  
Here art thou in appointment fresh and faire,

Anticipating time with starting courage.\*  
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,  
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air  
May pierce the head of the great combatant,  
And hale him hither.

AJAX. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.  
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:  
Blow, villain, till thy spher'd bias<sup>b</sup> cheek  
Out-swell the cholic of puff'd Aquilon:

Anticipating time. With starting courage,  
Give," &c.

<sup>b</sup> — spher'd bias cheek— ] "Swelling out," Johnson says, "like  
the bias of a bowl."

Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;

Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*]

ULYSSES. No trumpet answers.

ACHILLES. 'Tis but early days.

AGAMEMNON. Is not yond\* Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

ULYSSES. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait; He rises on the toe: that spirit of his In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

*Enter DIOMEDES, with CRESSIDA.*

AGAMEMNON. Is this the lady Cressid?

DIO. Even she.

AGAMEMNON. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

NESTOR. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

ULYSSES. Yet is the kindness but particular;

'Twere better, she were kiss'd in general.

NESTOR. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.-- So much for Nestor. [*lady:*]

ACHILLES. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair Achilles bids you welcome.

MENELAUS. I had good argument for kissing once.

PATRICK. But that's no argument for kissing now: For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment; And parted thus you and your argument.\*

ULYSSES. O, deadly gall, and theme of all our scorn!

For which we lose our heads to gild his horns.

PATRICK. The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this, mine:

Patroclus kisses you.

MENELAUS. O, this is trim!

PATRICK. Paris and I kiss evermore for him.

MENELAUS. I'll have my kiss, sir.—Lady, by your leave.

CRESSIDA. In kissing, do you render or receive?

PATRICK. Both take and give.

CRESSIDA. I'll make my match to live. The kiss you take is better than you give; Therefore no kiss.

MENELAUS. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one. [*none.*]

CRESSIDA. You're an odd man; give even, or give

MENELAUS. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

CRESSIDA. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,

That you are odd, and he is even with you.

(\*) First folio, *gong.*

\* And parted thus you and your argument.] A line omitted in the folio.  
b Why, beg, then? Johnson proposed, for the sake of rhyme, to read,—

"Why, beg two,"—

and Mr Dyce suggests,—

"Why, beg, then, so."

\* That give a coaxing welcome, &c.] Mason conjectured we should read,—

MENELAUS. You fillip me o' the head.

CRESSIDA. No, I'll be sworn.

ULYSSES. It were no match, your nail against his horn.—

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

CRESSIDA. You may.

ULYSSES. I do desire it.

CRESSIDA. Why, beg, then.\*

ULYSSES. Why, then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,

When Helen is a maid again, and his.

CRESSIDA. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

ULYSSES. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

DIO. Lady, a word;—I'll bring you to your father. [*Exit with CRESSIDA.*]

NESTOR. A woman of quick sense.

ULYSSES. Fie, fie upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip, Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out At every joint and motive of her body.

O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue, That give a coaxing\* welcome ere it comes, And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts To every ticklish\* reader! set them down For sluttish spoils of opportunity,

And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet without.*]

ALL. The Trojans' trumpet!

AGAMEMNON. Yonder comes the troop.

*Enter HECTOR, armed; ÆNEAS, TROILUS, and other Trojans, with Attendants.*

ÆNEAS. Hail, all the† state of Greece! what shall be done [*pose,*

To him that victory commands? Or do you pur- A victor shall be known? will you, the knights Shall to the edge of all extremity Pursue each other; or shall they‡ be divided By any voice or order of the field? Hector bade ask.

AGAMEMNON. Which way would Hector have it?

ÆNEAS. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

ACHILLES. 'Tis done like Hector;§ but securely\* done,

A little proudly, and great deal disprizing The knight oppos'd.

ÆNEAS. If not Achilles, sir,

What is your name?

ACHILLES. If not Achilles, nothing.

(\*) First folio, *tickling*

(†) First folio, *you.*

(‡) First folio omits, *they*

"That give *accoasting* welcome," &c.;

and Mr Collier's annotator has,—

"That give *occasion* welcome," &c

\* 'Tis done like Hector, &c.] This speech, in the old copies, is assigned to Agamemnon.

§ — securely *done*,—] *Over-confidently* done.

ÆNE. Therefore Achilles: put, whate'er, know this:—

In the extremity of great and little,  
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;  
The one almost as infinite as all,  
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,  
And that which looks like pride is courtesy.  
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:  
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;  
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek  
This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.

ACHIL. A maiden battle then?—O, I perceive you.

*Re-enter DIOMEDES.*

AGAM. Here is sir Diomed:—go, gentle knight,

Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas  
Consent upon the order of their fight,  
So be it; either to the uttermost,  
Or else a breath: the combatants being kin,  
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

[AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists.

ULYS. They are oppos'd already.

AGAM. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

[knight:]

ULYS. The youngest son of Priam, a true  
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;  
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;  
Not soon provok'd, nor being provok'd soon calm'd.  
His heart and hand both open and both free;  
For what he has he gives, what thinks, he shows;  
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,  
Nor dignifies an impair'd thought with breath:  
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;  
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes  
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,  
Is more vindictive than jealous love:  
They call him Troilus; and on him erect  
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.  
Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth  
Even to his mehes, and, with private soul,  
Did in great Ilium thus translate him to me.

[Alarm. HECTOR and AJAX fight.]

AGAM. They are in action.

NEST. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

TROI. Hector, thou sleep'st;  
Awake thee!

AGAM. His blows are well dispos'd:—there,  
Ajax!

DIO. You must no more. [Trumpets cease.

ÆNE. Princes, enough, so please you.

AJAX. I am not warm yet; let us fight again.

DIO. As Hector pleases.

HECT. Why then, will I no more:—

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,  
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;  
The obligation of our blood forbids  
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:  
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,  
That thou could'st say—*This hand is Grecian all,*  
*And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg*  
*All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood*  
*Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister*  
*Bounds in my father's,* by Jove multipotent,  
Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish member

Wherein my sword had not inpressure made  
Of our rank feud! But the just gods gainsay,  
That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,  
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword  
Be drained! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:  
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;  
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:  
Cousin, all honour to thee!

AJAX. I thank thee, Hector:

Thou art too gentle and too free a man:

I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence  
A great addition earned in thy death.

HECT. Not Neoptolemus' so mirable  
(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O-  
yes

Cries, *This is he*), could promise to himself  
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

ÆNE. There is expectance here from both the  
sides,

What further you will do.

HECT. We'll answer it;

The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.

AJAX. If I might in entreaties find success  
(As seldom I have the chance), I would desire  
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

DIO. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish: and great  
Achilles

Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

HECT. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:

And signify this loving interview

To the expecters of our Trojan part;

Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my  
cousin;

I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

AJAX. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us  
here. [name;

HECT. The worthiest of them tell me name by

\* Or else a breath ] That is, a breathing; a combat merely for exercise. The folio reads "breach."

† Nor dignifies an impair thought—] Mr Dyce, perhaps rightly, reads,—"an impair thought."

• Not Neoptolemus—] By Neoptolemus was meant Achilles;

(\*) First folio, could'st.

the author, as Johnson conjectured, supposing, as that hero's son was Pyrrhus Neoptolemus, Neoptolemus must have been the *nomen gentilitium*.



But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes  
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

AGAM. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one  
That would be rid of such an enemy;  
But that's no welcome: understand more clear,  
What's past and what's to come is strew'd with  
husks,

And formless ruin of oblivion;  
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,  
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,  
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,  
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome!

HECT. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

AGAM. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to  
you. [To TROILUS.]

MEN. Let me confirm my princely brother's  
greeting:—

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

HECT. Whom must we answer?

ÆNE. "The noble Menelaus.

HECT. O, you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet,  
thanks!

Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;  
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:  
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

MEN. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly  
theme.

HECT. O, pardon; I offend.

NEST. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,  
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way [thee,  
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen  
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,  
Despising many forfeits and subduements,\*  
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,  
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;  
'That I have said to some my \* standers-by,  
*Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!*

And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,  
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,  
Like an Olympian wrestling: this have I seen;  
But thus thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,  
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,  
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;  
But, by great Mars the captain of us all,  
Never like thee! Let an old man embrace thee;  
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

ÆNE. 'Tis the old Nestor.

HECT. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,  
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with  
time:—

Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

NEST. I would my arms could match thee in  
contention.

As they contend with thee in courtesy.

HECT. I would they could.

NEST. Ha! By this white beard, I'd fight with  
thee to-morrow!—

Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time.

ULYSS. I wonder now how yonder city stands,  
When we have here our base and pillar by us.

HECT. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.  
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,  
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed  
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

ULYSS. Sir, I foretold you then what would  
ensue.

My prophecy is but half his journey yet;  
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,  
Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the  
clouds,

Must kiss their own feet.

HECT. I must not believe you.

There they stand yet; and modestly I think,  
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost  
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crowns all.  
And that old common arbitrator, Time,  
Will one day end it.

ULYSS. So to him we leave it.

Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome:  
After the general, I beseech you next  
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

ACHIL. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses,  
thou!—

Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;  
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,  
And quoted joint by joint.

HECT. Is this Achilles?

ACHIL. I am Achilles. [thee.

HECT. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on  
ACHIL. Behold thy fill.

HECT. Nay, I have done already.

ACHIL. Thou art too brief; I will the second  
time,

As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

HECT. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me  
o'er;

But there's more in me than thou understand'st.  
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

ACHIL. Tell me you heavens, in which part of  
his body  
Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there, or  
there?

That I may give the local wound a name,  
And make distinct the very breach whereout  
Hector's great spirit flew: answer me, heavens!

HECT. It would discredit the bless'd gods,  
proud man,

To answer such a question: stand again:  
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,

(\*) First folio, *unto my*

\* Despising many forfeits and subduements.—] So the quarto  
the folio reads, *And seems thee scornful forfeits, &c.*

As to prenominate in nice conjecture,  
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

ACHIL. I tell thee, yea.

HECT. Wert thou an\* oracle to tell me so,  
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well,  
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;  
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,  
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—  
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,  
His insolence draws folly from my lips;  
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,  
Or may I never—

AJAX. Do not chafe thee, cousin;—  
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,  
Till accident or purpose bring you to't:  
You may have† every day enough of Hector,  
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,  
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

HECT. I pray you, let us see you in the field;  
We have had pelting wars, since you refus'd  
The Grecians' cause.

ACHIL. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?  
To-morrow, do I meet thee, fell as death;  
To-night, all friends.

HECT. Thy hand upon that match.

AGAM. First, all you peers of Greece, go to  
my tent;

There in the fill convive we: \* afterwards,  
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall  
Concur together, severally entreat\* him.—  
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,  
That this great soldier may his welcome know!

[*Exeunt all except TROILUS and ULYSSES.*]

TROIL. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,  
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep.

ULYS. At Menelaus' tent, most princely  
Troilus:

There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;  
Who neither looks on heaven, nor on earth,  
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view  
On the fair Cressid.

TROIL. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you†  
so much.

After we part from Agamemnon's tent,  
To bring me thither?

ULYS. You shall command me, sir.  
As gentle tell me, of what honour was  
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there,  
That wails her absence? [scars,

TROIL. O, sir, to such as boasting show their  
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?  
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:  
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*]

(\*) First folio, *the*.

(†) First folio omits, *have*.

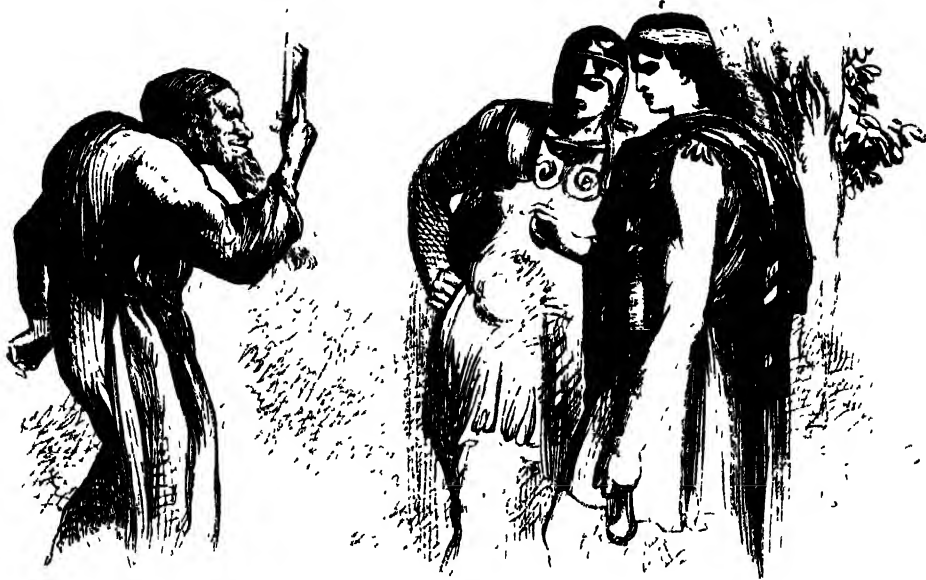
(\*) First folio, *you*.

(†) First folio, *thee*.

\* — entreat him; "Entreat" here signifies *entertain*, it is used

by Achilles just above in its ordinary sense of *solicit*.





## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.*

*Enter* **ACHILLES** and **PATROCLUS**.

**ACHIL.** I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine  
to-night,  
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—  
**PATROCLUS**, let us feast him to the height.

**PATR.** Here comes Thersites.

*Enter* **THERSITES**.

**ACHIL.** How now, thou core of envy?  
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

**THER.** Why, thou picture of what thou seemest,  
and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

**ACHIL.** From whence, fragment?

**THER.** Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

**PATR.** Who keeps the tent now?

**THER.** The surgeon's box, or the patient's  
wound.

**PATR.** Well said, Adversity! and what need  
these tricks?

**THER.** Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by  
thy talk; thou art thought to be Achilles' male  
varlet.\*

**PATR.** *Male varlet*, you rogue! what's that?

**THER.** Why, his masculine whore. Now the  
rotten diseases of the south, the\* guts-griping,  
ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back,  
lethargies, cold palsies,<sup>b</sup> raw eyes, dirt-rotten  
livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of impos-  
thume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable  
bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the  
tetter, take and take again such preposterous dis-  
coveries!

**PATR.** Why thou damnable box of envy, thou,  
what meanest thou to curse thus?

**THER.** Do I curse thee?

**PATR.** Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whore-  
son indistinguishable cur, no.†

**THER.** No! why art thou then exasperate, thou  
idle immaterial skein of sleeve-silk,‡ thou green

\* — *male varlet* ] Some editors have seriously proposed to read, "*male varlet*," not being aware that the former word often represented the latter one. Thus, in Middleton's "*Roaring Girl*," Act I. Sc. 1,—"She's a *varlet*." In Decker and Middleton's play called "*The Honest Whore*," Act I. Sc. 10, we have, indeed, the very expression of the text,—

(\*) First folio omits, *the*

(†) First folio omits, *no*.

(‡) First folio, *Siege*.

" — 'tis a *male varlet* sure, my lord."

<sup>b</sup> Cold palsies.—] The remainder of this unsavoury catalogue is dismissed in the folio, which reads, "cold Palsies, and the like."

sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies—diminutives of nature!

PATR. Out, gall!

THET. Finch egg!

ACHIL. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite

From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle. Here is a letter from queen Hecuba; A token from her daughter, my fair love; Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it: Fall Greeks; fail fame; honour or go or stay, My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.— Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent; This night in banquetting must all be spent.— Away, Patroclus!

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.]

THET. With too much blood and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon.—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull.—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a leazar, so I were not Menelaus.—Hoy-day! spirits and fies!

*Enter* HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMEDES, *with lights.*

AGAM. We go wrong, we go wrong.

AJAX. No, yonder 'tis; there, where we see the lights.\*

HECT. I trouble you.

AJAX. No, not a whit.

ULYS. Here comes himself to guide you.\*

*Re-enter* ACHILLES.

ACHIL. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

(\*) First folio, *light*.

\* — forced —] *Stuffed*.

AGAM. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.

AJAX commands the guard to tend on you.

HECT. Thanks and good night to the Greeks' general.

MEN. Good night, my lord.

HECT. Good night, sweet Menelaus.

THET. [*Aside*.] Sweet draught: 'b sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

ACHIL. Good night, and welcome, both at once to those that go, or tarry.

AGAM. Good night.

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON and MENELAUS.]

ACHIL. Old Nestor tattles; and you too, Diomed,

Keep Hector company an hour or two.

DIO. I cannot, lord; I have important business, The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

HECT. Give me your hand.

ULYS. [*Aside to* TROIL.] Follow his torch, he goes

To Calchas' tent; I'll keep you company.

TROIL. Sweet sir, you honour me.

HECT.

And so good night.

[*Exit* DIOMEDES; ULYSSES and TROILUS following.]

ACHIL. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX, and NESTOR.]

THET. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabblers the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it; it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [*Exit*.]

SCENE II.—*The same. Before Calchas' Tent.*

*Enter* DIOMEDES.

DIO. What, are you up here, ho? speak.

CAL. [*Within*.] Who calls?

DIO. Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where's your daughter?

CAL. [*Within*.] She comes to you.

(\*) First folio inserts, *that*.

b Sweet draught:] See note (\*), p. 605, Vol. II.

*Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance ;  
after them THESSITES.*

ULYS. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

*Enter CRESSIDA.*

TROIL. Cressid comes forth to him !

DIO. How now, my charge ?

CRES. Now, my sweet guardian !—Hark ! a word with you. [*Whispers.*]

TROIL. Yea, so familiar !

ULYS. She will sing any man at first sight.

THESS. [*Aside.*] And any man may sing\* her, if he can take her cliff ; † she's noted.

DIO. Will you remember ?

CRES. Remember ! yes.

DIO. Nay, but do then ;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

TROIL. What should she remember ?

ULYS. List !

CRES. Sweet honey-Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

THESS. [*Aside.*] Roguery !

DIO. Nay, then,—

CRES. I'll tell you what,—

DIO. Pho, pho ! come, tell a pin : you are ‡ forsworn.—

CRES. In faith, I cannot : what would you have me do ? [*open.*]

THESS. [*Aside.*] A juggling trick,—to be secretly

DIO. What did you swear you would bestow on me ?

CRES. I pr'ythee do not hold me to mine oath ; Bid me do § anything but that, sweet Greek.

DIO. Good night.

TROIL. Hold, patience !

ULYS. How now, Trojan ?

CRES. Diomed,—

DIO. No, no, good night : I'll be your fool no more.

TROIL. Thy better must.

CRES. Hark, one word in your ear.

TROIL. O, plague and madness !

ULYS. You are mov'd, prince : let us depart, I pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself To wrathful terms : this place is dangerous ; The time right deadly ; I beseech you, go.

TROIL. Behold, I pray you !

ULYS. Now, my good lord, go off :

You flow to great distraction ; come, my lord.

TROIL. I pr'ythee, stay.

ULYS. You have not patience ; come.

TROIL. I pray you, stay ; by hell, and all hell's torments,\*

I will not speak a word.

DIO. And so, good night.

CRES. Nay, but you part in anger.

TROIL. Doth that grieve thee ?

Q, wither'd truth ! ••

ULYS. Why, how now, lord ?

~ TROIL. By Jove,

I will be patient.

CRES. Guardian !—why, Greek !

DIO. Pho, pho ! adieu ; you palter.

CRES. In faith, I do not ; come hither once again.

ULYS. You shake, my lord, at something ; will you go ?

You will break out.

TROIL. She strokes his cheek !

ULYS. Come, come.

TROIL. Nay, stay ; by Jove, I will not speak a word :

There is between my will and all offences

A guard of patience :—stay a little while.

THESS. [*Aside.*] How the devil luxury, with his fat rump and potatoe finger, tickles these together ! Fry, lechery, fry !

DIO. But will you then ?

CRES. In faith, I will, la ; never trust me else.

DIO. Give me some token for the surety of it.

CRES. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit*]

ULYS. You have sworn patience.

TROIL. Fear me not, sweet lord ;

I will not be myself, nor have cognition

Of what I feel ; I am all patience.

*Re-enter CRESSIDA.*

THESS. [*Aside.*] Now the pledge ; now, now, now !

CRES. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.(1)

TROIL. O, beauty ! where's thy faith ?

ULYS. My lord,—

TROIL. I will be patient ; outwardly I will.

CRES. You look upon that sleeve ; behold it well.—

He lov'd me—O, false wench ! —Give't me again.

DIO. Whose was't ?

CRES. It is no matter, now I have't again.

I will not meet with you to-morrow night ;

I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.

THESS. [*Aside.*] Now she sharpens ;—well said, whetstone.

DIO. I shall have it.

CRES. What, this ?

DIO. Ay, that.

(\*) First folio, *Ande*  
(†) First folio inserts, *a.*

(1) First folio, *life*  
(§) First folio inserts, *not* |

(\*) First folio, *and hell torments*

CRES. O, all you gods!—O, pretty, pretty pledge!

Thy master now lies thinking in his bed  
Of thee and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,  
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,  
As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me;—  
He, that takes that, doth take\* my heart withal.

DIO. I had your heart before, this follows it.

TROIL. I did swear patience.

CRES. You shall not have it, Diomed: faith  
you shall not;

I'll give you something else.

DIO. I will have this; whose was it?

CRES. It is no matter

DIO. Come, tell me whose it was.

CRES. 'T was one's† that lov'd me better than  
you will:

But, now you have it, take it.

DIO. Whose was it?

CRES. By all Diana's waiting-women yond,  
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

DIO. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;  
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

TROIL. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy  
horn,

It should be challeng'd!

CRES. Well, well, 't is done, 't is past;—and  
yet it is not;

I will not keep my word.

DIO. Why, then, farewell;

Thou never shalt mock Diomed again. [word,

CRES. You shall not go:—one cannot speak a  
But it straight starts you.

DIO. I do not like this fooling.

THEM. [Aside.] Nor I, by Pluto: but that that  
likes not you,‡ pleases me best.

DIO. What, shall I come? the hour?

CRES. Ay, come:—O, Jove!—

Do come:—I shall be plagu'd.

DIO. Farewell till then.

CRES. Good night. I pr'ythee, come.—

[Exit DIOMEDES.

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;

But with my heart the other eye doth see.—

Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,

The error of our eye directs our mind:

What error leads, must err; O, then conclude,

Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude. [Exit.

THEM. [Aside.] A proof of strength she could  
not publish more,

Unless she say,—My mind is now turn'd whore.

ULYSS. All's done, my lord.

TROIL. It is.

ULYSS. Why stay we then?

TROIL. To make a recordation to my soul  
Of every syllable that here was spoke.

But if I tell how these two did co-act,

Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,

An esperance so obstinately strong,

That doth invert the attest\* of eyes and ears;

As if those organs had deceptive functions,  
Created only to calumniate.

Was Cressid here?

ULYSS. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

TROIL. She was not, sure.

ULYSS. Most sure she was.

TROIL. Why, my negation hath no taste of  
madness.

ULYSS. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here  
but now.

TROIL. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!

Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage

To stubborn critics<sup>b</sup>—apt, without a theme,

For depravation,—to square the general sex

By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.(2)

ULYSS. What hath she done, prince, that can  
soil our mothers?

TROIL. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

THEM. [Aside.] Will he swagger himself out  
on's own eyes?

TROIL. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:

If beauty have a soul, this is not she;

If souls guide vows, if vows be† sanctimony,

If sanctimony be the gods' delight,

If there be rule in unity itself,

This is not she. O, madness of discourse,

That cause sets up with and against itself!‡

Bi-fold§ authority! where reason can revolt

Without perdition, and loss assume all reason

Without revolt; this is, and is not, Cressid!

Within my soul there doth conduce\* a fight

Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparable

Divides more wider than the sky and earth;

And yet the spacious breadth of this division

Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle

As is Arachne's broken woof,<sup>d</sup> to enter.

Instance, O, instance! strong as Pluto's gates;

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:

Instance, O, instance! strong as heaven itself;

The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and  
loos'd;

(\*) First folio omits, *doth*, and reads, *rakes*. (†) First folio, *one*.  
(‡) First folio, *me*.

(\*) First folio, *that test*.

(†) First folio, *are*.

(‡) First folio, *thy self*.

(§) First folio, *By fouls*.

\* Nay, do not snatch it from me.] In the old text these words  
are ascribed to Diomedes.

<sup>b</sup> — critics—] That is, *cynics*

<sup>c</sup> Within my soul there doth conduce a fight—] Rowe prints  
commences for "conduce;" and certainly, the latter word, in its

usual sense, is questionable

<sup>d</sup> As is Arachne's broken woof, &c.] The quartos read, "*Arachne's*  
*na's*" and "*Arachne's*;" the folio, "*Arachne's* broken woof,"  
&c. Capell, we believe, first introduced "is," though the credit  
of supplying it is given to Steevens.

And with another knot, five-finger-tied,  
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,  
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques  
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

ULYSSES. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd  
With that which here his passion doth express?

TROILUS. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged  
well

In characters as red as Mars his heart  
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy  
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.

Hark, Greek;—as much as I do Cressid love,\*  
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:  
That sleep is mine that he'll bear in his helm;  
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,  
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,  
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,  
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,\*  
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear  
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword  
Falling on Diomed.

THETIS. [*Aside.*] He'll tickle it for his concupy.

TROILUS. O, Cressid! O, false Cressid! false,  
false, false!

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,  
And they'll seem glorious.

ULYSSES. O, contain yourself;  
Your passion draws ears hither.

*Enter ÆNEAS.*

ÆNEAS. I have been seeking you this hour, my  
lord:

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;  
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

TROILUS. Have with you, prince.—My courteous  
lord, adieu.—

Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,  
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

ULYSSES. I'll bring you to the gates.

TROILUS. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt ULYSSES, TROILUS, and ÆNEAS.*]

THETIS. Would, I could meet that rogue  
Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would  
bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me  
any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the  
parrot will not do more for an almond, than  
he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery:  
still wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion:  
a burning devil take them! [*Exit.*]

(\*) First folio, *Fenne*.

\* — as much as I do Cressid love,—] The reading, now usually  
adopted. In the quarto we have, "—as much I do Cressid love,"  
&c., and in the folio, "—as much I do Cressida love," &c.

<sup>b</sup> — It is as lawful,

For we would give much, to use violent thefts, &c.]

The folio, in which alone this passage is found, has,—

SCENE III.—Troy. *Before Priam's Palace.*

*Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.*

AND. When was my lord so much ungently  
temper'd,  
To stop his ears against admonishment?  
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

HECTOR. You train me to offend you; get you  
in:\*

By all† the everlasting gods, I'll go!

AND. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to  
the day.

HECTOR. No more, I say.

*Enter CASSANDRA.*

CAS. Where is my brother Hector?

AND. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent:  
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,  
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd  
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night  
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of  
slaughter.

CAS. O, 't is true.

HECTOR. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

CAS. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet  
brother!

HECTOR. Begone, I say: the gods have heard  
me swear.

CAS. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish  
vows;

They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd  
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

AND. O, be persuaded! do not count it holy  
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,  
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,<sup>b</sup>  
And rob in the behalf of charity.

CAS. It is the purpose that makes strong the  
vow;

But vows to every purpose must not hold:  
Unarm, sweet Hector.

HECTOR. Hold you still, I say  
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:<sup>c</sup>  
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man  
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.—

(\*) First folio, *gone*.

(†) First folio omits, *all*.

"— It is as lawful.

For we would count give much to as violent thefts," &c.  
We adopt the emendation proposed by Tyrwhitt; understanding  
"to use violent thefts," as, "to practise violent thefts."

<sup>c</sup> Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate &c.] Equivalent  
to, My honour holds supremacy o'er my fate. "To keep the  
weather, or weather-gage," is a nautical phrase, which means, to  
keep to windward, and thus have the advantage.



*Enter* TROILUS.

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight to-day?

AND. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

*[Exit* CASSANDRA.

HECT. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth,

I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:

Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,  
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.

Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,  
I'll stand to-day for thee, and me, and Troy.

TROIL. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,  
Which better fits a lion than a man.

HECT. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

TROIL. When many times the captive Grecian falls,

Even in the fun and wind of your fair sword,  
You bid them rise, and live.

HECT. O, 'tis fair play.

TROIL. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector!

HECT. How now! how now!

TROIL. For the love of all the gods,  
Let's leave the hermit Pity with our mothers;  
And when we have our armours buckled on,  
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;  
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

HECT. Fie, savage, fie!

TROIL. Hector, then 'tis wars.

HECT. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

TROIL. Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars



Beck'ning with fiery truncheon my retire ;  
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,  
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears ;  
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,  
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,  
But by my ruin.

*Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.*

CAS. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast :

He is thy crutch ; now if thou lose thy stay,  
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,  
Fall all together.

PRI. Come, Hector, come, go back :  
Thy wife hath dream'd ; thy mother hath had  
visions ;

CASSANDRA doth foresee ; and I myself  
Am like a prophet suddenly enapt,  
To tell thee that this day is ominous .  
Therefore, come back.

HECT. Æneas is a-field ;  
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,  
Even in the faith of valour, to appear  
This morning to them.

PRI. Ay, but thou shalt not go.

HECT. I must not break my faith.  
You know me dutiful ; therefore, dear sir,  
Let me not shame respect ; but give me leave  
To take that course by your consent and voice,  
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

CAS. O, Priam, yield not to him !

AND. Do not, dear father.

HECT. Andromache, I am offended with you .  
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

*[Exit ANDROMACHE.]*

TROIL. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl  
Makes all these bodements.

CAS. O, farewell, dear Hector !  
Look, how thou diest ! look, how thy eye turns  
pale !

Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents !  
Hark, how Troy roars ! how Hecuba cries out !  
How poor Andromache shrills her dolour forth !  
Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement,  
Like witless antics, one another meet,  
And all cry—*Hector ! Hector's dead !* O, Hector !  
TROIL. Away ! away !

CAS. Farewell.—Yet,\* soft !—Hector, I take  
my leave :  
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. *[Exit.]*

HECT. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her ex-  
claim :

Go in, and cheer the town : we'll forth, and fight ;  
Do deeds worth\* praise, and tell you them at  
night.

PRI. Farewell : the gods with safety stand about  
thee !

*[Exit severally PRIAM and HECTOR. Alarums.]*  
TROIL. They are at it ; hark ! Proud Diomed,  
believe,

I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

*As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other  
side, PANDARUS.*

PAN. Do you hear, my lord ? do you hear ?

TROIL. What now ?

PAN. Here's a letter from yond poor girl.

TROIL. Let me read.

PAN. A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally  
tisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this  
girl ; and what one thing, what another, that I  
shall leave you one o' these days : and I have a  
rheum in mine eyes too ; and such an ache in my  
bones, that, unless a man were curs'd,\* I cannot  
tell what to think on't.—What says she there ?

TROIL. Words, words, mere words, no matter  
from the heart ; *[Tearing the letter]*  
The effect doth operate another way.—  
Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change  
together.—

My love with words and errors still she feeds,  
But edifies another with her deeds.<sup>b</sup>

*[Exit severally.]*

SCENE IV.—*Plains between Troy and the  
Grecian Camp.*

*Alarums : Excurs Enter THERSITES.*

THER. Now they are clapper-clawing one  
another, I'll go look on. That dissembling  
abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same  
scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy  
there, in his helm : I would fain see them meet ;  
that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the  
whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly  
villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling  
luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O'the other

(\*) First folio, *rev.*

(\*) First folio, *deeds of praise.*

\* — curs'd,—] That is, under the influence of a malediction  
b But edifies another with her deeds.] In the folio, after this  
couplet we have,—

"Pond Why but heare you t

Troy. Hence brother lackie ; ignomie and shame  
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name."

These lines, however, are found again towards the end of the play,  
and there can be no doubt they were inserted here inadvertently

side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals,—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not proved worth a blackberry!—They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is ~~the~~ cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin\* to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here comes sleeve, and t'other.

*Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following.*

TROIL. Fly not; for shouldst thou take the river Styx,

I would swim after!

DIO. Thou dost miscall retire:

I do not fly; but advantageous care

Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:

Have at thee!

THET. [*Aside.*] Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

[*Exeunt TROILUS and DIOMEDES, fighting.*]

*Enter HECTOR.*

HECT. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?

Art thou of blood and honour?

THET. No, no;—I am a rascal; a survy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

HECT. I do believe thee;—live. [*Erit.*]

THET. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck, for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle;—yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [*Erit.*]

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Plains.*

*Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant.*

DIO. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;

Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:

Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;

(\*) Old text, began.

a — like scaled sculls.—] That is, like *dispersed shoals*  
b *Here, there, and every where*, he leaves and takes, ] *To take was*  
used in the sense of *to paralyze, to incapacitate*: so in "Hamlet,"  
Act I Sc. 1,—

"— then no planets strike,  
No fairy takes," &c.:

Tell her I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,  
And am her knight by proof.

SERV.

I go, my lord

[*Erit.*]

*Enter AGAMEMNON.*

AGAM. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus  
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon  
Hath Doreus prisoner;  
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,  
Upon the pashed corpses of the kings  
Epistrophus and Cediüs: Polixenes is slain;  
Amphimachus and Thoas dently hurt;  
Patroclus ta'en or slain; and Palamedes  
Sore hurt and bruised: the dreadful Sagittary  
Appals our numbers:—haste we, Diomed,  
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

*Enter NESTOR.*

NEST. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;  
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.—  
There is a thousand Hector's in the field:  
Now here he fights on Galathea his horse,  
And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot,  
And there they fly or die, like scaled\* sculls  
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,  
And there the strawy\* Greeks, ripe for his edge,  
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:  
Here, there, and every where, he leaves and takes;<sup>b</sup>  
Dexterity so obeying appetite,  
That what he will, he does; and does so much,  
That proof is call'd impossibility.

*Enter ULYSSES.*

ULYS. O, courage, courage, princes! great  
Achilles  
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:  
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,  
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,  
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come  
to him,  
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,  
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,  
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day  
Mad and fantastic execution;  
Engaging and redeeming of himself,  
With such a careless force and forceless care,  
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,  
Bade him win all.

(\*) First folio, *straying*.

so, also, in "Cornelius," Act II Sc 2,—

"— his sword, Death's stamp,  
Where it did mark, it took,"  
and we ought possibly to read,—

"Here, there, and every where, he *cleanses* and takes."

*Enter AJAX.*

AJAX. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit*  
DIO. Ay, there, there  
NEST. So, so, we draw together.

*Enter ACHILLES.*

ACHIL. Where is this Hector?  
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;  
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry:—  
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Another part of the Plains.**Enter AJAX.*

AJAX. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

*Enter DIOMEDES.*

DIO. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?  
AJAX. What wouldst thou?  
DIO. I would correct him. [*my office*  
AJAX. Were I the general, thou shouldst have  
Ere that correction.—Troilus, I say! what,  
Troilus!

*Enter TROILUS.*

TROIL. O, traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face,  
thou traitor,  
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!  
DIO. Ha! art thou there?  
AJAX. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed!  
DIO. He is my prize, I will not look upon.  
TROIL. Come both, you cogging Greeks: have  
at you both! [*Exeunt, fighting.*]

*Enter HECTOR.*

HECT. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my  
youngest brother!

*Enter ACHILLES.*

ACHIL. Now do I see thee, ha!—Haste at thee,  
Hector!  
HECT. Pause, if thou wilt.  
ACHIL. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.  
Be happy that my arms are out of use;  
My rest and negligence defends thee now,  
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;  
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*  
HECT. Fare thee well:—  
I would have been much more a fresher man,  
Had I expected thee.—Now now, my brother?

*Re-enter TROILUS.*

TROIL. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; shall it be?  
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,  
He shall not carry him; I'll be ta'en too,  
Or bring him off.—Fate, hear me what I say!  
I reck not though thou end my life to-day. [*Exit.*]

*Enter one in sumptuous armour.*

HECT. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a  
goodly mark:—  
No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;  
I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all, [*abide?*  
But I'll be master of it:—wilt thou not, beast,  
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.  
[*Exeunt,*]

SCENE VII.—*Another part of the Plains.**Enter ACHILLES, with Myrmidons.*

ACHIL. Come here about me, you my Myrmi-  
dons;  
Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel:  
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;  
And when I have the bloody Hector found,  
Empale him with your weapons round about;  
In fellest manner execute your aims.\*  
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:—  
It is decreed—Hector the great must die.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—*Another part of the Plains.**Enter MENELAUS and PARIS, fighting; then  
THESSITES.*

THESS. [*Aside.*] The cuckold and the cuckold-  
maker are at it. Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo,  
Paris, 'loo! now my double-henned sparrow! 'loo,  
Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game:—ware horns,  
ho!  
[*Exeunt PARIS and MENELAUS.*]

*Enter MARGARFON.*

MAR. Turn, slave, and fight.  
THESS. What art thou?  
MAR. A bastard son of Priam's.  
THESS. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I  
am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in  
mind, bastard in valour, in everything illegitimate.  
One bear will not bite another, and wherefore  
should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most  
ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a  
whore, he tempts judgment. Farewell, bastard.  
MAR. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exeunt.*]

(\*) First folio *arms*



SCENE IX.—*Another part of the Plains.*

*Enter HECTOR.*

HECT. Most putrified core, so fair without,  
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.  
Now is my day's work done : I'll take good breath :  
Rest, sword ; thou hast thy fill of blood and death !  
[*Puts off his helmet and hangs his shield  
behind him '3*]

*Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons.*

ACHIL. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set ;  
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels :

Even with the vail and darkening of the sun,  
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.\*

HECT. I am unarm'd, forego this vantage, Greek.

ACHIL. Strike, fellows, strike ! this is the man  
I seek. [HECTOR falls.

So, Ilion, fall thou next !\* now, Troy, sink down !  
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—  
On, Myrmidons ; and † cry you all amain,  
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain !

[*A retreat sounded.*

Hark ! a retire† upon our Grecian part.

(\*) First folio omits, *next*

(†) First folio omits, *and*

(‡) First folio, *retreat.*

MYR. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

ACHIL. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,

And, stickler-like,\* the armies separates.

My half-suppl'd sword, that frankly would have fed,  
Plens'd with this dainty bait,\* thus goes to bed.—

[*Sheaths his sword.*]

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;  
Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—*Another part of the Plains.*

*Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and others, marching. Shouts without.*

AGAM. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

NEST. Peace, drums!

[*Without.*] Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain!  
Achilles!

DIO. The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

AJAX. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;  
Great Hector was a man as good as he.

AGAM. March patiently along:—let one be sent  
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—

If in his death the gods have us befriended,  
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.  
[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE XI.—*Another part of the Plains.*

*Enter AENEAS and Trojans.*

AENE. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:

Never go home; here starve we out the night.

*Enter TROILUS.*

TROIL. Hector is slain.

ALL. Hector!—The gods forbid!

TROIL. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail, [field.—

In beastly sort, dragged through the shameful  
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!  
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!  
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,  
And linger not our sure destructions on!

AENE. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

TROIL. You understand me not that tell me so:  
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;  
But dare all imminence that gods and men

Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!  
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?

Let him, that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,  
Go in to Troy, and say there—*Hector's dead*:

There is a word will Priam turn to stone;  
Make wells and Nigbes of the maids and wives,

Cold\* statues of the youth; and, in a word,  
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away:

Hector is dead; there is no more to say.

Stay yet.—You vile abominable tents,  
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,

Let Titan rise as early as he dare,

I'll through and through you!—and thou great-  
siz'd coward!

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;

I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,  
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.—

Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:  
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt AENEAS and Trojans.*]

*As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side, PANDARUS.*

PAN. But hear you, hear you! [shame]

TROIL. Hence, broker-lackey! ignomy and  
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

[*Exit.*]

PAN. A goodly medicine for my aching bones!  
—O, world! world! world! thus is the poor agent  
despised! O, traitors and bawds, how earnestly are  
you set a-work, and how ill requited! Why should  
our endeavour be so loved,† and the performance  
so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for  
it?—Let me see:—

*Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,  
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting:  
And being once subdu'd in armed tail,  
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—*

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted  
cloths.

As many as be hero of Pandar's hall,  
Your eyes half out weep out at Pandar's fall:  
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,  
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.  
Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,  
Some two months hence my will shall here be  
made:

It should be now, but that my fear is this,—  
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:  
Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for cases;  
And at that time bequeath you my diseases.

[*Exit.*]

(\*) First folio, *bed*.

(\*) First folio, *Coole*.

(†) First folio, *desir'd*.

\* And, stickler-like, the armies separates.] "A stickler was one who stood by to part the combatants, when victory could be determined without bloodshed."—MALONE. They were so called.

according to Minshew, because they carried *sticks* or *staves* to interpose between the opponents.

# ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

## ACT I.

(1) SCENE II.—*O, brave Hector!* The hint for this scene was probably derived from the conversation in Chaucer's poem between Pandarus and Cryseides, on the qualifications of Hector and Troilus:—

"So after this, with many wordis glade,  
And frendly talis, and with mery there,  
Of this and that they pleyd, and gounen wade  
In meny an uncouth<sup>e</sup> \* glad and depe matere,  
As frendis done, whan they be met yfere,  
Til she gan ask<sup>e</sup> him how that Hector ferd,  
That was the tounys wall, and Gerkis yerd †

"'Ful wele I thowt it God,' quod Pandarus,  
'Save in his arm<sup>e</sup> he hath a lytil wound,  
And eke his fressh brothur Troilus,  
The wyse worthy Ector the second,  
In whom that every vertu lest abound,  
In al trouthe and al gentilnes,  
Wysdom, honour, fredom, and worthines'

"'In good faith, eme,' ‡ quod she, 'it likith me  
They faryn wele, God save hem bothe two!  
For truly I hold it grete deynete,  
A kyngis sone in armys wele to do,  
And to be of good condicions thurto,  
For grete power and moral vertu here  
Is seildom sene yn a persone yfere'

"'In good faith, that is soth,' quod Pandarus,  
'But, be myn heed, the kyng hath soneis tway,  
That is to mene Ector and Troilus,  
That certeynly, though that I shold dey,  
They be as voyd of vices, dare I sey,  
As any man that lyvith undur the Sonne,  
Herf myght is wyde know, and what they konne

"'Of Ector nedith no thing for to telle,  
In al this world ther nys a better knyght  
As he, that is of worthynes wille,  
And he wel more vertu hath than nyght  
This knowith meny a wyse and worthy knyght.  
The same pryse of Troilus I say,  
God help me so, I note not such tway'

"'By God,' quod she, 'if Ector that is sothe,  
Of Troilus the same thing trow I,  
For dredles, ¶ men telle that he dothe  
In armys day by day so worthily,  
And berith hym here so gentilly  
To every wight, that al pris hath he  
Of hem that me were levest praised be.

"'Ye sey right wele ywis,' ¶ quod Pandarus;  
'For yesterday, who so had with hym bene,  
Might have wondrid upon Troilus,  
For never yet so thik a swarm of bees \*\*  
Ne flyen, as Grekis fro hym did flume;  
And thurgh the feld in every wightis ere,  
Ther was no cry but, "Lo Troilus is here!"

"'Now here, now there, he huntid hem so fast,  
Ther nas but Grekis blood, and Troilus,  
Now hym he hurt, and hym al down he cast,  
Ay wher he went hit was arayed thus.  
He was her deth, and sheld of lyf for us.  
That as that day ther durst none withstond,  
Whil that he held his bloody awerd in hond."

## (2) SCENE III —

— *but, when the planets,  
In evil mixture, to disorder wander.*]

In the language of astrology, by the "evil mixture" of the planets, was understood what we should now express by their *malignant conjunction*. Stevens surmised that the poet was indebted for the allusion in this passage to Spenser —

"For who so list into the heavens looke,  
And search the courses of the rowling sphaeres,  
Shall find that from the point where they first tooke  
Their setting forth, in these few thousand yeares  
They all are *wandered* much, that plinio appeares,  
For that same golden fleecy rain, which bore  
Phrixus and Helle from their sleep-jamies fears,  
Hath now forgot where he was plact of yore,  
And shouldred hath the bull which faire Europa bore

"And eke the bull hath with his bow-bent horne  
So hardly butted those two twinnes of Love,  
That they have crush'd the crab, and quite him borne  
Into the great Nemman lion's grove  
So now all *fange*, and do at *random rove*  
Out of their proper places farre away,  
And all this world with them amisse doe move,  
And all his creatures from their courses stray,  
Till they arrive at their last ruinous decay"

*Faerie Queene*, Introduction to B. V. c.

## (3) SCENE III. —

— *he bade me take a trumpet,  
And to this purpose speak*]

Compare the challenge of Hector as given in Chapman's *Homer* —

"Hector, with glad allowance gave, his brothers counsell care;  
And (fronting both the hoasts) advanc'd, just in the midst, his  
spears."

The Trojans instantly surcease; the Greeks Atreides stand.  
The God that bears the silver Bow, and warres triumphant Malde,  
On Joves Beech, like two vultures sat, pleas'd to behold both  
parts,

Flow in, to heare, so sternly arm'd with huge shields, helmes and  
darts.

And such fresh horror as you see, driven through the wrinkled  
waves

By rising Zephyre, under whom, the sea growes blacke, and  
raves

Such did the hastic gathering troupes, of both hoasts make, to  
heare,

Whose tumult settl'd, twixt them both, thus spake the challenge.

\* Unknown. † Scourge. ‡ Uncle. § Their.  
¶ Doubtless. ¶ Certainly. \*\* Bees

## ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

Hear Trojans, and ye well arm'd Greeks, what my strong  
mind (diffuse  
Through all my spirits) commands me *speake*, Saturnus hath  
not us'd

His promise favour for our truce, but (studying both our ill)  
Will never cease till Mars, by you, his ravenous stomacke fill,  
With ruin'd Troy, or we consume, your mightie Sea borne fleet  
Amongst you all, whose *brest* includes, the most impulsive mind,  
Let him stand forth as combatant, by all the rest desigude.  
Before whom thus I call high Jove, to witness of our strife,  
If he, with home thrust iron can reach, th' exposure of my life,  
(Spoiling my armes) let him at will, convey them to his tent,  
But let my body be returned, that Troya two-sext descent  
May waste it in the funerals pile, if I can slaughter him,  
Apollo honoring me so much) He spoils his conquer'd lun,  
and bears his armes to Ilion, where in Apollon's shrine  
He hang them, as my trophies due his body He resigne  
To be disposed by his friends, in flammie funerals,  
And honour'd with erected tombe, where Hellaspontus falls  
Into Egæum, and doth reach, even to your naval rock  
That when our beings, in the earth, shall hide their period,  
Survivors, sailing the blacke sea, may thus his name renew  
This is his monument, whose bloud, long since, illustrate Hector  
*now*  
This shall posteritie report, and my fame never die "

(4) SCENE III.—*Blockish Ajax*.] From the subjoined  
description of the Ajaxes as portrayed by Livy, etc., it would  
appear that Shakespeare, for dramatic effect, had purposely  
confounded Ajax Tolaniomus with Ajax Oileus —

"Oileus Ajax was right corpulent,  
To be well cladde he set al his entent  
In rich array he was full curyous,  
Although he were of body corsyous  
Of armes great with shoulders square and brode;  
It was of him almost a horse lode  
High of stature and hoystous in a pres,  
And of his speche rude and reches  
Full many worde in ydel hym asterte,  
And but a coward was he of his herte.

"An other Ajax Thelamonyous  
There was also discrete and vertuous,  
Wonder fayre and seemely to beholde,  
Whose hert was black and upward ay gan folde,  
In compas wise rounde as any sphere,  
And of musyke was there non his pere.  
Having a voyce full of melodeve,  
Right well untuned as by Hermonve.  
And was inventife for to counterfete,  
Instruments aswell smal as grete,  
In sundry wise longyng to musyke  
And for all this yet had he good practicke  
In armes etc, and was a noble knyght.  
No man more orped nor hardyer for to fight  
Nor desyous for to have victorye,  
Devoyde of pompe, hatyng all vaynglorye.  
All ydle laude spint and blowe in vayne."

"The ancient Historie and onely trewe and syncre Cronicle of  
the warres betwix the Greccians and the Troyans," &c. fol. 155.  
Book II. chap. 16.

## ACT II.

(1) SCENE I.—*Thersites*.] Holoous in person, unpaous  
and gross in speech, cowardly and vindictive by dispo-  
sition, this remarkable character, by sheer intellectual  
vigour, seems to tower high above all the mere corporeal  
grace and strength by which he is surrounded, and the  
portrait is essentially Shakespeare's own creation, for the  
Thersites of Homer, on which we may suppose it founded,  
is nothing hotter than a vulgar, waspish ruler, without a  
spark of wit or of intelligence to redeem his moral and  
physical obliquity. —

"— All sate, and audience gave,  
Thersites onely would speake all. A most disorderd store  
Of words, he foolishly powd out, of which his mind held more  
Than it could manage, any thing, with which he could procure  
Laughter, he never could containe. He should have yet been  
sure

To touch no kings. To oppose their states, becomes not josters  
part  
But he, the filthiest fellow was, of all that had deserts  
In Troyes brave siege he was squint-eyed, and lame of either  
foot

So crooke backt, that he had no breast; sharp-headed, where did  
shoute

(Here and there spert) thus moue haire. He most of all envide  
Ulysses and Ajaxides, whom still his spleene would chide,  
Nor could, the sacred king himselfe, avoide his saucie vaine,  
Against whom, since he knew the Greekes, did vehement hates  
sustaine

(Being angry for Achilles wrong) he cryd out, railing thus  
'Atrides' why complainst thou now? what wouldst thou more  
of us?'

Thy tents are full of brasse, and dames, the choice of all are  
thine.

With whom, we must present thee first, when any townes resigne  
To our invasion. Wantest thou then (besides all this) more gold  
From Troies knights, to redeeme their sonnes? whom, to be  
dearly sold,

I, or some other Greeke, must take? or wouldst thou yet againe,  
Force from some other Lord his prise, to sooth the lusts that  
ragne

In this encreching appetite? it fits no Prince to be  
A Prince of ill, and governe us, or leade our progenie

By rape to ruine. O base Greekes, deserving infamie,  
And its eternal Greekish girls, not Greekes, ye are, Come fle  
Home with our ships, leave this man here, to perish with his  
preys,

And the if we helpt him, or not he wrong'd a man that weys  
Faire more than he himselfe in worth he forc't from Thetis  
some  
And keepes his prise still nor think I, that mightie man hath  
vaine

The stile of withfull worthily, he's soft, he's too remisse,  
Or else Atrides, his had bene, thy last of injuries."

Thus he the people's Pastor chid, but straight stood up to him  
Divine Ulysses, who with lookes, exceeding grave and grim,  
This bitter checke gave 'Ceasse, vaine foole, to vent thy railing  
vaine

On kings thus, though it serve thee well, nor think thou canst  
restraine,

With that thy railing facultie, their wils in least degree,  
For not a worse, of all this hoast, came with our king then thee  
To Troy's great siege "—*The Iliads of Homer, &c. Done according  
to the Greeke, by Geo. Chapman, &c. Book II.*

(2) SCENE II.—*Enter CASSANDRA, yawning.*] Of this cir-  
cumstance, we find no hint either in Chapman's *Homer*  
or in Chaucer, it was probably taken, as Steevens con-  
jectured, from a passage in Lydgate's "Ancient Historie,"  
&c. 1555:—

"This was the noise and the pyteous crye  
Of Cassandra that so dredefully  
She gan to make aboute in every strete  
Through ye towne," &c.

(3) SCENE III.—*The death tokens of it.*] "Dr Hodges, in  
his, "Treatise on the Plague," says:—"Spots of a dark com-  
plexion, usually called *tokens*, and looked on as the pledges  
or forewarnings of death, are minute and distinct blasta,  
which have their original from within, and rise up with a  
little pyramidal protuberance, the pestilential poison chiefly  
collected at their bases, tainting the neighbouring parts,  
and reaching to the surface."—*REM.*

## ACT III.

(1) SCENE II.—*So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress.* [The small bowl aimed at in the game of *Bowling*, it has before been mentioned, was occasionally termed the *Mistress*. See note (\*), p. 722, Vol. II. Perhaps the best illustration of this popular amusement and its technical phraseology, as practised in our author's day, is that given in Quarles' "Emblems" (Emb. 10, b. 1.):—

"Here's your right ground, wag gently o'er this black  
'Tis a short cast, y' are quickly at the Jack  
Rub, rub an inch or two, two crowns to one  
On this bowl's side, blow wind, 'tis fairly thrown  
The next bowl's worse that comes, come, bowl away  
Mammon, you know the ground, untutor'd play  
Your last was gone, a yard of strength well spai'd  
Had touch'd the block, your hand is still too hard  
Brave pastime, readers, to consume that day,  
Which, without pastime, flew too swift away!  
See how they labour; as if day and night  
Were both too short to serve their loose delight.  
See how their curv'd bodies wreath, and screw  
Such antic shapes as Proteus never knew  
One raps an oath, another deals a curse,  
He never biter bowl'd, this never worse  
One rubs his itchless elbow, shrugs and laughs,  
The other bends his beetle brows and chaf's  
Sometimes they whoop, sometimes their Stygian cries  
Send their black Santos to the blushing skies  
Thus mingling humours in a mad confusion.  
They make bad premises, and worse conclusion  
But where's a palm that fortune's hand allows  
To bless the victor's honourable brows?  
Come, reader, come; I'll light thine eye the way  
To view the prize, the while the gamsters play  
Close by the Jack, behold, full Fortune stands  
To wave the game see in her partial hands  
The glorious garland's hid in open show,  
To cheer the lads, and crown the conqueror's brow.  
The world's the Jack, the gamsters that contend,  
Are Cupid, Mammon that judicious fiend,  
That gives the ground, is Satan, and the bowls  
Are sinful thoughts, the prize, a crown for fools  
Who breathes that bowls not? What bold tongue can say  
Without a blush, he has not bowl'd to-day?  
It is the trade of man, and ev'ry sinner  
Has play'd his rubbers every soul's a winner.  
The vulgar proverb's croak, he hardly can  
Be a good bowler and an honest man.  
Good God! turn thou my Brazil\* thoughts anew,  
New-sol my bowls, and make their bias true  
I'll cease to game, till fairer ground be given,  
Nor wish to win, until the mark be Heav'n."

(2) SCENE II.—*To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love.* [Here, as in other passages where Troilus exhibits a presentiment of his lady's inconstancy, we can trace the influence of the "Troilus and Cryseyde":—

"But natheles, myn owne lady bright!  
Yit were it so that I wist utterly,  
That I youre humble servaunt and your knyght  
Were in youre herte vset so firmly,  
As ye in myn, the whiche thing truly  
Me lever were than this world's twayne,  
Yit schulde I the better endure al my payne."

And this:—

"Ye shal ek seen so many a lusty knyght,  
Amonge the Grekes, ful of worthynesse;  
And ech of hem, with herte, wit, and myght,  
To plesen yow don alle his bynesse,  
That ye shal dullen of the rudenesse  
Of us sely Troians, but if routhe  
Remorde you, or vertu of your trouthe."

(3) SCENE II.—*As false as Cressid.* [The protestations of the fickle beauty in the old poem are not less confident; compare the following:—

"To that Cryseyde answerd right anonoe,  
And with a sigh sche seide, 'O herte dere!  
The game, ywis, so forforthe now is gone,  
That furste schal Phoebe falle from his spere,  
And hevene egle be as the doves feie,  
And every rock out of his place sterre,  
Er Troylus out of Cryseydes herte'"

And her declaration subsequently:—

"For thylke day that I for cherisyngge,  
Or diede of fader, or of other wight,  
Or for estat, delit, or for weddyngge,  
Be tals to yow, my Troylus, my knyghte,  
Satures daughter Juno, thorough hyre myghte,  
As wood as Athamante do the dwelle  
Eternalhe, in Stix, the put of Helle!"

"And this, on every god celestial  
I sweri't yow, and ek on ev'ry goddess,  
On every nymphe, and deyte infernal,  
On satyr and fawny more and lesse,  
That halve goddes ben of wilder nesse,  
And Atropos my thred of life to-brete,  
If I be fals! Now trowe me if yow leste."

(4) SCENE III.—*Which, you say, live to come in my behalf* [This appeal of Calchas to the Greeks recalls the corresponding circumstance in Chaucer:—

"Then seyde he thus, 'Lo! lordis myn, I was  
A Trovan, as it is knowe, out of drede,  
And, if that yow remembre, I am Calcas,  
That altherferst yaf comfort to your nede,  
And tolde wele how ye sholdyn speke;  
For, dri deles, thurgh you, shall, in a stound,  
Bin Troy ybiont, and drewyn doun to ground"

"And in what forme, and yn what maner wise  
This toun to vident, and al your lust achieve,  
Ye have, or this, wele heru me yowdevise  
This knowyn ye, my lordis, as I leve,  
And, for the Grekyss weyn me so leve,  
I come my self, in my proper persone,  
To teche yow what you was best to done."

"Havng unto my treasure, ne my rent,  
Right no regard in respect of your ese,  
Thus al my good I lost, and to yow went,  
Weynng in this, my lordis, yow to plesse,  
But al my losse ne doth me no disease,—  
I vouchsaaf, al so wely have I joy,  
For yow to live al that I had in Troy,—"

"Save of a daughter thit I left, alas!  
Sleeping at home, whan out of toun I stert  
O sterne, O cruel fadir, that I was!  
How myght I in that have so hard an hert?  
Alas! that I ne had her brought in her shert!  
For sorow of which I wole not lye to-morrow,  
But if ye, lordis, wole rwe on my sorow."

"For by that cause I sawe no tyme or now  
Her to delivere, lche holden have my pnes;  
But now or never, if it likith you,  
I may her have, for that is douteles—  
O, help and grace! among al this pres,  
Rewith on this old caytif in distresse,  
Thurgh yow sath I am brought in wrecchidnes!"

"Telling his tale alwey, this olde gray,  
Humbly in his speche and loking eke,  
The salte teris from his eyen tway,  
Ful faste ronnen doun on either cheke;  
So longe of inercy he gan hem byske,  
That, for to help hym of his sorowis sore,  
They than gawe hym Antenor without more."

\* The bowls were formerly made of what was called *Brazil* wood  
VOL. III.



## ACT IV.

(1) SCENE II.—*A bugbear tale him.]* In the banter of Pandarus here, we have arch reminiscences of his prototype in "*Troilus and Cryseide*."—

"Pandarus, on morwe wheiche that comen was  
Unto his nece, gon hir fare to grete,  
And seide, 'At this night so revned it, allas!  
That al my drede is, that ye, nece awele,  
Have litel leyser hade to slepe and mete  
Al night,' quod he, 'hath rain so do me wake,  
That some of us, I trowe, her hedis ake."

"And nigh he come and seide, 'How stant it now?  
This Mey morwe, nece, how kuppe ye lare?'  
Cryseide answerde, 'Never the bit for yow'  
Fox that ye ben, God yewe yow hertis one!  
God helpe me so, yow causith al this fin,  
Trowe I, quod she, 'for alle yowre wordis white,  
O, ho so seeth you, knowth you but alite!'"

(2) SCENE IV.—*To our own selves bend we our needful talk.]* The parting of the lovers, if not more natural, is managed with more pathos and delicacy in the elder poet.—

"Cryseide, when she redy was to ride,  
Ful sorrowfully she sighte, and seide, 'Allas!  
But forth she mot for aught that may betide,  
And forth she rite ful sorrowfully a pace,  
There is non other remedy in this cas,  
What wonder is, though that hyre soore smerte,  
When she forgothe hire owne swete herte?"

"This Troylus, in gise of curteisye,  
With haunce on hond, and with an huge route  
Of knyghtes, rood, and dide hire companyne,  
Passynge alle the vales for withoute,  
And forth he wold han ridden, nit of doute,  
Ful fayne, and wo was hym to gon so soone,  
But tourne he moote, and it was eke to done."

"And right with that was Antenor comen  
Oute of the Grekes este and every wight  
Was of it glad, and seide he was welcome;  
And Troylus, al nere his herte lighte,  
He pyned hym with al his fulle myght  
Ijym to with holde of wepyng at the leeste,  
And Antenor he kyssed, and munde treste"

"And therewithal he moot his leve take,  
And caste his eye upon hire pitously,  
And nerre he rode, his cause for to make,  
To take hire by the honde al sobrelly,  
And, Lorde! so she gan wepen tendrely!  
And he ful soft and slyghely gan hire seye,  
'Now hold youre day, and do me not to deye."

"With that his courser turned he about,  
With face pale, and unto Dymede  
No word he spak, ne non of al his route;  
Of whiche the sone of Tydens tookede hede,  
As he that konthe moore than the cyde  
In swiche a craft, and by the wyse hire hente,  
And Troylus to Troye homwarde wente"

(3) SCENE V.—*Hector and Ajax fight.]* In Chapman's *Hom.*, the combat is described with uncommon pomp and spirit.—

"— This said, in bright armes shone  
The good strong Ajax, who, when all his wifery attire was on,  
Marcht like the hugely figur'd Mars, when angry Jupiter,

With strength, on people proud of strenght, sends him forth to interfere

Wrackfull contention, and comes on, with presence full of feare;  
So th' Achive rampire, Telamon, did twixt the hoasts appare:  
Smild, yet of terrible aspect, on earth with ample pare,  
He holdly stalkt, and shooke aloft his dart with deadly grace.  
It did the Grecians good to see, but heartquakes shooke the

Of all the Troians, Hectors wife felt thoughts, with horrid points,  
To mpt his bold bosome, but he now, meist make no counterflight;  
Ner (with his honour) now refuse, that had provokt the fight  
Ajax came neere, and like a towre his shield his bosome hard;  
The right side brasse, and seven oxe hides within it quilted hard.  
O d Ichiuss the best carrier, that did in Hyla dwell,  
Did frame it for exceeding proove, and wrought it wondrous well.  
With this stood he to Hector close, and with this Brave began  
Now I for thou shalt clearly know, thus meeting man to man,  
What other leader armie our host, besides great Thetis sonne  
Who, with his hardie Lions heart, hath arm'd a overrune  
But he has at our crookt sternd fleet a Kivall with our king  
In height of spirit yet to Troy, he many knights did bring,  
Coequall with Iacides, all able to susteine

Al thy bold challenge (an import begin then, words are vaine.  
The Helme grac't Hector answerd him Renowned Telamon,  
Prince of the souldiers came from Grece, assay not me like one,  
Yong and immortall, with great words, as to an Amazon dame,  
I have the habit of all fights, and know the bloudie time  
Of every slaughter I well know the ready right hand charge,  
I know the left, and every way, at my securefull targe,  
I triumph in the crueltie of hvel combat fight,  
And manage horse to all designs, I think then with good right,  
I may be confident as faine as this thy challenge goes,  
Without being taxel with a vaunt, borne out with empty shawes  
But (being a souldier so renew'd) I will not worke on thee,  
With least advantage of that skill, I know doth strengthen me,  
And so with privitie of sleight, winne that for which I strive  
But at thy best (even open strength) if my endeavour thrive.  
Thus sent he his long Javelin forth, it strooke his foes huge  
shield,

Neere to the upper skirt of brasse, which was the eighth it held  
Sixe folds th' unfordm dart strook through, and in the seventh  
tough lod

The point was checkt, then Ajax threw his angry lance did  
plude

Quite through his bright orbicular targe, his curace, shirt of maile,  
And did his inuly stomachs mouth with dangerous taint assaile  
But in the bowing of himselfe, blak death too short did strike  
Then both to pluck then Javelins forth, encountered Lion-like,  
Whose bloudie violence is recast, by that raw food they eate  
Or Bores, whose strength, wilde nourishment, doth make so won-  
drous great

Againe Praxidides did wound, in midst, his shield of brasse,  
Yet pierc't not through the upper plate, the head reflected was.  
But Ajax (following his Lance) smote through his target quite,  
And stayd hold Hector rushing in, the Lance held way outright,  
And hurt his necke, out pusht the bloud, yet Hector cast not so,  
But in his strong hand tooke a Flint (as he did backwards go)  
Blacke, sharpe and big, layd in the field the seventold targe it  
smit,

Full on the bosse; and round about the brasse did ring with it.  
But Ajax a farre greater stone lift up, and (a reaching round  
With all his bodie layd to it) he sent it forth to wound,  
And gave unmeasur'd force to it, the round stone broke within  
His ruddled target his boy'd knees to languish did begin,  
And he leand, stretcht out on his shield, but Phobus rai'd him  
streight

Then had they layd on wounds with swords, in use of closer fight;  
Unless the Heralds (messenger, o' Gods and godlike men),  
The one of Troy the other of Grece, had held betwixt them then  
Imperial scepters when the one (Idæus, grave and wise)  
said to them, Now no more my somes the bovera gne of the  
skies

Doth love you both; both souldiers are, all witnessse with good  
right

But now night lays her mace on earth; tis good t'obey the night

## ACT V.

(1) SCENE II.—*Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.*] Steevens cites several passages from our old writers to show that it was customary for warriors to wear a lady's *sleeve* for a favour; the sleeve which Cressida bestows on Diomed, however, was that she had received from Troilus at their parting. Malone supposes it to have been such a one as was formerly used at tournaments.—"Also the deepe smocke *sleeve*, which the Irish women use, they say, was old Spanish, and is used yet in Farbury and yet that should seeme rather to be an old English fashion for in armory the fashion of the *manche*, which is given in armes by many, being indeed nothing else but a sleeve, is fashioned much like to that sleeve"—SPENSER'S *Vuue of Ireland*, p. 43, edit. 1633.

(2) SCENE II.—*Butler think this not Cressid*] The grief of Troilus for his "light o' love" is beautifully told by the elder poet—

"Than spak he thus — 'O, lady myn Cryseyde,  
Wher is youre toth, and wher is youre tobeste?  
Wher is yowre love, wher is youre trouthe?' he seyde,  
'Of Diomed have ye now at this treste!  
Alas! I wold han trowe at the laste,  
That syn ye held in trouthe to me stonde,  
That ye thus tolde han he den me in honde

"Who shal nowe trowe on any other mo?  
Alas! I never wolde han wende' or thus,  
That ye Cryseyde koude han chaunged so,  
Ne but I hadd agilt and don amys,  
So cruel wold I nought youre herte ywe,  
To sle me thus! alas! youre name of trouthe  
Is now fordon, and that is al my routh

"Was there non other broche yow hste leto  
To felle with youre newe love,' quod he,  
'But thulke broche that I, with teris wete,

You yaf, as for a remembraunce of me!  
None othe cause, alas! I ne hadde ye,  
But for despit and ek for that ye mente  
Al outrely to shewen youre entente.

"Thowgh which I se, that clene out of youre minde  
Ye han me caste, and ne kan nor may  
For al this world withynne myn herte fynde,  
To unloven yow a quarter of a day;  
In cursed tyme I borne was, wylawey!  
That yow, that dothe me al this wo endure,  
Yet love I best of any creature!"

(3) SCENE IX.—*And hangs his shield behind him.*] The circumstance of Hector being overpowered by Achilles and his followers when unarmed, the author is believed to have taken from Lydgate's poem—

"And in this whyle a grekische kinge he mette.  
Were it of hap or of adventure,  
The which in sothe on his cote armure  
Embroided had full many ryche stone,  
That gave a light, when the sonne shone,  
Full bright and cleare, that joye was-to sene,  
For Perles white and I menawdes grene  
Full many one were therein sette —  
Of whose arraye when Hector toketh hede,  
Towardes him fast gan him drawe  
And first I fynde how I e hath hym alawe,  
And after that by force of his manheade,  
He hente him up afore him on his stede,  
And fast gan wyth him for to ryde  
From the wades a lytill out of syde,  
At good leyser playnly, if he myne,  
To spoyle him of his ryche arraye —  
On horsebacke out whan he him ladde,  
Rekleasly the storye maketh mynde,  
He caste his shelde at his backe behynde,  
To welde him selfe at more lyberte,—  
So that his brest disarmed was and bare."

## CRITICAL OPINIONS ON TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

"THE 'Troilus and Cressida' of Shakspeare can scarcely be classed with his dramas of Greek and Roman history; but it forms an intermediate link between the fictitious Greek and Roman histories, which we may call legendary dramas, and the proper ancient histories. There is no one of Shakspeare's plays harder to characterise. The name and the remembrances connected with it prepare us for the representation of attachment no less faithful than fervent on the side of the youth, and of sudden and shameless inconstancy on the part of the lady. And this is, indeed, as the gold thread on which the scenes are strung, though often kept out of sight and out of mind by gems of greater value than itself. But as Shakspeare calls forth nothing from the mausoleum of history, or the catacombs of tradition without giving or eliciting some permanent and general interest, and brings forward no subject which he does not moralize or intellectualize,—so here he has drawn in *Cressida* the portrait of a vehement passion, that, having its true origin and proper cause in warmth of temperament, fastens on, rather than fixes to, some one object by liking and temporary preference.

'There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,  
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out  
At every joint and motive of her body.'

"This Shakspeare has contrasted with the profound affection represented in *Troilus*, and alone worthy the name of love;—affection, passionate indeed, sworn with the confluence of youthful instincts and youthful fancy, and growing in the radiance of hope newly risen, in short enlarged by the collective sympathies of nature;—but still having a depth of calmer element in a will stronger than desire, more entire than choice, and which gives permanence to its own act by converting it into faith and duty. Hence, with excellent judgment, and with an excellence higher than mere judgment can give, at the close of the play, when *Cressida* has sunk into infamy below retrieval and beneath hope, the same will, which had been the substance and the basis of his love, while the restless pleasures and passionate longings, like sea-waves, had tossed but on its surface,—this same moral energy is represented as snatching him aloof from all neighbourhood with her dishonour, from all lingering fondness and languishing regrets, whilst it rushes with him into other and nobler duties, and deepens the channel which his heroic brother's death had left empty for its collected flood. Yet another secondary and subordinate purpose Shakspeare has inwoven with his delineation of these two characters,—that of opposing the inferior civilization, but purer morals, of the Trojans, to the refinements, deep policy, but duplicity and sensual corruptions, of the Greeks.

"To all this, however, so little comparative projection is given,—nay, the masterly group of Agamemnon, Nestor, and Ulysses, and, still more in advance, that of Achilles, Ajax, and Thersites, so manifestly occupy the foreground, that the subservience and vassalage of strength and animal courage to intellect and policy seems to be the lesson most often in our poet's view, and which he has taken little pains to connect with the former more interesting moral impersonated in the titular hero and heroine of the drama. But I am half inclined to believe, that Shakspeare's main object, or shall I rather say, his ruling impulse, was to translate the poetic heroes of paganism into the not less rude, but more intellectually vigorous, and more *future*, warriors of Christian chivalry,—and to substantiate the distinct and graceful profiles or outlines of the Homeric epic into the flesh and blood of the romantic drama,—in short, to give a grand history-piece in the robust style of Albert Durer.

"The character of Thersites, in particular, well deserves a more careful examination, as the Caliban of demagogic life;—the admirable portrait of intellectual power deserted by all grace, all moral principle, all not momentary impulse;—just wise enough to detect the weak head, and fool enough to provoke the armed fist of his betters;—one whom malcontent Achilles can inveigle from malcontent Ajax, under the one condition, that he shall be called on to do nothing but abuse and slander, and that he shall be allowed to abuse as much and as purulently as he likes, that is, as he can;—in short, a mule,—quarrelsome by the original discord of his nature,—a slave by tenure of his own baseness,—made to bray and be brayed at, to despise and be despicable."—COLERIDGE.



# HAMLET.



# ·H A · M L E T.

On the 26th of July, 1602, a memorandum was entered on the registers of the Stationers' Company,—

“James Roberts } A booke, The Revenge of Hamlett prince of Denmarke, as yt was late  
acted by the Lord Chamberlayn his servantes”

This entry unquestionably refers to our author's “Hamlet,” the publication of which Roberts desired to secure. As, however, an edition of the play appeared in the following year, “printed for N. L. and John Trundell,” Mr. Collier conjectures that Roberts was unable to obtain such a copy of the piece as he could creditably associate his name with, but that some inferior and nameless printer, not so scrupulous, contrived to possess himself of an imperfect manuscript of it, and brought out the edition of 1603. Of this impression, one copy of which is in the library of the Duke of Devonshire, and another recently discovered has been purchased for the British Museum, the title is, “The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke. By William Shake-speare. As it hath bene diverse times acted by his Highnesse servants in the Cittie of London as also in the two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where. At London printed for N. L. and John Trundell, 1603.”

But, as Mr. Dyce observes, we have no proof that Roberts was not the “nameless printer” of the quarto of 1603: on the contrary, there is reason to suspect that he was, since we find that he printed the quarto of 1604 for the same Nicholas Lang who was one of the publishers of the quarto of 1603. It is of no material consequence, however, who printed that maimed and surreptitious version. What really concerns us is to know whether, making large allowance for omissions and corruptions due to the negligence of those through whose hands the manuscript passed, the edition of 1603 exhibits the play as Shakespeare first wrote it and as it was “diverse times acted.” We believe it does. The internal evidence is to our judgment convincing that in this wretchedly printed copy we have the poet's first conception (written probably at an early stage of his dramatic career) of that magnificent tragedy which, remodelled and augmented, was published in 1604, under the title of, “The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke. By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Copie. At London, Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his shoppe under Saint Dunstons Church in Fleetstreet, 1604.”

Prefixed to Greene's “Menaphon. Camillas alarm to slumbering Euphues,” &c. 1589, is an Epistle “To the Gentlemen Students of both Universities,” by Nash, in which occur, the following passage,—“He turne backe to my first text, of studies of delight; and talke a little in friendship with a few of our trivall translators. It is a common practice now a daies amongst a sort of shifting companions, that runne through every arte and thrive by none, to leave the trade of *Noverint* whereto they were borne, and busie themselves with the indeavours of art, that could scarce be latinez their neeke-verse if they should have neede; yet English Seneca read by candle-light yeldes many good sentences, as *Blasphemy is a begger*, and so fourth: and if you intreate him faire in a frostie morning, he will afford you whole *Hamlets*, I should say Handfulls of tragical speeches.”

Here, the “shifting companions, that runne through every arte,” brings so distinctly to mind the epithet, “an absolute *Johannes Fac-totum*,” which Nash's sworn brother, Greene, in his

## PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

"Groats-worth of Wit," &c. 1593, applied to Shakespeare, and "the trade of *Novelist*" so well tallies with the received tradition of his having passed some time in the office of an attorney, that, *prima facie*, the allusion to *Hamlet* would seem directly levelled at our author's tragedy. But, then, interposes a difficulty on the score of dates. Shakespeare, in 1589, was only twenty-three years of age.—too young, it may be well objected, to have earned the distinction of being satirized by Nash as having "run through every art." It is asserted, too, on good authority, that an edition of the "Menaphon." was published in 1587; and if that earlier copy contained Nash's Epistle, the probability of his referring to Shakespeare is considerably weakened. Again, in "Wits Miserie, and the Worlds Madnesse," &c. 1596, Lodge, describing a particular fiend, says, "he walks for the most part in black under colour of gravity, and looks as pale as the vizard of y<sup>e</sup> ghost which cried so miserally at y<sup>e</sup> theator like an oysterwife, *Hamlet, revenge.*"

After duly weighing the evidence on either side, we incline to agree with Mr. Dyce, that the play alluded to by Lodge and Nash was an earlier production on the same subject; though we find no cause to conclude that the first sketch of Shakespeare's "Hamlet," as published in 1603, was not the piece to which Henslowe refers in the entry connected with the performances at Newington Butts,—

"9 of June 1594 at hamlet \* \* \* —viii s."

The original story of "Hamlet," or "Amleth," is related by the Danish historian Saxo Grammaticus, and was adopted by Belleforest in his collection of novels, 1564. From the French of the novelist, it was rendered into English at an early date, and printed under the title of "The Historie of Hamblet." If there were really a tragedy of "Hamlet" anterior to the immortal drama by Shakespeare, we may reasonably assume that he derived the outline of his plot from that source. If no such play existed, he probably constructed it entirely from the rude materials furnished by "The Historie of Hamblet."

## Persons Represented.

CLAUDIUS, <i>King of Denmark.</i>	MARCELLUS,	} <i>Officers.</i>
HAMLET, <i>Son to the former, and Nephew to the present King.</i>	BERNARDO.	
	FRANCISCO,	
OLONIUS, <i>Lord Chamberlain.</i>	REYNALDO, <i>Servant to Polonius.</i>	
HORATIO, <i>Friend to Hamlet.</i>	Players	
LAERTES, <i>Son to Polonius</i>	Two Clowns, <i>Grave-diggers.</i>	
VOLTIMAND,	FORTINBRAS, <i>Prince of Norway.</i>	
CORNELIUS,	A Captain.	
ROSENCRANTZ,	English Ambassadors.	
GUILDENSTERN,		
OSRIC,	GERTRUDE, <i>Queen of Denmark, and Mother to Hamlet.</i>	
A Gentleman.	OPHELIA.	
A Priest.		

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

*Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE,—ELSIOR.



## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—Elsinore. *A Platform before the Castle.*

FRANCISCO *on guard.* *Enter to him* BERNARDO.

BER. Who's there?

FRAN. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.

BER. *Long live the king!*\*

FRAN. Bernardo?

BER. He.

FRAN. You come most carefully upon your hour.

BER. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

FRAN. For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart.

BER. Have you had quiet guard?

FRAN. Not a mouse stirring.

BER. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,  
The rivals<sup>b</sup> of my watch, bid them make haste.

FRAN. I think I hear them.—Stand, ho! \*  
Who's there?

*Enter* HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

HOR. Friends to this ground.

MAR. And liegemen to the Dane.

FRAN. Give you good night.

MAR. O, farewell, honest soldier:

Who hath reliev'd you?

FRAN. Bernardo has my place.

Give you good night. [*Exit*

MAR. Holla! Bernardo!

BER. Say, what, is Horatio there?

HOR. A piece of him.

BER. Welcome, Horatio;—welcome, good Marcellus.

MAR. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

BER. I have seen nothing.

MAR. Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy,  
And will not let belief take hold of him,

Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:

(\*) The first folio omits, *ho!*

\* *Long live the king!* This was the watchword of the night  
VOL. IIL

<sup>b</sup> *The rivals*—] That is, the associates, partners, &c. In the quarto of 1603, the reading, indeed, is "partners."



Therefore I have entreated him along  
With us to watch the minutes of this night;  
That, if again this apparition come,  
He may approve<sup>a</sup> our eyes, and speak to it.

HOR. Tush, tush! it will not appear.

BER. Sit down awhile;  
And let us once again assail your ears,  
That are so fortified against our story.  
What we two nights have seen.

HOR. Well, sit we down,  
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

BER. Last night of all,  
When yond same star that's westward from the  
pole

Had made his course to illume that part of heaven  
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,  
The bell then beating<sup>b</sup> one,—

MAR. Peace! break thee off; look, where it  
comes again!

*Enter Ghost.*

BER. In the same figure, like the king that's  
dead.

MAR. Thou art a scholar,<sup>c</sup> speak to it, Horatio.

BER. Looks it not like the king? mark it,  
Horatio.

HOR. Most like:—it harrows me with fear and  
wonder.

BER. It would be spoke to.

MAR. Question it, Horatio.

HOR. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of  
night,

Together with that fair and warlike form  
In which the majesty of buried Denmark  
Did sometimes march? by heaven, I charge thee,  
speak!

MAR. It is offended.

BER. See! it stalks away!

HOR. Stay! speak! speak! I charge thee,  
speak! [*Exit Ghost.*]

MAR. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

BER. How now, Horatio! you tremble, and  
look pale:

Is not this something more than fantasy?

What think you on't?

HOR. Before my God, I might not this believe,  
Without the sensible and true avouch  
Of mine own eyes.

MAR. Is it not like the king?

HOR. As thou art to thyself:

Such was the very armour he had on,  
When he<sup>e</sup> the ambitious Norway combated:  
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,  
He smote the sledded Polacks<sup>f</sup> on the ice.  
'Tis strange.

MAR. Thus twice before, and jump<sup>g</sup> at this dead  
hour,

With martial stalk he passed through<sup>h</sup> our watch.

HOR. In what particular thought to work, I  
know not;

But in the gross and scope of mine<sup>i</sup> opinion,  
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

MAR. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that  
knows,

Why this same strict and most observant watch<sup>j</sup>  
So nightly toils the subject of the land?

And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,  
And foreign mart for implements of war;

Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task  
Does not divide the Sunday from the week;

What might be toward that this sweaty haste  
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the  
day:

Who is't that can inform me?

HOR. That can I;  
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,  
Whose image even out now appear'd to us,  
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,  
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,  
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet<sup>k</sup>  
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd  
him)

Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,  
Well ratified by law and heraldry,

Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,  
Which he stood seiz'd of,<sup>l</sup> to the conqueror:

Against the which, a moiety competent  
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd

<sup>a</sup> — approve—] *Corroborate, confirm, make good*  
<sup>b</sup> — beating—] The quarto, 1603, has,—

"The bell then tolling one,"—

which, perhaps, imparts additional solemnity to this impressive preparation for the appearance of the spectre.

<sup>c</sup> Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio.] As exorcisms were, usually pronounced by the clergy in Latin, the notion became current, that supernatural beings regarded only the addresses of the learned. In proof of this belief, Reed quotes the following from "The Night Walker" of Beaumont and Fletcher, Act II. Sc. 2, where Toby is scared by a supposed ghost, and exclaims,—

"Let's call the butler up, for he speaks Latin.  
And that will daunt the devil."

<sup>d</sup> — the sledded Polacks—] The *sledded Polanders*; though it may be doubtful whether the original "Pollax" was intended as the singular or plural; many editors read, "Polack"

(\*) First folio omits, *he*.

(†) First folio, *my*.

(‡) First folio, *on*.

<sup>e</sup> — and jump at this dead hour.—] So the quartos; the folio substitutes the more modern word, *just*; but in Shakespeare's day, "jump" was the familiar term. So in Act V. Sc. 2, of this play,—

"But since, so jump upon this bloody question."

So, also, in "Othello," Act II. Sc. 3,—

"—bring him jump when he may Cassio find."

<sup>f</sup> With martial stalk he passed through our watch.] The reading of the earliest quarto, and presenting a finer image than that of the subsequent editions, which have,—

"—hath he gone by our watch."



To the inheritance of Fortinbras,  
 Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same cov'nant,  
 And carriage of the article design'd,<sup>a</sup>  
 His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,  
 Of unimproved<sup>b</sup> mettle hot and full,  
 Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,

<sup>a</sup> — design'd, —] So the second folio; the previous editions having, *designs*.

<sup>b</sup> Of unimproved mettle hot and full, —] By unimproved — un-  
 reproved, we apprehend is meant, *insatiable, ungovernable*, as in  
 Chapman's "Homer's Iliads," Book the Eleventh, —

Shark'd up a list of lawless<sup>\*</sup> resolute,  
 For food and diet, to some enterprise  
 That hath a stomach in't: which is no other  
 (As† it doth well appear unto our state,)  
 But to recover of us, by strong hand,  
 And terms compulsative, those 'foresaid lands

(\*) First folio, *Landless*.

(†) First folio, *And*.

— the King still cride, Pursue, pursue,  
 And all his *unreproved* hands, did blood and dust embroil.

So by his father lost: and this, I take it,  
Is the main motive of our preparations,  
The source of this our watch, and the chief head  
Of this post-haste and romage<sup>a</sup> in the land.

BER. I think it be no other, but e'en so:<sup>b</sup>  
Well may it sort that this portentous figure  
Comes armed through our watch; so like the  
king

That was and is the question of these wars.

HOR. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.  
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,  
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,  
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead  
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:  
As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,  
Disasters in the sun; (1) and the moist star,  
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,  
Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse:  
And even the like precursor of fierce events,—  
As harbingers preceding still the fate,—  
And prologue to the omen coming on,—  
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated  
Unto our climatures and countrymen.—  
But, soft! behold! lo, where it comes again!

*Re-enter Ghost.*

I'll cross it, though it blast me.<sup>c</sup>—Stay, illusion!<sup>d</sup>  
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,  
Speak to me:

If there be any good thing to be done,  
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,  
Speak to me:

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,  
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid, O, speak!  
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life  
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,  
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,

[*Cock crows.*]

Speak of it:—stay, and speak!—Stop it, Marcellus.

<sup>a</sup> — romage—] *Commotion, turmoil.*

<sup>b</sup> I think it be no other, but e'en so. J This and the seventeen succeeding lines are not in the folio.

<sup>c</sup> I'll cross it, though it blast me.—] It was an ancient superstition, that any one who crossed the spot on which a spectre was seen, became subjected to its malignant influence. See Blake-way's note ad 1 in the *Parlorum* edition.

<sup>d</sup> Stay, illusion! Attached to these words in the 1604 quarto, is a stage direction,—“*It spreads his arms*.”

“*Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat.*—] This is the text of the folio and all the quartos, except the first which reads, perhaps preferably,—

“—*early and shrill-crowling throat.*”

“—*extravagant and erring.*—] *Wandering and errant.*

<sup>e</sup> No fairy takes.—] The folio inadvertently prints *takes*. To take has before been explained to mean, to paralyze, to deaden, to dream.

<sup>h</sup> — *in russet mantle clad.*—] In the recapitulation of his labours at the conclusion of the *Alfred*, Gawin Douglas says,—

“*Queen pale Aurora with Face lamentabil.*”

MAR. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

HOR. Do, if it will not stand.

BER. 'Tis here!

HOR. 'Tis here!

MAR. 'Tis gone! [*Exit Ghost.*]

We do it wrong, being so majestic,

To offer it the show of violence;

For it is, as the air, invulnerable,

And our vain blows malicious mockery.

BER. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

HOR. And then it started like a guilty thing  
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,

The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,<sup>\*</sup>

Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat<sup>\*</sup>

Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,

Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,

The extravagant and erring spirit hies

To his confine: and of the truth herein,

This present object made probation.

MAR. It faded on the crowing of the cock.<sup>(2)</sup>

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes

Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,

The bird of dawning singeth all night long

And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;

The nights are wholesome; then no planets  
strike,

No fairy takes,<sup>e</sup> nor witch hath power to charm,  
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

HOR. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle<sup>h</sup> clad,

Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill:<sup>i</sup>

Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,

Let us impart what we have seen to-night

Unto young Hamlet: for, upon my life,

This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:

Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,

As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

MAR. Let's do't, I pray: and I this morning  
know

Where we shall find him most conveniently.

[*Exeunt.*]

(\*) First folio, *day*.

(†) First folio, *can walks*

*Her Russet Mantle* hordourit all with sabill.”

<sup>i</sup> — yon high eastern hill:] The earliest quarto has,—

“—yon his mountaine top;”—

the later quartos,—

“—yon high eastward hill.”

We adopt the lection of the folio, as more in accordance with the poetical phraseology of the period. Thus, in Chapman's translation of the Thirteenth Book of Homer's *Odyssey*,—

“—Ulysses still

An eye directed to the eastern hill.”

And Spenser charmingly ushers in the morn by telling us that—

“—cheareful Chaunticlere with his note shrill  
Had warn'd once, that Phœbus' fiery Car  
In haste was climbing up the Eastern Hill,  
Full envious that Night so long his room did fill.”



SCENE II—*The same A Room of State in the same*

*Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords, and Attendants.*

KING. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death  
The memory be green, and that it us befitted  
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom  
To be contracted in one brow of woe,  
Yet so far hath discretion taught with nature,  
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,  
Together with remembrance of ourselves.  
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,  
The imperial jointress of this warlike state  
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,—

| With one auspicious and one dropping eye,  
| With mirth in funeral, and with dunge in marriage,

In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—  
Taken to wife nor have we herein barr'd  
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone  
With this affair along—for all, our thanks.  
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,  
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,  
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death,  
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,  
Collagued with the dream of his advantage,—  
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,  
Importing the surrender of those lands  
Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,  
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.—  
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting,  
Thus much the business is—we have here writ  
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—  
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears

Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress  
His further gait herein; in that the levies,  
The lists, and full proportions, are all made  
Out of his subject: and we here dispatch  
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,  
For bearers\* of this greeting to old Norway;  
Giving to you no further personal power  
To business with the king, more than the scope  
Of these dilated articles allow.  
Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.

COR., VOL. In that and all things will we  
show our duty.

KING. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewell.—  
[*Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.*]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?"  
You told us of some suit; what is 't, Laertes?  
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,  
And lose your voice: what wouldst thou beg,  
Laertes,

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?  
The head is not more native to the heart,  
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,  
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.  
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

LAER. Dread my lord,  
Your leave and favour to return to France;  
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,  
To show my duty in your coronation;  
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,  
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward  
France,

And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.<sup>(3)</sup>

KING. Have you your father's leave?—What  
says Polonius?

POL. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my  
slow leave

By laboursome petition; and, at last,  
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:  
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.\*

KING. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be  
thine,

And thy best graces spend it at thy will!—

But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son.—

HAM. [*Aside.*] A little more than kin, and less  
than kind.<sup>b</sup>

KING. How is it that the clouds still hang on  
you?

HAM. Not so, my lord; I am too much in  
the sun.<sup>c</sup>

QUEEN. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour  
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.  
Do not for ever with thy veiled lids  
Seek for thy noble father in the dust: {die,  
Thou know'st 't is common,—all that lives must  
Passing through nature to eternity.

HAM. Ay, madam, it is common.

QUEEN. If it be,  
Why seems it so particular with thee? [seems.

HAM. *Seems*, madam! nay, it is; I know not  
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,  
Nor customary suits of solemn black,  
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,  
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,  
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,  
Together with all forms, modes,\* shows of grief,  
That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem,  
For they are actions that a man might play;  
But I have that within which passeth show;  
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

KING. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your  
nature, Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father:  
But, you must know, your father lost a father;  
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound,  
In filial obligation, for some term  
To do obsequious<sup>d</sup> sorrow: but to persevere,  
In obstinate condolence, is a course  
Of impious stubbornness; 't is unmanly grief:  
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;  
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient;  
An understanding simple and unschool'd:  
For what we know must be, and is as common  
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,  
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,  
Take it to heart? Fie! 't is a fault to heaven,  
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,  
To reason most absurd: whose common theme  
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,  
From the first corse till he that died to-day,  
*This must be so.* We pray you, throw to earth  
This unprevailing woe; and think of us  
As of a father; for let the world take note,  
You are the most immediate to our throne;  
And with no less nobility\* of love

(\*) First folio, *bearing*.

(\*) Old text, *moods*.

\* I do beseech you, give him leave to go ] In the folio this  
speech is abbreviated to,—

"He hath my Lord:  
I do beseech you give him leave to go."

<sup>b</sup> A little more than kin, and less than kind.] The meaning  
may perhaps be gathered from what appears to have been a pro-  
verbial saying, in Rowley's "Search for Money"—"I would he  
were not so near to us in *kindred*, then sure he would be nearer  
in *kindness*."

— I am too much [the sun] By this, Hamlet may mean, I

am too much in the way; a mote in the royal eye: but his reply  
is purposely enigmatical.  
<sup>d</sup> — obsequious sorrow ] The customary *funereal* sorrow: thus,  
in "Titus Andronicus," Act V. Sc. 3,—

"To shed obsequious tears upon his trunk."

<sup>e</sup> — with no less nobility of love—] So the Ghost,—"*To me  
use love as of that dignity.*" Dr. Badham, however, proposes  
— read,—

"— with nobility no less of love  
Than that."



Than that which dearest father bears his son,  
Do I impart toward you. For your intent  
In going back to school in Wittenberg,  
It is most retrograde to our desire :  
And, we beseech you, bend you to remain  
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,  
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

QUEEN. Let not thy mother lose her prayers,  
Hamlet ;

I pray thee, stay with us ; go not to Wittenberg.

HAM. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

KING. Why, 't is a loving and a fair reply:  
Be as yourself in Denmark.—Madam, come ;  
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet  
Sits smiling to my heart : in grace whereof,  
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,  
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell ;  
And the king's rouse<sup>a</sup> the heavens shall bruit again,  
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.<sup>(\*)</sup>

[*Exeunt all except HAMLET.*]

<sup>a</sup> —the king's rouse—] See note on the drinking terms at the end of this play

HAM. O, that this too too<sup>a</sup> solid flesh would melt,  
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!  
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd  
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O, God! O,  
God!

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable  
Seem to me all the uses of this world!  
Fie on't! O, fie! 't is an unweeded garden,  
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in  
nature  
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!  
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not  
two;

So excellent a king; that was, to this,  
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,  
That he might not betem<sup>b</sup> the winds of heaven  
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!  
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,  
As if increase of appetite had grown  
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month,—  
Let me not think on't—Frailty, thy name is  
woman!—

A little month; or ere those shoes were old,  
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,  
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,—  
O, God! \* a beast, that wants discourse of reason,<sup>c</sup>  
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with mine  
uncle,

My father's brother; but no more like my father,  
Than I to Hercules: within a month;  
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears  
Had left the flushing<sup>d</sup> of her galled eyes,  
She married:—O, most wicked speed to post  
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets,  
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;  
But break, my heart.—for I must hold my tongue!

Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, and MARCELLUS.

HOR. Hail to your lordship!

(\*) First folio, *heaven*.

<sup>a</sup> O, that this too too solid flesh would melt.—] Mr Halliwell has proved by numberless examples, culled from our early writers, that where *too* too occurred, in the generality of cases it formed a compound word, *too-too*, and when thus connected bore the meaning of *exceeding*. The present instance, however, must be regarded as an exception to the rule. Here the repetition of *too* is not only strikingly beautiful, rhetorically, but it admirably expresses that morbid condition of the mind which makes the unhappy prince deem all the uses of the world but "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable."

<sup>b</sup> — betem.—] That is, *confound*, *scatter*, and the like.  
<sup>c</sup> — discourse of reason.—] By "*discourse* of reason" was meant the comprehensive *range*, or *discursiveness* of reason, the retrospective and foreseeing faculties, thus in Act IV. Sc. 4, Hamlet remarks,

"Sure he that made us with such large discourses,  
Looking before and after, gave us not  
That capability and godlike reason  
To fast in us unused."

<sup>d</sup> Had left the flushing.—] The quarto, 1603, reads, "—their flushing."

HAM. I am glad to see you well:  
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

HOR. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

HAM. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you.  
And what make<sup>e</sup> you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—  
Marcellus?

MAR. My good lord,—

HAM. I am very glad to see you.—Good even sir,—

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

HOR. A truant disposition, good my lord.

HAM. I would not hear<sup>f</sup> your enemy say so;  
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,  
To make it truster of your own report  
Against yourself: I know you are no truant.  
But what is your affair in Elsinore?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.<sup>g</sup>

HOR. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

HAM. I pr'ythee, do not mock me, fellow-student;

I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

HOR. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

HAM. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd<sup>h</sup> meats (5)

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.  
Would I had met my dearest<sup>i</sup> foe in heaven  
Ere ever I had <sup>†</sup> seen that day, Horatio!—  
My father,—methinks, I see my father.

HOR. O, where, my lord?

HAM. In my mind's eye,<sup>j</sup> Horatio.

HOR. I saw him once; he was a goodly king.

HAM. He was a man, take him for all in all,  
I shall not look upon his like again.

HOR. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

HAM. Saw who?

HOR. My lord, the king your father.

HAM. The king my father!

HOR. Season your admiration for a while  
With an attentive<sup>k</sup> ear; till I may deliver,

(\*) First folio, *have*.

(†) First folio, *Ere I had ever*

<sup>e</sup> And what make you.—] We should now ask,—"*What do you?*" but the above was a household form of speech in Shakespeare's day, in the same manner, Hamlet subsequently demands, "Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern,—"*What make you at Elsinore?*" in "Othello," Act I. Sc. 2, Cassio inquires of Iago,—

"—ancient, what makes he here?"

and in "Love's Labour's Lost," Act IV. Sc. 3, the king questions Costard,—

"—what makes treason here?"

<sup>f</sup> We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.] The reading of the 1603 quarto and of the folio 1623: the other old copies have,—

<sup>g</sup> "We'll teach you for to drink ere you depart."

<sup>h</sup> In my mind's eye, Horatio.] The expression was not unusual: "Ah why were the Eyes of my Mynde so dyyned wyth the myste of fonde zeal, that I could not consyder the common Malice of men now a dayes."—FLETCHER'S *Tragicall Discourses*, 4to. 1567. Again,—"*Let us consider and behold with the eyes of our soul his long suffering will.*"—1 *Epistle of St. Clement*, cap. 19.

<sup>k</sup> — an attentive ear:] The folio and one of the quartos have,—"an attent ear."



Upon the witness of those gentlemen,  
This marvel to you.

HAM. For God's\* love, let me hear.

HOR. Two nights together had these gentlemen,  
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,  
In the dead vast<sup>a</sup> and middle of the night,  
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,  
Armed at point,<sup>b</sup> exactly, cap-à-pé,  
Appears before them, and with solemn march  
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd  
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,  
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, dis-  
till'd<sup>c</sup>

Almost to jelly with the act of fear,  
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me  
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;  
And I with them the third night kept the watch:  
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,  
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,  
The apparition comes. I knew your father;  
These hands are not more like.

(\*) First folio, *Heavens*.

<sup>a</sup> In the dead vast, &c.] Thus the 1603 quarto, that of 1604,  
etc. reads,—

"In the dead waste," &c.;

the folio, "—dead wast," &c.

VOL. III.

HAM. But where was this?

MAR. My lord, upon the platform where we  
watch'd.

HAM. Did you not speak to it?

HOR. My lord, I did;

But answer made it none: yet once methought  
It lifted up his<sup>d</sup> head, and did address  
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:  
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;  
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,  
And vanish'd from our sight.

HAM. 'Tis very strange.

HOR. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true  
And we did think it writ down in our duty  
To let you know of it.

HAM. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles  
me.—

Hold you the watch to-night?

MAR., BER. We do, my lord.

HAM. Arm'd, say you?

MAR., BER. Arm'd, my lord.

<sup>b</sup> Armed at point, *exactly, cap à-pé*.—] So all the quartos but  
that of 1603, which has, "Armed to poynt," &c.: the folio reads,  
—"Arm'd at all points,"

<sup>c</sup> —distill'd—] The reading of the quartos. The folio gives  
—"bestill'd;" and Mr. Collier's annotator substitutes *beckill'd*.

<sup>d</sup> It lifted up his head,—] from the quarto of 1603. The other  
quartos and the folio have,—"it head."



HAM. From top to toe?

MAR., BER. My lord, from head to foot.

HAM. Then saw you not his face?

HOB. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

HAM. How look'd he,\* frowningly?

HOB. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

HAM. Pale or red?

HOB. Nay, very pale.

HAM. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

HOB. Most constantly.

HAM. I would I had been there.

HOB. It would have much amaz'd you.

HAM. Very like, very like.—Stay'd it long?

HOB. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

MAR., BER. Longer, longer.

HOB. Not when I saw it.

HAM. His beard was grizzled,\*—no?

HOB. It was, as I have seen it in his life,

A sable silvered.

HAM. I'll watch to-night;

Perchance, 'twill walk † again.

HOB. I warrant you it will.

HAM. If it assume my noble father's person,

I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,<sup>b</sup>

And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,

If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,

Let it be tenable ‡ in your silence still;

And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,

Give it an understanding, but no tongue;

I will requite your loves. So, fare ye well:

Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,

I'll visit you.

ALL. Our duty to your honour.

HAM. Your love, as mine to you:° farewell.

[*Exeunt* HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and  
BERNARDO.

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;

I doubt some foul play: would the night were  
come!

Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,

Though all the earth o'erwhelm them to men's  
eyes!

### SCENE III.—A Room in Polonius' House.

*Enter* LAERTES and OPHELIA.

LAER. My necessities are embark'd; farewell:

And, sister, as the winds give benefit,

And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,

But let me hear from you.

OPH.

Do you doubt that?

LAER. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his  
favours,

Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;

A violet in the youth of primy nature,

Forward,\* not permanent, sweet, not lasting,

The perfume and † supplience of a minute;

No more.

OPH. No more but so?

LAER.

Think it no more:

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone

In thews and bulk; but, as this ‡ temple waxes,

The inward service of the mind and soul

Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now;

And now no soil nor cautels<sup>d</sup> doth besmirch

The virtue<sup>e</sup> of his will;§ but you must fear,

His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;

For he himself is subject to his birth:

He may not, as unvalu'd persons do,

Carve for himself; for on his choice depends

The safety and the health of the whole state;†

And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd

Unto the voice and yielding of that body,

Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he  
loves you,

It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,

As he in his particular act and place||

May give his saying deed; which is no further

Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.

Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,

If with too credent ear you list his songs;

Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open

To his unmaster'd importunity.

Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;

(\*) First folio, *grately*.

† First folio, *winks*.

(‡) First folio, *treble*.

<sup>a</sup> How look'd he, —] Thus the earliest quarto: the subsequent editions read, "What, look't he," &c.

<sup>b</sup> — though hell itself should gape,  
And did me hold my peace.]

"Gape" here, perhaps, signifies *yawn*, *howl*, *roar*, &c., rather than *yawn* or *open*; as in "Henry VIII." Act V Sc 3, — "You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: do you take the court for Parish-garden? Ye ride slaves, leave your gaping."

<sup>c</sup> ALL. Our duty to your honour

HAM Your love, as mine to you: farewell.]

In the 1603 quarto we have, —

(\*) First folio, *Forward*.

(†) First folio omits, *perfume and*.

(‡) First folio, *his*.

(§) First folio, *faure*.

(||) First folio, *peculiar Sect and force*.

"All Our duties to your honor.

Ham. O your loves, your loves, as mine to you."

And the hurried repetition, "your loves, your loves," well expresses the perturbation of Hamlet at the moment, and that feverish impatience to be alone and commune with himself which he evinces whenever he is particularly moved.

<sup>d</sup> — cautels —] *Crafty circumspection*.

<sup>e</sup> The virtue of his will.] *Virtue* here seems to import *essential goodness*, as we speak of the *virtues* of herbs, &c.

<sup>f</sup> The safety and the health of the whole state;] In the quarto of 1604, we get, — "The safety and health," &c.; "safety" being pronounced as a tri-syllable. In the folio the line stands, —

"The *sanctity* and health of the whole State."

And keep you in<sup>a</sup> the rear of your affection,  
Out of the shot and danger of desire.  
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,  
If she unpack her beauty to the moon:  
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes:  
The canker galls the infants of the spring,  
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd,  
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth  
Contagious blastments are most imminent.  
Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear  
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near

OPH. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,  
As watchman<sup>b</sup> to my heart But, good my brother,  
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do  
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,  
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,  
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,  
And recks not his own rede<sup>c</sup>

LAER O, fear me not  
I stay too long, —but here my father comes —

*Enter POLONIUS*

A double blessing is a double grace,  
Occasion smiles upon a second leave

POL Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for  
shame!

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,  
And you are stay'd for There,—my blessing with  
you!

*[Laying his hand on LAERTS' head]*  
And these few precepts in thy memory  
See thou character Give thy thoughts no tongue,  
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act  
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar  
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel,<sup>b</sup>  
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
Of each new-hatch'd & unfieldg'd comrade Beware  
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,  
Bear't, that the opposed may beware of thee  
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice

Take each man's<sup>c</sup> censure,<sup>a</sup> but reserve thy judg-  
ment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not express'd in fancy, rich, not gaudy:  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;  
And they in Franco of the best rank and station  
Are of a most select and generous sheaf<sup>d</sup> in that.  
Neither a borrower nor a lender be.  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.  
This above all, —to thine own self be true;  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.  
Farewell, my blessing season this in thee!

LAER Most humbly do I take my leave, my  
lord

POL The time invites you, go, your servants  
tend.

LAER Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well  
What I have said to you

OPH 'Tis in my memory lock'd,  
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

LAER Farewell *[Exit.]*  
POL What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

OPH So please you, something touching the  
lord Hamlet

POL Murry, well be thought  
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late  
Given private time to you, and you yourself  
Have of your audience been most free and  
bounteous

If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,  
And that in way of caution) I must tell you,  
You do not understand yourself so clearly,  
As it behoves my daughter and your honour.  
What is between you? give me up the truth

OPH He hath, my lord, of late made ma-  
tenders

Of his affection to me

POL Affection! pooh! you speak like a green  
gill,

Unsettled in such perilous circumstance  
Do you believe his *tenders*, as you call them?

Are most select and generous chief in that,"  
and his emendation has been generally adopted Stevens pro-  
posed —

"select and generous are most choice in that,"  
while Mr Collier's annotator has —

"Are of a most select and generous choice in that"  
The slight change of sheaf for *choice* or *cheff*, a change for which  
etc alone are answerable seems to impart a better and more poetic  
meaning to the passage than any variation yet suggested and it  
is supported if not established by the following extracts from  
Ben Jonson —

Ay and with assurance,  
That it is found in noblemen and gentlemen  
Of the best sheaf<sup>e</sup>

*The Magnetic Lady*, Act III Sc. 4

"I am so haunted at the court and at my lodging with your  
refined choice spirits that it makes me clean of another garb,  
another sheaf" —*Every Man out of his Humour*, Act II Sc. 1

(\*) First folio keep within

(†) First folio the

(‡) First folio unarmen

(§) First folio unhatch'd

<sup>a</sup> — recks not his own rede ] *Regards not his own counsel or*  
*advice*

<sup>b</sup> — hoops of steel ] Pope substituted *hooks* for 'hoops,' and  
was followed by several of the subsequent editors

<sup>c</sup> — censure, —] *Opinion derision*

<sup>d</sup> *Are of a most select and generous sheaf in that* ] In the quarto  
of 1603, this much disputed line reads —

"Are of a most select and general chiefe in that"

the after quartos, —

"Ar [and Or] of a most select generous cheefe in that"

and the folio gives, —

"Are of a most select and generous cheff in that"

Rowe, the first modern editor, endeavoured to render the sense  
intelligible by altering the old text to, —

OPH. I do not know, my lord, what I should think. [baby;

POL. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a That you have ta'en these<sup>a</sup> tenders for true pay, Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;

Or,—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase, Running<sup>a</sup> it thus,—you'll tender me a fool.

OPH. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love, In honourable fashion.

POL. Ay, *fashion* you may call it; go to, go to.

OPH. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,.

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.†

POL. Ay, springs to catch woodcocks. I do know,

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul Lends<sup>‡</sup> the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter, Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both, Even in their promise, as it is a-making,— You must not take for fire. From<sup>§</sup> this time, daughter,

Be somewhat scantier of your maiden presence; Set your entreatments at a higher rate,

Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,

Believe so much in him, that he is young;

And with a larger tether may he walk,

Than may be given you: in few, Ophelia,

Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers;

Not of that dye<sup>b</sup> which their investments show,

But mere implorators of unholy suits,

Breathling like sanctified and pious bonds,<sup>c</sup>

The better to beguile. This is for all,—

I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,

Have you so<sup>d</sup> slander<sup>d</sup> any moment leisure,

As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.

Look to't, I charge you: come your ways.

OPH. I shall obey, my lord. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE IV.—The Platform.

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

HAM. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.||

HOR. It is a nipping and an eager air.

HAM. What hour now?

HOR. I think it lacks of twelve.

MAR. No, it is struck.

HOR. Indeed? I heard it not: it then<sup>e</sup> draws near the season

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[A flourish of trumpets within, and ordnance shot off.

What does this mean, my lord?

HAM. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,

Keeps wassail,<sup>†</sup> and the swaggering<sup>‡</sup> up-spring reels; (7)

And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,

The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out The triumph of his pledge.

HOR. Is it a custom?

HAM. Ay, marry, is't:

But<sup>‡</sup> to my mind,—though I am native here,

And to the manner born,—it is a custom

More honour'd in the breach than the observance.

This heavy-headed revel,<sup>e</sup> east and west

Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations:

They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase

Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes

From our achievements, though perform'd at height,

The pith and marrow of our attribute.

So, oft it chances in particular men,

That for some vicious mole of nature in them,

As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,

Since nature cannot choose his origin)

By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,

Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;

Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens

The form of plausible manners;—that these men,—

Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,

Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—

Their<sup>§</sup> virtues else (be they as pure as grace,

As infinite as man may undergo)

Shall in the general censure take corruption

From that particular fault: (8) the dram of

(\*) First folio, *his*. (†) First folio, *With all the vows of Heaven*

(‡) First folio, *Gies*. (§) First folio, *For*.

(||) First folio, *is it very cold?*

<sup>a</sup> Running it thus,—] The quartos read,—“Wrong it thus,” &c. the folio,—“Roaming it thus,” &c. “That ‘Roaming’ is a mistake for ‘Running,’” Mr. Dyce remarks, “I have long been convinced; so in a line of ‘King John,—

‘Say shall the current of our right run on?’—

the folio erroneously has,—‘come on!’ Mr. Collier also in his note on the present passage proposed ‘Running;’ and I now find, from the one-volume *Shakespeare*, that his MS. corrector makes the same alteration.”

<sup>b</sup> Not of that dye, &c.] Thus the quartos, 1604, &c.; but the folio has,—“Not of the eye,” &c., which, as *eye* was occasionally

(\*) First folio, *then it*.

(†) First folio, *wassail*. (‡)

(§) First folio, *And*. (6) Old text, *His*, corrected by Theobald.

employed to denote a shade of colour,—

“With an *eye* of green in’t.”—*The Tempest*, Act I. Sc. 2,—may possibly be right.

<sup>c</sup> —like sanctified and pious bonds,—] So the old editions. At one time we were strenuously in favour of Theobald’s alteration *birds* for “bonds;” we are now persuaded the old text is right.

<sup>d</sup> —slander any moment leisure,—] That is, *abuse*, &c. Modern editors, with the exception of Mr. Dyce, all deviate slightly the old text in this line by reading, “—moment’s leisure.”

<sup>e</sup> This heavy-headed revel, &c.] From these words the remainder of the speech is omitted in the folio.



Doth all the noble substance of a doubt,  
To his own scandal.\*

HOR. Look, my lord, it comes!

*Enter Ghost.*

HAM. Angels and ministers of grace defend  
us!—

Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,  
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from  
hell,

Be thy intents\* wicked or charitable,  
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,  
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,  
King, father, royal Dane: O,† answer me!

(\*) First folio, *events*.

(†) First folio, *Oh, oh*.

— the *dram* of *eale*

Doth all the noble substance of a doubt,  
To his own scandal.]

The meaning here is tolerably obvious; it is explained indeed by what goes before, but the diction, owing to some errors in the first and second line, has occasioned "much throwing about of brains." For "eale," two of the quartos have "ease," which probably led Theobald to print,—

— the *dram* of *base*

Doth all the noble substance of worth out  
To his own scandal.]

Steevens reads,—

— the *dram* of *base*

Doth all the noble substance often *dout* [i.e. *do out*]  
To his own scandal.]

And this is usually followed in the modern text, "ill," however, being often preferred to "base." Mason conjectured "of a doubt"

Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell  
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hallow'd in death,  
Have burst their cerements! why the sepulchre,  
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,  
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,  
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,  
That thou, dead corpse, again in complete steel,  
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature  
So horribly to shake our disposition,  
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?  
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[*Ghost beckons HAMLET.*

HOR. It beckons you to go away with it,  
As if it some impartment did desire  
To you alone.

was a mistake for "of't corrupt" Mr. W. N. Lettsom, too, observes, "a verb I should think must lurk under the corruption, 'a doubt,' or 'doubt,' with the signification of turn, pervert, corrupt, or the like," and Dr. Ingley writes, "I am convinced that 'of a doubt' is a misprint for 'derogate,' for 1st, 'of a doubt' and 'derogate' have the same number of letters, 2nd, they have the o, a, d, and i in common, and 3rd, 'derogate' is the only verb that at the same time completes the sense and preserves the metre." The suggestion of "derogate" is ingenious, but may not be the construction have been this,— "The *dram* of *base* (or *ill*, or *bale*, or *lead*, or whatever word the compositor tortured into "eale" or "ea-e") doth the *dout*, *worketh*, all the noble substance of a pound to its own violence!" We by no means pretend that *pound* was the actual word misrendered "doubt;" it is inserted merely because it occurs in opposition to "*dram*" in a line of Quarles' "Emblems," b ii. E. 7,—

"Where every *dram* of gold contains a *pound* of dross,"—

and because it is extremely probable some such antithesis was intended here.

MAR. Look, with what courteous action  
It waves\* you to a more removed ground:  
But do not go with it.

HOR. No, by no means.

HAM. It will not speak; then will I follow it.

HOR. Do not, my lord.

HAM. Why, what should be the fear?  
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;  
And for my soul, what can it do to that,  
Being a thing immortal as itself?  
It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.

HOR. What if it tempt you toward the flood,  
my lord,

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,  
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,  
And there assume some other horrible form,  
Which might deprive your sovereignty of  
reason,<sup>a</sup>

And draw you into madness? think of it:  
The very place puts toys of desperation,  
Without more motive, into every brain,  
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,  
And hears it roar beneath.<sup>b</sup>

HAM. It waves\* me still:—  
Go on; I'll follow thee.

MAR. You shall not go, my lord.

HAM. Hold off your hands!‡

HOR. Be rul'd; you shall not go.

HAM. My flute cries out,  
And makes each petty artery in this body  
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.—

[Ghost beckons.

Still am I call'd;—unhand me, gentlemen;—  
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets<sup>c</sup>  
me!— [Breaking from them.  
I say, away!—Go on, I'll follow thee.

[Exeunt Ghost and HAMLET.

HOR. He waxes desperate with imagination.

MAR. Let's follow; 't is not fit thus to obey  
him.

HOR. Have after.—To what issue will this  
come?

MAR. Something is rotten in the state of  
Denmark.

HOR. Heaven will direct it.

MAR. Nay, let's follow him.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—A more remote Part of the  
Platform.

Enter Ghost and HAMLET.

HAM. Whither\* wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll  
go no further.

GHOST. Mark me.

HAM. I will.

GHOST. My hour is almost come,  
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames  
Must render up myself.

HAM. Alas, poor ghost!

GHOST. Pity me not, but lend thy serious  
hearing  
To what I shall unfold.

HAM. Speak; I am bound to hear.

GHOST. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt  
hear.

HAM. What!

GHOST. I am thy father's spirit;  
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,  
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,<sup>d</sup>  
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature  
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid  
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,  
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word  
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young  
blood;  
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their  
[spheres:  
Thy knotted† and combined locks to part,  
And each particular hair to stand an end,  
Take quills upon the fretful porcupine;‡  
But this eternal blazon must not be  
To ears of flesh and blood.—List, list, O, list!—\$  
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

HAM. O, God!! [murder.

GHOST. Revenge his foul and most unnatural

HAM. Murder!

GHOST. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;  
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

HAM. Haste me to know't, that I,¶ with wings  
as swift

As meditation or the thoughts of love,

May sweep to my revenge.

GHOST. I find thee apt;

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed  
That rots\* itself in ease on Lethe wharf,

(\*) First folio, *wasts*. (†) Old text, *sonnet*, and *Sonnet*.  
(‡) First folio, *hand*.

<sup>a</sup> Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason.—Gifford was mistaken in assuming that "your sovereignty" was here merely a title of respect like "your lordship," applied to Hamlet. To deprive your sovereignty of reason, means to dethrone or displace your powers of reason. Warburton cites a passage from *Einw. Basilika*, where the precise expression occurs: "At once to betray the sovereignty of reason in my own soul."

<sup>b</sup> And hears it roar beneath.] This and the three preceding lines are not found in the folio.

(\*) First folio, *Where*. (†) First folio, *knotty*.  
(‡) Old text, *Porcupine*. (§) First folio, *list Hamlet, oh list*.  
(¶) First folio, *Heaven*.  
(\*) First folio, *Hast, hast me to know it, That with wings*

<sup>c</sup> — that lets me!— That hinders, or obstructs me.  
<sup>d</sup> — confin'd to fast in fires.— The reading of all the copies, except the 1603 quarto, which has, "Confinde in flaming fire," &c. Heath proposed, "—to lasting fires," &c.; and the samelection is suggested by Mr. Collier's annotator.

<sup>e</sup> That rots itself.— The quartos all read, "rots itself," and it is difficult to determine which expression deserves the preference



Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet,  
hear :

'Tis<sup>\*</sup> given out that, sleeping in mine orchard,  
A serpent stung me ; so the whole ear of Den-  
mark

Is by a forged process of my death  
Rankly abus'd : but know, thou noble youth  
The serpent that did sting thy father's life,  
Now wears his crown.

(\*) First folio, *It's*.

HAM. O, my prophetic soul ! mine uncle !

GHOST. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate  
beast,

With witchcraft of his wit,<sup>\*</sup> with traitorous gifts,  
(O, wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power  
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust  
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen ;  
O. Hamlet, what a falling-off was there !  
From me, whose love was of that dignity,

(\*) Old text, *with*

(†) First folio, *As the*

(1) First folio, *this*.

That it went hand in hand even with the vow  
I made to her in marriage; and to decline  
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor  
To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,  
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;  
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,  
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,  
And prey on garbage.

But, soft! methinks I scent the morning\* air;  
Brief let me be.—Sleeping within mine orchard,  
My custom always in the afternoon,  
Upon my secure<sup>a</sup> hour thy uncle stole,  
With juice of curst hebenon in a vial,  
And in the porches of mine ears did pour  
The leperous distilment; whose effect  
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,  
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through  
The natural gates and alleys of the body;  
And, with a sudden vigour,<sup>b</sup> it doth posset  
And curd, like eager<sup>c</sup> droppings into milk,  
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;  
And a most instant tetter burk'd† about,  
Most lazur-like, with vile and louthsome crust,  
All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand  
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd;<sup>d</sup>  
Out off even in the blossoms of my sin,  
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd:<sup>e</sup>  
No reckoning made, but sent to my account  
With all my imperfections on my head:  
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!†  
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;  
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be  
A couch for luxury and damned incest.  
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,  
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive  
Against thy mother's ought; leave her to heaven,  
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,  
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!  
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,  
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:<sup>(9)</sup>  
Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me! [Exit.]

HAM. O, all you host of heaven! O, earth!  
what else?

And shall I couple hell?—O, fie!—Hold, my heart;  
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,  
But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee!  
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat

In this distracted globe. Remember thee!  
Yea, from the table of my memory  
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,  
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,  
That youth and observation copied there;  
And thy commandment all alone shall live  
Within the book and volume of my brain,  
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes,<sup>\*</sup> by heaven!—  
O, most pernicious woman!—  
O, villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!—  
My tables,†—meet it is I set it down,  
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;  
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark;

[Writing.]

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;  
It is, *Adieu, adieu!* remember me.

I have sworn 't.

HOR. [Without.] My lord, my lord,—

MAR. [Without.] Lord Hamlet,—

HOR. [Without.] Heaven secure him!

MAR. [Without.] So be it!

HOR. [Without.] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

HAM. Illo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.<sup>\*</sup>

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

MAR. How is 't, my noble lord?

HOR. What news, my lord?

HAM. O, wonderful!

HOR. Good my lord, tell it.

HAM. No; you'll reveal it.

HOR. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

MAR. Nor I, my lord.

HAM. How say you then; would heart of man  
once think it?—

But you'll be secret?—

HOR., MAR. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

HAM. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all  
Denmark—

But he's an arrant knave.

HOR. There needs no ghost, my lord, come  
from the grave

To tell us this.

HAM. Why, right; you are i' the right;

And so, without more circumstance at all,  
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part;  
You, as your business and desire shall point you,<sup>†</sup>  
For every man has business and desire,

(\*) First folio, *Mornings*.

(†) First folio, *back'd*.

<sup>a</sup> — my secure hour.—] *My unguarded* hour. See note (\*), p. 96, of the present volume.

<sup>b</sup> — a sudden vigour.—] "Vigour" may be right; but *vigour* seems more suitable to the context, and more accordant with the supposed effects of narcotics formerly.

<sup>c</sup> — eager.—] *Agre, sour*.

<sup>d</sup> — despatch'd.—] *Be-right*. The quarto of 1603 has "deprived;" but that hardly expresses the instantaneity of the severance so aptly as "despatch'd."

<sup>e</sup> Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd.—] "Unhousel'd" signifies

without having received the eucharist; "disappointed" — *unappointed*, means *unprepared*; and "unanel'd" is without extreme unction.

[O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!] Notwithstanding the unanimity of the old copies in assigning this line to the Ghost, there can be little doubt it was intended to be spoken by Hamlet, as in acting, indeed, it usually is.

[Illo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.] These were expressions of encouragement which the falconer of old was wont to address to his hawks.

Such as it is,—and, for mine own poor part,  
Look you, I'll go pray.

HOR. These are but wild and whirling\* words,  
my lord.

HAM. I'm sorry they offend you; heartily;  
Yes, faith, heartily.

HOR. There's no offence, my lord.

HAM. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is,  
Horatio,†

And much offence too. Touching this vision here,—  
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:  
For your desire to know what is between us,  
O'ermaster 't as you may. And now, good friends,  
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,  
Give me one poor request.

HOR. What is 't, my lord? we will.

HAM. Never make known what you have seen  
to-night.

HOR., MAR. My lord, we will not.

HAM. Nay, but swear 't.

HOR. In faith, my lord, not I!

MAR. Nor I, my lord, in faith!

HAM. Upon my sword!

MAR. We have sworn, my lord, already.

HAM. In deed, upon my sword, in deed.\*

GHOST. [*Beneath.*] Swear!

HAM. Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou  
there, true-penny?—

Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—  
Consent to swear.

HOR. Propose the oath, my lord.

HAM. Never to speak of this that you have seen,  
Swear by my sword.

GHOST. [*Beneath.*] Swear!

HAM. *Hic et ubique?* then we'll shift our  
ground.—

Come hither, gentlemen,  
And lay your hands again upon my sword:  
Never to speak of this that you have heard,  
Swear by my sword.

GHOST. [*Beneath.*] Swear by his sword!‡

HAM. Well said, old mole! canst work i' the  
earth\* so fast?

A worthy pioner!—Once more remove, good  
friends.

HOR. O, day and night, but this is wondrous  
strange!

HAM. And therefore as a stranger give it  
welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth,  
Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your† philosophy. But  
come;—

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,  
How strange or odd, soe'er I bear myself,—

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet  
To put an antic disposition on,—

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,  
With arms encumber'd thus, or this‡ head-shake,  
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,  
As, *Well, well, we know*;—or, *We could, an if*  
*we would*;—

Or, *If we list to speak*;—or, *There be, an if*  
*they|| might*;—

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note  
That you know ought of me,—this not to do,  
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,  
Swear!

GHOST. [*Beneath.*] Swear!

HAM. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!—So, gen-  
tlemen,

With all my love I do commend me to you:  
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is  
May do, to express his love and friending to you,  
God willing, shall not lack. \*Let us go in  
together;

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.  
The time is out of joint:—O, cursed spite,  
That ever I was born to set it right!—

Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*]

(\*) First folio, *hurting*.

(†) First folio, *but there is my Lord*

\* In deed, upon my sword, in deed.] The meaning of Hamlet unquestionably is, Not in words only, but in act, in form; upon the cross of my sword, pledge yourselves. The line, however, is always printed,—

"In deed, upon my sword, indeed"

(\*) First folio, *ground*.

(‡) First folio, *thus*.

(†) First folio, *our*.

(§) First folio, *As well, we know*.

(||) First folio, *there*.

‡ Swear by his sword! The folio omits the words,—“by his sword.”







## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—A Room in Polonius' House.

*Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO.*

POL. Give him this\* money, and these notes,  
Reynaldo.

REY. I will, my lord.

POL. You shall do marvellous wisely, good  
Reynaldo,

Before you visit him, to† make inquiry  
Of his behaviour.

REY. My lord, I did intend it.

POL. Marry, well said; very well said. Look  
you, sir,

Inquire me first what Danskers\* are in Paris;  
And how, and who, what means, and where they  
keep,

What company, at what expense; and finding,  
By this encompassment and drift of question,  
That they do know my son, come you more  
nearer

Then your particular demands will touch it;  
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of  
him;

As\* thus,—I know his father and his friends,  
And, in part, him;—do you mark this, Reynaldo?

REY. Ay, very well, my lord.

POL. And, in part, him,—but, you may say,  
not well;

But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild;  
Addicted—so and so; and there put on him  
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank  
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;  
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips  
As are companions noted and most known  
To youth and liberty.

REY. As gaming, my lord.

POL. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quar-  
relling,

Drabbing;—you may go so far.

REY. My lord, that would dishonour him.

POL. Faith, no; as you may season it in the  
charge.

You must not put another scandal on him,  
That he is open to incontinency;  
That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so  
quaintly,

(\*) First folio, *his*.

(†) First folio, *you*

(\*) First folio, *And*

\* Danskers—1 *Danes*

That they may seem the taints of liberty ;  
The flash and out-break of a fiery mind ;  
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,  
Of general assault.

REY. But, my good lord,—

POL. Wherefore should you do this ?

REY. Ay, my lord,

I would know that.

POL. Marry, sir, here's my drift ;

And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant :

You laying those slight sullies on my son,

As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,

Mark you, your party in converse, him you would  
sound,

Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes

The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd,

He closes with you in this consequence ;

Good sir, or so ; or friend, or gentleman,—

According to the phrase or\* the addition,

Of man, and country.

REY. Very good, my lord.

POL. And then, sir, does he this,—he does—

What was I about to say ? By the mass†

I was about to say something :—where did I leave ?

REY. At *closes in the consequence*.

At *friend, or so, and gentleman*.

POL. At *closes in the consequence*,—ay, marry ;

He closes with you thus :—*I know the gentleman ;*

*I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,* [you say,

*Or then, or then ; with such, or\* such ; and, as*

*There was he gaming ; there o'ertook in's rouse ;*

*There falling out at tennis ;* or perchance,

*I saw him enter such a house of sale,—*

*Videlicet, a brothel,—or so forth—*

See you now ;

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp‡ of truth :

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,

With windlances, and with assays of bias,

By indirections find directions out :

So, by my former lecture and advice,

Shall you my son. You have me, have you not ?

REY. My lord, I have.

POL. God be wi' you ; fare you well.

REY. Good my lord !

POL. Observe his inclination in yourself.

REY. I shall, my lord.

POL. And let him ply his music.

REY. Well, my lord.

[Exit.

POL. Farewell !—

Enter OPHELIA.

How now, Ophelia ! what's the matter ?

OPH. Alas, my lord, I have been so affrighted !

POL. With what, i' the name of God ?\*

OPH. My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,

Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd ;

No hat upon his head ; his stockings foul'd,

Ungarter'd, and down-gyved\* to his ancle ;

Pale as his shirt ; his knees knocking each other ;

And with a look so piteous in purport,

As if he had been loosed out of hell

To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

POL. Mad for thy love !

OPH. My lord, I do not know ;

But, truly, I do fear it.

POL. What said he ?

OPH. He took me by the wrist, and held me  
hand ;

Then goes he to the length of all his arm ;

And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,

He falls to such perusal of my face,

As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so ;

At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,

And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—

He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,

That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,<sup>b</sup>

And end his being : that done, he lets me go :

And, with his head over his shoulder† turn'd,

He seem'd to find his way without his eyes ;

For out o' doors he went without their help,

And, to the last, bended their light on me.

POL. Come,‡ go with me ; I will go seek the  
king.

This is the very ecstasy of love ;

Whose violent property fordoes itself,

And leads the will to desperate undertakings,

As oft as any passion under heaven

That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—

What, have you given him any hard words of late ?

OPH. No, my good lord ; but, as you did com-  
mand,

I did repel his letters, and denied

His access to me.

POL. That hath made him mad.

I am sorry that with better heed§ and judgment,

I had not quoted¶ him : I fear'd|| he did but trifle,

And meant to wreck thee ; but, beshrew my  
jealousy !

(\*) First folio, *and*.

(†) First folio omits, *By the mass*.

(‡) First folio, *Cope*.

(\*) First folio, *Heaven*.

(†) First folio, *shoulders*.

(‡) First folio omits, *Come*.

(§) First folio, *speed*.

(||) First folio, *fears*.

\* — down-gyved to his ancle ;] “ Down-gyved means, hanging down like the loose cinchure which confines the fetters round the ancles.”—STEEVENS.

b — his bulk.—] Mr. Singer rightly explains “bulk” here to mean, not *all his body*, as some commentators have interpreted it, but, *his breast*. So, in Shakespeare’s “*Lucrece*,”—

“ May feel her heart, —

Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.”

c — quoted *him* ! To quote, as we have seen, was not unfrequently used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries in the sense of *to look into, to scan, to mark, &c.*

It seems it is as proper to our age  
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,  
As it is common for the younger sort  
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:  
This must be known; which, being kept close,  
might move  
More grief to hide than hate to utter love.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle.*

*Flourish. Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and Attendants.*

KING. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!

Moreover that we much did long to see you,  
The need we have to use you did provoke  
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard  
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,  
Since not the exterior nor the inward man  
Resembles that it was. What it should be,  
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him  
So much from the understanding of himself,  
I cannot dream\* of: I entreat you both,  
That, being of so young days brought up with him,  
And since so neighbour'd to his youth and  
humour,  
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court  
Some little time: so by your companies  
To draw him on to pleasures; and to gather,  
So much as from occasions you may glean,  
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,<sup>a</sup>  
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

QUEEN. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd  
of you;

And sure I am two men there are not living  
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you  
To show us so much gentry<sup>b</sup> and good will,  
As to expend your time with us a while,  
For the supply and profit of our hope,  
Your visitation shall receive such thanks  
As fits a king's remembrance.

ROS. Both your majesties  
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,  
Put your dread pleasures more into command  
Than to entreaty.

GUIL. But† we both obey;  
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,  
To lay our service‡ freely at your feet,  
To be commanded.

KING. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

QUEEN. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz:

And I beseech you instantly to visit  
My too much chang'd son.—Go, some of you,  
And bring these\* gentlemen where Hamlet is.

GUIL. Heavens make our presence, and our  
practices,  
Pleasant and helpful to him!

QUEEN. Ay,† amen!

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and some Attendants.*]

*Enter POLONIUS.*

POL. The ambassadors from Norway, my good  
lord,  
Are joyfully return'd.

KING. Thou still hast been the father of good  
news.

POL. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good  
liege,

I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,  
Both to my God, and‡ to my gracious king:  
And I do think (or else this brain of mine  
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure  
As it hath§ us'd to do) that I have found  
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

KING. O. speak of that; that I do long to  
hear.

POL. Give first admittance to the ambassadors;  
My news shall be the fruit|| to that great feast.

KING. Thyself do grace to them, and bring  
them in. [*Exit POLONIUS.*]

He tells me, my sweet queen, that he hath found  
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

QUEEN. I doubt it is no other but the main,<sup>c</sup>  
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

KING. Well, we shall sift him.—

*Re-enter POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.*

Welcome, my¶ good friends! Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

VOL. Most fair return of greetings and desires.  
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress  
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd  
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;

(\*) First folio, *deems*. (†) First folio omits, *But*.  
(‡) First folio, *Services*.

<sup>a</sup> Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus.—] This line almost indispensable to the integrity of the passage, is wanting in the folio.

<sup>b</sup> — gentry.—] Courtesy

(\*) First folio, *the*.

(†) First folio, *one*.

(‡) First folio, *News*.

(†) First folio omits, *Ag*.

(§) First folio, *I have*.

(||) First folio omits, *my*.

<sup>c</sup> I doubt it is no other but the main.—] An ellipsis,—*the being understood*;—"no other but *is* the main."



But, better look'd into, he truly found  
 It was against your highness : whereat,—griev'd  
 That so his sickness, age, and impotence,  
 Was falsely borne in hand,—sends out arrests  
 On Fortinbras ; which he, in brief, obeys ;  
 Receives rebuke from Norway ; and, in fine,  
 Makes vow before his uncle, never more  
 To give the assay of arms against your majesty.  
 Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,  
 Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee ;  
 And his commission to employ those soldiers,  
 So levied as before, against the Polack :  
 With an entreaty, herein further shown,  
*[Gives a paper.]*

That it might please you to give quiet pass  
 Through your dominions for this\* enterprise ;  
 On such regards of safety and allowance  
 As therein are set down.

**KING.** It likes us well ;  
 And at our more consider'd time we'll read,  
 Answer, and think upon this business.  
 Meantime we thank you for your well-took labour :

(\*) First folio, *etc.*

Go to your rest ; at night we'll feast together :  
 Most welcome home !

*[Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.]*

**POL.** This business is\* well ended.—  
 My liege,—and madam,—to expostulate  
 What majesty should be, what duty is,  
 Why day is day, night night, and time is time,  
 Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.  
 Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,<sup>†</sup>  
 And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes  
 I will be brief: your noble son is mad :  
 Mad call I it ; for, to define true madness,  
 What is't, but to be nothing else but mad ?  
 But let that go.

**QUEEN.** More matter, with less art.

**POL.** Madam, I swear I use no art at all.  
 That he is mad, 't is true : 't is true 't is pity ;  
 And pity 't is 't is true : † a foolish figure ;  
 But farewell it, for I will use no art.  
 Mad let us grant him, then : and now remains,  
 That we find out the cause of this effect,—  
 Or rather say, the cause of this defect,

(\*) First folio inserts, *very.*

(†) First folio, *gibbs it to true.*

— wit,—] That is, wisdom.

For this effect defective comes by cause :  
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus. Per-  
pend.<sup>(1)</sup>

I have a daughter ;—have, while \* she is mine ;—  
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,  
Hath given me this : now gather, and surmise.

[Reads.]—*To the celestial, and my soul's idol,  
the most beautified Ophelia,—*

'That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase,—*beautified* is  
a vile phrase ; but you shall hear :—Thus :†

*In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.—*

QUEEN. Came this from Hamlet to her ?

POL. Good madam, stay awhile ; I will be  
faithful.

[Reads.] *Doubt thou the stars are fire ;  
Doubt that the sun doth move,  
Doubt truth to be a liar ;  
But never doubt I love.*

*O, dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers ; I  
have not art to reckon my groans : but that I  
love thee best, O, most best I believe it. Adieu.*

*Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst  
this machine is to him,*

HAMLET.

This, in obedience, hath my daughter show'd me :  
And more above, hath his solicitings,‡  
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,  
All given to mine ear.

KING. But how hath she receiv'd his love ?

POL. What do you think of me ?

KING. As of a man faithful and honourable.

POL. I would fain prove so. But what might  
you think,

When I had seen this hot love on the wing,  
(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,  
Before my daughter told me) what might you,  
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,  
If I had play'd the desk or table-book ;  
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb ;  
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight ;—  
What might you think ? No, I went round to  
work,

And my young mistress thus I did bespeak ;  
*Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy star ;<sup>b</sup>*

*This must not be : and then I precepts gave her,  
That she should lock herself from his resort,  
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.  
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice  
And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make)  
Fell into a sadness, then into a fast ;  
Thence to a watch ; thence into a weakness ;  
Thence to a lightness ; and, by this declension,  
Into the madness wherein \* how he raves,  
And all we mourn † for.*

KING. Do you think 't is this ?

QUEEN. It may be very likely.

POL. Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain  
know that)

That I have positively said, 'T is so,  
When it prov'd otherwise ?

KING. Not that I know.

POL. Take this from this, if this be otherwise :  
[Pointing to his head and shoulder.

If circumstances lead me I will find  
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed  
Within the centre.

KING. How may we try it further ?

POL. You know, sometimes he walks four hours  
together,

Here in the lobby.

QUEEN. So he does ‡ indeed.

POL. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to  
him :

Be you and I behind an arras ; then  
Mark the encounter : if he love her not,  
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon.  
Let me be no assistant for a state,  
But § keep a farm and carters.

KING. We will try it.

QUEEN. But look, where sadly the poor wretch  
comes reading.

POL. Away ! I do beseech you, both away ;  
I'll board him presently :—O, give me leave.—  
[Exeunt KING, QUEEN, and Attendants.]

*Enter HAMLET, reading.*

How does my good lord Hamlet ?

HAM. Well, God—a-mercy.

POL. Do you know me, my lord ?

HAM. Excellent, excellent well ; you 're a fish-  
monger.

(\*) First folio, *whilst*.

(†) First folio, *These*.

(‡) First folio, *soliciting*.

(\*) First folio, *whereon*.

(†) First folio, *waits*.

(‡) First folio, *has*.

(§) First folio, *And*

a — while she is mine ;—] In the quarto, 1603, is added,—

" — for that we think  
Is surest, we often loose," &c.

b — out of thy star.] So all the old copies until the folio of  
1632, which reads, improperly,—

" — out of thy sphere."

The meaning is, Lord Hamlet is a prince beyond the influence of  
the star which governs your fortunes.

c — four hours together,—] Harmer and others proposed the

obvious reading,—

" — for hours together," &c. ;—

but "four" here, as in "Coriolanus," Act I. Sc. 6,—

"And four shall quickly draw out my command," &c.—

and elsewhere, appears a mere colloquialism, to signify some, or a  
limited number, as "forty" is frequently used to express a great



POL. Not I, my lord.

HAM. Then I would you were so honest a man.

POL. Honest, my lord!

HAM. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes,  
is to be one man picked out of ten\* thousand.

POL. That's very true, my lord.

HAM. [Reads.] *For if the sun breed maggots  
in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion,—*<sup>(2)</sup>  
Have you a daughter?

POL. I have, my lord.

HAM. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception  
is a blessing; but not as your daughter may  
conceive:—friend, look to 't.

POL. [Aside.] How say you by that? Still

\*1 First folio, two.

harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger: he is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered most extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

HAM. Words, words, words!

POL. What is the matter, my lord?

HAM. Between who?

POL. I mean the matter that you read,\* my lord.

HAM. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue† says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber and‡ plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most§ weak hams: all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for you yourself, sir, should grow|| old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

POL. [*Aside.*] Though' this be madness, yet there is method in 't.—Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

HAM. Into my grave?

POL. Indeed, that is out o' the air.—[*Aside.*] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

HAM. You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal,—except my life, except my life, except my life.\*

POL. Fare you well, my lord.

HAM. These tedious old fools!

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

POL. You go to seek the¶ lord Hamlet; there he is.

ROS. [*To POLONIUS.*] God save you, sir!

[*Exit POLONIUS.*]

GUIL. Mine honoured lord!—

ROS. My most dear lord!

HAM. My excellent good friends How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

ROS. As the indifferent‡ children of the earth.

GUIL. Happy, in that we are not ~~over~~happy; on Fortune's cap we are not the very button.

HAM. Nor the soles of her shoe?

ROS. Neither, my lord.

HAM. Then yds live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours\*?

GUIL. Faith, her privates wd.

HAM. In the secret parts of Fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What's the news?

ROS. None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

HAM. Then is dooms-day near: but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

GUIL. Prison, my lord?

HAM. Denmark's a prison.

ROS. Then is the world one.

HAM. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons. Denmark being one of the worst.

ROS. We think not so, my lord.

HAM. Why, then, 't is none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

ROS. Why, then, your ambition makes it one: 't is too narrow for your mind.

HAM. O, God! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams.

GUIL. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

HAM. A dream itself is but a shadow.

ROS. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

HAM. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

ROS., GUIL. We'll wait upon you.

HAM. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what ~~ma~~ you at Elsinore?

ROS. To visit you, my lord: no other occasion.

HAM. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in

(\*) First folio, *matter you means.*

(‡) First folio, *or.*

(||) First folio, *be.*

(†) First folio, *slave*

(§) First folio omits, *most.*

(¶) First folio, *my.*

\* — except my life.] The folio reads only, —

“ — except my life, my life; ” —

and Mr. Collier thinks the repetitions originated merely with the actors. To us it is evident that here, as in other places, the

(\*) First folio, *favour.*

iteration—a well-known symptom of intellectual derangement—is purposely adopted by Hamlet to encourage the belief of his insanity. He never indulges in this cuckoo-note unless with those whom he distrusts.

b — indifferent—] *Moderate, medium, average, &c.*

c Let me question, &c.] The dialogue, from these words down to “I am most dreadfully attended,” is found only in the folio.

thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me—come, come; nay, speak.

GUIL. What should we say, my lord?

HAM. Why anything—but<sup>a</sup> to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

HAM. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. [To GUILDENSTERN.] What say you?

HAM. [Aside.] Nay, then, I have an eye of you.<sup>b</sup>—If you love me, hold not off.

GUIL. My lord, we were sent for.

HAM. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen mout<sup>c</sup> no feather.<sup>d</sup> I have of late, (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises: and, indeed, it goes so heavily<sup>e</sup> with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you,—this brave o'erhanging firmament<sup>f</sup>—this majestical roof fretted with golden fire,—why it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

HAM. Why did you laugh, then,<sup>g</sup> when I said, *man delights not me*?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten<sup>h</sup> entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted<sup>i</sup> them on the way; and either are they coming, to offer you service.

HAM. He that plays the king shall be welcome.—his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target, the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous<sup>j</sup> man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled<sup>k</sup> o' the sere;<sup>l</sup> and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.—What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such<sup>m</sup> delight in, the tragedians of the city.

HAM. How chanced it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

HAM. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

HAM. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, sir, an airy of children, little eyases,<sup>n</sup> that cry out on the top of question,<sup>o</sup> and are most tyrannically clapped for't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle<sup>p</sup> the common stages, (so they call them) that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

HAM. What, are they children? who maintains them? how are they escoted?<sup>q</sup> Will they pursue the quality<sup>r</sup> no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players,<sup>s</sup> (as it is most like,<sup>t</sup> if their means are no better) their writers do them

(\*) First folio omits, of.

(†) First folio, heavenly

(‡) First folio omits, *Armament*

a — but to the purpose.] That is, only to the purpose.

b Nay, then, I have an eye of you. — [I see through your purpose, or, as the quarto of 1603 phrases it, "I see how the wind sits,"]

c I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen mout<sup>c</sup> no feather.] The folio absurdly reads, "I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery of your secrecy to the King and Queen: mout no feather"

d — lenten entertainment. — *Mengre*, stunted entertainment, like the other in *Lent*.

e — coted<sup>e</sup> them. — Came alongside of them

f — the humorous man. — By the "humorous man" we are not to understand the funny man or jester,—he was termed "the clown,"—but the actor who personated the fantastic characters, known in Shakespeare's time as "humourists," and who, for the most part, were represented as capricious and quarrelsome.

g — tickled o' the sere. — "Tickled o' the sere,"—correctly, perhaps, "tickles o' the sere"—appears to signify those easily moved to the expression of mirth.

h — little eyases. — Nestlings, unfledged hawks.

i — that cry out on the top of question. — This is conjectured by the commentators to be an allusion to the shrill, alto voice in

(\*) First folio omits, then.

(†) First folio omits, such.

(‡) First folio, be called

(§) Old text, like most.

which the boys declaimed! The phrase, derived perhaps from the defiant crowing of a cock upon his mudden, really meant, we believe, like—

"Stood challenger on mount of all the age"

to crow over or challenge all comers to a contention. In a subsequent scene, Hamlet, speaking of the play which "pleased not the million," observes, "but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgment in such matters cried in the top of mine) an excellent play," &c; where "cried in the top" evidently means *crowed over*. Again, in Armin's "Nest of Ninnies," the author, alluding to fencers or players at single stick, talks of "making them expert *hill they cry it up in the top of question*."

k — escoted! Said to mean, paid, from the French *escot*, a shot or reckoning

l — quality. — [Profession, or calling. Here, *Histrionis studium*.

m — common players. — [As we now term them, "strutting players." "I prefix an epithet of common, to distinguish the base and artless appendants of our City companies, which often times start away into rustical wanderers, and then (like Proteus) start back again into the City number."—J. SKEPPE, *Essays and Characters*, 1615, p. 301.



wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

ROS. Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre them to controversy; there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

HAM. Is 't possible?

GUIL. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

HAM. Do the boys carry it away?

ROS. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.<sup>(3)</sup>

HAM. It is not strange; for mine uncle is king of Denmark; and those that would make mowes at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. 'S blood,\* there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[Flourish of trumpets without.

GUIL. There are the players.

HAM. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come; the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in the garb;\* lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

GUIL. In what, my dear lord?

HAM. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.<sup>b</sup>

[Enter POLONIUS.

POL. Well be with you, gentlemen!

HAM. Hark you, Guildenstern,—and you too;—at each ear a hearer; that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swathing-clouts.

ROS. Happily he's the second time come to them; for they say an old man is twice a child.

HAM. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: for o' Monday morning 't was so, indeed.

POL. My lord, I have news to tell you.

HAM. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was† an actor in Rome,—

POL. The actors are come hither, my lord.

HAM. Buz, buz!<sup>c</sup>

POL. Upon mine honour,—

HAM. Then came\* each actor on his ass,—

POL. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene-indivisible, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.

HAM. O, Jephthah, judge of Israel,—what a treasure hadst thou!

POL. What a treasure had he, my lord?

HAM. Why,

*One fair daughter, and no more,  
The which he loved passing well.*

POL. [Aside.] Still on my daughter.

HAM. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

POL. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

HAM. Nay, that follows not.

POL. What follows, then, my lord?

HAM. Why,

*As by lot, God wot,*

and then, you know,

*It came to pass, as most like it was.<sup>(4)</sup>*

The first row of the pious chanson † will show you more; for look, where my abridgment comes.<sup>d</sup>

[Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all:—I am glad to see thee well:—welcome, good friends.—O, my old friend! Thy face is valiant\* since I saw thee last: comest thou to beard me in Denmark?—What! my young lady and mistress! By 'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to ‡ heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine.<sup>(5)</sup> Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.<sup>(6)</sup>—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see. we'll have a speech straight: come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

\* First folio omits, 'S blood

(3) First folio omits, *was*

(\*) First folio, *can*.

(†) First folio, *Pious Chanson*.

(1) First folio omits, *to*

\* — let me comply with you in the garb,] Let me fraternize or join in with you in the customary mode, and not, as modern actors expound it,—“Let me compliment with you,” &c. *To comply*, originally, means to *emulate*.

† *Like a hawk from a hand-saw*] An old proverbial saying, originally, “a hawk from a *hand-saw*, i.e. a lion, but corrupted before Shakespeare's day.

[But only.] An interjection of impatience used when any one tells a story already known to the hearers.

‡ For look, where my abridgment comes.] In the folio, “My abridgements come.” “Abridgment” was only another

word for pastime, so, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, “Act V Sc 1.”

“Sav, what abridgment have you for this evening?”

\* *Thy face is valiant since I saw thee last*] The quartos have *valiant*. But compare the advice of Iago to Roderigo,—“Follow thou the wars, defeat thy favour with an uncurved beard;” i.e. assume a martial aspect; and also the context in Hamlet's speech, “—comest thou to beard me in Denmark,” where the point is lost without the fierceness implied by “valiant.”

1 PLAY. What speech, my lord?

HAM. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 't was caviare(?) to the general: but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgment in such matters cried in the top of mine) an excellent play; well digested in the scenes; set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said there were no *sallets*<sup>a</sup> in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affectation; but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine.<sup>b</sup> One speech<sup>c</sup> in it I chiefly loved: 't was *Aeneas*' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: if it live in your memory, begin at this line;—let me see, let me see;—

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,

—it is not so;—it begins with Pyrrhus —

The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,  
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble  
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,—  
Hath now this dread and black complexion stain'd  
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot  
Now is he total gules; horribly trick'd  
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,  
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,  
That lend a tyrannous and damned light  
To their vile murders: roasted in wrath and fire,  
And thus o'er-sized with conglutinate gore,  
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus  
Old grandsire Priam seeks.

So proceed you.<sup>†</sup>

POL. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent and good discretion.

1 PLAY. Anon he finds him  
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,  
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,  
Repugnant to command: unequal match'd,<sup>‡</sup>  
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;  
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword  
The unnerv'd father falls. Then senseless Ilium,  
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top  
Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash  
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword,  
Which was declining on the milky head  
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick.  
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;  
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,  
Did nothing.  
But as we often see against some storm,  
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,  
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below  
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder  
Doth rend the region; so, after Pyrrhus' pause,

Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work;  
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall  
On Mars his armour, forg'd for proof eternal,  
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword  
Now falls on Priam—  
Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,  
In general synod, take away her power;  
Break all the spokes and felloes from her wheel,  
And bow the round nave down the hill of heaven,  
As low as to the fiends!

POL. This is too long.

HAM. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.  
—Pr'ythee, say on:—he's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps:—say on;—come to Hecuba.

1 PLAY. But who, O, who, had seen the mobled<sup>d</sup> queen—

HAM. The mobled queen?

POL. That's good: mobled queen is good.

1 PLAY. Run barefoot up and down, threatening  
the flames<sup>†</sup>  
With bismone<sup>‡</sup> rheum; a clout about that head,  
Where late the diadem stood; and for a robe,  
About her lank and all-o'er-teemed loins  
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;—  
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,  
'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd;  
But if the gods themselves did see her then,  
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport  
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,  
The instant burst of clamour that she made,  
(Unless things mortal move them not at all)  
Would have made milch<sup>‡</sup> the burning eyes of heaven,  
And passion in the gods.

POL. Look, whér he has not turned his colour,  
and has tears in 's eyes!—Pr'ythee, no more.

HAM. 'T is well; I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well bestow'd? Do you hear? let them be well used, for they are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.||

POL. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

HAM. God's bodykins, man, much<sup>¶</sup> better: use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

POL. Come, sir.

HAM. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow. [Exit POLONIUS with all the Players except the First.]—[Aside to Player.] Dost thou hear me, old friend? can you play *The Murder of Gonzago*?

1 PLAY. Ay, my lord.

(\*) First folio, *One cheefe Speech*.  
(†) First folio omits, *So proceed you*. (‡) First folio, *match*.  
(§) First folio, *his*.

a — *sallets*—] So the old copies. Modern editors commonly change the word to "salt," or "salts." Mr. Singer quotes Baret "*Sal. Salte, a plesante and merry word, that maketh folke to laugh, and sometimes pricketh.*"

b — as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine.] This clause is not inserted in the folio.

(\*) First folio, *Armours*.  
(†) First folio, *Pray you*.  
(‡) First folio, *used*.

(†) First folio, *same*.  
(§) First folio omits, *of this*.  
(¶) First folio omits, *much*.

— *trick'd*—] An heraldic term, meaning *blazon'd*.  
— *the mobled queen*—] The folio reads, *inbled*. "*Mobled* appears to have been a deprecation of *muffled*.  
— *bismone*—] *Blinding*.  
— *milch*—] *Mist*.

HAM. [*Aside to Player.*] We'll have't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in't, could you not?

1 PLAY. Ay, my lord.

HAM. [*Aside to Player.*] Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit Player.*] My good friends [*To ROS. and GUIL.*], I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

ROS. Good my lord!

HAM. Ay, so, (God be wi' you!—

[*Exit ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!  
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,  
But in fiction, in a dream of passion,  
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,  
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd: †  
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,  
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting  
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!  
For Heecuba!

What's Heecuba to him, or he to Heecuba,  
That he should weep for her? What would he do,  
Had he the motive and the cue for passion  
That I have? He would drown the stage with  
tears.  
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;  
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,  
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,  
The very faculties ‡ of eyes and ears. Yet I,  
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak.<sup>a</sup>  
Like John-a-dreams,<sup>b</sup> unpregnant of my cause,  
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,  
Upon whose property, and most dear life,  
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?  
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?  
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?

Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat.<sup>c</sup>

As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this, ha?

'Swounds,<sup>\*</sup> I should take it: for it cannot be,  
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall  
To make oppression<sup>d</sup> bitter; or, ere this,  
I should have fatted all the region kites  
With this slave's offal:—bloody, † bawdy villain!  
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless<sup>e</sup>  
villain!

O, Vengeance!—

Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,<sup>f</sup>  
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,<sup>g</sup>  
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,  
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,  
And fall a cursing, like a very drab,  
A scullion!

Eye upon't! foh!—About, my brains! ‡ I have heard

That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,  
Have by the very cunning of the scene  
Been struck so to the soul, that presently  
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;  
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak  
With most miraculous organ.<sup>(8)</sup> I'll have these  
players

Play something like the murder of my father,  
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;  
I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench,  
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen  
May be the devil; and the devil hath power  
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps  
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,  
(As he is very potent with such spirits)  
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds  
More relative than this:—the play's the thing,  
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

[*Exit.*

(\*) First folio, *whole* (†) First folio, *warm'd*  
(‡) First folio, *faculty*

(\*) First folio, *Why* (†) First folio inserts, *a*.  
(‡) First folio, *brasse*

<sup>a</sup> — peak, —] *Mope, pule, maunder*, and the like  
<sup>b</sup> — John-a-dreams, —] A nick-name given to any sleepy, muddle-headed, dreamy fellow.

<sup>c</sup> — the lie i' the throat —] See note (b), p. 262, Vol. II  
<sup>d</sup> To make oppression bitter.] Mr Collier's annotator is obtuse enough not to understand this, and actually substitutes *transgression*!

<sup>e</sup> — kindless ] *Unnatural*

<sup>f</sup> Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave, —] The folio

has, —

"Who? What an Ass am I? I sure, this is most brave," &c. The quartos, omitting "O, Vengeance!"

"Why, what an ass am I? this is most brave," &c.

of a dear father murder'd. &c.] The folio misprints this, —

"That I, the Sonne of the Deere murdered;"

and the quartos 1601 and 1605 omit the word "father," much to the detriment of the passage, reading, "— of a deere murdered."





## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.*

KING. And can you, by no drift of circumstance,  
Get from him why he puts on this confusion;  
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet  
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

ROS. He does confess he feels himself dis-  
tracted;

But from what cause he will by no means speak.

GUIL. Nor do we find him forward to be  
sounded;

But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,  
When we would bring him on to some confession  
Of his true state.

QUEEN. Did he receive you well?

ROS. Most like a gentleman.

GUIL. But with much forcing of his disposition.

ROS. Niggard of question; but, of our demands,  
Most free in his reply.\*

QUEEN. Did you assay him to any pastime?

ROS. Madam, it so fell out that certain players  
We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him;  
And there did seem in him a kind of joy  
To hear of it: they are about the court;  
And, as I think, they have already order  
This night to play before him.

POL. 'Tis most true;

And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties  
To hear and see the matter.

KING. With all my heart; and it doth much  
content me

To hear him so inclin'd.—

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,  
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

ROS. We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]

\* Niggard of question, but, of our demand,  
Most free in his reply.]

Hammer surmised we ought to read,—

'Most free of question; but of our demands,  
'Niggard in his reply.'

And unless "question" is admitted to mean *argument*, his eman-  
dation yields a truer description of Hamlet's bearing towards his  
schoolfellows than that afforded by the old text. It should be men-  
tioned, too, that the 1663 quarto has,—

"But still he puts us off, and by no means,  
Would make an answer to that we exposte."



KING. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too :  
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither ;  
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here \*  
Affront \* Ophelia.  
Her father and myself,—lawful espials,—  
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,  
We may of their encounter frankly judge ;  
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,  
If 't be the affliction of his love or no  
That thus he suffers for.

QUEEN. I shall obey you :—  
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish  
That your good beauties be the happy cause  
Of Hamlet's wildness ; so shall I hope your virtues  
Will bring him to his wonted way again,  
To both your honours.

ORN. Madam, I wish it may.  
[Exit QUEEN.]

POL. Ophelia, walk you here.—Gracious, so  
please you.†  
We will bestow ourselves.—Read on this book ;

[To OPHELIA.]  
That show of such an exercise may colour  
Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame in this,—

(\*) First folio, *th--e*.

(†) First folio, *ye*.

\* Affront Ophelia ] That is, *encounter, confront, come across*.  
b Or to take arms against a sea of troubles—] We have been  
puzzled, with Dr Johnson, to understand why commentators  
exhibit so much solicitude about this metaphor. As the poet has  
already furnished us with "a sea of joys," "a sea of glory," "a sea  
of copiousness," "a sea of care," "a sea of wax ;" and in the story  
on which the present piece is presumed to have been founded, we  
have even, "a *field* of care," the necessity for reading, "a *stage* of

"Tis too much prov'd,—that, with devotion's visage  
And pious action, we do sugar \* o'er  
The devil himself

KING. [*Aside*.] O, 'tis too† true!  
How smart a lash that speech doth give my con-  
science !

The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring art,  
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,  
Than is my deed to my most painted word :  
O, heavy burden !

POL. I hear him coming ; let's withdraw. my  
lord. [Exit.]

Enter HAMLET.

HAM. To be, or not to be,—that is the ques-  
tion :—

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,<sup>a</sup>  
And by opposing end them ?—To die, to sleep,—  
No more ; and by a sleep to say we end  
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to ?—'tis a consummation

(\*) First folio, *surge*.

(†) First folio omits, *too*.

troubles," with Pope : "*assail* of troubles, with Warburton ; or  
"*assay*," with Mr Singer, has always appeared to us very ques-  
tionable. At all events, the following quotation from a work  
contemporary with Shakespeare, proves beyond controversy that  
a *sea* of troubles was a not unfamiliar figure of speech at that  
time :—"Cade in un *Palagio di travagli*."—*Sanseverino dall' Fa-  
miglia Illustri d'Italia*, 1609.



Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep ;—  
 To sleep, perchance, to dream ;—ay, there's the rub ;  
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
 Must give us pause : there's the respect  
 That makes calamity of so long life ;  
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud<sup>a</sup> man's con-  
 tumely,  
 The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,  
 The insolence of office, and the spurns

That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
 When he himself might his quietus make  
 With a bare bodkin ?<sup>a</sup> who would fardels<sup>b</sup> bear  
 To grunt<sup>c</sup> and sweat under a weary life,  
 But that the dread of something after death,—  
 The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn  
 No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
 Than fly to others that we know not of ?  
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;  
 And thus the native hue of resolution

(\*) First folio, *poore*.

<sup>a</sup> — a bare bodkin? ] A bodkin was an old term for a dagger or stiletto.  
<sup>b</sup> — fardels—] *Burdens, packs*. The first folio has, "these urdels."

<sup>c</sup> To grunt and sweat, &c. ] The expression *to grunt*, though not euphonious to modern ears, was neither disagreeable nor unusual formerly. In addition to the instances of its use before accumulated, we may add the following, perhaps the most pertinent of all, from Armin's "Nest of Ninnies"—"How the fat foibles of this age will *gronde and sweate* under this massie burden," &c.

Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;  
And enterprises of great pitch and moment,  
With this regard, their currents turn awry,\*  
And lose the name of action.—Soft you now!  
The fair Ophelia!—Nymph, in thy orisons  
Be all my sins remember'd.

OPH. Good my lord,  
How does your honour for this many a day?

HAM. I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

OPH. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,  
That I have longed long to re-deliver;  
I pray you, now receive them.

HAM. No, no. I never gave you ought.

OPH. My honour'd lord, you† know right well  
you did;  
And, with them, words of so sweet breath com-  
pos'd

As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,‡  
Take these again; for to the noble mind  
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.  
There, my lord.

HAM. Ha, ha! are you honest?\*

OPH. My lord?

HAM. Are you fair?

OPH. What means your lordship?

HAM. That if you be honest and fair, your  
honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

OPH. Could beauty, my lord, have better com-  
merce than with honesty?

HAM. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will  
sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd,  
than the force of honesty can translate beauty into  
his likeness: this was sometime a paradox, but  
now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

OPH. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

HAM. You should not have believed me for  
virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we  
shall relish of it. I lov'd you not.

OPH. I was the more deceived.

HAM. Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou  
be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent  
honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things,  
that it were better my mother had not borne  
me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with  
more offences at my beck than I have thoughts  
to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or  
time to act them in. What should such fellows as

I do crawling between heaven and earth! We are  
arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy  
ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

OPH. At home, my lord.

HAM. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he  
may play the fool nowhere\* but in's own house.  
Farewell.

OPH. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

HAM. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this  
plague for thy dowry,—be thou as chaste as ice,  
as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.  
Get thee to a nunnery, go; farewell. Or, if thou  
wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men  
know well enough what monsters you make of  
them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Fare-  
well.

OPH. O, heavenly powers, restore him!

HAM. I have heard of your paintings too, well  
enough; God hath given you one face, and you  
make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and  
you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make  
your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no  
more on't; it hath made me mad. I say, we  
will have no more marriages: those that are mar-  
ried already,—all but one,—shall live; the rest  
shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

[Exit.

OPH. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!  
The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye, tongue,  
sword,†

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,  
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,  
The observ'd of all observers,—quite, quite down!  
And I,† of ladies most deject and wretched,  
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,  
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,  
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;  
That unmatched form and feature of blown youth,  
Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me!  
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter KING and POLONIUS.

KING. Love! his affections do not that way  
tend;  
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,‡

(\*) First folio, *away*  
(†) First folio, *then perfume left*

(†) First folio, *I*.  
(‡) First folio, *your*.

(\*) First folio, *way*

(†) First folio, *Howe I*.

"King Are you honest?"

Thou honest!

King I could have us'd the name of chaste

Or virgin; but they carry the same sense."

a — pitch and moment.—] The quartos have, "pitch and moment," which Ritson preferred, as do we, though for a different reason, he conceiving *pitch* to be an allusion "to the pitching or throwing the bar," we supposing it to refer to the *pitch* or summit of the filon's flight, and "great pitch and moment" to mean great eminence and import.

b — are you honest? That "honest" in this dialogue is equivalent to *chaste* or *virginal*, it would be superfluous to mention but that some critics in their strictures on the conduct of Hamlet in the present scene, appear to have forgotten it. The beginning recalls to mind some passages in Shirley's play, entitled "The Joyful Master," Act IV Sc. 1.—

c I have heard of your paintings too, writ enough; God hath given you one face, —; So the quartos the folio exhibits the passage thus,—"I have heard of your prallings too well enough. God has given you one pace," &c

d The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, &c.] This is the collocation of the quarto, 1603. In the folio we have, "The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's," &c.

Was not like madness. <sup>There's</sup> something in his soul,

O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;  
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose,  
Will be some danger: which for\* to prevent,  
I have in quick determination  
Thus set it down:—he shall with speed to England,  
For the demand of our neglected tribute:  
Haply, the seas, and countries different,  
With variable objects, shall expel  
This something-settled matter in his heart;  
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus  
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

POL. It shall do well; but yet do I believe,  
The origin and commencement of his† grief  
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia!  
You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said;  
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;  
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,  
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him  
To show his griefs; let her be round\* with him;  
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear  
Of all their conference. If she find him not,  
To England send him: or confine him where  
Your wisdom best shall think.

KING. It shall be so:  
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the same.*

*Enter HAMLET, and certain Players.*

HAM. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines.<sup>c</sup> Nor do not saw the air too much with ‡ your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of your§ passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear|| a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I could have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod:(1) pray you, avoid it.

I PLAY. I warrant your honour.

HAM. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special

observance, that you o'erstep\* not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as't were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve: the censure of the which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of christians, nor the gait of christian, pagan, nor man,† have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

I PLAY. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us, sir.

HAM. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.(2) Go, make you ready. [*Exeunt Players.*]

*Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.*

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?

POL. And the queen too, and that presently.

HAM. Bid the players make haste. [*Exit POLONIUS.*] Will you two help to hasten them?

ROS., GUIL. We will, my lord.

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]

HAM. What, ho, Horatio!

*Enter HORATIO.*

HOR. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

HAM. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man  
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

HOR. O, my dear lord,—

HAM. Nay, do not think I flatter;  
For what advancement may I hope from thee,  
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,  
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor  
be flatter'd?

(\*) First folio omits, for  
(†) First folio omits, with

(‡) First folio, this.

(§) First folio omits, your

(||) First folio, see.

a — let her be round with him;] Let her be blunt, plain-spoken with him

b If she find him not,—] If she detect him not

(\*) First folio, ore stop.

(†) First folio, or Norman.

c I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines.] So the quartos, 1604, &c. The folio reads, "I had as lief the Town-Crier had spoke," &c.; the quarto of 1603,—

"I'de rather hear a town's bull bellow.  
Then such a fellow speake my lines," &c.



No, let the candied tongue lick \* absurd pomp;  
 And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee.<sup>a</sup>  
 Where thrift may follow fawning.† Dost thou hear?  
 Since my dear soul was mistress of her ‡ choice,  
 And could of men distinguish, her election  
 Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been  
 As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;  
 A man that fortune's buffets and rewards  
 Hath ta'en with equal thanks: and blessed are those  
 Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,  
 That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger  
 To sound what stop she please. Give me that man  
 That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him  
 In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,  
 As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—  
 There is a play to-night before the king;  
 One *scenē* of it comes near the circumstance  
 Which I have told thee of my father's death:  
 I prithee, when thou seest that act a-foot,  
 Even with the very comment of thy soul  
 Observe mine uncle: if his occulted guilt  
 Do not itself unkennel in one speech,  
 It is a damned ghost that we have seen;  
 And my imaginations are as foul  
 As Vulcan's stithy.<sup>b</sup> Give him heedful || note:  
 For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;  
 And, after, we will both our judgments join  
 In censure of his seeming.

Hon. Well, my lord:  
 If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,  
 And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

HAM. They are coming to the play: I must  
 be idle.<sup>c</sup>  
 Get you a place.

*Danish March. Flourish. Enter KING, QUEEN,  
 POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUIL-  
 DENSTERN, and other Lords attendant, with  
 the Guard, carrying torches.*

KING. How fares our cousin Hamlet?  
 HAM. Excellent, i' faith: of the chameleon's

dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed: you can-  
 not feed capons so.

KING. I have nothing with this answer, Ham-  
 let; these words are not mine.

HAM. No, nor mine now.—My lord, you  
 played once i' the university, you say?

[To POLONIUS.  
 POL. That did I, \* my lord; and was accounted  
 a good actor.

HAM. And what did you enact?

POL. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i'  
 the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

HAM. It was a brute part of him to kill so  
 capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

ROS. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your pa-  
 tience.

QUEEN. Come hither, my dear† Hamlet, sit  
 by me.

HAM. No, good mother, here's metal more  
 attractive.

POL. O, ho! do you mark that? [To the KING.

HAM. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[Lying down at OPHELIA's feet.

OPH. No, my lord.

HAM. I mean, my head upon your lap?

OPH. Ay, my lord.

HAM. Do you think I meant country matters?

OPH. I think nothing, my lord.

HAM. That's a fair thought to lie between  
 maids' legs.

OPH. What is, my lord?

HAM. Nothing.

OPH. You are merry, my lord.

HAM. Who, I?

OPH. Ay, my lord.

HAM. O, God, your only jig-maker. What  
 should a man do but be merry? for, look you,  
 how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father  
 died within these ‡ two hours.

OPH. Nay, 't is twice two months, my lord.

HAM. So long? Nay, then, let the devil wear  
 black, for I'll have a suit of *sables*.<sup>d</sup> O, heavens!

(\*) First folio, *like* (†) First folio, *fawning*.  
 (‡) First folio, *my* (§) First folio, *my*  
 (||) First folio, *needfull* (\*) First folio, *to*.

\* And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee.—] Pregnant here  
 means ready, supple, &c. Quarles has the same idea, —

"My antic knees can turn upon the hinges  
 Of compliment, and screw a thousand ringes"  
*Lub ems, B IV.*

b — *Vulcan's stithy*] The *stithy* is the smith's work-place, the  
*stith* is his anvil.

c — *I will be idle*] I must affect being *crazy*. We are not  
 aware that any scholar has pointed out the use of "idle" in the  
*senso* of mad, though Shakespeare so employs it several times,  
 among others, in the quarto "Hamlet," 1603. Corambis, the  
 Polonius of the perfect play, speaking of Hamlet's derangement,  
 observes, —

"All this comes by love, the violence of love,  
 And when I was young, I was very idle,  
 And suffered much *extreme* in love," &c.

Subsequently in the same edition, where the Ghost appears to  
 Hamlet when cloaked with his mother, we have the following. —

"*Queena*. But Hamlet, this is onely fantasie,

(\*) First folio, *I do it*. (†) First folio, *good*.  
 (‡) First folio, *within's*.

And for my love forget thee, *idle* fits.

Ham *Idle* no mother, my pulse doth beate like yours,  
 It is not *madness*, &c.

d — *for I'll have a suit of sables*] The favourite notion is that  
 by "a suit of *sables*" is meant a dress ornamented with the costly  
 fur called "sabl." Possibly, however, the word "for" in this  
 place, as in "Henry V" Act III. Sc. 6, —

"And, for achievement, offer ransom;"  
 and in "Antony and Cleopatra," Act IV. Sc. 9, —

"— so bad a prayer as his was never yet for sleep;"  
 was misprinted instead of *fore*. In the 1603 quarto of the present  
 play, in place of "T is not alone my *saky* cloak," &c., which is the  
 accepted text, Hamlet is made to say, "— 'tis not the *sable* *outs*,"  
 &c. So also in Act IV. Sc. 7, —

"Than settled age his *sables* and his weeds."

And it is not at all improbable that in the scene before us he  
 was intended to accompany the words, "Nay, then, let the devil  
 wear black *fore* I'll wear a suit of *sables*," with the action of flinging  
 off his mourning cloak. Since writing the above we find that War-  
 burton long ago suggested, "*fore* I'll wear a suit of *sables*."

die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: but by'r lady, he must build churches, then; or else shall he suffer not thinking on with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is, *For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is fygott.*

*Hautboys play. The dumb show enters.*

*Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly: the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kisses, and makes show of prostitution unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck, lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, pours poison in the King's ears, and exits. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner moves the Queen with gifts, she seems to love and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love. [Exeunt.]*

OPH. What means this, my lord?

HAM. Marry, this is mitching mallecho;<sup>a</sup> it means mischief.

OPH. Belike, this show imports the argument of the play.

*Exit Prologue.*

HAM. We shall know by this fellow:<sup>\*</sup> the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

OPH. Will he tell us what this show meant?

HAM. Ay, or any show that you'll show him. Be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

OPH. You are naught, you are naught: I'll mark the play.

PRO. For us, and for our tragedy,  
Here stooping to your clemency,  
We beg your hearing patiently.

HAM. Is this a prologue, or the poesy of a ring?

OPH. 'Tis brief, my lord.

HAM. As woman's love.

*Enter GONZAGO and BAPTISTA*

GONZ. Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart<sup>b</sup> gone round

Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbed ground,  
And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen,  
About the world have times twelve thirties been,  
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,  
Unit to mutual love in most sacred bands.

BAPT. So many journeys may the sun and moon  
Make us again count o'er our love be done:<sup>c</sup>  
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,

(\*) First folio, *these Fellowes.*

(†) First folio, *they.*

<sup>a</sup> — and he her } These words are not in the folio.

<sup>b</sup> — mitching-mallecho; } *Swaking malefice.* To mitch, an old English verb, is to *skulk*, and mallecho, from the Spanish, is the same as malefaction.

<sup>c</sup> — cart— } *Car, or chariot.*

<sup>d</sup> Where love is great, &c.] This couplet is omitted in the folio.

So far from cheer and from your former state,  
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,  
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:  
For women's fear and love holds quantity;  
In neither aught, or in extremity.  
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;  
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.  
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;  
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.  
GONZ. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;

My operant powers their functions leave to do:  
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,  
Honour'd, belov'd, and haply one as kind  
For husband shalt thou—

BAPT. O, confound the rest!  
Such love must needs be treason in my breast.  
In second husband let me be accus'd!  
None wed the second but who kill'd the first.

HAM. [*Aside.*] Wormwood, wormwood.

The instances that second marriage move,  
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love;  
A second time I kill my lord that's dead,<sup>e</sup>  
When second husband kisses me in bed.

GONZ. I do believe you think what now you speak;  
But what we do determine oft we break.  
Purpose is but the slave to memory,  
Of violent birth, but poor validity;

Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;  
But fall unshaken, when they mellow be.  
Most necessary 'tis that we forget  
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:

What to ourselves in passion we propose,  
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.  
The violence of either grief or joy  
Their own enatures with themselves destroy:

Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament,  
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.  
This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange  
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;  
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,  
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.

The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;  
The poor advanced makes friends of enemies  
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend  
For who not needs shall never lack a friend;  
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,  
Directly seasons him his enemy.

But, orderly to end where I begun,—  
Our wills and fates do so contrary run,  
That our devices still are overthrown;  
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own;

So think thou wilt no second husband wed,  
But die thy thoughts when this first lord is dead.  
BAPT. Nor earth to me give; loo! nor heaven  
light!

Sport and repose lock from me, day and night!  
To desperation turn my trust and hope!  
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!  
Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,  
Meet what I would have well, and last destroy!  
Both here and hence, pursue me lasting strife,  
If, once a widow, ever I be with!

HAM. If she should break it now!

[*To OPHELIA.*]

(\*) First folio, *my*

(†) First folio, *other.*

(1) First folio, *give me.*

<sup>e</sup> — my lord that's dead.—] So the quarto, 1608: the other editions have,—

“— my husband dead.”

[*An anchor's cheer*—] The fare of an *anchorite*. This and the preceding line are not found in the folio.



GONZ. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here  
a while;  
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile  
The tedious day with sleep. [Sleeps.  
BART. Sleep rock thy brain,  
And never come mischance between us twain! {Exit

HAM. Madam, how like you this play?  
QUEEN. The lady doth protest\* too much,  
methinks.

HAM. O, but she'll keep her word.  
KING. Have you heard the argument? Is there  
no offence in 't?  
HAM. No, no, they do but jest; poison in jest;  
no offence i' the world.

KING. What do you call the play?  
HAM. The Mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropi-  
cally.\* This play is the image of a murder 'done  
in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife,

(\*) First folio. *lady protests*

\* Tropically ] *Figuratively*.



Baptista: you shall see anon, 't is a knavish piece of work: but what of that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

*Enter LUCIANUS.*

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

OPH. You are as good as a chorus,\* my lord.

HAM. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

• OPH. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

HAM. It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.

OPH. Still better, and worse.

HAM. So you must take your husbands.\*—Begin, murderer;† leave thy damnable faces, and

(\*) First folio, *You are a good Chorus.*

(\*) First folio, *So you must take your Husbands* (†) First folio, *Pox, leave*

begin.—Come;—the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

LUC. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing;  
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,  
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,  
Thy natural magic and dire property,  
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Pours poison in the sleeper's ears.

HAM. He poisons him i' the garden for's estate.  
His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and  
writ in choice Italian: you shall see anon how the  
murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

OPH. The king rises!

HAM. What, frightened with false fire!

QUEEN. How fares my lord?

POL. Give o'er the play.

KING. Give me some light:—away!

ALL. Lights, lights, lights!

[Exeunt all except HAMLET and HORATIO.

HAM. *Why, let the stricken deer go weep,*

*The hart ungalled play;*

*For some must watch, while some must sleep;*

*So runs the world away.—*

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, (if the  
rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me<sup>a</sup>) with two  
Provincial<sup>b</sup> roses on my razed<sup>c</sup> shoes, get me a  
fellowship in a cry<sup>d</sup> of players, sir?

HOR. Half a share.

HAM. A whole one, I.<sup>e</sup>

*For thou dost know, O, Damon dear,*

*This realm dismantled was*

*Of Jove himself; and now reigns here*

*A very-very—pajock.<sup>f</sup>*

HOR. You might have rhymed.

HAM. O, good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's  
word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

HOR. Very well, my lord.

HAM. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

HOR. I did very well note him.

HAM. Ah, ha!—Come, some music! come,  
the recorders!—

*For if the king like not the comedy,  
Why then, belike,—he likes it not, perdy.—  
Come, some music!*

*Re-enter ROSECRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

GUIL. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with  
you.

HAM. Sir, a whole history.

GUIL. The king, sir,—

HAM. Ay, sir, what of him?

GUIL. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distem-  
pered.

HAM. With drink, sir?

GUIL. No, my lord,<sup>g</sup> with choler.

HAM. Your wisdom should show itself more  
richer, to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to  
put him to his purgation would, perhaps, plunge  
him into<sup>h</sup> more choler.

GUIL. Good my lord, put your discourse into  
some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

HAM. I am tame, sir:—pronounce.

GUIL. The queen, your mother, in most great  
affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

HAM. You are welcome.

GUIL. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not  
of the right breed. If it shall please you to make  
me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's  
commandment: if not, your pardon and my return  
shall be the end of my business.

HAM. Sir, I cannot.

GUIL. What, my lord?

HAM. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's  
diseased: but, sir, such answer<sup>i</sup> as I can make  
you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my  
mother: therefore, no more, but to the matter:  
my mother, you say,—

ROS. Then thus she says: your behaviour hath  
struck her into amazement and admiration

HAM. O, wonderful son, that can so astonish a  
mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this  
mother's admiration?

ROS. She desires to speak with you in her closet,  
ere you go to bed.

HAM. We shall obey, were she ten times our  
mother. Have you any further trade with us?

ROS. My lord, you once did love me.

(\*) First folio, *Oh*

<sup>a</sup> — turn Turk with me—] A popular phrase to express apos-  
tasy of any kind. Shakespeare uses it again in "Much Ado About  
Nothing," Act III. Sc. 4.—"Well, an you be not turned Turk,  
there's no more sailing by the star."

<sup>b</sup> Provincial roses—] Provincial roses, Mr. Douce asserts, were  
not so called, as Warton and others conjectured, from *Provence*,  
but from *Provins*, in Lower Brrie, a place early celebrated for the  
cultivation of the flower.

<sup>c</sup> — razed shoes, —] The folio reads, "raz'd," and the quartos  
"raz'd," by razed if that be the true word, must be meant *slashed*  
or *opened* shoes. It should be noted, however, that Stevens and

(\*) First folio inserts, *rather* (†) First folio inserts, *farve*.  
(‡) First folio, *answers*.

other critics thought that Shakespeare probably wrote *razed*  
shoes, *i. e.* shoes with high heels

<sup>d</sup> — a cry of players, —] A troop or company of players.

<sup>e</sup> A whole one, *i. e.* The meaning may be, "A whole one, *I say?*"  
but Malone's proposed emendation,—

"A whole one, —ay,—

For," &c.,

will strike many as the more likely reading.

<sup>f</sup> — pajock, —] In the old copies printed *pajocks*, or *pajock*, is  
believed to be equivalent to *peacock*.

HAM. And do\* still, by these pickers and stealers.

ROS. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? You do, surely,† bar the door upon‡ your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

HAM. Sir, I lack advancement.

ROS. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

HAM. Ay, but *While the grass grows*,—the proverb is something musty.

*Re-enter Players with Recorders.\**

O, the recorders : (4) let me see one. §—To withdraw with you : †—Why do you go about to recover the wind of me,° as if you would drive me into a toil?

GUIL. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmanly.

HAM. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

GUIL. My lord, I cannot.

HAM. I pray you.

GUIL. Believe me, I cannot.

HAM. I do beseech you.¶

GUIL. I know no touch of it, my lord.

HAM. 'T is as easy as lying : govern these ventages with your fingers || and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent ¶ music. Look you, these are the stops.

GUIL. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony ; I have not the skill.

HAM. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me ! You would play upon me : you would seem to know my stops ; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery ; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass : and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ ; yet cannot you make it speak.\*\* S'blood ! do you think that I am easier to be played on than a pipe ? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret° me, you cannot play upon me.—

*Re-enter POLONIUS.*

God bless you, sir !

(\*) First folio, *So I do.*

(2) First folio, *of*.

(1) First folio, *finger.*

(†) First folio, *freely*

(‡) First folio omits, *one.*

(§) First folio, *excellent.*

(\*) First folio, *make it* Why do you.

\* Re-enter, &c.] In the folio, "Enter cue with a Recorder"  
 † To withdraw with you. —] Malone, to render these words intelligible, was fain to interpolate a stage direction —[*Taking Guildenstern aside.*] Stevens conceived them to have been in reply to some gesture Guildenstern had used, and which Hamlet interpreted into a signal for him to attend the speaker into another room. We take them to be simply a direction addressed to the players who bring in the recorders, and their true reading,—"So, —[*taking a recorder*] withdraw with you." What subsequently transpires between Hamlet and his schoolfellows could hardly have taken place in presence of the players, and the disputed words may have been intended to mark the departure of the latter.  
 ° — to recover the wind of me, —] An expression borrowed

POL. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

HAM. Do you see yonder\* cloud that's almost in shape like a camel?

POL. By the mass, and 'tis† like a camel, indeed.

HAM. Methinks it is like a weasel.

POL. It is backed like a weasel.

HAM. Or like a whale.

POL. Very like a whale.

HAM. Then will I come to my mother by-and-by.—[*Aside.*] They fool me to the top of my bent.

—I will come by-and-by.

POL. I will say so.

HAM. By-and-by is easily said.—[*Exit POLONIUS.*] Leave me, friends.

[*Exit Ros., GUIL., ROS., &c.*]

'T is now the very witching time of night,

When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out

Contagion to this world : now could I drink hot blood,

And do such bitter business' as the day

Would quake to look on. Soft ! now to my mother.—

O, heart, lose not thy nature ; let not ever

The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom :

Let me be cruel, not unnatural ;

I will speak daggers to her, but use none ;

My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites,—

How in my words soever she be shent,

To give them seals never, my soul, consent !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in the same.*

*Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.*

KING. I like him not ; nor stands it safe with us To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you ; I your commission will forthwith dispatch, And he to England shall along with you : The terms of our estate may not endure Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow Out of his lunacies.

(\*) First folio, *that.*

(†) First folio, *By th' Mass, and it's.*

from hunting, as Mr. Singer explains, and meaning, "to get the animal pursued to run with the wind, that it may not scent the toil or its pursuers."

¶ I do beseech you.] Should not this be addressed, and the reply which follows be assigned, to Rosencrantz? In the quarto, 1608, the dialogue runs,—

"Ham." I pray will you play upon this pipe?

Ros. Alas, my lord, I cannot.

Ham. Pray will you.

Gil. I have no skill, my lord."

\* — though you can tret me, —] An obvious quibble on *tret*, the stop or key of a musical instrument, and the same word in its ordinary sense of *ret, irritate, &c.*

† And do such bitter business as the day —] In the quarto, — "such business as the bitter day," &c.

GUIL.

We will ourselves provide :

Most holy and religious fear it is  
To keep those many-many\* bodies safe,  
That live and feed upon your majesty.

ROS. The single and peculiar life is bound,  
With all the strength and armour of the mind,  
To keep itself from 'noyance ; but much more  
That spirit upon whose weal\* depend and rest  
The lives of many. The cease of majesty  
Dies not alone ; but, like a gulf, doth draw  
What's near it with it : it is a massy wheel,  
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,  
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things  
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd ; which, when it falls,  
Each small annexment, petty consequence,  
Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never alone  
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

KING. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy  
voyage ;

For we will fetters put upon this fear,  
Which now goes too free-footed.

ROS., GUIL.

We will haste us.

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]*Enter POLONIUS.*

POL. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet :  
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,  
To hear the process ; I'll warrant she'll tax him  
home.

And, as you said, and wisely was it said,  
'Tis meet that some more audience than a  
mother,

Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear  
The speech of vantage. Fare you well, my liege :  
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,  
And tell you what I know.

KING.

Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exit POLONIUS.*]

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven :  
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,—  
A brother's murder !—Pray can I not ;  
Though inclination be as sharp as will,  
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent ;  
And, like a man to double business bound,  
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,  
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand  
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,—  
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,  
To wash it white as snow ? Whereeto serves  
mercy,

(\*) First folio, *spared*.

\* — many-many.— This expression, signifying numberless, has hitherto been always printed "many many;" it should certainly be hyphenated like *too-too*, *few-few*, *most-most*, and the like.

† — the wicked prize itself.— Mr. Collier's annotator, with abominable taste, suggests *purse* for "prize," and Mr. Collier

But to confront the visage of offence ?

And what's in prayer but this two-fold force,—  
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,  
Or pardon'd being down ? Then I'll look up ;  
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer  
Can serve my turn ? Forgive me my foul  
murder !—

That cannot be ; since I am still possess'd  
Of those effects for which I did the murder,—  
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.  
May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence ?  
In the corrupted currents of this world,  
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice ;  
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize<sup>b</sup> itself  
Buys out the law : but 't is not so above ;  
There is no shuffling,—there the action lies  
In his true nature ; and we ourselves compell'd,  
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,  
To give in evidence. What then ? what rests ?  
'Tis what repentance can : what can it not ?  
Yet what can it, when one can not repent ?  
O, wretched state ! O, bosom, black as death !  
O, limed soul, that struggling to be free,  
Art more engag'd ! Help, angels ! make assay !  
Bow, stubborn knees ; and, heart with strings of  
steel,

Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe !

All may be well ! [*Retires and kneels.*]*Enter HAMLET.*

HAM. Now might I do it pat, now he is  
praying ;

And now I'll do 't :—and so he goes to heaven :  
And so am I reveng'd :—that would be scann'd :  
A villain kills my father ; and, for that,  
I, his sole\* son, do this same villain send to heav'n.  
O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.  
He took my father grossly, full of bread ;  
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush† as May ;  
And how his audit stands who knows save  
heaven ?

But, in our circumstance and course of thought,  
'Tis heavy with him : and am I, then, reveng'd,  
To take him in the purging of his soul,  
When he is fit and season'd for his passage ? No !  
Up, sword ; and know thou a more horrid hent !  
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage ;  
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed ;  
At gaming, swearing ; or about some act  
That has no relish of salvation in 't ;—

(\*) First folio, *sonne*.(†) First folio, *fresh*.

says, "there cannot be a doubt on the propriety of the emendation!"

° — know thou a more horrid hent ! That is, and feel or be conscious of a more terrible purpose.



Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven;  
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black,  
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:—  
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.*]

*The KING rises and advances.*

KING. My words fly up, my thoughts remain  
below:  
Words without thoughts never to heaven go. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.*

POL. He will come straight. Look you lay  
home to him;

Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear  
with,  
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood  
between

Much heat and him. I'll silence\* me e'en here.  
Pray you, be round with him.

HAM. [*Without.*] Mother, mother, mother!

QUEEN.

I'll warrant you;

Fear me not:—withdraw, I hear him coming.

[*POLONIUS hides behind the arras.*]<sup>(5)</sup>

*Enter HAMLET.*

HAM. Now, mother; what's the matter?

QUEEN. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much  
offended.

HAM. Mother, you have my father much of-  
fended.

QUEEN. Come, come, you answer with an idle  
tongue.

\* *I'll silence me e'en here* ] Hammer reads, "*I'll silence me even here;*" and perhaps rightly. Compare the corresponding passage in the quarto, 1603, "*I'll shrowde myself behind the Arras;*"

and, "*Merry Wives of Windsor*," Act III. Sc. 3,—"*I'll ensconce me behind the arras.*"



HAM. Go, go, you question with a wicked\* tongue.

QUEEN. Why, how now, Hamlet!

HAM. What's the matter now?

QUEEN. Have you forgot me?

HAM. No, by the rood, not so:

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;

And,—would it† were not so!—you are my mother.

QUEEN. Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.

HAM. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;

You go not till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

QUEEN. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?—

Help, help, ho!

POL. [*Behind.*] What, ho! help, help, help!

HAM. How now! a rat? [*Draws.*] Dead! for a ducent, dead!

[*Makes a pass through the arras.*]

POL. [*Behind.*] O, I am slain.

[*Falls and dies.*]

QUEEN. O, me, what hast thou done?

HAM. Nay, I know not: is it the king?

QUEEN. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

HAM. A bloody deed!—almost as bad, good mother,

As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

QUEEN. As kill a king!

HAM. Ay, lady, 't was my word.—

[*Lifts up the arras and sees POLONIUS.*]

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

I took thee for thy better: ‡ take thy fortune:

Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.—

Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you down,

And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff;

If damned custom have not braz'd it so,

That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

QUEEN. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

HAM.

Such an act

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;

Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,

And sets\* a blister there; makes marriage vows

As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed

As from the body of contraction plucks

The very soul; and sweet religion makes

A rhapsody of words! heaven's face doth glow;

Yea, this solidity and compound mass,

With tristful visage, as against the doom,

Is thought-sick at the act.

QUEEN.

Ay me, what act,

That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

HAM. Look here, upon this picture, and on this,—

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.

See, what a grace was seated on this† brow:

Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;

• An eye like Mars, to threaten and ‡ command;

A station like the herald Mercury

New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;

A combination and a form, indeed,

Where every god did seem to set his seal,

To give the world assurance of a man:

This was your husband—Look you now, what follows:

Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,

Blasting his wholesome brother. §—Have you eyes?

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,

And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?

You cannot call it love; for at your age

The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,

And waits upon the judgment: and what judgment

Would step from this to this? Sense,\* sure, you have,

Else could you not have motion: but sure, that sense

Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err;

Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd

But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,

To serve in such a difference.† What devil was 't,

That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?

Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,

Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,

Or but a sickly part of one true sense

(\*) First folio, *an idle.* (†) First folio, *But would you.*

(‡) First folio, *Better*

— Sense, *sure, you have,*  
Else could you not have motion ]

The meaning we apprehend to be,—“Sense (i. e. the sensibility to appreciate the distinction between external objects) you must have, or you would no longer feel the impulse of desire. This signification of “motion” might be illustrated by numerous examples from our early writers, but the accompanying out of Shakespeare will suffice.—

— one who never feels  
The wanton stings and motions of the sense.”  
*Measure for Measure*, Act I. Sc. 5.

(\*) First folio, *makes.*

(†) First folio, *or.*

(†) First folio, *Ha.*

(§) First folio, *breath.*

“— A maiden never bold,  
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion  
Blush'd at herself.”

*Othello*, Act I. Sc. 2.

“But we have reason to cool our raging  
Motions, our carnal stings,” &c.

*Ibid* Act I. Sc. 3.

† To serve in such a difference ] The passage commencing  
“Sense, sure, you have,” to these words inclusive, is not printed  
in the folio.



Could not so mope.\*  
 O, shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,  
 If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,  
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,  
 And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame\*  
 When the compulsive ardour gives the charge;  
 Since frost itself as actively doth burn,  
 And\* reason panders will.

(\*) First folio, *As*.

QUEEN. O, Hamlet, speak no more:  
 Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;  
 And there I see such black and grained spots,  
 As will not leave their tinct.

HAM. Nay, but to live  
 In the rank sweat of an encased bed;  
 Stew'd in corruption: honeying and making love  
 Over the nasty sty,—

\* Could not so mope.] This and the three foregoing lines are wanting in the folio

QUEEN. O, speak to me no more!  
These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears;  
No more, sweet Hamlet!

HAM. A murderer and a villain!  
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe  
Of your precedent lord;—a vice\* of kings!  
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,  
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,  
And put it in his pocket!

QUEEN. No more!

HAM. A king of shreds and patches!—

*Enter Ghost.*

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,  
You heavenly guards!—What would your\* gra-  
cious figure?

QUEEN. Alas, he's mad!

HAM. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,  
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by  
The important acting of your dread command?  
O, say!

GHOST. Do not forget: this visitation  
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.  
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:  
O, step between her and her fighting soul,—  
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works,—  
Speak to her, Hamlet.

HAM. How is it with you, lady?

QUEEN. Alas, how is't with you,  
That you do† bend your eye on vacancy,  
And with the incorporal‡ air do hold discourse?  
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;  
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,  
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,  
Starts up, and stands on end. O, gentle son,  
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper  
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

HAM. On him! on him!—Look you, how pale  
he glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,  
Would make them capable.‡—Do not look upon me;

Lest with this piteous action you convert  
My stern effects:‡ then what I have to do  
Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.

QUEEN. To whom do you speak this?

HAM. Do you see nothing there?

QUEEN. Nothing at all; yet all that I see.

HAM. Nor did you nothing hear?

QUEEN. No, nothing but ourselves.

HAM. Why, look you there! look, how it steals  
away!

My father, in his habit as he liv'd!

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[*Exit Ghost.*]

QUEEN. This is the very coinage of your brain:  
This bodiless creation ecstasy<sup>d</sup>  
Is very cunning in.

HAM.

*Ecstasy!*

My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time,  
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness  
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test.  
And I the matter will re-word, which madness  
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,  
Lay not that\* flattering unction to your soul,  
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:  
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,  
Whiles† rank corruption, mining all within,  
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;  
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;  
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,  
To make them ranker.‡ —[*Aside.*] Forgive me  
this, my virtue;‡

For in the fatness of these§ purvey times,  
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg;  
Yea, cumber and woo for leave to do him good.

QUEEN. O, Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart  
in twain.

HAM. O, throw away the worse part of it,  
And live the purer with the other half.  
Good night: but go not to mine uncle's bed;  
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.  
That monster, Custom, who all sense doth eat,  
Of habits' devil, is angel yet in this,—<sup>h</sup>

(\*) First folio, *you* (†) First folio omits, *do*

(‡) First folio, *these corp. rail*

a — a vice of kings? A "vice" was the buffoon or clown of the older drama.

b — capable? *Susceptible*

c — effects? For "effects," Mr. Singer reads, *affects*, quoting in support of his emendation,

"the young affects

In me defunct—&c

d — ecstasy—*Madness*. The quarto, 1603, exhibits this speech of the Queen very differently to the after copies, and the peculiarity is interesting in connexion with the question of her participation in the murder of her first husband—

"Alas, it is the weakness of thy brain,  
Which makes thy tongue to blazon thy heart's griefe.  
But as I have a soule, I sweare by heaven,  
I never knew of this most horrible murder:  
But Hamlet, this is onely fantasie,  
And for my love forgot these idle fits."

e — do not spread the compost on the weeds.— The folio has,—  
"— or the weeds," the poet's manuscript probably read, "o'er the weeds," &c

f — Forgive me this, my virtue, &c.] Although the modern

(\*) First folio, *a*

(†) First folio, *rankle*

(‡) First folio, *Whitfal*

(§) First folio, *this*.

editor uniformly print this as if Hamlet addressed it to the Queen: nothing can be more evident than that it is an imprecation to his own virtue.

g — curb—*flow, or trouble*; from the French *courber*.

h — That monster, Custom, who all sense doth eat,  
Of habits' devil, &c.]

The reading of the old text is,—

"That monster custome, who all sense doth eats  
Of habits devill," &c.;

Which has been variously modified to,—

"— who all sense doth eat  
Of habits evil," &c

"— who all sense doth eat,

If habit's devil," &c.

and

"— who all sense doth eat,  
Or habit's devil," &c

The trifling change we have taken the liberty to make, while doing little violence to the original, may be thought, it is hoped, to give at least as good a meaning as any other which has been proposed.

That to the use of actions fair and good  
He likewise gives a frock or livery,  
That aptly is put on.\* Refrain to-night:  
And that shall lend a kind of easiness  
To the next abstinence: the next more easy;  
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,<sup>c</sup>  
And master<sup>b</sup> the devil, or throw him out  
With wondrous potency.<sup>d</sup> Once more, good  
night:

And when you are desirous to be bless'd,  
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,  
[Pointing to POLONIUS.]

I do repent: but heaven hath pleas'd it so,  
To punish me with this, and this with me,  
That I must be their scourge and minister.  
I will bestow him, and will answer well  
The death I gave him. So, again, good night.—  
I must be cruel, only to be kind:  
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—  
One word more, good lady.<sup>e</sup>

QUEEN. What shall I do?

HAM. Not this, by no means, that I bid you  
do:

Let the bloated king tempt you again to bed;  
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;  
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,  
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,  
Make you to travel all this matter out,  
That I essentially am not in madness,  
But mad in craft. 'T were good you let him  
know:

For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,  
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,<sup>f</sup>

(\*) First folio, *blunt*

\* That aptly is put on.] The passage from "That monster" to "put on" inclusive, is not in the folio.

<sup>b</sup> And master the devil, or throw him out.—] The quartos, 1601 and 1605, present this line "An either the devil" &c., the other ones read as above, which, as it affords sense, though destructive to the metre, we retain, not, however, without acknowledging a preference for Malone's conjecture, "And either curb the devil," &c.

Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?  
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,  
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,  
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,  
To try conclusions,<sup>g</sup> in the basket creep,  
And break your own neck down.

QUEEN. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of  
breath,

And breath of life, I have no life to breathe  
What thou hast said to me.

HAM. I must to England; you know that?

QUEEN. Alack.

I had forgot 't is so concluded on.

HAM. There's letters seal'd: and my two  
schoolfellows,—

Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,—  
They bear the mandate; they must sweep<sup>h</sup> my  
way,

And marshal me to knavery. Let it work!  
For 't is the sport to have the engineer  
Hoist with his own petar: and 't shall go hard,  
But I will delve one yard below their mines,  
And blow them at the moon. O, 't is most sweet  
When in one line two crafts directly meet.—<sup>i</sup>

This man shall set me packing.  
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room:—  
Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor  
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,  
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.  
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.—  
Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally; HAMLET dragging out<sup>j</sup>  
the body of POLONIUS.*(<sup>k</sup>)

<sup>c</sup> With wondrous potency.] Thus and what precedes, from "the next more easy" inclusive, is only in the quarto copies.

<sup>d</sup> One word more, good lady.] Not in the folio.

<sup>e</sup> — a paddock a gib. ] A "paddock" is a toad, for "gib,"

"a cat," see note (b), p. 512, Vol. I.

<sup>f</sup> — conclusions. —] *Experiments*

<sup>g</sup> — directly meet.] This, as well as the eight preceding lines,

are only in the quartos.

<sup>h</sup> — dragging out.—] The folio direction reads "lugging in."





## ACT IV

### SCENE I.—*The same*

*Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.*

KING. There's matter\* in these sighs, these profound heaves.  
You must translate ; 't is fit we understand them.  
Where is your son ?

QUEEN. Bestow this place on us a little while.\*  
[ *To ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN, who*  
*exunt.*

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night !

KING. What, Gertrude ? How does Hamlet :  
QUEEN. Mad as the sea\* and wind, when both  
contend

Which is the mightier : in his lawless fit,  
Behind the arras hearing something stir,  
He whips his rapier out, and cries, *A rat ! a rat !*  
And in this† brainish apprehension, kills  
The unseen good old man.

KING. O, heavy deed !  
It had been so with us, had we been there :  
His liberty is full of threats to all ;

(\*) First folio, *matters*

\* Bestow this place, &c.] A line not in the folio.

(\*) First folio, *sees*

(†) First folio *his*



To you yourself, to us, to every one.  
Alas ! how shall this bloody deed be answered ?  
It will be laid to us, whose providence  
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of  
haunt,\*

This mad young man : but so much was our love,  
We would not understand what was most fit ;  
But, like the owner of a foul disease,  
To keep it from divulging, let\* it feed  
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone ?

QUEEN. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,  
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore<sup>b</sup>  
Among a mineral<sup>c</sup> of metals base,  
Shows itself pure ; he weeps for what is done.

KING. O, Gertrude, come away !  
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,  
But we will ship him hence : and this vile deed  
We must, with all our majesty and skill,  
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho ! Guilden-  
stern !

*Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

Friends both, go join you with some further aid :  
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,

And from his mother's closet\* hath ne dragg'd  
him :

Go, seek him out ; speak fair, and bring the body  
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.—

[*Exeunt ROS. and GUIL.*]  
Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends ;  
To let them know, both what we mean to do,  
And what's untimely done : so, haply slander,—<sup>d</sup>  
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,  
As level as the cannon to his blank,  
Transports his poison'd shot,—may miss our name,  
And hit the woundless air.\*—O, come away !  
My soul is full of discord and dismay. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter HAMLET.*

HAM. Safely stowed.

ROS., GUIL. [*Without.*] Hamlet ! lord Hamlet !

HAM. But soft !<sup>f</sup> what noise ? who calls on  
Hamlet ? O, here they come.

(\*) First folio, *lets*.

<sup>a</sup> — out of haunt,—] *Out of company.*

<sup>b</sup> — ore—] "Ore" is here used for *gold*, the most precious of  
ores.

<sup>c</sup> — mineral—] A *mine*, or rather a *metallic vein* in a mine ; we  
should now say a *lode*.

<sup>d</sup> — so, haply slander,—] In the old copies the passage reads,—

" And let them know both what we mean to do  
And what's untimely done," &c. ,

(\*) First folio, *Closetts*.

the latter portion of the line having been accidentally omitted.  
Theobald supplied the *hiatus* by inserting "for haply, slander ;"  
Malone by reading, "so viperous slander," &c. ; we should prefer  
to either,—

" — *thus calumny*,—  
Whose whisper," &c.

<sup>e</sup> And hit the woundless air } These words and the three pre-  
vious lines are not given in the folio.  
<sup>f</sup> But soft ! } Only in the quartos.

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

ROS. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

HAM. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

ROS. Tell us where 't is; that we may take it thence,

And bear it to the chapel.

HAM. Do not believe it.

ROS. Believe what?

HAM. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge!—what replication should be made by the son of a king?

ROS. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

HAM. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: he keeps them, like an ape doth nuts,\* in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed: when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

ROS. I understand you not, my lord.

HAM. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

ROS. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

HAM. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

GUIL. A thing, my lord?

HAM. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after. *[Exeunt]*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter KING, attended.*

KING. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.

How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!

Yet must not we put the strong law on him:

He 's lov'd of the distracted multitude,

Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;

And where 't is so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,

But never\* the offence. To bear all smooth and even,

This sudden sending him away must seem

Deliberate pause: diseases desperate grown,

By desperate appliance are reliev'd,

Or not at all.

(\*) First folio, *neerer*.

\* — doth nuts,—] These words are restored from the 1603 quarto. b Hide fox, and all after ] The early name for the boys' game, now known as *hoop*, or *hide and seek*.

c Alas, alas!] These exclamations, with the next speech, are only in the quartos.

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ.*

How now! what hath befall'n?

ROS. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord, We cannot get from him.

KING. But where is he?

ROS. Without, my lord, guarded, to know your pleasure.

KING. Bring him before us.

ROS. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

*Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.*

KING. Now, Hamlet, where 's Polonius?

HAM. At supper.

KING. At supper! Where?

HAM. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic\* worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us; and we fat ourselves† for maggots: your fat king and your lean beggar, is but variable service,—two dishes, but to one table: that's the end.

KING. Alas, alas!

HAM. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm‡

KING. What dost thou mean by this?

HAM. Nothing but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

KING. Where is Polonius?

HAM. In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within§ this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

KING. Go seek him there.

*[To some Attendants.]*

HAM. He will stay till ye come.

*[Exeunt Attendants.]*

KING. Hamlet, this deed§ for thine especial safety,—

Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve

For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence

With fiery quickness: therefore, prepare thyself;

The bark is ready, and the wind at help,

The associates tend, and everything is bent

For England.

HAM. For England!

KING.

Ay, Hamlet.

(\*) First folio omits, *politic*.

(†) First folio, *ourselves*.

(‡) First folio omits, *within*.

(§) First folio adds, *of thine*.

(||) First folio, *as*.

d — and eat of the fish, &c.] In the quarto, 1603, this stands,—  
"A man may fish with the worme that hath eaten of a king, and a beggar eate that fish which that worme hath caught."



HAM.

Good.

KING. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

HAM. I see a cherub, that sees them.\*—But, come; for England!—Farewell, dear mother.

KING. Thy loving father, Hamlet!

HAM. My mother: father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother.—Come, for England! [*Exit.*]

KING. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;

Delay it not; I'll have him hence to-night:

Away! for everything is seal'd and done

That else leans on the affair: pray you, make haste. [*Exeunt ROS. and GUIL.*]

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,—

As my great power thereof may give thee sense,

Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red

After the Danish sword, and thy free awe

Pays homage to us,—thou mayst not coldly set

Our sovereign process; which imports at full,

By letters conjuring to that effect,

The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;

For like the hectic in my blood he rages,  
And thou must cure me: till I know 't is done,  
Howe'er my laps, my joys were ne'er begun.

[*Exit.*]

#### SCENE IV.—A Plain in Denmark.

*Enter FORTINBRAS, and Forces, marching.*

FOR. [*To an Officer.*] Go, captain, from me  
greet the Danish king;

Tell him, that, by his licence, Fortinbras  
Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march  
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.  
If that his majesty would aught with us,  
We shall express our duty in his eye;  
And let him know so.

CAP. I will do 't, my lord.

FOR. Go softly\* on.

[*Exeunt FORTINBRAS and Forces.*]

(\*) First folio, *him*.

\* Go softly on.] The folio has "safely;" but "softly," as in the quartos, meaning *slowly*, was doubtless the author's word.



*Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, &c.\**

HAM. Good sir, whose powers are these ?

CAP. They are of Norway, sir.

HAM. How purposed, sir, I pray you ?

CAP. Against some part of Poland

HAM. Who commands them, sir ?

CAP. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

HAM. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,  
Or for some frontier ?

CAP. Truly to speak, and with no addition,  
We go to gain a little patch of ground,  
That hath in it no profit but the name.

To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it ;

Not will it yield to Norway or the Pole

A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

HAM. Why, then the Polack never will  
defend it.

CAP. Yes, 't is already garrison'd.

HAM. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand  
ducats,

Will not debate the question of this straw :

This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace,

That inward breaks, and shows no cause without

Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

CAP. God be wi' you, sir. [*Exit.*]

ROS. Will 't please you go, my lord ?

HAM. I will be with you straight. Go a little  
before.

[*Exit ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]

How all occasions do inform against me,

And spur my dull revenge ! What is a man,

If his chief good and market of his time,

Be but to sleep and feed ? a beast, no more.

Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,

Looking before and after, gave us not

That capability and god-like reason

To fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be

Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple

Of thinking too precisely on the event,—

A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part  
wisdom,

And ever three parts coward,—I do not know

Why yet I live to say, *This thing's to do* ;

Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and  
means,

To do 't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me :

Witness this army of such mass and charge,

Led by a delicate and tender prince ;

Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,

Makes mouths at the invisible event ;

Exposing what is mortal and unsure

To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,

Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,

Is not to stir without great argument,

But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,

When honour's at the stake. How stand I, then,

That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,

Excitements of my reason and my blood,

And let all sleep ? while, to my shame, I see

The imminent death of twenty thousand men,

That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,

Go to their graves like beds ; fight for a plot

Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,

Which is not tomb enough and continent,

To hide the slain ?—O, from this time forth,

My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V. Elsinore. *A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter QUEEN, HORATIO, and a Gentleman.\**

QUEEN. I will not speak with her.

GENT. She is importunate ; indeed, distract ;

Her mood will needs be pitted.

QUEEN. What would she have ?

GENT. She speaks much of her father ; says  
she hears,

There 's tricks i' the world ; and hems, and beats  
her heart ;

Spurns enviously at straws ; speaks things in doubt,

That carry but half sense : her speech is nothing,

Yet the unshaped use of it doth move

The hearers to collection ; they aim at it,

And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts ;

Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield  
them,

Indeed would make one think there might<sup>o</sup> be  
thought,<sup>o</sup>

Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

HOR. 'T were good she were spoken with ; for  
she may strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds. [*Exit*]

QUEEN. Let her come in.<sup>d</sup> [*Exit HORATIO.*]

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,

Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss ;

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,

It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

(\*) First folio, would.

\* *Enter HAMLET, &c.* The remainder of this scene is entirely  
wanting in the 1<sup>o</sup> folio.

<sup>d</sup> — and a Gentleman ? So the quartos. The folio omits this  
character, and Horatio is made to speak what the former copies  
assign to him. We adopt the older distribution of the dialogue as  
the better one.

<sup>c</sup> — there might be thought, — } "Thought" is possibly a mis-

print, caught from the line above, for *mean*, or *seen*, or a word of  
like import.

<sup>d</sup> Let her come in. In the quartos, these words are mistakenly  
attached to Horatio's speech, and in the folio, the two previous  
lines are assigned to the Queen.

*Re-enter HORATIO with OPHELIA.\**

OPH. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

QUEEN. How now, Ophelia?

OPH. [Sings.]

*How should I your true love know  
From another one?  
By his cockle hat and staff,  
And his sandal shoon.*

QUEEN. Alas, sweet lady! what imports this song?

OPH. Say you? nay, pray you, mark!

[Sings.] *He is dead and gone, lady,  
He is dead and gone,  
At his head a grass-green turf,  
At his heels a stone.*

QUEEN. Nay, but Ophelia,—

OPH. Pray you, mark!

[Sings.] *White his shroud as the mountain snow,*

*Enter KING.*

QUEEN. Alas, look here, my lord.

OPH. [Sings.]

*Larded all\* with sweet flowers;  
Which bewept to the grave did go,  
With true-love showers.*

KING. How do you, pretty lady?

OPH. Well, God 'held you! They say, the owl was a baker's daughter.<sup>(1)</sup> Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

KING. Conceit upon her father.

OPH. Pray you, let 's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

[Sings.] *To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,  
All in the morning betime,  
And I a maid at your window,  
To be your Valentine.*

(\*) First folio omits, all.

(1) Old copies, *did not go*.

\* — with OPHELIA.] The quaint direction of the quarto, 1608, is entitled to consideration from future representatives of this lovely creation, since in all probability it indicates the manner in which the author himself designed she should appear in this her greatest scene.—"Enter Ophelia playing on a Lute, and her hairs downe singling."

— down'd—] To don = to do on, or put on

*Then up he rose, and down'd<sup>b</sup> his clothes,  
And drupp'd<sup>c</sup> the chamber door;  
Let in the maid, that out a maid  
Never departed more.*

KING. Pretty Ophelia!

OPH. Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end on't:

[Sings.] *By Gis, and by Saint Charity,  
Alack, and fie for shame!  
Young men will do't, if they come to't;  
By cock they are to blame.*

*Quoth she, before you tumbled me,  
You promis'd me to wed.*

*So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,<sup>d</sup>  
An thou hadst not come to my bed.*

KING. How long hath she been thus?\*

OPH. I hope, all will be well. We must be patient; but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him in the cold ground.—My brother shall know of it; and so I thank you for your good counsel.—Come, my coach!—Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night. [Exit.]

KING. Follow her close; give her good watch.

I pray you. [Exit HORATIO.]

O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs  
All from her father's death. O, Gertrude, Gertrude,

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,  
But in battalions! First, her father slain;  
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author  
Of his own just remove; the people muddied,  
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and  
whispers,  
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but  
greenly.<sup>d</sup>

In hugger-mugger<sup>e</sup> to inter him, poor Ophelia,  
Divided from herself and her fair judgment,  
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts:  
Last, and as much containing as all these,  
Her brother is in secret come from France;  
Feeds† on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,  
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear  
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;  
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,  
Will nothing stick our person‡ to unravel

(\*) First folio, *this*.

(1) First folio, *Keeps*

(1) First folio, *persons*

c — drupp'd—] A contraction of *do up*, to *lift the latch*. Johnson suggested, "And *up'd*," but compare, "What devell ich weene the porters are drunke, wil they not *dup* the gate to-day?" — *Damon and Pythias*, 1582.

d — greenly.—] Immaturely, unwisely.

e — hugger-mugger—] An old word signifying *secretly*, *by stealth*.

In ear and ear. O, my dear Gertrude, this,  
Like to a murdering-piece,\* in many places  
Gives me superfluous death. [*A noise without.*]

QUEEN. Alack! what noise is this?

KING. Where are my Switzers? Let them  
guard the door:

*Enter another Gentleman.*

What is the matter?

GENT. Save yourself, my lord!

The ocean, overpeering of his list,  
Eats not the flats with more impetuous\* haste,  
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,  
O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord;  
And as the world were now but to begin,  
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,  
The ratifiers and props of every word,  
They cry, *Choose we! Laertes shall be king!*  
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,  
*Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!*

QUEEN. How cheerfully on the false trail they  
cry!

O, this is counter,† you false Danish dogs.

KING. The doors are broke! [*Noise without.*]

*Enter LAERTES, armed; Danes following*

LAER. Where is this† king?—Sirs, stand you  
all without.

DANES. Nay, let's come in.

LAER. I pray you, give me leave.

DANES. We will, we will.

[*They retire without the door.*]

LAER. I thank you:—keep the door.—O, thou  
vile king,

Give me my father!

QUEEN. Calmly, good Laertes.

LAER. That drop of blood that's calm‡ pro-  
claims me bastard;

Cries cuckold to my father; brands the harlot  
Even here, between the chaste unsundered brow  
Of my true mother!

KING. What is the cause, Laertes.  
That thy rebellion looks so grant-like?—  
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fence out person;

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,  
That treason can't but peep to what it would,  
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,  
Why thou art thus incensed:—let him go, Ger-  
trude;—

Speak, man.

LAER. Where is my father?

KING. Dead.

QUEEN. But not by him‡

KING. Let him demand his fill.

LAER. How came he dead? I'll not be jug-  
gled with;

To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!  
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!  
I dare damnation: to this point I stand,  
That both the worlds I give to negligence,  
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd  
Most thoroughly for my father.

KING. Who shall stay you?

LAER. My will, not all the world:  
And for my means, I'll husband them so well,  
They shall go far with little

KING. Good Laertes,  
If you desire to know the certainty  
Of your dear father's death, is't\* writ in your  
revenge,

That, swoop-stake, you will draw both friend and  
foe,

Winner and loser?

LAER. None but his enemies.

KING. Will you know them, then?

LAER. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope  
my arms:

And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,†  
Repast them with my blood.

KING. Why, now you speak  
Like a good child and a true gentleman.

That I am guiltless of your father's death,

And am most sensible in grief for it,  
It shall as level to your judgment pierce,

As day does to your eye.

DANES. [*Without.*] Let her come in.

LAER. How now! what noise is that?—

*Re-enter OPHELIA.*

O, heat, dry up my brains! tears seven-times salt,  
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—

(\*) First folio, *unpious* (†) First folio, *the*,  
(‡) First folio, *that calms*

\* — a murdering piece, —] A piece of artillery with several barrels, which discharged a bullet of missile composed of bullets, rams, old iron, and the like.

† — this is counter —] To hunt counter is explained at p. 150 Vol. I. — to follow on a false scent. — It should have been added, "or to reverse the scent." A hound which, instead of going forward, turns and pursues the backward trail, was in the old language of the chase said to hunt counter.

‡ That treason can but peep to what it would,  
Acts little of his will.]

(\*) First folio, *if*.

(†) First folio, *Politician*.

This is passed by the critics without comment, but we shrewdly suspect it has undergone some depravation at the hands of translators or compositors.

‡ But not by him.] In the 1603 quarto the dialogue proceeds, —

Laer. Speake, say, where's my father?

King. Dead.

Laer. Who hath murdered him? speake, he not

Be juggled with, for he is murdered.

Queene. True, but not by him."



By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,  
Till our scale turn the beam! O, rose of May!  
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—  
O, heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits  
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?  
Nature is fine in love: and, where 'tis fine,  
It sends some precious instance of itself  
After the thing it loves.  
ORN. [Sings.]

*They bore him barefaced on the bier;  
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;  
And on his grave rains many a tear;—*

Fare you well, my dove!

LARR. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade  
revenge,  
It could not move thus.  
OPH. [Sings.]

*You must sing, a-down a-down,  
An you call him a-down-a.*

O, how the wheel\* becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

LAER. This nothing's more than matter.

OPH. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;

[Sings.] *Pray, love, remember :*

and there it pancies,\* that's for thoughts.

LAER. A document in madness! thoughts and remembrance fitted.\*

OPH. There's fennel for you, and columbines :—there's rue for you ; and here's some for me :—we may call it herb-grace o' Sundays :—O, you must wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy : (2)—I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died :—they say he made a good end,—

[Sings.] *For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,—*

LAER. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,

She turns to favour and to prettiness.

OPH. [Sings.] *And will he not come again ?  
And will he not come again ?*

*No, no, he is dead,  
Go to thy death-bed,  
He never will come again*

*His beard as white as snow,  
All flaxen was his poll :  
He is gone, he is gone,  
And we cast away moan :  
Grammercy on his soul !*

And of all christian souls, I pray God.—God be wi' you. [Exit.]

LAER. Do you see this, O God?†

KING. Laertes, I must commune<sup>b</sup> with your grief,

Or you deny me right. Go but apart, Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will, And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me : If by direct or by collateral hand They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give, Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours, To you in satisfaction ; but if not, Be you content to lend your patience to us,

And we shall jointly labour with your soul To give it due content.

LAER. Let this be so ; His means of death, his obscure burial— No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones, No noble rite nor formal ostentation,— Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth, That I must call't\* in question.

KING. So you shall ; And where the offence is let the great axe fall. I pray you, go with me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter HORATIO and a Servant. (3)*

HOR. What are they that would speak with me ?  
SERV. Sailors, sir ; they say, they have letters for you.

HOR. Let them come in.— [Exit Servant.] I do not know from what part of the world I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

*Enter Sailors.†*

1 SAIL. God bless you, sir.

HOR. Let him bless thee too.

1 SAIL. He shall, sir, un't please him. There's a letter for you, sir,—it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England,—if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

HOR. [Reads.] *Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king ; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour ; in the grapple I boarded them ; on the instant they got clear of our ship ; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy ; but they knew what they did ; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent ; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine‡ ear, will make thee dumb : yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee*

(\*) First folio, *Paranceses*.

(†) First folio, *you Gods*.

(\*) First folio, *call*.

(†) First folio, *Sayler*.

(‡) First folio, *your*.

\* — the wheel.—] The "wheel" as *rota*, is another name for the burden or refrain of a ballad. It was perhaps the practice on the old stage for Ophelia to play the "wheel" upon her lute before these words.

b — I must commune with your grief.—] The folio alone reads "common," which is only the more ancient orthography of the same word.



*when I am. ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN hold their course for England; of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.*

*He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET.*

Come, I will give you way for these your letters ;  
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me  
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter KING and LAERTES.*

KING. Now must your conscience my acquit-  
tance seal,  
And you must put me in your heart for friend ;  
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,  
That he which hath your noble father slain,  
Pursu'd my life.

LAER. It well appears :—but tell me  
Why you proceeded not against these feats,  
So crimeful and so capital in nature,  
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,  
You mainly were stirr'd up.

KING. O, for two special reasons ;  
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,  
But\* yet to me they are strong. The queen, his  
mother,  
Lives almost by his looks ; and for myself,

(My virtue or my plague, be it either which.)  
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,  
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,  
I could not but by her. The other motive,  
Why to a public count I might not go,  
Is the great love the general gender bear him ;  
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,  
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,  
Convert his gyves to graces ; so that my arrows,  
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,  
Would have reverted to my bow again,  
And not where I had aim'd\* them.

LAER. And so have I a noble father lost ;  
A sister driven into desperate terms,—  
Whose worth,† if praises may go back again,  
Stood challenger on mount of all the age  
For her perfections :—but my revenge will come.

KING. Break not your sleeps for that : you must  
not think  
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,  
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,  
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear  
more :

I lov'd your father, and we love ourself ;  
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—

*Enter a Messenger.*

How now ! what news ?

M. 48. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet :  
This to your majesty ; this to the queen.

(\*) First folio, and

\*) First folio, arm'd

†) First folio, *Who was*

KING. From Hamlet! who brought them?

MESS. Sailors, my lord, they say: I saw them not.

They were given to me by Claudio, he received them

Of him that brought them.\*

KING. Laertes, you shall hear them:—  
Leave us. [Exit Messenger.]

[Reads.] *High and mighty,—You shall know I am set naked on your kingdom To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasions of my sudden and more strange return.*

HAMLET.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?

Or is it some abuse, and† no such thing?

LAER. Know you the hand?

KING. 'Tis Hamlet's character.—*Naked,*—  
And in a postscript here, he says, *alone!*  
Can you advise me?

LAER. I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come!

It warms the very sickness in my heart,  
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,  
*Thus diddest thou!*‡

KING. If it be so, Laertes,—  
As how should it be so? how otherwise?—  
Will you be rul'd by me?

LAER. Ay, my lord,‡  
So§ you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

KING. To thine own peace. If he be return'd,—

As checking<sup>b</sup> at his voyage, and that he means  
No more to undertake it,—I will work him  
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,  
Under the which he shall not choose but fall;  
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,  
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,  
And call it accident.

LAER. My lord, I will be rul'd;  
The rather, if you could devise it so,  
That I might be the organ.

KING. It falls right.  
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,

'And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality  
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts  
Did not together pluck such envy from him,  
As did that one; and that, in my regard,  
Of the unworthiest siege.<sup>c</sup>

LAER. What part is that, my lord?

KING. 'A very riband in the cap of youth,  
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes  
The light and careless livery that it wears,  
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,  
Importing health and graveness.<sup>d</sup>—Two months  
since,\*

Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—  
I've seen myself, and served against, the French,  
And they can well on horseback: but this gallant  
Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his seat;  
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,  
As he had been incorp'd and demi-natur'd,  
With the brave beast: so far he topp'd† my  
thought,

That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,  
Come short of what he did.

LAER.

A Norman was't?

KING. A Norman.

LAER. Upon my life, Lamond.

KING.

The very same.

LAER. I know him well: he is the brooch,  
indeed,

And gem of all the‡ nation.

KING. He made confession of you;  
And gave you such a masterly report,  
For art and exercise in your defence,<sup>f</sup>  
And for your rapier most especially,  
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,  
If one could match you: the scrimers<sup>g</sup> of their  
nation,

He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,  
If you oppos'd them.<sup>b</sup> Sir, this report of his  
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,  
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg  
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.  
Now, out of this,—

LAER. What§ out of this, my lord?

KING. Laertes, was your father dear to you?  
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,  
A face without a heart?

LAER.

Why ask you this?

(\*) This hemistich is omitted in the first folio.

(†) First folio, *Or* (‡) First folio omits, *Ay my lord.*

(§) First folio, *If so you'll.*

<sup>a</sup> *Thus diddest thou!* The reading of the 1603 quarto is,—  
"That I shall live to tell him, *thus he dies,*"

which by some may be thought superior  
<sup>b</sup> *As checking at his voyage.*—] To check, a technical phrase  
from falconry, means to fly from or shy at.—"For who knows  
not, quoth she, that this hawk which comes now so fair to the first,  
may to-morrow check at the lure."—HINDS'S *Risisto Libudinoso*,  
1606, quoted by Stevens. Again, in Massinger's play of "The  
Unnatural Combat," Act V. Sc. 2,—

"—and there's something here that tells me

I stand accountable for greater sins

I never check'd at."

(\*) First folio, *Some two Months hence.*

(†) First folio, *our.*

(‡) First folio, *past.*

(§) First folio, *Why.*

<sup>c</sup> *Of the unworthiest siege* ] *Siege* is seat, place, state; and the  
meaning therefore is, Of the most ignoble rank

<sup>d</sup> *Importing health and graveness* ] These words, and the pro-  
ceeding lines to "And call it accident," inclusive, are not in the  
folio

<sup>e</sup> *And they can well on horseback* ] The folio misprints this,  
"can well"

<sup>f</sup> — defence. —] That is, *Science of Defence*, as the knowledge of  
sword-play was formerly called. See note 6, p. 216, Vol. I.

<sup>g</sup> — scrimers —] *Scimers*, from the French, *Escrimier*.

<sup>b</sup> *If you oppos'd them.* ] The passage beginning, "the scrimers,"  
&c., is not in the folio.

KING. Not that I think you did not love your father;

But that I know love is begun by time;  
And that I see, in passages of proof,  
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.  
There lives within the very flame of love  
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it;  
And nothing is at a like goodness still;  
For goodness, growing to a pluriy,<sup>a</sup>  
Dies in his own too-much: that we would do,  
We should do when we would; for this would

changes,  
And hath abatements and delays as many  
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;  
And then this *should* is like a spendthrift<sup>b</sup> sigh,  
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer:—<sup>b</sup>

Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,  
To show yourself your father's son in deed  
More than in words?

LAER. To cut his throat i' the church.

KING. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize; [Laertes,  
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good  
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber.  
Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home:  
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,  
And set a double varnish on the fame [gether,  
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, to-  
And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,  
Most generous, and free from all contriving,  
Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,  
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose  
A sword unbated,<sup>d</sup> and, in a pass of practice,  
Requite him for your father.

LAER. I will do't:  
And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.  
I bought an unction of a mountebank,  
So mortal, that but dip't a knife in it,  
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,  
Collected from all simples that have virtue  
Under the moon, can save the thing from death  
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point  
With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,  
It may be death.

KING. Let's further think of this;  
Weigh what convenience both of time and means  
May fit us to our shape: if this should fail,  
And that our drift look through our lad performance,  
'T were better not assay'd; therefore this project

Should have a back or second, that might hold,  
If this should blast in proof. Soft!—let me see:—  
We'll make a solemn wager on your runnings,\*—  
I ha't! when in your motion you are hot and dry,  
(As make your bouts more violent to that end)  
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him  
A chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,  
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,<sup>e</sup>  
Our purpose may hold there.

Enter QUEEN.

How now, sweet queen?

QUEEN. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,  
So fast they follow:—your sister's drown'd,  
Laertes.

LAER. Drown'd!—O, where?

QUEEN. There is a willow grows ascaunt<sup>f</sup> a brook,  
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;  
There with fantastic garlands did she come  
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples  
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,  
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:  
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds  
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;  
When down the weedy trophies and herself  
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;  
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up:  
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,  
As one incapable<sup>g</sup> of her own distress,  
Or like a creature native and indu'd  
Unto that element: but long it could not be,  
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,  
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay  
To muddy death.

LAER. Alas, then, is she drown'd?

QUEEN. Drown'd, drown'd.

LAER. Too much of water hast thou, poor  
Ophelia,

And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet  
It is our trick; Nature her custom holds,  
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,  
The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord:—  
I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze,  
But that this folly drowns it. [Exit.

KING. Let's follow, Gertrude.  
How much I had to do to calm his rage!  
Now fear I this will give it start again;  
Therefore let's follow. [Exit.

(\*) Old text, *spend-thrift's* sigh. (†) First folio, *I but dip't*

a — pluriy, —] *Repletion, superfluence*. Not from *re-epirer*, but from *plus, pluri*.

b But, to the quick o' the ulcer —] This and the nine foregoing lines are not in the folio.

c Will you do this, &c.] That is, "If you will do this, then keep close," &c.

d — unbated, —] *Unblunted, without a button on the point, as fencing folios have.*

(\*) First folio, *comings*.

(†) First folio, *ascent*.

(‡) First folio, *bug*.

(†) First folio, *the*.

(‡) First folio, *her*.

(§) First folio, *double*.

e — venom'd stuck, —] "Stuck" — *tuck*, is perhaps used for a sword; or it may mean a thrust, *stoccata*.

f How now, sweet queen? The parallel passage in the 1609 quarto is, "How now Gertrude, why looks you so heavily?" but all subsequent editions until the folio of 1632, omit "now."

g — incapable —] *Unsusceptible, unintelligent*.





## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—A Church-Yard.

*Enter Two Clowns, with spades, &c.*

1 CLO. Is she to be buried in christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 CLO. I tell thee she is; and therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it christian burial.

1 CLO. How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

2 CLO. Why, 'tis found so.

1 CLO. It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else: for here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to\* act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 CLO. Nay, but hear you, Goodman delver,—

1 CLO. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he nill he, he goes,—mark you that; but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal,

he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.(1)

2 CLO. But is this law?

1 CLO. Ay, marry, is 't; crowner's quest-law.

2 CLO. Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of christian burial.

1 CLO. Why, there thou sayst: and the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even\* christian.—Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 CLO. Was he a gentleman?

1 CLO. He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 CLO. Why, he had none.

1 CLO. What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the scripture? The scripture says, Adam digged; could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

(\*) First folio, *an*

\* — *even christian*. —] This old expression for  *fellow christian*

is frequently met with in the early English writers. See the *Variorum*, 1821, Vol. VIII. *ad l.* where several examples are cited by Steevens and Malone

2 CLO. Go to.

1 CLO. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 CLO. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 CLO. I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now, thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To 't again, come.

2 CLO. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 CLO. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.\*

2 CLO. Marry, now I can tell.

1 CLO. To 't.

2 CLO. Mass, I cannot tell.

*Enter HAMLET and HORATIO at a distance.*

1 CLO. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are asked this question next, say, *a gravemaker*,—the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan;† fetch me a stoup of liquor. *[Exit 2 Clown.]*

1 Clown *digs and sings.*

*In youth, when I did love, did love,(2)*

*Methought it was very sweet,*

*To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my beloved*

*O, methought there was nothing meet.*

HAM. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

HOR. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

HAM. 'T is e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 Clown *sings*

*But age, with his stealing steps,*

*Hath caught me in his clutch,*

*And hath shipped me intil the land,*

*As if I had never been such.*

*[Throws up a skull.]*

\* What is he that builds, &c.] Queries of this description formed a favourite item in the homely festivities of our forefathers. One of the earliest collections of them known, is a little book called "Demandaes Joyous," printed in 1511, by Wynkyn de Worde, of the questions in which Steevens remarks, "The innocence may deserve a prate, which is not always due to their delicacy."

† —and unyoke.] A rustic phrase for giving over work, of which the meaning here may be as Calderon explains it,—"Unravel this, and your day's work is done, your team you may then unharness."

‡ Go, get thee to Yaughan.] Whether by "Yaughan" a man or place is meant, or whether the word is a corruption, we are not qualified to determine. Mr Collier once conjectured that it

HAM. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This\* might be the pate of a politician,† which this ass o'er-reaches;‡ one that could circumvent God, might it not?

HOR. It might, my lord.

HAM. Or of a courtier; which could say, *Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?* This might be my lord Such-a-one, that praised my lord Such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it,—might it not?

HOR. Ay, my lord.

HAM. Why, e'en so: and now my lady Worm's; chaplown, and knock'd about the mazzard with a sexton's spade: here's fine revolution, if we had tho trick to see 't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ache to think on't.

1 Clown *sings.*

*A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,*

*For and\* a shrouding sheet:*

*O, a pit of clay for to be made*

*For such a guest is meet.*

*[Throws up another skull.]*

HAM. There's another: why might not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha?(3)

HOR. Not a jot more, my lord.

HAM. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

HOR. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

(\*) First folio, *It*

(†) First folio, *o've offices.*

might be a misunderstood stage-direction for the 1 Clown to *gown*. "I he now accepts the commendation of his annotator, who reads "to gown"

‡ —a politician,—] A *plotter*, a *schemer* for his own advantage, so Hotspur calls Henry the Fourth,—"this vile politician;" and Sir Andrew Ague cheek, who had scant brains for circumvention, declares he "had as lief be a Brownist as a politician."

\* For and—] "For and," as Mr. Dyce has shown, answers here to "And e'en," as the line reads in a version of this song published in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*,—

"And eke a shrouding shete."

HAM. They are sheep, and calves that seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow :—Whose grave's that, sir?

1 CLO. Mine, sir.—

Sings.] *O, a pit of clay for to be made  
For such a guest is meet.*

HAM. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in't.

1 CLO. You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

HAM. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say 't is thine: 't is for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

1 CLO. 'T is a quick lie, sir; 't will away again, from me to you.

HAM. What mad dost thou dig it for?

1 CLO. For no man, sir.

HAM. What woman, then?

1 CLO. For none, neither.

HAM. Who is to be buried in 't?

1 CLO. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

HAM. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card,<sup>a</sup> or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked,<sup>b</sup> that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the<sup>c</sup> courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 CLO. Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our last king Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

HAM. How long is that since?

1 CLO. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was the very day that young Hamlet was born,—he that was mad, and sent into England.

HAM. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1 CLO. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

HAM. Why?

1 CLO. 'T will not be seen in him; there the men are as mad as he.

HAM. How came he mad?

1 CLO. Very strangely, they say.

HAM. How strangely?

1 CLO. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

HAM. Upon what ground?

1 CLO. Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton<sup>d</sup> here, man and boy, thirty years.

HAM. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

1 CLO. I'faith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we have many pocky corpses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight year or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

HAM. Why he more than another?

1 CLO. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth three-and-twenty years.<sup>e</sup>

HAM. Whose was it?

1 CLO. A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

HAM. Nay, I know not.

1 CLO. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! 'a poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, this same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

HAM. This?

1 CLO. E'en that.

HAM. Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*]—Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft.—Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.—Prythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

HOR. What's that, my lord?

HAM. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

HOR. E'en so.

HAM. And smelt so?—pah!

[*Puts down the skull.*]

HOR. E'en so, my lord.

HAM. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

(\*) First folio, *heels of our.*

<sup>a</sup> We must speak by the card [*To speak by the card* is explained to be a metaphor from the seaman's card or chart, it is rather an allusion to the *card* and *calendar* of etiquette, or *book of manners*, of which more than one were published during Shakespeare's age

<sup>b</sup> — as picked. — That is, *so refined, so fastidious, so precise*

<sup>c</sup> — three-and twenty years.] The quarto 1603 reads, —

(\*) First folio, *sixtyone.*

(†) First folio, *No.*

(‡) First folio, *teering.*

"Here's a skull hath bin here this *dowen years*,  
Let me see, I ever since our last king *Hamlet*  
Slew *Fortinbras* in combat."

<sup>d</sup> — and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! The folio has, — "And how abhorred my imagination is," &c.



HOR. 'T were to consider too curiously, to consider so.

HAM. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus;—Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that

loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious\* Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:

O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,  
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!—  
But soft! but soft! aside:—here comes the king,

\* Imperious *Cæsar*.—] So the quartos; the folio substituted *imperial*, "not knowing," perhaps, as Malone observes, "that

*imperious* was used in the same sense."



*Enter Priests, &c., in procession; the corpse of OPHELIA, LAERTES and Mourners following; KING, QUEEN, their Trains, &c.*

The queen, the courtiers! Who is that they follow?  
And with such maimed rites! This doth betoken,  
The corpse they follow did with desperate hand  
Fordo its<sup>a</sup> own life: 'twas of some estate:  
Cough we awhile, and mark.

*[Retiring with HORATIO.]*

LAER. What ceremony else?

HAM.

That is Laertes,

A very noble youth: mark.

LAER.

What ceremony else?

1 PRIEST. Her obsequies have been as far  
enlarg'd

As we have warrantise: her death was doubtful;  
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,  
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd  
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayer,  
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on  
her:

Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,<sup>b</sup>

Her maiden shewments, and the bringing home  
Of bell and burial.

LAER. Must there no more be done?

1 PRIEST.

*No more be done!*

We should profane the service of the dead,  
To sing\* a requiem, and such rest to her,  
As to peace-parted souls.

LAER.

Lay her i' the earth:—

And from her fair and unpolluted flesh  
May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish priest,  
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,  
When thou liest howling.

HAM.

What, the fair Ophelia!

QUEEN. Sweets to the sweet: farewell!

*[Scattering flowers.]*

I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife:  
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet  
maid,

And not t' have strew'd thy grave.

LAER.

O, treble woe †

Fall ten times treble on that curs'd head,

Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense

Depriv'd thee of!—Hold off the earth a while,

Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:

*[Leaps into the grave.]*

<sup>a</sup> — its own life:] So the undated quarto; the other early editions have, "it own life."

<sup>b</sup> — crants. —] "Crants" are crowns = coronets, or garlands

(\*) First folio, *sings*.

(†) First folio, *Oh terrible woe*

The folio reads "Rites."

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,  
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,  
To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head  
Of blue Olympus.

HAM. [*Advancing.*] What is he whose grief  
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow  
Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them  
stand

Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,  
Hamlet the Dane! [*Leaps into the grave.*]

LAER. The devil take thy soul!

[*Grappling with him.*]

HAM. Thou pray'st not well.

I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat;  
For though I am not splenitive and rash,  
Yet have I something in me dangerous,  
Which let thy wisdom fear: away thy hand!

KING. Pluck them asunder!

QUEEN. Hamlet, Hamlet!

HOR.‡ Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.*]

HAM. Why, I will fight with him upon this  
theme,

Until my eyecids will no longer wag.

QUEEN. O, my son! what theme?

HAM. I lov'd Ophelia: forty thousand brothers  
Could not, with all their quantity of love,  
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

KING. O, he is mad, Laertes.

QUEEN. For love of God, forbear him.

HAM. Come, show me what thou'lt do:

Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? § woo't tear  
thyself?

Woo't drink up eisel? \* eat a crocodile?

I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine?

To outface me with leaping in her grave?

Be buried quick with her, and so will I;

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw

Millions of acres on us, till our ground,

Singeing his pate against the burning zone,

Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,  
I'll rant as well as thou.

QUEEN. This is mere madness,  
And thus a while the fit will work on him;  
Anon, as patient as the female dove,  
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,  
His silence will sit drooping.<sup>b</sup>

HAM. Hear you, sir;  
What is the reason that you use me thus?  
I lov'd you ever: but it is no matter;  
Let Hercules himself do what he may,  
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

[*Exit.*]

KING. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon  
him.— [*Exit HORATIO.*]

Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;  
[*To LAERTES.*]

We'll put the matter to the present push.—

Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—

[*Exit QUEEN.*]

This grave shall have a living monument:

An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;

Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—A Hall in the Castle.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.

HAM. So much for this, sir: now let me see  
the other;—

You do remember all the circumstance?

HOR. Remember it, my lord?

HAM. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of  
fighting,

That would not let me sleep: methought I lay  
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes.<sup>c</sup> Rashly,  
And prais'd\* be rashness for it,<sup>d</sup>—let us know,  
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,  
When our dear plots do pall; and that should  
teach us,

(\*) First folio, *griefes*

(†) First folio, *Sir.*

(‡) First folio, *Gen.*

(§) First folio omits, *woo't fast?*

(\*) First folio, *praises.*

\* — *drink up eisel!* The question whether Hamlet speaks here of a river (the Ysaell, Isacell, or Isel, has been suggested), or proposes the more practical exploit of drinking some nauseous potion, *stout* of old being used for *wormwood* and for *vinegar*, has been fiercely disputed. Those who believe that *eisel* means a river, lay much stress on the addition, *up*, but Gifford, in a note on the phrase, "Kills them all *up*," ("Every Man in his Humour," Act IV. Sc. 5.) has satisfactorily disposed of this plea:—"—*off, out*, and *up*, are continually used by the purest and most excellent of our old writers after verbs of destroying, consuming, eating, drinking, &c.: to us, who are less conversant with the power of language, they appear, indeed, somewhat like expletives; but they undoubtedly contributed something to the force, and something to the roundness of the sentence. There is much wretched criticism on a similar expression in Shakespeare, 'Woo't drink up eisel?' Theobald gives the sense of the passage in a clumsy note; Hamner, who had more taste than judgment, and more judgment than knowledge, corrupts the language as usual [he reads, 'Will drink up Nis!'], Stevens gaily perverts the sense;

and Malone, with great effort, brings the reader back to the meaning which poor Theobald had long before exagitated.  
<sup>b</sup> His silence will sit drooping.] In the folio this speech is assigned to the King!

<sup>c</sup> — *bilboes*.] An instrument of torture, consisting of a bar of iron with fetters attached, used formerly for the punishment of sailors, and supposed to have been named from *Bilboa*, in Spain.

<sup>d</sup> And prais'd be rashness for it.—] We think, with Tyrwhitt, that *Rashly* should be joined in construction with—*in the dark grop'd I to find out them*, and the passage therefore distributed and read as follows —

"— *Rashly*  
(And prais'd be rashness, for it: let us know  
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,  
When our dear plots do pall; and that should teach us,  
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will;—  
HOR. That is most certain—)  
HAM. Up from my cabin." &c.

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew<sup>a</sup> them how we will,—

HOR. That is most certain.

HAM. Up from my cabin,  
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark  
Grop'd I to find out them : had my desire ;  
Finger'd their packet ; and, in fine, withdrew  
To mine own room again : making so bold,  
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal  
Their grand commission ; where I found, Horatio, —  
O, royal knavery !—an exact command,  
Larded with many several sorts of reason,  
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,  
With, ho ! such bugs and goblins in my life,—<sup>b</sup>  
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,  
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,  
My head should be struck off.

HOR. Is't possible ?

HAM. Here's the commission ; read it at more  
leisure.

But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed ?

HOR. Ay, beseech you.

HAM. Being thus be-netted round with vil-  
lainies,—<sup>c</sup>

Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,  
They had begun the play,—I sat me down ;  
Devis'd a new commission ; wrote it fair :—  
I once did hold it, as our statists do,  
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much  
How to forget that learning ; but, sir, now  
It did me yeoman's service—wilt thou know  
The effects of what I wrote ?

HOR. Ay, good my lord.

HAM. An earnest conjuration from the king,—  
As England was his faithful tributary ;  
As love between them as the palm should flourish ;  
As peace should still her whetted garland wear,  
And stand a comma<sup>d</sup> 'twixt their amities ;  
And many such like as's of great charge,—  
That on the view and know of these contents,  
Without debatement further, more or less,  
He should the bearers put to sudden death,  
Not shriving-time allow'd.

HOR. How was this seal'd ?

HAM. Why, even in that was heaven ordinaunt : †  
I had my father's signet in my purse,  
Which was the model of that Danish seal :

Folded the writ up in form of the other ;  
Subscrib'd it ; gave't the impression ; plac'd it  
safely,

The changeling never known. Now, the next day  
Was our sea-fight ; and what to this was sequent<sup>\*</sup>  
Thou know'st already.

HOR. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

HAM. Why, man, they did make love to this  
employment :

They are not near my conscience ; their defeat †  
Does by their own insinuation grow :

'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes  
Between the pass and fell-incensed points  
Of mighty opposites.

HOR. Why, what a king is this !

HAM. Does it not, think'st thee, stand me now  
upon—<sup>d</sup>

He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother ;  
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes ;

Thrown out his angle for my proper life,  
And with such cozenage—is't not perfect con-  
science,

To quit him with this arm ? and is't not to be  
damn'd,

To let this canker of our nature come

In further evil ?

HOR. It must be shortly known to him from  
England,

What is the issue of the business there.

HAM. It will be short : the interim is mine ;  
And a man's life's no more than to say, *One*.

But I am very sorry, good Horatio,  
That to Laertes I forgot myself ;  
For by the image of my cause I see  
The portraiture of his : I'll court<sup>e</sup> his favours ;  
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me  
Into a towering passion.

HOR. Peace ! who comes here ?

*Enter OSRIC.*

OSR. Your lordship is right welcome back to  
Denmark.

HAM. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know  
this water-fly ?

HOR. No, my good lord.

(\*) Old text, *villaines*.

(†) First folio, *ordinaunt*.

(\*) First folio, *serment*.

(†) First folio, *débatte*.

<sup>a</sup> Rough-hew—] Farmer's assertion that these words were merely technical, and referred to the making *skewers*, has never, we believe, been contradicted, a striking proof, if so, how much the commentators on Shakespeare have yet to learn from our early literature. To rough-hew meant to plan or scheme, or do anything in the rough. Thus Florio interprets "Abbozzare," *to rough-hew* or *cast any first draught, to bungle up ill-favourably*. and Baret, in his *Alvearie*, says, "To cut out grossly to hew rough." "It is rough hewed, or squared out, or it is begun."

<sup>b</sup> — such bugs and goblins in my life,—] "With such causes of error, rising from my character and designs."—*vous son*  
<sup>c</sup> And stand a comma 'twixt their amities.] Johnson thinks this at incapable of explanation,—*"The comma is the note of con-*

nection and continuity of sentences; the *period* is the note of abruptness and disjunction." To us it is much easier to believe that "comma" is a typographical slip than that Shakespeare should have chosen that point as a mark of connection : at the same time, having no faith in the substitution, *cement*, by Hamner, or *com-mere*, by Warburton, or *co-mere* (a boundary-stone), by Singer, we leave the text as it stands in the old copies, simply suggesting the possibility of "comma" being a misprint for *co-mate*.

<sup>d</sup> Does it not, think'st thee, stand me now upon—] Equipollent to, *Is it not, think you, incumbent on me ?*

<sup>e</sup> I'll court his favours:] A correction due to Rowe ; the folio, in which alone the speech is found, reading, "He court his favours," &c.

HAM. Thy state is the more gracious; for 't is a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile; let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess. 'T is a clough; but, as I say,\* spacious in the possession of dirt.

OSR. Sweet lord, if your lordship† were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

HAM. I will receive it with all diligence of spirit. Put your bonnet to his right use; 't is for the head.

OSR. I thank your lordship, 't is very hot.

HAM. No, believe me, 't is very cold; the wind is northerly.

OSR. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

HAM. Methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.

OSR. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as 't were,—I cannot tell how.—But, my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head. Sir, this is the matter.

HAM. I beseech you, remember—

[HAMLET moves him to put on his hat.

OSR. Nay, in good faith; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes: believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing; indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

HAM. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you;—though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet but yaw\* neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

OSR. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

HAM. The concernancy, sir?—why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

OSR. Sir?

HON. Is 't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do 't, sir, really.

HAM. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

(\*) First folio, *saw*.

(†) First folio, *friendship*.

\* — and yet but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail.] This is not in the folio nor in the quarto of 1603. In the other quartos, except that of 1604, we have "raw" for "yaw," though the latter is shown by the context to be unquestionably the poet's word. To yaw is to stagger and vacillate, as a ship sometimes does, instead of going due on. Mr. Dyce, of course, adopts "yaw," but conceiving "yet," often written "yt," to be a misprint for *it*, he reads "— and *it*, but yaw neither," &c., which we must admit our inability to understand. "It" certainly is suspicious, but the word displaced we have always thought was *was*, not *it*, and the drift of Hamlet's jargon to be this:—his qualifications are so numerous, and so far surpass all ordinary reckoning, that memory would grow giddy in cataloguing, and *was* be distanced in attempting to

OSR. Of Laertes?

HON. His purse is empty already; all's golden words are spent.

HAM. Of him, sir.

OSR. I know you are not ignorant—

HAM. I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me.—Well, sir.\*

OSR. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

HAM. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but to know a man well were to know himself.

OSR. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed† he 's unfollowed.\*

HAM. What 's his weapon?

OSR. Rapier and dagger.

HAM. That 's two of his weapons: but, well.

OSR. The king, sir, hath waged with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has\* imposed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and† so: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilt, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

HAM. What call you the carriages?

HON. I knew you must be edified by the margin ere you had done.†

OSR. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

HAM. The phrase would be more german\* to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides: I would it might be hangers till then. But, on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages. That 's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this imposed, as you call it?

OSR. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between you and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid on‡ twelve for nine; and it§ would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

HAM. How if I answer No?

OSR. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

HAM. Sir, I will walk here in the hall; if it please his majesty,—'t is the breathing time of day with me,—let the foils be brought; the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win

(\*) First folio omits, *has*.

(†) First folio, *He hath one*.

(‡) First folio, *or*.

(§) First folio, *that*.

keep pace with them

b — in another tongue? Should we not read with Johnson, "in a mother tongue?" or, "in a mother's tongue?"

c Well, sir.] The whole of the dialogue beginning, "—Sir, here is newly come to court," &c. down to the above words, inclusive, is omitted in the folio

d — meed.] *Merit excellence*

e — he's unfollowed.] This and the preceding speech are not in the folio

f I know you must be edified, &c.] Omitted in the folio.

g — more german—] More akin.



for him if I can; if not, I'll gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

OSR. Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?

HAM. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

OSR. I commend my duty to your lordship.

HAM. Yours, yours. [*Exit OSRIC.*] He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for 's turn.\*

HOR. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

HAM. He did comply\* with his dug, before he sucked it. Thus has† he (and many‡ more of the same bevy, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on) only got the tune of the time; and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fanned and winnowed opinions;§ and do but blow them to their trials, the bubbles are out.

*Enter a Lord.*

LORD. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

HAM. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready, now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

LORD. The king, and queen, and all, are coming down.

HAM. In happy time.

LORD. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

HAM. She well instructs me. [*Exit LORD.*]

HOR. You will lose this wager, my lord.

HAM. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice: I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's§ here about my heart: but it is no matter.

HOR. Nay, good my lord,—

HAM. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

HOR. If your mind dislike anything, obey it.¶ I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

HAM. Not a whit, we defy augury; there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it

be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?

*Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, Lords, OSRIC, and Attendants, with foils, &c.*

KING. [*Taking LAERTES by the hand.*] Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

HAM. [*To LAERTES.*] Give me your pardon, sir: I've done you wrong;  
But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.  
This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,

How I am punish'd with a\* sore distraction.

What I have done,

That might your nature, honour, and exception,  
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Hamlet:

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,

And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.

Who does it then? His madness; if't be so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;

His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

Sir, in this audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,

And hurt my brother.†

LAER.

I am satisfied in nature,

Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most

To my revenge: but in my terms of honour

I stand aloof; and will no reconciliation,

Till by some elder masters, of known honour,

I have a voice and precedent of peace,

To keep\* my name ungorg'd.‡ But till that time,

I do receive your offer'd love like love,

And will not wrong it.

HAM.

I do embrace it freely;

And will this brother's wager frankly play.—

Give us the foils.—Come on.

LAER.

Come, one for me.

HAM. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance

Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,  
Stick fiery off indeed.

(\*) First folio, *language*

(†) First folio, *mine*

(‡) First folio, *add*

(§) First folio, *how all here.*

(||) First folio omits, *it*

\* *He did comply with his dug,—* Was ceremonious, or played the courtier with his dug

† *— the most fanned and winnowed opinions.* A lesson proposed by Warburton, the quartos having—“Most prophane and

(\*) First folio omits, *a.*

(†) First folio, *ungorg'd.*

(‡) First folio, *Mother.*

*trennowed* [and *trennowened*] opinions,” and the folio, “most fond and winnowed opinions,” &c.  
c *Exit LORD* ] From the entrance of this character to his exit, the text is not found in the folio.

LAER. You mock me, sir.

HAM. No, by this hand.

KING. Give them the foils, young Osric.—  
Cousin Hamlet,

You know the wager?

HAM. Very well, my lord;

Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

KING. I do not fear it: I have seen you both:  
But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

LAER. This is too heavy, let me see another.

HAM. This likes me well. These foils have all  
a length?

OSR. Ay, my good lord.

[*They prepare to play.*]

KING. Set me the stoups of wine upon that  
table.—

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,  
Or quit in answer of the third exchange  
Let all the battlements their ordnance be;  
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;  
And in the cup an union<sup>a</sup> shall he throw,  
Richer than that which four successive kings  
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the  
cups;

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,  
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,  
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,  
*Now the king drinks to Hamlet.*—Come, begin;—  
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

HAM. Come on, sir.

LAER. Come on, sir. [*They play.*]

HAM. One.

LAER. No.

HAM. Judgment.

OSR. A hit, a very palpable hit.

LAER. Well;—again.

KING. Stay, give me drink.—Hamlet, this pearl  
is thine;

Here's to thy health.

[*Trumpets sound; and cannon shot off without.*]

Give him the cup.

HAM. I'll play this bout first; set it<sup>\*</sup> by  
awhile.—

Come.—Another hit; what say you? [*They play.*]

LAER. A touch, a touch. I do confess.

KING. Our son shall win.

QUEEN. He's fat, and scant of breath.<sup>b</sup>—

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows;<sup>c</sup>  
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

HAM. Good, madam.

KING. Gertrude, do not drink.

QUEEN. I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon  
me.

KING. [*Aside*] It is the poison'd cup! it is too  
late!

HAM. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

QUEEN. Come, let me wipe thy face.

LAER. My lord, I'll hit him now.

KING. I do not think 't.

LAER. [*Aside*]. And yet 't is almost 'gainst my  
conscience.

HAM. Come, for the third; Laertes, you but  
dally;

I pray you, pass with your best violence;

I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

LAER. Say you so? come on. [*They play.*]

OSR. Nothing, neither way.

LAER. Have at you now!

[*LAERTES wounds HAMLET; then, in scuffling,  
they change rapiers, and HAMLET wounds  
LAERTES.*]

KING. Part them! they are incens'd.

HAM. Nay, come again. [*The QUEEN falls.*]

OSR. Look to the queen there.—Ho!

HOR. They bleed on both sides!—How is it,  
my lord?

OSR. How is 't, Laertes?

LAER. Why, as a woodcock to mine own<sup>\*</sup>  
springe, Osric;

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

HAM. How does the queen?

KING. She swoons to see them bleed.

QUEEN. No, no, the drink, the drink!—O, my  
dear Hamlet!

The drink, the drink!—I am poison'd! [*Dies.*]

HAM. O, villainy!—Ho! let the door be lock'd:  
Treachery! seek it out. [*LAERTES falls.*]

LAER. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art  
slain;

No medicine in the world can do thee good,

In thee there is not half an hour of life;

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,

Unbated<sup>e</sup> and envenom'd: the foul practice

Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,

Never to rise again! thy mother's poison'd:—

I can no more.—the king, the king's to blame.

HAM. The point—envenom'd too!—

Then, venom, to thy work. [*Stabs the KING.*]

(\*) First folio omits, *it*.

(\*) First folio omits, *own*.

<sup>a</sup> — an union—] By an union was meant a pearl of faultless beauty; an "orient pearl." ("Antony and Cleopatra," Act I. Sc. 5.) *i.e.* a pearl clear, white, and spotless

<sup>b</sup> — He's fat, and scant of breath.—] Does the Queen refer to Hamlet or Laertes?

<sup>c</sup> Here, Hamlet, &c.] In the folio, "Heere's a Napkin, rub thy brows."

<sup>d</sup> Look to the queen there.—Ho!] The exclamation "Ho!" meaning *stop!* should perhaps be addressed to the combatants, and not, as it is always printed, to those who are to raise the Queen

<sup>e</sup> Unbated—] See note (4), p. 335.

<sup>f</sup> The point—envenom'd too!] Why should this line invariably be printed—

"The point envenom'd too!" as if Hamlet supposed the hit was poison'd? Recurring to what Laertes had just said, "Unbated and envenom'd," he examines the foil, and finding the button gone exclaims, "The point—," and then, without finishing the sentence,—"unbated"—hurries on to—"envenom'd too!" &c. This is so obviously the sense, that one marvels it should ever have been mistaken.

CLAR. and LORDS. Treason! treason!

KING. O, yet defend me, friends; I but hurt.

HAM. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,

Drink off this potion:—is thy union here?

Follow my mother. [KING dies.]

LAR. He is justly serv'd;

It is a poison temper'd by himself.—

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:

Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,

Nor thine on me! [Dies.]

HAM. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.—

I am dead, Horatio.—Wretched queen, adieu!—

You that look pale and tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes or audience to this act,

Had I but time, (as this fell sergeant, death,

Is strict in his arrest) O, I could tell you,—

But let it be.—Horatio, I am dead;

'Thou liv'st; report me and my cause\* aright

To the unsatisfied.

HOR. Never believe it.

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,

Here's yet some liquor left.

HAM. As thou'rt a man,

Give me the cup; let go; by heaven I'll have't!--

O, good Horatio, what a wounded name,

Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,

Absent thee from felicity awhile,

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,

To tell my story.

[March afar off, and shot† without.]

What warlike noise is this?

OSR. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,

To the ambassadors of England gives

This warlike volley.

HAM. O, I die, Horatio;

The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit;

I cannot live to hear the news from England;

But I do prophesy the election lights

On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice;

So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less,

Which have solicited.—The rest is silence.‡ [Dies.]

HOR. Now cracks‡ a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince;

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!—

Why does the drum come hither?

[March without.]

Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassadors, and others.

FORT. Where is this sight?

HOR. What is it ye would see?

If might of woe or wonder, cease your search.

FORT. This\* quarry cries on havoc.—O, proud death,

What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,

That thou so many princes at a shot,†

So bloodily hast struck?

1 AMB. The sight is dismal;

And our affairs from England come too late:

The ears are senseless that should give us hearing:

To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,

That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead,

Where should we have our thanks?

HOR. Not from his mouth,

Had it the ability of life to thank you:

He never gave commandment for their death.

But since, so jump upon this bloody question,

You from the Polack wars, and you from England,

Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies

High on a stage be placed to the view;

And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,

How these things came about: so shall you hear

Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;

Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;

Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause;

And, in this upshot, purposes mistook

Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I

Truly deliver.

FORT. Let us haste to hear it,

And call the noblest to the audience.

For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune;

I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,

Which now‡ to claim my vantage doth invite me.

HOR. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,

And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more;

But let this same be presently perform'd, [chance,

Even while men's minds are wild; lest more mis-

On plots and errors, happen.

FORT. Let four captains

Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;

For he was likely, had he been put on,

To have prov'd most royally: and, for his passage,

The soldier's music, and the rites of war,

Speak loudly for him.—

Take up the bodies:‡—such a sight as this

Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.—

Go, bid the soldiers shoot. [A dead March.]

[Exeunt bearing off the bodies; after which a peal of ordnance is shot off.]

(\*) First folio, *causes* (†) First folio, *shoots*.

(‡) First folio, *exceunt*.

(\*) First folio, *His*

(†) First folio, *are*

(†) First folio, *shoots*.

(‡) First folio, *always*.

(§) First folio, *body*.

\* — shall live behind me! Compare ("Much Ado About Nothing," Act III Sc. 1) "No lory is as behind the back of such"

b The rest is silence ] The folio adds, "O, o, o, o."

# ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS

## ACT I.

### (1) SCENE I.—

*As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,  
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,  
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,  
Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse:—]*

Some depravation is manifest in the first two lines, and Rowe, to connect them with what precedes, printed,—

"Stars shone with trains of fire, dews of blood fall,  
Disasters veil'd the sun—"

Malone, with more plausibility and less violence, proposed to change "As stars" to *Astres*, observing, "The disagreeable recurrence of the word *stars* in the second line induces me to believe that *As stars*, in that which precedes, is a corruption. Perhaps Shakespeare wrote:—

"*Astres* with trains of fire,—  
— and dews of blood  
*Disasters dimm'd the sun*—"

Following up this hint, an ingenious correspondent (A. E. B.) of *Notes and Queries*, Vol. V. No. 117, would read,—

"*Asters* with trains of fire and dews of blood,  
Disasters in the sun;—"

by *disasters* understanding *spots* or *blotches*. *Astres* or *asters* is an acceptable conjecture, but we conceive the cardinal error lies in "Disasters," which conceals some verb importing the obscuration of the sun, for example,—

"*Asters* with trains of fire and dews of blood  
*Discoloured the sun*,"

"*Discoloured the sun*"

### (2) SCENE I.—

*The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,  
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat  
Awake the god of day, and, at his warning,  
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,  
The extravagant and erring spirit hies  
To his conjunction:  
It faded on the crowing of the cock.]*

Farmer pointed attention to a hymn, *ad Gallinam*, in Prudentius, which appositely illustrates these beautiful lines:—

"*Ferunt, vagantes Dæmonas,  
Lætos tenebris Noctium,  
Gallo canente exterritos  
Sparsim timere, et cedere —  
Hoc esse signum præsei  
Norunt reprimere Spel.  
Qua nos soporis liberi  
Speramus adventum Del.*"

And Douce refers to another hymn formerly used in the Salisbury service, which is still more relevant:—

"*Proce diet jam Noct,  
Noctis profundæ pervigil;  
Nocturna lux vianibus,  
A nocte noctem segregans.  
Hoc excitatus Lucifer,  
Solvit polum caliginem;  
Hoc omnis errorum chorus  
Viam nocendi deserit  
Gallo canente spes redit," &c.*

The superstition of a phantom disappearing on the crowing of a cock, Steevens has shown to be very ancient by a passage (Vit. Apol. iv. 16) where "Philostratus giving an account of the apparition of Achilles' shade to Apollonius Tyanens, says that it vanished with a glimmer as soon as the cock crowed."

(3) SCENE II.—*And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.*] As an instance of the minute attention with which the finished play was elaborated from the early sketch, it may be noteworthy, that in the quarto of 1603, the motive of Laertes' visit to the court is said to be desire to attend the late king's funeral,—

"*King* And now *Laertes* what's the news with you?  
You said you had a suite what is't *Laertes*?  
*Lea* My gracious Lord, your favorable licence,  
Now that the funeral rites are all performed,  
I may have leave to go againe to *France*,  
For though the favour of your grace might stay mee,  
Yet something in these whippers in my hart,  
Which makes my miude and spirits bend all for *France*."

But it evidently occurred to Shakespeare that the acknowledgment of such an object was as little consistent with the character of Laertes as it would be palatable to the living monarch, and, accordingly, in the augmented piece the reason given by Laertes for his coming is more courtier-like,—

"To show my duty in your coronation."

(4) SCENE II.—*Come away.*] The dialogue between the King, the Queen, and Hamlet, in this scene was much expanded and improved after the first draft: in the new-found quarto it runs thus meagrely,—

"*King* And now princely Sonne *Hamlet*,  
What meanes these sad and melancholy moodes?  
For your intent going to *Wittenberg*,  
Wee hold it most unmeet and inconvenient,  
Being the Joy and halfe heart of your Mother.  
Therefore let mee intreat you stay in Court,  
All *Denmarke* hope our counsell and dearest Sonne."

*Ham* My lord, it's not the sable suite I weare:  
No nor the teares that still stand in my eyes,  
Nor the distracted haviour in the visage,  
Nor all together mixt with outward semblance,  
Is equall to the sorrow of my heart,  
Him have I lost I must of force forgoe,  
These be the ornaments and suites of woe."

*King* This shewes a loving care in you, Sonne *Hamlet*,  
But you must thinke your father lost a father,  
That father dead, lost his, and so shall be until the  
General ending Therefore cease lamentations,  
It is a fault gainst heaven, fault gainst the dead,  
A fault gainst nature, and in reasons  
Common course most certaine,  
None lives on earth, but hee is borne to die."

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*Que* Let not thy Mother loose her prayers *Hamlet*,  
Stay here with us, go not to *Wittenberg*

*Ham* I shall in all my best obey you Madam

*King* Spoke like a kinde and a most loving Sonne,  
And there's no health the King shall drinke to day,  
But the great Canon to the cloudes shall tell  
The rowse the King shall drinke unto Prince *Hamlet*."

### (5) SCENE II.—

— the funeral hall'd meats  
*Lied coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.]*

"The practice of making entertainments at funerals which prevailed in this and other countries, and which is not even at present quite disused in some of the northern counties of England, was certainly borrowed from the *cena ferula* of the Romans, alluded to in Juvenal's fifth satire, and in the laws of the twelve tables. It consisted of an offering of a small plate of milk, honey, wine, flowers, &c. to the ghost of the deceased. In the instances of heroes and other great characters, the same custom appears to have prevailed among the Greeks. With us the appetites of the living are consulted on this occasion. In the north this feast is called an *aval* or *avil* supper; and the loaves that are sometimes distributed among the poor, *avul-bread*."—DOUCE

### (6) SCENE II.—

*Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven  
Ere ever I had seen that day]*

On this use of *dear*, some examples of which will be found at p. 449, Vol. I., Caldecott has a good note.—

"Throughout Shakspeare and all the poets of his and a much later day, we find this epithet applied to that person or thing, which, for or against us, excites the liveliest and strongest interest. It is used variously, indefinitely and metaphorically to express the warmest feelings of the soul, its nearest, most intimate, home and heartfelt emotions; and here no doubt, though, as everywhere else, more directly interpreted signifying 'voracious, extortionist,' must by consequence and figuratively import 'bitterest, deadliest, most mortal.' As extremes are said in a certain sense to approximate, and are in many respects alike or the same, so this word is made in a certain sense to carry with it an union of the fiercest opposites—it is made to signify the extremes of love and hatred.

"But to suppose, with Mr. Tooke (Divers of Paul. II. 409), that in all cases it must at that time have meant 'injurious,' as being derived from the Saxon verb *deare*, to hurt, is perfectly absurd. Dr. Johnson's derivation of the word, as used in this place, from the Latin *divide*, is doubtless ridiculous enough; but Mr. Tooke has not produced a single instance of the use of it, *sic* of the adjective, in the sense upon which he insists; except, as he pretends, from our author. In the instance cited in this place by Mr. Steevens, in support of the extraordinary interpretation ('most consequential, important,') he has here and elsewhere put upon the word, 'A ring, that I must use in *deere* employment' (Rom. & Jul. sc. 1st), although the word is spelt after the fashion of the Saxon verb, it is impossible to interpret it 'injurious'—its meaning being most clearly, 'anxious, deeply interesting.' '*Deere* to me as are the ruddy drops that visit my sad heart.' Jul. Cæs. II. 2. But cannot admit of interpretation in any other sense than that in which Gray's Bard understood it,

*Deer* as the ruddy drops, that warm my heart."

"In Tr. & Cr. V. 3, Andromache says,

'Consort with me in loud and *deere* petition.

And in Hector's answer the word occurs thrice so spelt:

'Life every man holds *deere*, but the *deere* man  
Holds honour far more precious, *deere*, than life.'

And it is no less than impossible, in either of those instances, to put the sense of 'injurious' upon this word. With his mind possessed by the Saxon verb, *to hurt*, Mr.

Tooke seems altogether to have forgotten the existence of the epithet, which answers to the Latin word *charus*. In the same sense it is used by Putterham: 'The lacke of life is the *dearest* detriment of any other.' Arte of Engl. Poetrie, 4to 1589, p. 182. See '*dearly*,' IV. 3, King; As you, &c. I. 3, Cæsar; and L. L. L. II. 1, Boyet; and '*dear* guiltiness,' Ib. V. 2, Princess. We will add from Dryden's Moses his birth, 4to. 1680, B. I. that Sarah, about to expose her child, says, she has

'— her kind of misery compacted,  
That must consent unto so *deere* a murder.'

*i. e.* distressing or heart-rending."

### (7) SCENE IV.—

*The king doth wauke to-night, and takes his rouse,  
Kerps wassail, and the swagging up-spring reels.]*

"Wauke" here means a *wake-feast* or *watch-festival*, originally a nocturnal entertainment held to celebrate the dedication of a church (*vigilia*); but it subsequently came to be used for any *night revel*. "*Rouse*," in reality the Danish *Ruus*, a deep draught, act of intoxication, or surfeit in drinking, was employed by our old writers with great laxity, sometimes it is used indifferently with *carouse*, to signify a bumper,—

"Cæs. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a *rouse* already.  
Mon. Good faith, a little one, not past a pint, as I am a soldier  
*Othello*, Act II. Sc. 3.

Again,—

"Nor. I have took since supper,  
A *rouse* or two too much, and, by the gods,  
It warms my blood."  
*The Knight of Malta*, Act III. Sc. 4.

While in a previous passage of the present play,—

"And the king's *rouse* the heaven shall *bruit* again,  
*Re-speaking earthly thunder*,"—

it plainly imports not simply a deep draught, but the accompaniment of some outcry, similar perhaps, to our "hip, hip, hurrah!"

Of "*Wassail*," from the Saxon *was hær*, abundant illustration will be found in the *Variorum* Shakspeare, and in Douce; but the expression, "*swagging up-spring reels*," still admits of further explanation. At one time it was generally believed to be a derogatory epithet applied by Hamlet to the *upstart* king, until Steevens proved by a quotation from Chapman's "*Alphonsus*, Emperor of Germany,"—

"We Germans have no changes in our dances,  
An *almus* and an *up-spring*, that is all,"—

that a particular kind of dance was meant. *Up-spring*, indeed, is from the Anglo-Saxon, and also the Danish *Op-springer*, and the Low Dutch *Op-springen*, to leap up; and the "*upspringing reels*," we conceive to have been some boisterous dance in which the performers joined hands in a ring and then indulged in violent leaps and shoutings, somewhat in the manner of our leaping dances or *Hoppings* at a country wake.

### (8) SCENE IV.—

*Shall in the general censure take corruption  
From that particular fault.]*

In "*The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven*," of Arthur Dent, 1590, we have a dilution of the same idea:—

"Phil. I do verily thus think, that as sin generally doth stain  
every man's good name, which all are chary and tender of; so  
especially it doth blot those which are in high place, and of special  
note for learning, wisdom, and godliness.

Theol. You have spoken most truly, and agreeable to the Scrip-  
tures. For the Scriptures saith, 'As a dead fly causeth the apo-

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theatrical ointment to stink, so deth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honour.' where Solomon sheweth, That if a fly get into the apothecary's box of ointment, and die, and putrefy in it, she marreth it, though it be never so precious: even so, if a little sin get into the heart, and break out in the forehead of a man of great fame for some singular gift, it will blur him, though he be never so excellent."

And Nash, in his "Pierce Peniles's Supplication to the Devil," 1592, complaining of drunkenness, observes:—"A mightie deformer of men's manners and features is this unnecessary vice of all others. Let him bee indued with never so manie vertues, and have as much goodly proportion and favour, as Nature can bestow upon a man, yet if hee be thirstie after his owne destruction, and hath no ioy nor comfort, but when he is drowning his soule in a gallow pot, that one beastly imperfection will utterly obscure all that is commendable in him, and all his goodle qualities sinke like lead downe to the bottome of his carrow sing cups, where they will lye, like lees and dregges, dead and unregarded of any man."

### (9) SCENE V.—

*The glow-worm shows the matins to be near,  
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.]*

"It was the popular belief that ghosts could not endure the light, and consequently disappeared at the dawn of day. This superstition is derived from our northern ancestors, who held that the sun and everything containing light or fire had the property of expelling demons and spirits of all kinds. With them it seems to have originated in the stories that are related in the Edda concerning the battles of Thor against the giants and evil demons, wherein he made use of his dreadful mallet of iron, which he hurled against them as Jupiter did his thunderbolts against the Titans. Many of the transparent precious stones were supposed to have the power of expelling evil spirits; and the flint and other stones found in the tombs of the northern nations, and from which fire might be extracted, were imagined, in like manner, to be efficacious in confining the manes of the dead to their proper habitations. They were called Thor's hammers."—DOUGER

## ACT II.

(1) SCENE I.—[Perpend.] Dr Johnson's analysis of Polonius has been justly commended for its perspicacity and discrimination. It is certainly an admirable interpretation, and leaves us at a loss to understand how a writer who exhibits such judgment and astuteness in the delineation of this particular character should have failed so signally in his appreciation of nearly every other one of Shakespeare's, which he has attempted to unfold.

"Polonius is a man bred in courts, exercised in business, stored with observation, confident in his knowledge, proud of his eloquence, and declining into dotage. His mode of oratory is truly represented as designed to ridicule the practice of those times, of prefacing that made no introduction, and of method that embarrassed rather than explained. This part of his character is accidental, the rest is natural. Such a man is positive and confident, because he knows that his mind was once strong, and knows not that it is become weak. Such a man excels in general principles, but fails in the particular application. He is knowing in retrospect, and ignorant in foresight. While he depends upon his memory, and can draw from his repositories of knowledge, he utters weighty sentences, and gives useful counsel, but as the mind in its enfeebled state cannot be kept long busy and intent, the old man is subject to sudden dereliction of his faculties, he loses the order of his ideas, and entangles himself in his own thoughts, till he recovers the leading principle, and falls again into his former train. This idea of dotage encroaching upon wisdom, will solve all the phenomena of the character of Polonius."

(2) SCENE II.—[Reads.] *For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion* [In this passage, famous rather from the discussion it has occasioned than for any sublimity of reflection or beauty of language, we adopt the now almost universally accepted correction of Warburton—"a god" for "a girl" of the old editions. At the same time we dissent *toto coto* from the reasoning by which he and other commentators have sought to connect "For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion," with what Hamlet had previously said. The circumstance of the prince coming in reading, that he evinces the utmost intolerance of the old courtier's interruptions, and rejoices in his departure, serve, in our opinion, to show that Shakespeare intended the actor should manifest his wish to be alone, after the

words, "Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand," in the most unmistakable manner, by walking away and appearing to resume his study.—that then, finding Polonius still watching him, he should turn sharply round with the abrupt question, "Have you a daughter?" It is this view of the stage business which prompted us to print the passage above, as something read, or affected to be read, by Hamlet, an innovation—if it be one, (for we are ignorant whether it has been suggested previously)—that will the more readily be pardoned, since the passage as usually exhibited has hitherto defied solution.

(3) SCENE II.—*Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too* [The allusion is doubtless, as Stevens surmised, to the Globe Theatre on the Bankside, the sign of which was, *Hercules carrying the Globe*; and the "society of children," against whom this satire was levelled, were, as he observes, "the young singing men of the Chapel Royal or St. Paul's," of the former of whom, perhaps, the earliest mention occurs in an anonymous puritanical pamphlet, 1569, entitled, 'The Children of the Chapel stript and whipt.'—Plumes will never be supprest, while her majesties unfledged minions flaunt it in silkes and sattons; They had as well be at their popish service in the devil's garments,' &c. Agnini, *ibid.* "Even in her majesties chapel do these pretty upstart youthes profane the Lordes day by the lascivious writhing of their tender limbes, and gorgeous decking of their apparel, in folowing bawdie fables gathered from the idolatrous heathen poets," &c.

Concerning the performance and success of the latter in attracting the best company, I also find the following passage in 'Jack Drum's Entertainment, or Pasquil and Katherine,' 1601.—

'I sawe the *Children of Powles* last night.  
And troth they pleased me prettie, prettie well;  
The *Apes* in time will do it handsomely.  
'—I like the audience that frequenth there  
With much applause: a man shall not be choakte  
With the stench of garlike, nor be pated  
To the harry jacket of a beer-brewer  
'—'Tis a good gentle audience.'

(4) SCENE II.—*It came to pass, as most like it was.* [Hamlet quotes from the opening stanza of an ancient ballad,

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still preserved, and which will be found in Evans's Collection, 1810 :—

"I have read that many years ago,  
When Jephthah, Judge of Israel,  
Had one fair daughter and no more,  
Whom he loved passing well  
As by lot, God wot,  
It came to pass, most like it was,  
Great wars there should be,  
And who should be the chiefs, but he, but he"

The subject appears to have been popular. In the Stationers' Registers, 1567-8, a ballad entitled "The song of Jephthah doughtier at his [her ?] death," is ascribed to Alexander Le-y, in 1624, another called "Joffa, Judge of Israel," was entered on the same records; and from Henslowe's Diary, we learn that in May, 1602, Decker and Chettle were engaged in writing a tragedy based on the story of Jephthah.

(5) SCENE II. — *A chapney* [Chapneys or chapines were clogs with enormously thick soles, which the ladies of Spain and Italy wore on their shoes when going abroad. Coryat's account of those he saw in Venice is this: "There is one thing used of the Venetian women, and some others dwelling in the cities and townes subject to the signory of Venice, that is not to be observed (I thinke) amongst any other women in Christendome which is so common in Venice, that no woman whatsoever goeth without it, either in her house or abroad; a thing made of wood and covered with leather of sundry colors, some with white, some reddo, some yellow. It is called a Chapney, which they wear under their shoes. Many of them are curiously painted; some also of them I have seen finely gilt: so uncomely a thing (in my opinion) that it is pity this foolish custom is not cleane banished and exterminated out of the citie. There are many of these Chapneys of a great berylth, even halfe a yard high, which maketh many of their women that are very short seeme much taller than the talk it women we have in England. Also I have heard that this is observed amongst them, that by how much the nobler a woman is, by so much the higher are her Chapneys. All their gentlewomen, and most of their wives and widows that are of any wealth, are ussed and supported eyther by men or women, when they walke abroad, to the end they may not fall. They are borne up most commonly by the left arme, otherwise they might quickly take a fall." — *Crudities*, p. 262.

(6) SCENE II. — *Pray that, my voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring*]. Hamlet, it must be remembered, is addressing the youth who personated the female characters, and simply expresses a hope that his voice has not grown too manly to pass current for a woman's; there is not the slightest ground for suspecting any covert allusion. "It is to be observed," says Douce, "that there was a ring or circle on the coin, within which the sovereign's head was placed; if the crack extended from the edge beyond this ring, the coin was rendered unfit for currency. Such pieces were hoarded by the usurers of the time, and lent out as lawful money. Of this we are informed by Roger Fenton in his 'Treatise

of Usury,' 1611, 4to p. 23. 'A poore man desireth a goldsmith to lend him such a summe, but he is not able to pay him interest.' If such as I can spare (saith the goldsmith) will pleasure you, you shall have it for three or four moneths. Now, hee hath a number of light, chree crackt peeces (for such he useth to take in change with consideration for their defects) this summe of money is repaid by the poore man at the time appointed in good lawfull money. This is usurie.' And, again: 'It is a common custom of his [the usurer's] to buy up crackt angels at nine shillings the peece. Now, sir, if a gentleman (on good assurance) request him of money, good sir (saith hee, with a counterfeit sigh) I would be glad to please your worship, but my good money is abroad, and that I have, I dare not put in your hands. The gentleman thinking this conscience, where it is subtilty, and being beside that in some necessity, ventures on the crackt angels, some of which cannot flie, for soldering, and pases double interest to the miser under the cloak of honesty.'" — *Lodge's Wit's Miserie*, 1596, 4to p. 28.

(7) SCENE II. — *'T was camare to the general*.] The play was of too peculiar a tincture, like caviare, for the palate of the multitude. *Camare* is a preparation of sturgeon's roe, and the taste for it was considered a mark of refinement in Shakespeare's day: thus Morcury, in "Cynthia's Revels," Act II. Sc. 1, describing a coxcomb, says, "He doth learn to make stringe sauces, to eat anchovies, macaroni, bevoli, tagioli, and *camare*," &c

(8) SCENE II. —

*For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak  
With most accusatory organ*]

There is a curious illustration of this passage in T. Heywood's "Apology for Actors," 1612, and the same story is related in an old tragedy, called "A Warning for Fair Women," 1599:—

"At Lan, in Norfolk, the then Earl of Sussex players acting the old History of Feyer Francers, and presenting a woman who, insatiably doing on a young gentleman (the more securely to enjoy his affection), maliciously and secretly murdered her husband, whose ghost haunted her; and, at divers times, in her most solitary and private contemplations, in most horrid and fearful shapes, appeared and stood before her. As this was acted, a towns woman (till then of good estimation and report), finding her conscience (at this presentment) extremely troubled, suddenly sketched and cryd out, Oh! my husband, my husband! I see the ghost of my husband fiercely threatening and menacing me! At which shrill and unexpected outcry, the people about her, moov'd to a strange amazement, inquired the reason of her clamour, when presently, un urged, she told them that seven yeares ago she, to be possess'd of such a gentleman (meaning him), had poisoned her husband, whose fearfull image personated it selfe in the shape of that ghost. Whereupon the murderesse was apprehended, before the justice's further examination, and by her voluntary confession after condemned. That this is true, as well by the report of the actors as the records of the towne, there are many e. witnesses of this accident yet living vocally to confirme it."

## ACT III.

(1) SCENE II.—*I could have such a fellow whipped for cowering Termagant; it out-herods Herod.*] In many of the early miracle plays, one of the most prominent characters was a roaring, hectoring tyrant, who made "all split," and was alike the terror and the admiration of the multitude; in some cases, this truculent monster represented *Termagant*, a supposed god of the Saracens; but more frequently he was *Herod of Jewry*. An extract from the ancient Pageant, performed at Coventry by the Shearmen and Taylors, in 1534, but the composition of which is of much earlier date, well exemplifies the saying, when any one rants and tears a passion to tatters, that he *out-herods Herod*. The entrance of Herod is announced in unintelligible *French*; after which the monarch proceeds in this wise:—

"Qui stat in Jude et Rex Israel  
And the myghty conquerour that eyer walkid on ground  
For I am evn he thatt made bothe hevyn & hell  
And of my mighte powar holdith vp the world round  
Masog and madroke brode thes did I confownde  
And wt this bryght bonde thes bonis I brak on sundr  
Thatt all the wyde world on thes rapis did wond'r  
I am the cawse of this grett lght and thund'r  
Yt w through my furé that thes soche noyse dothe make  
My fevrefull contenance the cloudis doth incumber  
Thatt oftymes for drede thereof the verre yerth doth quake  
Like when I wt males\* this brygt bronde doth shake  
All the whole world from the north to the sowthe  
I ma them dystroie wt wonde of my moe the  
To reycownt vnto you myn innewmerabill substance  
Thatt were to moche for any tong to tell  
For all the whole orent is vnder myn obbey deance  
And prynce am I of purgatorie & cheff capten of hell  
And those tyraneus travturs be force ma I compell  
Myn enemyis to vanquise & evn to dust them dryve  
And wt a twynke of myn ee not won to be latte alyve  
Behold my contenance and my colur  
Bryghter then the sun in the meddis of the dey  
When can you have a more grettur sucour  
Then to hold myn person that ys soe gave  
My fawcun and myn fawcon with myn gorgon arave  
He thatt had the grace all wey thereon to thynke  
Lyve then myght all wey without othur myete or drynke  
And thys myn tyrousfunde fame most hyllist dothe a bownde  
Through out this world in all reygons abrod  
Peyasmelgh in the favour of thatt most myght Mahownd  
From Jubytor be desent to and coyn to the grett god  
And namyd the most reydowndd king eyrolde  
Wyche thatt all pryncis hath vnder subjection  
And all there whole powar under myn protection  
And therefore myn haredde I here callid calas  
Warne thou every poite that noo schypys a lyve  
Nor also alyond & strang'r throg myn realm pass  
But they for there trauce do pay markis fyve  
Now spede the forth haselid  
For they thatt wyl the contrait  
Apon a galowe hangid schalbe  
And be Mahownde of me the gett noo grace"

The above is copied verbatim from the Pageant, as it is given in Sharp's "Dissertation on the Pageants, &c. anciently performed at Coventry," with the exception of some contractions which render the original obscure.

(2) SCENE II.—*And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them—a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.*] In the 1603 quarto there follows here a passage supposed to have been levelled at the famous clown, William Kemp:—

"And then you have some agen, that keepe one sute  
Of Jeasts, as a man is knowne by one sute of  
Apprell, and Gentlemen quotes his Jeasts downe  
In their tables, before they come to the play, as thus

\* Malice.  
† Herod.

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‡ I am descended  
§ Allow

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Cannot you stay till I eate my porridge? and, you owe me  
A quarters wages; and my coole wants a cullion:  
And, youre beere is sowre: and, blabbering with his lips,  
And thus keeping in his clinkapace of Jeasts,  
When, God knows, the warme Clowne cannot make a Jest,  
Unless by chance, as the blinde man catcheth a hare."

(3) SCENE II.—*And never come mischance between us twain!*] In the quarto of 1603, the preceding dialogue between Gonzago and Baptista is a more bald sketch of the subsequent version.—

"Duke. Full forty-yeares are past, their date is gone,  
Since happy time joy'd both our hearts as one:  
And now the blood that fill'd my youthful veins,  
Runnes weakly in their pipes, and all the stranges,  
Of musicks, which whilome please mine eare,  
Is now a burthen that age cannot beare.  
And therefore sweete Nature must pay his due,  
To heaven must I, and leave the earth with you  
Duchesse. O say not so, lest that you kill my heart,  
When death takes you, let life from me depart.  
Duke. Content thy selfe, when ended is my date,  
Thou maist (perchance) have a more noble mate,  
More wise, more youthfull, and one—  
Duchesse. O speake no more, for then I am accurst,  
None weds the second, but she kills the first:  
A second time I kill my Lord that's dead,  
When second husband kisses me in bed.  
Ham. O wormewood, wormewood!

"Duke. I doe beleve you sweats, what now you speake,  
But what we doe determine oft we breake,  
For our desires will as owthrowne,  
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne:  
So thinke you will no second husband wed,  
But dw thy thoughts, when thy first Lord's dead.  
Duchesse. Both here and there pursue me lasting strife,  
If once a widow, ever I be wif," &c.

(4) SCENE II.—*O, the recorder!*] The best, indeed the only reliable description of these instruments, is that furnished by Mr. W. Chappell in his delightful work, called "Popular Music of the Olden Time."

"Old English musical instruments were commonly made of three or four different sizes, so that a player might take any of the four parts that were required to fill up the harmony. So Violins, Lutes, Recorders, Flutes, Shawms, &c. have been described by some writers in a manner which (to those unacquainted with this peculiarity) has appeared irreconcilable with other accounts. Shakespeare (in *Hamlet*) speaks of the Recorder as a little pipe, and says, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 'he hath played on his prologue like a child on a recorder;' but in an engraving of the instrument,\* it reaches from the lip to the knee of the performer; and among those left by Henry VIII. were Recorders of box, oak, and ivory, great and small, two base recorders of walnut, and one great base recorder. Recorders and (English) Flutes are to outward appearance the same, although Lord Bacon, in his *Natural History*, cent. in. sec. 221, says the Recorder hath a less bore, and a greater above and below. The number of holes for the fingers is the same, and the scale, the compass, and the manner of playing, the same. Salter describes the recorder, from which the instrument derives its name, as situate in the upper part of it, &c. between the hole below the mouth and the highest hole for the finger. He says, 'Of the kinds of music, vocal has always had the preference in esteem, and in consequence, the Recorder, as approaching nearest to the sweet delightfulness of the voice, ought to have first place in opinion, as we see by the universal use of it confirmed.'

\* See "The Gentel Companion for the Recorder," by Humphrey Salter, 1685.



## ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

(6) SCENE IV.—*Polonius hides behind the arras* | The incident of Polonius concealing himself to overhear the conversation between Hamlet and the Queen, was suggested by the "Hyстория Hamleta."—"Heane true the counsellor entred secretly into the queene's chamber, and there hid himself behind the arras, not long before the queene and Hamlet came thither, who being craftie and politiquo, as soone as hee was within the chamber, doubting some treason, and fearing if he should speake severely and wisely to his mother touching his secret practices he should be undercool, and by that means intercepted, used his ordinary manner of dissimulation, and began to come like a cocke beating with his armes (in such manner as cockes use to strike with their wings) upon the hangings of the chamber, whereby, feeling something stirring under them, he cried, A rat, a rat! and presently drawing his sword, thrust it into the hangings, which done, pulled the counsellor (hille dead) out by the heeles, made an end of killing him," &c.

(6) SCENE IV.—*Hamlet dragging out the body of Polonius* | The earliest quarto has, "*Exit Hamlet with the dead body*," the folio "*Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius*." It is remarkable that, while nearly every department of our early literature has been ransacked to supply illustrations of Shakespeare's language and ideas, so little has been done towards their elucidation from the history of his own stage. When Hamlet, at the termination of the present scene, says, "I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room," the commentators very properly reply to the objections of those who, unacquainted with old language, complain of the grossness of expression, that the word *guts* was not by any means so offensive to delicacy formerly as it is considered now. It was commonly used, in fact, where we should employ *entrails*, and in this place really signifies no more than *luck-brain* or *shallow-pate*. But a little consideration of the exigencies of the theatre in Shakespeare's time, which not only obliged an actor to play two or more parts in the same drama, but to perform such servile offices as are now done by attendants of the stage, would have enabled them to show that the line in question is a mere interpolation to afford the player an excuse for removing the body. We append a few examples where the same expedient is adopted for the same purpose. Among them the notable instance of Sir John Falstaff carrying off the body of Harry Percy on his back, an exploit as clumsy and unseemly as Hamlet's "tugging" out Polonius, and, like that, perpetuated on the modern stage only from sheer ignorance of the circumstances which originated such a practice.—

"*Romeo and Juliet*," Act III. Sc. 1. Death of Tybalt, Vol. I. p. 188.—

"*Prin*                    Let Romeo hence in haste,  
Else when he's found, that hour is his last—  
*Bear hence this body, and attend our will*  
*Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill*"

"*Richard II.*" Act V. Sc. 5. Death of Richard, and  
Exton's men. Vol. I. p. 492.—

"*Exton*    This dead king to the living king I'll bear.—  
*Take hence the rest and give them burial here*"

"*Henry IV.*" Act V. Sc. 4. Death of Hotspur.  
Vol. I. p. 560.—

"*P. Hen*    [*To Falstaff*.] *Come, bring your luggage nobly on*  
*your back* \* \* \* \* \* [*Exit Falstaff bearing the body*"]

"*Henry VI.*" Part I. Act I. Sc. 4. Death of Salisbury.  
Vol. II. p. 291.—

"*Talbot*    Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,  
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—  
*Carry me Salisbury into his tent,*  
And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare"

"*Henry VI.*" Part I. Act II. Sc. 5. Death of Mortimer.  
Vol. II. p. 383.—

"*Plan*    Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast,  
And what I do imagine, let that rest.—  
*Keepers, carry him hence; and I myself*  
*Will see his burial better than his life*—  
Here lies the dusky torch of Mortimer,  
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort:" &c.

"*Henry VI.*" Part I. Act IV. Sc. 7. Death of Talbot  
and his son. Vol. II. p. 321.—

"*Purcell*    For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,  
They would but stink and putrefy the air.  
*Char. Go, take their bodies hence.*  
*Lucy*                    I'll bear them hence," &c.

"*Henry VI.*" Part II. Act IV. Sc. 1. Death of Suffolk.  
Vol. II. p. 375.—

"*Gent*    O barbarous and bloody spectacle!  
*His body will I bear unto the king*  
If he revenge it not yet will his friends;  
So will the queen that living held him dear                    [*Exit*,"

"*Henry VI.*" Part II. Act IV. Sc. 10. Death of Jack  
Cawls. Vol. II. p. 385.—

"*Iden*    Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!  
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,  
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell—  
*Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels*  
*Like a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,*  
And there cut off thy most ungracious head,  
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,  
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.                    [*Exit*"]

"*Henry VI.*" Part II. Act V. Sc. 2. Old Clifford's  
body. Vol. II. p. 390.—

"*Young Clif*    Come thou to the ruin of old Clifford's house,  
*As did Thomas our Ancestors*  
*So bear I thee upon my man's shoulders*  
*But then I mean bury a living soul*  
*Nothing so heavy as these unquiet minds*                    [*Exit*"]

"*Henry VI.*" Part III. Act II. Sc. 5. The dead father.  
Vol. II. p. 419.—

"*Son*    I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill"

"*Henry VI.*" Part III. Act II. Sc. 5. The dead son.  
Vol. II. p. 419.—

"*Father*    I'll bear thee hence, and let them fight that will  
For I have murder'd where I should not kill"

"*Henry VI.*" Part III. Act V. Sc. 6. Death of Henry.  
Vol. II. p. 419.—

"*Glo.*    Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest  
Counting myself but bad, till I be best—  
*I'll throw thy body in another room,*  
*And triumph Henry in thy way of doom*"

"*Richard III.*" Act III. Sc. 4. Death of Clarence.  
Vol. II. p. 528.—

"*I Murd*    Now must I hide his body in some hole  
Until the duke take order for his burial"

"*King Lear*," Act IV. Sc. 6. Death of Oswald  
Vol. III. p. 105.—

"*Edg.*                    Here in the sands,  
Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified  
Of murderous lechers"

"*Troilus and Cressida*," Act V. Sc. 9. Death of Hector.  
Vol. III. p. 318.—

"*Achil*    Come, tie his body to my horse's tail,  
Along the field I will the Trojan trail"

"*Julius Caesar*," Act III. Sc. 2. Caesar's body exhib-  
ited in the Forum.—

"*I Clu*                    Away, away!  
We'll burn his body in the holy place,  
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.  
*Take up the body.*"

## ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

"Julius Cæsar," Act V. Sc. 5. Brutus' body. (End of play):—

"Oct. Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,  
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably."

"Antony and Cleopatra," Act IV. Sc. 9. Death of Enobarbus:—

"I Sold. The hand of death hath raught him stark, the drums demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him to the court of guards, he is of note: our hour is fully out."

I Sold. Come on then.  
We may recover yet

[Exeunt with body]

"Antony and Cleopatra," Act IV. Sc. 12. The dying Antony:—

"Take me up,  
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,  
And have my thanks for all." [Exeunt with Antony.]

These instances from Shakespeare alone, and they could easily be multiplied, will suffice to bring into view one of the inconveniences to which the elder dramatists were subject through the paucity of actors; and, at the same time, by exhibiting the mode in which they endeavoured to obviate the difficulty, may afford a key to many passages and incidents that before appeared anomalous.

## ACT IV.

(1) SCENE V.—*They say, the owl was a baker's daughter.* This alludes to a tradition still current in some parts of England: "Our Saviour went into a baker's shop where they were baking, and asked for some bread to eat. The mistress of the shop immediately put a piece of dough into the oven to bake for him, but was reprimanded by her daughter, who, insisting that the piece of dough was too large, reduced it to a very small size. The dough, however, immediately afterwards began to swell, and presently became of a most enormous size. Whereupon the baker's daughter cried out, 'Heugh, heugh, heugh,' which owl-like noise probably induced our Saviour, for her wickedness, to transform her into that bird."

(2) SCENE V.—*There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; . . . and there is pansies, that's for thoughts. . . . There's fennel for you, and columbines—there's rue for you;—&c. &c.* There is method in poor Ophelia's distribution. She presents to each the herb popularly appropriate to his age or disposition. To Laertes, whom in her distraction she probably confounds with her lover, she gives "rosemary" as an emblem of his faithful remembrance:—

"Rosemary is for remembrance  
Betwene us date and night,  
Wishing that I might always have  
You present in my sight."

A Handfull of Pleasant Delites, &c. 1584.

And "pansies," to denote love's "thoughts" or troubles:—

"I pray what flowers are these?"  
The pansie this,  
O, that's for lovers' thoughts."

All Fools, Act II. Sc. 1.

For the King she has "fennel," signifying *flattery* and *lust*; and "columbines," which marked *ingratitude*; while for the Queen and for herself she reserves the herb of sorrow, "rue," which she reminds her Majesty may be worn by her "with a difference," i.e. not as an emblem of grief alone, but to indicate *contrition*,—"some of them smil'd and said, *Rue* was called *Herbe grace*, which though they scorned in their youth, they might wear in their age, and that it was never too late to say *Miserere*."—GREENE'S Quip for an Upstart Courtier.

(3) SCENE VI.—*Enter HORATIO and a Servant.* In the quarto, 1603, at this period of the action there is a scene between the Queen and Horatio, not a vestige of which is retained in the after copies. Like every other part of that curious edition, it is grievously deformed by misprints and mal-arrangement of the verse; but, as exhibiting the poet's earliest conception of the Queen's character, is much too precious to be lost.

"Enter HORATIO and the QUEEN."

Hor. Madame, your sonne is safe arriv'de in Denmarkes,  
This letter I even now receiv'd of him,  
Whereas he writes how he escap't the danger,  
And subtle treason that the king had plotted,  
Being crossed by the contention of the windes,  
He found the Packet sent to the king of England,  
Wherein he saw himselfe betray'd to death,  
As at his next conversion with your grace,  
He will relate the circumstance at full.

Queene. Then I perceive there's treason in his looks  
That seem'd to sugar o're his villanie.

But I will soothe and please him for a time,  
For murderous under are always jealous.

But know not you Horatio where he is?  
Hor. Yes, Madame, and he hath appoynted me  
To meete him on the east side of the Citie  
To morrow morning.

Queene. O faile not, good Horatio, and withall, commend me  
A mothers care to him, bid him a while  
Be wary of his presence, lest that he  
Faile in that he goes about.

Hor. Madam, never make doubt of that.  
I thinke by this the news be come to court.  
He is arriv'd, observe the king, and you shall  
Quickely finde, Hamlet being here,  
Things fell not to his minde.

Queene. But what became of *Gilderstone* and *Rosencrafft*?  
Hor. He being set ashore, they went for England,

And in the Packet there writ down that dooms  
To be perform'd on them poynted for him:  
And by great chance he had his father's Seale,  
So all was done without discoverie.

Queene. Thanks be to heaven for blessing of the prince,  
Horatio once againe I take my leave,  
With thousand mothers blessings to my sonne.

Horat. Madam adieu."

## ACT V.

(1) SCENE I.—*Argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life*] Sir John Hawkins suggested that Shakespeare here designed a ridicule on the legal and logical subtleties enunciated in the case of Dame Hale, as reported in Plowden's *Commentaries*. The case was this: her husband, Sir James Hale, committed suicide by drowning himself in a river, and the point argued was whether by this act a lease which he had possessed of did not accrue to the Crown. It must be admitted that the clown's, "If I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act; and an act hath three branches," runs amazingly like a *satiro* on the following:—Sirjeant Walsh said that—"The act consists of three parts. The first is the imagination, which is a reflection or meditation of the mind, whether or no it is convenient for him to jestify himself, and what way it can be done. The second is the resolution, which is the determination of the mind to destroy himself, and to do it in this or that particular way. The third is the perfection, which is the execution of what the mind has resolved to do. And this perfection consists of two parts, viz the beginning and the end. The beginning is the doing of the act which causes the death, and the end is the death, which is only a sequel to 'the act.' Ac. &c.

Nor would it be easy to find a better parallel for,—"*Here lies the water, good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he nill he, he goes,—mark you that, but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself.*" &c.—than what follows, in the argument of the judges, viz. Weston, Anthony Brown, and Lord Dyer, "*Sir James Hale was dead, and how came he to his death? It may be answered By drowning. And who drowned him? Sir James Hale. And when did he drown him? In his lifetime. So that Sir James Hale being alive, caused Sir James Hale to die, and the act of the living man was the death of the dead man. And then for this offence it is reasonable to punish the living man who committed the offence, and not the dead man.*" &c.

(2) SONNET 1—*In youth, when I did love, did love, &c.*] The three stanzas ending by the grave-digger are a burlesque version of a sonnet said to have been written by Lord Vaux, one copy of which, with music, has been discovered by Dr. Rimbault, in MS Sloane, No. 4900; another, unaccompanied by music, is in the Harleian MSS. No. 1703. The whole poem, too, may be seen in Tottol's *Miscellany*, 1557, and has been reprinted in Percy's *Reliques*, Vol. I. p. 190, Edition 1812, and in Bell's Edition, 1854, where the words are thus given—

- 1 I loathe that I did love,  
In youth that I thought sweet,  
As time requires for my behave,  
Methinks they are not meet
- "My lusts they do me leave,  
My lances all are fled,  
And track of time begins to weave  
Grey hairs upon my head.
- "For Age with stealing steps  
Hath clawed me with his clutch,  
And lusty life away she leaps  
As there had been none such.
- "My Muse doth not delight  
Me as she did before;  
My hand and pen are not in plight,  
As thine have been of yore

- "For Reason 'me donies  
This youthly idle rhyme.  
And day by day to me she cries,  
'Leave off these toys in time.'
- "The wrinkles in my brow,  
The furrows in my face  
Say, *limping Age* will lodge him now  
Where Youth must give him place
- "The harbinger of Death  
To me I see him ride,  
The cough, the cold, the gasping breath  
Doth bid me to provide
- "A pickaxe and a spade,  
And eke a shrouding sheet,  
A house of clay for to be made  
For such a guest most meet.
- "Methinks I hear the clerk,  
That knolls the careful knell,  
And bids me leave my woeful work,  
Ere Nature me compel.
- "My keepers knit the knot  
That Youth did laugh to scorn,  
Of me that clean shall be forgot,  
As I had not been born.
- "Thus must I Youth give up,  
Whose badge I long did wear.  
To them I yield the wanton cup,  
That better may it bear.
- "Lo, here the bared skull,  
By whose bald sign I know,  
That stooping Age away shall pull  
Which youthful years did sow.
- "For Beauty with her hand  
These crooked cares hath wrought,  
And shipped me into the land  
From whence I first was brought.
- "And ye that bide behind,  
Have ye none other trust,  
As ye of clay were cast by kind,  
So shall ye waste to dust "

(3) SCENE I.—*And must the inheritor himself have no more, ha?*] We have something very like these reflections in Thomas Randolph's comedy of "*The Jealous Lovers*," played before Charles the Second at Cambridge, and published at Oxford, 1668.—

"*Sexton* [*Shewing a skull.*] This was a poetical noddle. O the sweet lines, choice language, eloquent figures, besides the jests, half jests, quarter jests, and quibbles that have come out of these chaps that yawn so! He has not so much as a new-coined complement to procure him a supper. The best friend he has may walk by him now, and yet have ne'er a jeer put upon him. His mistress had a little dog, deceased the other day, and all the wit in his noddle could not pump out an elegy to bewail it. He has been my tenant this seven years, and in all that while I never heard him rail against the times, or complain of the neglect of learning. Melpomene and the rest of the Muses have a good turn on't that he's dead; for while he lived, he ne'er left calling upon 'em. He was bur'd (as most of the tribe) at the charge of the parish and is happier dead than alive; for he has now as much money as the best in the company,—and yet has left off the poetical way of begging, called borrowing."—Act IV. Sc. 3.

Again, in the next scene:—

"*Sexton* Look here: this is a lawyer's skull. There was a tongue in't once, a damnable eloquent tongue that would almost have persuaded any man to the gallows. This was a turbulent buble fellow, till Death gave him his *Quiescat est*, and yet I ventured to rob him of his gown, and the rest of his habiliments, to the very buckram hat, not leaving him so much as a poor halfpenny to pay for his waftage, and yet the good man nere repin'd at it.—Now a man may cap you o'th' coxcomb with his spade, and never stand in fear of an action of battery."

## CRITICAL OPINIONS ON HAMLET.

"THE seeming inconsistencies in the conduct and character of Hamlet have long exercised the conjectural ingenuity of critics; and, as we are always loth to suppose that the cause of defective apprehension is in ourselves, the mystery has been too commonly explained by the very easy process of setting it down as in fact inexplicable, and by resolving the phenomenon into a misgrowth, or *lunacy*, of the capricious and irregular genius of Shakspeare. The shallow and stupid arrogance of these vulgar and indolent decisions, I would fain do my best to expose. I believe the character of Hamlet may be traced to Shakspeare's deep and accurate science in mental philosophy. Indeed, that this character must have some connexion with the common fundamental laws of our nature, may be assumed from the fact, that Hamlet has been the darling of every country in which the literature of England has been fostered. In order to understand him, it is essential that we should reflect on the constitution of our own minds. Man is distinguished from the brute animals in proportion as thought prevails over sense; but in the healthy processes of the mind, a balance is constantly maintained between the impressions from outward objects and the inward operations of the intellect;—for if there be an overbalance in the contemplative faculty, man thereby becomes the creature of mere meditation, and loses his natural power of action. Now, one of Shakspeare's modes of creating characters is, to conceive any one intellectual or moral faculty in morbid excess, and then to place himself, Shakspeare, thus mutilated or diseased, under given circumstances. In Hamlet, he seems to have wished to exemplify the moral necessity of a due balance between our attention to the objects of our senses, and our meditation on the workings of our minds,—an *equilibrium* between the real and the imaginary worlds. In Hamlet, this balance is disturbed; his thoughts and the images of his fancy are far more vivid than his actual perceptions; and his very perceptions, instantly passing through the medium of his contemplations, acquire, as they pass, a form and a colour not naturally their own. Hence we see a great, an almost enormous, intellectual activity, and a proportionate aversion to real action consequent upon it, with all its symptoms and accompanying qualities. This character Shakspeare places in circumstances under which it is obliged to act on the spur of the moment. Hamlet is brave and careless of death; but he vacillates from sensibility, and procrastinates from thought, and loses the power of action in the energy of resolve. Thus it is that this tragedy presents a direct contrast to that of 'Macbeth;' the one proceeds with the utmost slowness, the other with a crowded and breathless rapidity.

"The effect of this overbalance of the imaginative power is beautifully illustrated in the everlasting broodings and superfluous activities of Hamlet's mind, which, unseated from its healthy relation, is constantly occupied with the world within, and abstracted from the world without,—giving substance to shadows, and throwing a mist over all common-place actualities. It is the nature of thought to be indefinite;—definiteness belongs to external imagery alone. Hence it is that the sense of sublimity arises, not from the sight of an outward object, but from the beholder's reflection upon it;—not from the sensuous impression, but from the imaginative reflex. Few have seen a celebrated waterfall without feeling something akin to disappointment; it is only subsequently that the image comes back full into the mind, and brings with it a train of grand or beautiful associations. Hamlet feels this; his senses are in a state of trance, and he looks upon external things as hieroglyphics. His soliloquy,—

'O! that this too too solid flesh would melt,' &c.—

springs from that craving after the indefinite—for that which is not—which most easily besets men of genius; and the self-delusion common to this temper of mind is finely exemplified in the character which Hamlet gives of himself,—

## CRITICAL OPINIONS.

‘ — It cannot be  
But I am pigeon-livered, and lack gall  
To make oppression bitter

He mistakes the seeing his chains for the breaking them ; delays action till action is of no use ; and dies the victim of mere circumstance and accident ” — COLERIDGE.

“ ‘Hamlet’ is singular in its kind ; a tragedy of thought, inspired by continual and never-satisfied meditation on human destiny and the dark perplexity of the events of this world, and calculated to call forth the very same meditation in the minds of the spectators. This enigmatical work resembles those irrational equations in which a fraction of unknown magnitude always remains, that will in no way admit of solution. Much has been said, much written, on this piece, and yet no thinking head, who anew expresses himself on it, will (in his view of the connexion and the signification of all the parts) entirely coincide with his predecessors. What naturally most astonishes us is, the fact that with such hidden purposes—with a foundation laid in such unfathomable depth, the whole should, at a first view, exhibit an extremely popular appearance. The dread appearance of the Ghost takes possession of the mind and the imagination almost at the very commencement ; then the play within the play, in which, as in a glass, we see reflected the crime, whose fruitlessly attempted punishment constitutes the subject-matter of the piece ; the alarm with which it fills the King ; Hamlet’s pretended, and Ophelia’s real madness ; her death and burial ; the meeting of Hamlet and Laertes at her grave ; their combat, and the grand determination ; lastly, the appearance of the young hero Fortinbras, who, with warlike pomp, pays the last honours to an extinct family of kings ; the interspersed scenes of comic characteristic scenes with Polonius, the courtiers, and the grave-diggers, which have all of them their signification,—all this fills the stage with an animated and varied movement. The only circumstance from which this piece might be judged to be less theatrical than other tragedies of Shakspeare is, that in the last scenes the main action either stands still or appears to retrograde. This, however, was inevitable, and lay in the nature of the subject. The whole is intended to show that a calculating consideration, which exhausts all the relations and possible consequences of a deed, must cripple the power of acting ; as Hamlet himself expresses it,—

‘ And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought,  
And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
With this regard, their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action.’

With respect to Hamlet’s character. I cannot, as I understand the poet’s views, pronounce altogether so favourable a sentence upon it as Goethe does. He is, it is true, of a highly cultivated mind, a prince of royal manners, endowed with the finest sense of propriety, susceptible of noble ambition, and open in the highest degree to an enthusiastic admiration of that excellence in others of which he himself is deficient. He acts the part of madness with unrivalled power, convincing the persons who are sent to examine into his supposed loss of reason, merely by telling them unwelcome truths, and rallying them with the most caustic wit. But in the resolutions which he so often embraces and always leaves unexecuted, his weakness is too apparent : he does himself only justice when he implies that there is no greater dissimilarity than between himself and Hercules. He is not solely impelled by necessity to artifice and dissimulation, he has a natural inclination for crooked ways ; he is a hypocrite towards himself ; his far-fetched scruples are often mere pretexts to cover his want of determination : thoughts, as he says on a different occasion, which have

‘ — but one part wisdom  
And ever three parts coward ’

He has been chiefly condemned both for his harshness in repulsing the love of Ophelia, which he himself had cherished, and for his insensibility at her death. But he is too much overwhelmed with his own sorrow to have any compassion to spare for others ; besides, his outward indifference gives us by no means the measure of his internal perturbation. On the other hand, we evidently perceive in him a malicious joy, when he has succeeded in getting rid of his enemies, more through necessity and accident, which alone are able to impel him to quick and decisive measures, than by the merit of his own courage, as he himself confesses after the murder of Polonius, and with respect to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Hamlet has no firm belief either in himself or in anything else : from expressions

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of religious confidence he passes over to sceptical doubts; he believes in the Ghost of his father as long as he sees it, but as soon as it has disappeared, it appears to him almost in the light of a deception\*. He has even gone so far as to say, 'there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so;' with him the poet loses himself here in labyrinths of thought, in which neither end nor beginning is discoverable. The stars themselves, from the course of events, afford no answer to the question so urgently proposed to them. A voice from another world, commissioned, it would appear, by heaven, demands vengeance for a monstrous enormity, and the demand remains without effect; the criminals are at last punished, but, as it were, by an accidental blow, and not in the solemn way requisite to convey to the world a warning example of justice; irresolute foresight, cunning treachery, and impetuous rage, hurry on to a common destruction; the less guilty and the innocent are equally involved in the general ruin. The destiny of humanity is there exhibited as a gigantic Sphinx, which threatens to precipitate into the abyss of scepticism all who are unable to solve her dreadful enigmas.

"As one example of the many niceties of Shakspeare which have never been understood, I may allude to the style in which the player's speech about Hecuba is conceived. It has been the subject of much controversy among the commentators, whether this was borrowed by Shakspeare from himself or from another, and whether, in the praise of the piece of which it is supposed to be a part, he was speaking seriously, or merely meant to ridicule the tragical bombast of his contemporaries. It seems never to have occurred to them that this speech must not be judged of by itself, but in connexion with the place where it is introduced. To distinguish it in the play itself as dramatic poetry, it was necessary that it should rise above the dignified poetry of the former in the same proportion that generally theatrical elevation soars above simple nature. Hence Shakspeare has composed the play in 'Hamlet' altogether in sententious rhymes full of antitheses. But this solemn and measured tone did not suit a speech in which violent emotion ought to prevail, and the poet had no other expedient than the one of which he made choice—overcharging the pathos. The language of the speech in question is certainly falsely emphatical; but yet this fault is so mixed up with true grandeur, that a player practised in artificially calling forth in himself the emotion he is imitating, may certainly be carried away by it. Besides, it will hardly be believed that Shakspeare knew so little of his art, as not to be aware that a tragedy in which Æneas had to make a lengthy epic relation of a transaction that happened so long before as the destruction of Troy, could neither be dramatical nor theatrical."—SCHLEGEL

"Conceive a prince, such as is here painted, and that his father suddenly dies. Ambition and the love of rule are not the passions that inspire him. As a king's son he would have been contented; but now he is first constrained to consider the difference which separates a sovereign from a subject. The crown was not hereditary; yet a longer possession of it by his father would have strengthened the pretensions of an only son, and secured his hopes of the succession. In place of this, he now beholds himself excluded by his uncle, in spite of specious promises, most probably for ever. He is now poor in goods and favour, and a stranger in the scene which from youth he had looked upon as his inheritance. His temper here assumes its first mournful tinge. He feels that now he is not more—that he is less—than a private nobleman, he offers himself as the servant of every one; he is not courteous and condescending, he is needy and degraded.

His past condition he remembers as a vanished dream. It is in vain that his uncle strives to cheer him,—to present his situation in another point of view. The feeling of his nothingness will not leave him.

"The second stroke that came upon him wounded deeper, bowed still more. It was the marriage of his mother. The faithful tender son had yet a mother, when his father passed away. He hoped, in the company of his surviving noble-minded parent, to reverence the heroic form of the departed; but his mother too he loses, and it is something worse than death that robs him of her. The trustful image, which a good child loves to form of its parents, is gone. With the dead there is no help; on the living no hold. She also is a woman, and her name is Frailty, like that of all her sex.

"Now first does he feel himself completely bent and orphaned; and no happiness of life can repay what he has lost. Not reflective or sorrowful by nature, reflection and sorrow have become for him a

\* "It has been censured as a contradiction, that Hamlet in the soliloquy on self-murder should say,—

'The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn  
No traveller returns—'

for was not the Ghost a returned traveller? Shakspeare, however, purposely wished to show, that Hamlet could not fix himself in any conviction of any kind whatever."

## CRITICAL OPINIONS.

heavy obligation. It is thus that we see him first enter on the scene. Figure to yourselves this youth, this son of princes; conceive him vividly, bring his state before your eyes, and then observe him when he learns that his father's spirit walks; stand by him in the terrors of the night, when the venerable ghost itself appears before him. A horrid shudder passes over him; he speaks to the mysterious form; he sees it beckon him; he follows it and hears. The fearful accusation of his uncle rings in his ears; the summons to revenge, and the piercing, oft-repeated prayer, 'Remember me!'

"And when the ghost has vanished, who is it that stands before us? A young hero panting for vengeance! A prince by birth, rejoicing to be called to punish the usurper of his crown? No! trouble and astonishment take hold of the solitary young man: he grows bitter against smiling villains, swears that he will not forget the spirit, and concludes with the significant ejaculation,—

'The time is out of joint • O cursed spite,  
That ever I was born to set it right!'

In these words, I imagine, will be found the key to Hamlet's whole procedure. To me it is clear that Shakspeare meant, in the present case, to represent the effects of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it. In this view the whole piece seems to me to be composed. There is an oak-tree planted in a costly jar, which should have borne only pleasant flowers in its bosom;—the roots expand, the jar is shivered.

"A lovely, pure, noble, and most moral nature, without the strength of nerve which forms a hero, sinks beneath a burden which it cannot bear, and must not cast away. All duties are holy for him; the present is too hard. Impossibilities have been required of him;—not in themselves impossibilities, but such for him. He winds, and turns, and torments himself; he advances and recoils; is ever put in mind, ever puts himself in mind, at last does all but lose his purpose from his thoughts; yet still without recovering his peace of mind"—GOETHE.

"This is that Hamlet the Dane whom we read of in our youth, and whom we seem almost to remember in our after years;—he who made that famous soliloquy on life, who gave the advice to the players, who thought 'this goodly frame, the earth, a sterile promontory, and this brave o'erhanging firmament, the air—this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours;' whom 'man delighted not, nor woman neither;' he who talked with the gravediggers, and moralised on Yorick's skull, the schoolfellow of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern at Wittenberg; the friend of Horatio; the lover of Ophelia; he that was mad and sent to England; the slow avenger of his father's death; who lived at the court of Horwendillus five hundred years before we were born, but all whose thoughts we seem to know as well as we do our own, because we have read them in Shakspeare.

"Hamlet is a name; his speeches and sayings but the idle coinage of the poet's brain. What, then, are they not real? They are as real as our own thoughts; their reality is in the reader's mind. It is *we* who are Hamlet. This play has a prophetic truth, which is above that of history. Whoever has become thoughtful and melancholy through his own mishaps or those of others; whoever has borne about with him the clouded brow of reflection, and thought himself 'too much i' the sun;' whoever has seen the golden lamp of day dimmed by envious mists rising in his own breast, and could find in the world before him only a dull blank with nothing left remarkable in it; whoever has known 'the pangs of despised love, the insolence of office, or the spurns which patient merit of the unworthy takes,' he who has felt his mind sunk within him, and sadness cling to his heart like a malady, who has had his hopes blighted and his youth staggered by the apparitions of strange things; who cannot lie well at ease while he sees evil hovering near him like a spectre; whose powers of action have been eaten up by thought,—he to whom the universe seems infinite, and himself nothing; whose bitterness of soul makes him careless of consequences, and who goes to a play as his best resource to shove off, to a second remove, the evils of life, by a mock-representation of them—this is the true Hamlet."—HAZLITT.



JUL

CAESAR:





# JULIUS CÆSAR.

THIS tragedy, there can be no reasonable doubt, was first published in the folio collection of 1623, where it is printed with, for that volume, a remarkable exemption from typographical inaccuracies. The date of its production is less certain. Malone, in his "Attempt to ascertain the order in which the Plays of Shakespeare were written," concludes that it could not have been composed before 1607; but, as his argument mainly rests upon the fact that a tragedy with the same title by William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Stirling, was printed in London that year,\* from which he conjectured Shakespeare had derived one or two ideas, it cannot be regarded as satisfactory. Upon safer grounds, we think, Mr. Collier believes that Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" was written and acted before 1603. In Act V. Sc. 5, it will be remembered, Antony pays a beautiful tribute to the character of Brutus,—

"His life was gentle; and the elements  
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*"

Referring to this passage, Mr. Collier observes, "In Drayton's 'Barons' Wars,' Book III. edit. 8vo. 1603, p. 61, we meet with the subsequent stanza. The author is speaking of Mortimer:—

"Such one he was, of him we boldly say,  
In whose rich soul all sovereign powers did suit,  
In whom in peace *the elements all lay*  
*So mix'd*, as none could sovereignty impute,  
As all did govern, yet all did obey.  
His lively temper was so absolute,  
That 't seem'd, when heaven his model first began,  
In him it shew'd *perfection of a man.*"

Italic type is hardly necessary to establish that one poet must have availed himself, not only of the thought, but of the very words of the other. The question is, was Shakespeare indebted to Drayton, or Drayton to Shakespeare? We shall not enter into general probabilities, founded upon the original and exhaustless stores of the mind of our great dramatist, but advert to a few dates, which, we think, warrant the conclusion that Drayton, having heard 'Julius Cæsar' at a theatre, or seen it in manuscript, before 1603, applied to his own purpose, perhaps unconsciously, what, in fact, belonged to another poet.

"Drayton's 'Barons' Wars' first appeared in 1596, 4to., under the title of 'Mortimeriados.' Malone had a copy without date, and he and Steevens erroneously imagined that the poem had been originally printed in 1598. In the 4to. of 1596, and in the undated edition, it is not divided into books, and is in seven-line stanzas; and what is there said of Mortimer bears no likeness whatever to Shakespeare's expressions in 'Julius Cæsar.' Drayton afterwards chafged the title from 'Mortimeriados' to 'The Barons' Wars,' and remodelled the whole historical poem, altering the stanza from the English ballad form to the Italian *ottava rima*. This course he took before 1603, when it came out in octavo, with the stanza first quoted, which contains so marked a similarity to the lines from 'Julius Cæsar.' We apprehend that he did so, because he had heard or seen Shakespeare's tragedy before 1603; and we think that strong presumptive

\* It was published in Scotland, of which Malone was not aware, three years before.

## PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

proof that he was the borrower and not Shakespeare, is derived from the fact, that in the subsequent impressions of the 'Barons' Wars,' in 1605, 1607, 1608, 1610, and 1613, the stanza remained precisely as in the edition of 1603: but in 1619, after Shakespeare's death and before 'Julius Cæsar' was printed, Drayton made even a nearer approach to the words of his original, thus:—

“ ‘He was a man, then boldly dare to say,  
In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit;  
In whom so mix'd the elements did lay,  
That none to one could sovereignty impute;  
As all did govern, so did all obey.  
He of a temper was so absolute,  
As that it seem'd, when *Nature* him began,  
She meant to show *all that might be in man*.’ ”

We think it will be admitted that Mr. Collier has made out a very strong case,—all but proved, indeed, that in this instance Drayton was the borrower, and, as a consequence, that Shakespeare's tragedy is of an earlier date by some years than Malone and others had supposed.

The material incidents of this tragedy appear to have been derived from North's translation of Plutarch; but as there was a Latin play upon the subject of Cæsar—"Epilogus Cæsaris Interfecti," &c.—written by Dr. Richard Fedes, which was played at Christ's Church Coll., Oxford, in 1582, and an old anonymous play in English, of the same age, it is possible that Shakespeare may have incurred some obligations to one or both of these.

## Persons Represented.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,

MARCUS ANTONIUS,

M. ÆMIL LEPIDUS,

*Triumvirs, after the death  
of Julius Cæsar*

CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA; *Senators*

MARCUS BRUTUS,

CASSIUS,

CASCA,

CINNA,

TREBONIUS,

LIGARIUS,

DECIUS BRUTUS,

METELLUS CIMBER,

*Conspirators against  
Julius Cæsar.*

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, *Tribunes.*

ARTEMIDORUS, *a Sophist of Cnidos.*

CINNA, *a Poet. Another Poet.*

A Soothsayer

LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, YOUNG CATO,  
and VOLUMNIUS; *Friends to Brutus and  
Cassius.*

VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS,  
DARDANIUS; *Servants to Brutus*

PINDARUS, *Servant to Cassius.*

CALPURNIA, *Wife to Julius Cæsar.*

† PORTIA, *Wife to Brutus.*

*Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.*

SCENE,—During a great part of the Play at ROME; afterwards at SARDIS; and near PHILIPPI.



## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

*Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS,<sup>a</sup> and a rabble of Citizens.*

FLAV. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:  
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,  
Being mechanical, you ought not walk  
Upon a labouring day, without the sign  
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

1 CIT. Why, sir, a carpenter.

MAR. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?

What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—  
You, sir, what trade are you?

2 CIT. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman,  
I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

MAR. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.<sup>b</sup>

2 CIT. A trade, sir, that I hope I may use  
with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir,  
a mender of bad soles.

MAR. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?<sup>c</sup>

2 CIT. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out  
with me: yet if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

MAR. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

2 CIT. Why, sir, cobble you.

<sup>a</sup> MARULLUS.—] A correction first made by Theobald, the old text having throughout, *Murellus*  
<sup>b</sup> — directly ] *Explicitly, without ambiguity.*

<sup>c</sup> What trade, thou knave? &c.] In the old copies this speech is erroneously assigned to Flavius.

FLAV. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 CIT. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl; I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl.\* I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather have gone upon my handiwork.

FLAV. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 CIT. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

MAR. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,  
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?  
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,  
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft  
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,  
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,  
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat  
The live-long day, with patient expectation,  
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;  
And when you saw his chariot but appear,  
Have you not made an universal shout  
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,  
To hear the replication of your sounds,  
Made in her concave shores?  
And do you now put on your best attire?  
And do you now cull out a holiday?  
And do you now strew flowers in his way,  
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?  
Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,  
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague  
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

FLAV. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,

Assemble all the poor men of your sort;  
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears  
Into the channel, till the lowest stream  
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all—

[*Exit Citizens.*]

See, where their basest metal be not mov'd;  
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness

Go you down that way towards the Capitol;  
This way will I; disrobe the images,  
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.\*

MAR. May we do so?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

FLAV. It is no matter; let no images  
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,  
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:  
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.  
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;  
Who else would soar above the view of men,  
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*]

# SCENE II.—*The same. A public Place.*

*Enter, in procession, with music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA, a great crowd following; among them a Soothsayer.*

CÆS. Calphurnia,—

CASCA. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.  
[*Music ceases.*]  
Calphurnia,—

CÆS.

CAL. Here, my lord.

CÆS. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,  
When he doth run his course.<sup>(1)</sup>—Antonius,—

ANT. Cæsar, my lord.

CÆS. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,  
To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say,  
The barren, touch'd in this holy chase,  
Shake off their sterile curse.

ANT. I shall remember:  
When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.

CÆS. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

[*Music.*]

SOOTH. Cæsar!

CÆS. Ha! Who calls?

CASCA. Bid every noise be still:—peace yet again!<sup>d</sup> [*Music ceases.*]

CÆS. Who is it in the press that calls on me?  
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music.  
Cry, *Cæsar*. Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

SOOTH. Beware the ides of March.

CÆS. What man is that?

\* I meddle with no tradesman's matters, &c.] Farmer conjectured that the true reading is, "I meddle with no trade, man's matters," &c., and, substituting *trades* for *trade*, we incline to his opinion.

<sup>b</sup> Wherefore rejoice? &c.] "This was in the beginning of n. c. 44 (A. V. c. 709) when Cæsar having returned from Spain in the preceding October, after defeating the sons of Pompey at the battle of Munda (fought 17 March, n. c. 48), had been appointed Consul for the next ten years, and Dictator for life. The festival of the Lupercalia, at which he was offered and declined the crown

was celebrated 15th February, n. c. 44, and he was assassinated 15th March following, being then in his fifty-sixth year"—*CRAIK'S English of Shakespeare*, p. 71.

—with ceremonies.] See note (c), p. 25, Vol. II.

<sup>d</sup> Bid every noise be still:—peace yet again! If this did not originally form a continuation of Cæsar's previous speech, the regulation we presume to have been:—

"CASCA. Bid every noise be still:—peace yet!

CÆS.  
Who is it," &c.

Again!

BRU. A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of March.

CÆS. Set him before me; let me see his face.

CAS. Fellow, come from the throng: look upon Cæsar.

CÆS. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.

SOOTH. Beware the Ides\* of March.

CÆS. He is a dreamer; let us leave him;—pass.

[Sennet. *Exeunt all but BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*

CAS. Will you go see the order of the course?

BRU. Not I.

CAS. I pray you, do.

BRU. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires; I'll leave you.

CAS. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:

I have not from your eyes that gentleness

And show of love as I was wont to have:

You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand

Over your friend that loves you.

BRU. Cassius,

Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,

I turn the trouble of my countenance

Merely<sup>b</sup> upon myself. Vex'd I am,

Of late, with passions of some difference,

Conceptions only proper to myself,

Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours;

But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,

(Among which number, Cassius, be you one)

Nor construe any further my neglect,

Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,

Forgets the shows of love to other men.

CAS. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;

By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

BRU. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,

But by reflection by some other things.

CAS. 'Tis just:

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,

That you have no such mirrors as will turn

Your hidden worthiness into your eye,

That you might see your shadow. I have heard,

Where many of the best respect in Rome,

(Except immortal Cæsar) speaking of Brutus,

And groaning underneath this age's yoke,

Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

BRU. Into what dangers would you lead me,

Cassius,

That you would have me seek into myself For that which is not in me?

CAS. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:

And, since you know you cannot see yourself

So well as by reflection, I, your glass,

Will modestly discover to yourself

That of yourself which you yet know not of.

And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:

Were I a common laugh<sup>d</sup>, or did use

To stale with ordinary oaths my love,

To every new protester; if you know

That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,

And after scandal them; or if you know

That I profess myself in banqueting

To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*

BRU. What means this shouting? I do fear the people

Choose Cæsar for their king.

CAS. Ay, do you fear it?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

BRU. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.—

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?

What is it that you would impart to me?

If it be aught toward the general good,

Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,

And I will look on both indifferently:

For, let the gods so speed me as I love

The name of honour more than I fear death.

CAS. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus.

As well as I do know your outward favour.

Well, honour is the subject of my story.—

I cannot tell what you and other men

Think of this life; but, for my single self,

I had as lief not be as live to be

In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:

We both have fed as well; and we can both

Endure the winter's cold as well as he;

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,

The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,

Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now,*

*Leap in with me into this angry flood,*

*And swim to yonder point?*—Upon the word,

As cool as I was, I plunged in,

And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.

The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it

With lusty sinews; throwing it aside

And stemming it with hearts of controversy;

But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,

\* *The Ides of March*! The Ides (*Idus*) fell on the 15th of March, May, July, and October, and on the 13th of the remaining months.

<sup>b</sup> Merely—] *Purely, solely, entirely.*

<sup>c</sup> *But by reflection by some other things*! Here, not improbably, poet wrote,—

“— of some other things.”

or, —

“— from some other things.”

the second “h” in the old text being an accidental repetition of the compositor

<sup>d</sup> *Here for a common laugh, —* Rowe's correction; the old copy having “laugh” As Mr Craik remarks, neither word seems to be quite satisfactory

Cæsar cried, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*

I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,  
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder  
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber  
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man  
Is now become a god; and Cassius is  
A wretched creature, and must bend his body  
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.  
He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark  
How he did shake: 't is true, this god did shake:  
His coward lips did from their colour fly;  
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world  
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:  
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans  
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,  
*Alas!* it cried, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*  
*As a sick girl.* Ye gods, it doth amaze me,  
A man of such a feeble temper should  
So get the start of the majestic world,  
And bear the palm alone. *[Flourish, and shout.]*

BRU. Another general shout!

I do believe that these applauses are  
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

CAS. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow  
world

Like a Colossus; and we petty men  
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about  
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.  
Men at some time are masters of their fates:  
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.  
*Brutus*, and *Cæsar*: what should be in that  
*Cæsar?*

Why should that name be sounded more than  
yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;  
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;  
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,  
*Brutus* will start a spirit as soon as *Cæsar*.  
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,  
Upon what meat does this our Cæsar feed,  
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art  
sham'd!

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!  
When went there by an age, since the great flood,  
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?  
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of  
Rome,

That her wide walks\* encompass'd but one man?  
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough  
When there is in it but one only man.

O, you and I have heard our fathers say,  
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd  
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,  
As easily as a king!

BRU. That you do love me, I am nothing  
jealous;

What you would work me to, I have some aim;  
How I have thought of this, and of these times,  
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,  
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,  
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,  
I will consider; what you have to say,  
I will with patience hear; and find a time  
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.  
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;  
Brutus had rather be a villager,  
Than to repute himself a son of Rome  
Under these hard conditions as this time  
Is like to lay upon us.

CAS. I am glad that my weak words  
Have struck but thus much show of fire from  
Brutus. [turning.]

BRU. The games are done, and Cæsar is re-  
CAS. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the  
sleeve;

And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you  
What has proceeded worthy note to-day.

*Re-enter Cæsar and his Train.*

BRU. I will do so—but, look you, Cassius,  
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,  
And all the rest look like a chidden train:  
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero  
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,  
As we have seen him in the Capitol,  
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

CAS. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

CAS. Antonius,—

ANT. Cæsar.

CÆS. Let me have men about me that are fat;  
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights;  
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;  
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.<sup>a</sup>

ANT. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous;  
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

\* —wide walks—] Modern editors nearly all adopt the emendation, *wide walls*, proposed by Rowe, but the original, "*wide walks*," i.e. "spacious bounds," ought not to be displaced.

"In the time of civil warres the souldiers of the Castell and chahons of Old Sarum fell at ods, insomuch that after other bralles they fell at last to ad blows. It happened therefore in a rogation weeke that the clergie going in solemne procession a controverisie fall betweene them about certeine *walkes* and *limits* which the one side claimed and the other denied. Such also was the hot entertainment on each part, that at the last the Castellanes espiling their time, gate betweene the cleergie and the towne, and so cotied them as they returned homeward, that they feared aine

more to gang about their *bounds* for a yeare.—*HOLINSHED'S Description of Britaine*, p. 57.

<sup>a</sup> Let me have men about me that are fat; " &c. ] So in North's translation of Plutarch's Life of Julius Cæsar.—"Cæsar also had Cassius in great jealousy, and suspected him much whereupon he said on a time to his friends, what wil Cassius do, thinke ye? I like not his pale look." Another time when Cæsars friends complained unto him of Cassius and Dolabella, that they pretended some marriage betwixt them, he answered them again, As for those fat men and such like combed heads, quoth he, I never reckon of them; but these pale vi-ved and carion leane people, I feare them most, meaning Brutus and Cassius."



CÆS. Would he were fatter!—but I fear him not:  
Yet if my name were liable to fear,  
I do not know the man I should avoid  
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much,  
He is a great observer, and he looks  
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no  
plays,

As thou dost, Antony: he hears no music;  
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort  
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit  
That could be mov'd to smile at any-thing.  
Such men as he be never at heart's ease  
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;  
And therefore are they very dangerous.  
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd  
Than what I fear.—for always I am Cæsar.  
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf.  
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train. CÆSCA  
stays behind.*]

CASCA. You pull'd me by the cloak: would you  
speak with me?

BRU. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-  
day,

That Cæsar looks so sad?

CASCA. Why, you were with him, were you not?

BRU. I should not, then, Casca what had  
chanc'd.

CASCA. Why, there was a crown offered him:  
and being offered him, he put it by with the back  
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of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a  
shouting.

BRU. What was the second noise for?

CASCA. Why, for that too.

CAS. They shouted thrice: what was the last  
cry for?

CASCA. Why, for that too.

BRU. Was the crown offered him thrice?

CASCA. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by  
thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every  
putting-by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

CAS. Who offered him the crown?

CASCA. Why, Antony.

BRU. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

CASCA. I can as well be hanged as tell the  
manner of it: it was mere foolery: I did not mark  
it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet  
'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coro-  
nets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but  
for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have  
had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he  
put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very  
loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered  
it the third time; he put it the third time by: and  
still as he refused it, the rabblement shouted,\* and  
clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their

\* — the rabblement shouted,—] This emendation is due to  
Hammer, the first three folios having shouted, and the fourth  
houted.



sweaty nightcaps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar, (2) for he swooned, and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

CAS. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swoon?

CASCA. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

BRU. 'Tis very like,—he hath the falling sickness.

CAS. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

CASCA. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

BRU. What said he when he came unto himself?

CASCA. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut!—An I had been a man of any occupation,\* if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried *Alas, good soul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers they would have done no less.

BRU. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

CASCA. Ay.

CAS. Did Cicero say anything?

CASCA. Ay, he spoke Greek.

CAS. To what effect?

CASCA. Nay, an I tell you that I'll ne'er look you i' the face again, but those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

CAS. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

CASCA. No, I am promised forth.

CAS. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

CASCA. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

CAS. Good; I will expect you.

CASCA. Do so: farewell both. *[Exit.]*

BRU. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be! He was quick mettle when he went to school.

CAS. So is he now, in execution  
Of any bold or noble enterprise,  
However he puts on this tardy form.  
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,  
Which gives men stomach to digest his words  
With better appetite.

BRU. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,  
I will come home to you; or, if you will,  
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

CAS. I will do so:—till then, think of the world.

*[Exit BRUTUS.]*

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see  
Thy honourable metal may be wrought  
From that it is dispos'd: therefore it is meet  
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;  
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?  
Cæsar doth bear me hard;<sup>b</sup> but he loves Brutus:  
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,  
He should not humour me. I will this night,  
In several hands, in at his windows throw,  
As if they came from several citizens,  
Writings, all tending to the great opinion  
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely  
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:  
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;  
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

*[Exit.]*

### SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.*

CIC. Good even, Ca-ca: brought you Cæsar home?

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

CASCA. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway  
Of earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm? O, Cicero,  
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds  
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen  
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,  
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:

\* An I had been a man of any occupation,—] If I had been one of the mechanics.

<sup>b</sup> Cæsar doth bear me hard.] The commentators appear to have overlooked the exact force of this. It is an expression borrowed, we believe, from horsemanship, equivalent, literally, to, *keeps a tight rein upon me*, and, metaphorically, to, *does not trust me, or fears, or doubts me* so Antony, in Act III. Sc. 1. says,—

"—If you bear me hard,"  
(i.e. if you fear to trust me)

"Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,  
Fulfil your pleasure."

Compare also, Act I. Sc. 2,—

"You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand  
Over your friend that loves you."



But never till to-night, never till now,  
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.  
Either there is a civil strife in heaven;  
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,  
Incenses them to send destruction.

CIC. Why, saw you anything more wonderful?

CASCA. A common slave (you know him well by sight)

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn  
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,  
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.  
Besides, (I have not since put up my sword)  
Against the Capitol I met a lion,  
Who glar'd\* upon me, and went surly by  
Without annoying me: and there were drawn  
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,  
Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw  
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.  
And yesterday the bud of night did sit,  
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,  
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies  
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say  
*These are their reasons,—they are natural;*

(\*) Old text, *glaz'd*.

a A common slave (you know him well by sight)  
Held up his 'left hand, &c.]

"A slave of the soldiers that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hands, inasmuch as they that saw it thought he had been burnt; but when the fire was out, it was found that he had no hurt."—*Life of Julius Caesar in North's Plutarch*

b — what night is this! ] Simply, "what a night is this!" the

For, I believe, they are portentous things  
Unto the climate that they point upon.

CIC. Indeed, it is a strange disposed time;  
But men may construe things after their fashion,  
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.  
Comes Caesar to the Capitol to-morrow?

CASCA. He doth, for he did bid Antonius  
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

CIC. Good night, then, Casca: this disturbed  
sky  
Is not to walk in

CASCA. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit CICERO.*]

*Enter CASSIUS.*

CAS. Who's there?

CASCA. A Roman.

CAS. Cassius, by your voice.

CASCA. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night  
is this! b

CAS. A very pleasing night to honest men.

CASCA. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

mission of the article being not at all uncommon in such exclamations. In proof of this Mr. Dyce quotes,—

"What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,

And would not fore the letter to my view!"

And,—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act I. Sc. 2

"Fab. What dish of poison has she dressed him:

Sir To. And with what wing the stanniel checks at it!"

*Twelfth Night*, Act II. Sc. 5

E E 2

CAS. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,  
Submitting me unto the perilous night;  
And, thus unbraçed, Casca, as you see,  
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:<sup>a</sup>  
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open  
The breast of heaven, I did present myself  
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

CASCA. But wherefore did you so much tempt  
the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,  
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send  
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us. [Life

CAS. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of  
That should be in a Roman you do want,  
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,  
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,  
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:  
But if you would consider the true cause  
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,  
Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind;<sup>b</sup>  
Why old men fools,<sup>c</sup> and children calculate;  
Why all these things change from their ordinance,  
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,  
To monstrous<sup>d</sup> quality;—why, you shall find, \*  
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,  
To make them instruments of fear and warning  
Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man  
Most like this dreadful night,  
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars  
As doth the lion in the Capitol,—  
A man no mightier than thyself or me,  
In personal action; yet prodigious<sup>e</sup> grown,  
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

CASCA. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not,  
Cassius?

CAS. Let it be who it is: for Romans now  
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors,  
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,  
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;  
Our yoke and suzerance show us womanish.

CASCA. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow  
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;  
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,  
In every place, save here in Italy.

CAS. I know where I will wear this dagger then;  
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:  
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;

Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:  
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,  
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,  
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;  
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,  
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.  
If I know this, know all the world besides  
That part of tyranny that I do bear  
I can shake off at pleasure. [Thunder still.

CASCA. So can I:  
So every bondman in his own hand bears  
The power to cancel his captivity.

CAS. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then?  
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,  
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:  
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.  
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire  
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,  
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves  
For the base matter to illuminate  
So vile a thing as Cæsar!—but, O, grief!  
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this  
Before a willing bondman; then I know  
My answer must be made: but I am arm'd,  
And dangers are to me indifferent.

CASCA. You speak to Casca; and to such a man  
That is no flouting tell-tale. Hold my hand;  
Be factious for redress of all these griefs;  
And I will set this foot of mine as far  
As who goes farthest.

CAS. There's a bargain made.  
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already  
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,  
To undergo with me an enterprise  
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;  
And I do know, by this, they stay for me  
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night  
There is no stir or walking in the streets;  
And the complexion of the element  
In favour's like<sup>f</sup> the work we have in hand,  
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible. [haste.

CASCA. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in

CAS. 'Tis Cinna,—I do know him by his gait;  
He is a friend.

Enter CINNA.

Cinna, where haste you so?

CIN. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus  
Cimber?

<sup>a</sup> — the thunder-stone:—] "The thunder-stone is the imaginary produce of the thunder, which the ancients called *Begonia*, mentioned by Pliny (N. H. xxxvii. 10) as a species of gem, and as that which, falling with the lightning, does the mischief."—CRANE.

<sup>b</sup> Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind;] That is, why they reverse their habits and nature.

<sup>c</sup> Why old men fools, and children calculate;] The old copy points thus,—

"Why old men, fools, and children calculate;

but the punctuation we adopt, which was long ago suggested by Blackstone, clearly gives the sense and antithesis intended, i. e. why we have all these fires, &c. why old men in spite of their experience, have turned fools, and children prophesy.

<sup>d</sup> — monstrous—] *unnatural, ominously prophetic*  
<sup>e</sup> — prodigious—] *Portentous, ominous*  
<sup>f</sup> In favour's like—] This is Johnson's reading. The folio has, "Is Favours, like," &c. Capell proposed, "Is favoured like;" Rowe, "Is ferocious like," &c.; and Mr Hunter would substitute "It favours like," &c.

CAS. No, it is Casca ; one incorporate  
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna ?

CIN. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is  
this !

There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

CAS. Am I not stay'd for ? tell me.

CIN. Yes, you are.

O, Cassius, if you could

But win the noble Brutus to our party—<sup>a</sup>

CAS. Be you content, good Cinna ; take this  
paper,

And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,  
Where Brutus may but find it ;<sup>b</sup> and throw this  
In at his window ; set this up with wax  
Upon old Brutus' statue : all this done,  
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.  
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there ?

CIN. All but Metellus Cimber ; and he's gone

To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,  
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

CAS. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[Exit CINNA.]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,

See Brutus at his house : three parts of him

Is ours already : and the man entire,

Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

CASCA. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts :

And that which would appear offence in us,

His countenance, like richest alchemy,

Will change to virtue and to worthiness.<sup>(3)</sup>

CAS. Him, and his worth, and our great need  
of him,

You have right well conceited. Let us go,

For it is after midnight ; and, ere day,

We will awake him, and be sure of him. [Exeunt.]

<sup>a</sup> O, Cassius, if you could

But win the noble Brutus to our party—]

In the folio this speech runs, or rather hobbles, thus,—

" Yes, you are O Cassius,

If you could but win the noble Brutus  
To our party—"

And in modern editions the arrangement is,—

" Yes

You are O Cassius, if you could but win  
The noble Brutus to our party "

which is intolerable, or, as given by Mr. Knight,—

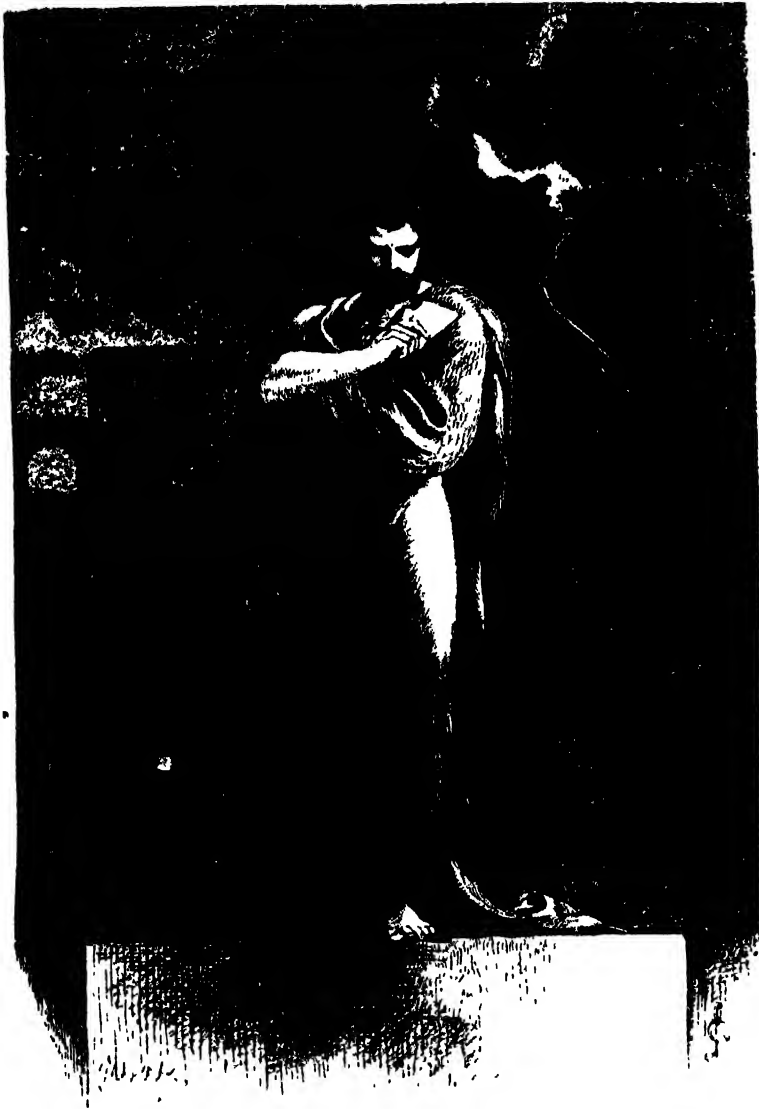
" Yes, you

O, Cassius, if you could but win the noble Brutus  
To our party, "

which is not much better. We adopt the distribution of the lines  
proposed by Mr. Cook, tho' this will hardly satisfy the  
requirements of our accustomed Shakespearean rhythm.

<sup>b</sup> Where Brutus may but find it.] We should now say, " Where  
old Brutus may find it."





## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. Brutus's Orchard.*

*Enter BRUTUS.*

I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—  
When, Lucius, when?<sup>a</sup> awake, I say! what, Lucius!

BRU. What, Lucius! ho!—  
I cannot, by the progress of the stars;  
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—

<sup>a</sup> When, Lucius, when! See note (f), p. 449, Vol. I.

*Enter LUCIUS.*

LUC. Call'd you, my lord?

BRU. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:  
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

LUC. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]

BRU. It must be by his death: and, for my part,

I know no personal cause to spurn at him,  
But for the general,—he would be crown'd:<sup>a</sup>  
How that might change his nature, there's the question.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder:  
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—  
that;—

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,  
That at his will he may do danger<sup>b</sup> with.  
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins  
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of  
Cæsar,

I have not known when his affections sway'd  
More than his reason. But 't is a common proof,  
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;  
But when he once attains the upmost round,  
He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may;  
Then, lest he may, prevent.<sup>c</sup> And, since the quarrel

Will bear no colour for the thing he is,  
Fashion it thus;—that what he is, augmented,  
Would run to these and these extremities:  
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,  
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind,<sup>d</sup> grow mischievous;  
And kill him in the shell.

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

LUC. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.  
Searching the window for a flint, I found  
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,  
It did not lie there when I went to bed. [*Giving a letter.*]

<sup>a</sup> I know no personal cause to spurn at him,  
But for the general,—he would be crown'd.]

This may either mean,—I know no personal cause of enmity against him; only the general, i.e. the public good; or,—I know no personal cause, &c. only the general one, that he would be crown'd.

<sup>b</sup> — he may do danger with.] He may do damage, or mischief with.

<sup>c</sup> — prevent.] We have before explained that to prevent (pre-venire) in Shakespeare's day was always employed in the sense of to come before, or anticipate; whether the purpose of prevention were to hinder or to aid.

<sup>d</sup> — as his kind,—] According to his nature; or, like his species.

BRU. Get you to bed again, it is not day.  
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides<sup>e</sup> of March?

LUC. I know not, sir.

BRU. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

LUC. I will, sir. [*Exit.*]

BRU. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,  
Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[*Opens the letter and reads.*  
"Brutus, thou sleepest; awake! and see thyself.  
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!"—  
"Brutus, thou sleepest; awake!"—

Such instigations have been often dropp'd  
Where I have took them up.  
Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out;  
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What  
Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome  
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.  
Speak, strike, redress!—Am I entreated  
To speak, and strike? O, Rome! I make thee  
promise.

If the redress will follow, thou receivest  
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus! (1)

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

LUC. Sir, March is wasted fourteen<sup>f</sup> days.  
[*Knocking without.*]

BRU. 'T is good. Go to the gate; somebody  
knocks.— [*Exit LUCIUS.*]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar  
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing  
And the first motion, all the interim is  
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:  
The Genius and the mortal instruments  
Are then in council; and the state of man,<sup>g</sup>  
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then  
The nature of an insurrection.

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

LUC. Sir, 'tis your brother<sup>h</sup> Cassius at the door,  
Who doth desire to see you.

BRU. Is he alone?

LUC. No, sir, there are more<sup>i</sup> with him.

<sup>e</sup> — the ides of March.] In the folio, "the first of March;" corrected by Theobald.

<sup>f</sup> — fourteen days.] So Theobald. In the folio, "Afterne dayes."

<sup>g</sup> — and the state of man.—] The original has,—"of a man;" Mr. Craik advocates the retention of the article; Mr. Dyce omits it, as having "evidently crept in by the mistake of the transcriber or compositor."

<sup>h</sup> — your brother Cassius.—] Cassius married Junia, the sister of Brutus.

<sup>i</sup> — there are more with him.] Mr. Craik, here and in other passages where it occurs, retains the old form, *mo*; at one time we were inclined to do so likewise, but, upon consideration, thought it better to abide by this orthography only when it was demanded by the verse.



Brv.

Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about  
their ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,  
That by no means I may discover them

By any mark of favour.

Brv.

Let 'em enter.—

[Exit LUCIUS.]

They are the faction. O, Conspiracy!  
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by  
night,

When evils are most free? O, then, by day  
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough  
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none,

Conspiracy;

Hide it in smiles and affability:

For if thou path,\* thy native semblance on,  
Not Erebus itself were dim enough  
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIVS, CINNA,  
METELLUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.

CAS. I think we are too bold upon your rest:  
Good-morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

BRU. I have been up this hour; awake all  
night.

Know I these men that come along with you?

CAS. Yes, every man of them; and no man  
here

But honours you; and every one doth wish  
You had but that opinion of yourself  
Which every noble Roman bears of you.  
This is Trebonius.

BRU.

He is welcome hither.

CAS. This, Decius Brutus.

BRU.

He is welcome too.

CAS. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this,  
Metellus Cimber.

\* — *of thou path.*—] "Path" is perhaps obscure, and the  
examples of its employment as a verb, which Steevens adduced,  
are hardly to the point; but who for a moment could admit the

possibility that *pat*, as Coleridge suggested, was the genuine  
word?

BRU. They are all welcome.—  
What watchful cares do interpose themselves  
Betwixt your eyes and night?

CAS. Shall I entreat a word?

[BRUTUS and CASSIUS retire.]

DEC. Here lies the east: doth not the day  
break here?

CASCA. No.

CIN. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,  
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

CASCA. You shall confess that you are both  
deceiv'd.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;  
Which is a great way growing on the south,  
Weighing the youthful season of the year.  
Some two months hence, up higher toward the  
north

He first presents his fire; and the high east  
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

BRU. [Advancing.] Give me your hands\* all  
over, one by one.

CAS. [Advancing.] And let us swear our re-  
solution.

BRU. No, not an oath: if not the face<sup>a</sup> of men,  
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—  
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,  
And every man hence to his idle bed;<sup>b</sup>  
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,  
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,  
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough  
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour  
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,  
What need we any spur, but our own cause,  
To prick us to redress? what other bond  
Than secret<sup>c</sup> Romans, that have spoke the word,  
And will not palter? and what other oath,  
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,  
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?  
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautious,  
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls  
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear  
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain  
The even<sup>d</sup> virtue of our enterprise,  
Nor the insuppressible mettle of our spirits,  
To think that or our cause or our performance  
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood  
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,  
Is guilty of a several bastardy,  
If he do break the smallest particle  
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

CAS. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?  
I think he will stand very strong with us.

CASCA. Let us not leave him out.

CIN. No, by no means.

MET. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs  
Will purchase us a good opinion,  
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds.  
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;  
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,  
But all be buried in his gravity.

BRU. O, name him not; let us not break with  
him;\*

For he will never follow anything  
That other men begin.

CAS. Then leave him out.

CASCA. Indeed he is not fit.

DEC. Shall no man else be touch'd but only  
Cæsar?

CAS. Decius, well urg'd:—I think it is not meet,  
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,  
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him  
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,  
If he improve them, may well stretch so far  
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,  
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

BRU. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius  
Cassius,

To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs,—  
Like wrath in death, and envy<sup>e</sup> afterwards;  
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.  
Let's be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.  
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;  
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:  
O, that we, then, could come by Cæsar's spirit,  
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,  
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,  
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;  
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,  
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:  
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,  
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,  
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make  
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:  
Which so appearing to the common eyes,  
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.<sup>f</sup>  
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;  
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,  
When Cæsar's head is off.

CAS. Yet I fear him:  
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,—

\* — On the secret top  
Of Oreb or of Sinaï."

<sup>d</sup> The even virtue.—] The just, or equitable, quality.

<sup>e</sup> — let us not break with him,] Let us not open the matter to him.

<sup>f</sup> — envy.—] Envy in this place, as usual, means hatred or malice.

<sup>g</sup> We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.] Query!—"We shall be purgers call'd," &c.

<sup>a</sup> — the face of men.—] If "face" be right, though it reads dubiously, we are perhaps to understand the general gloom observable on men's countenances. Warburton proposed *face*, Mason *faith*, and Malone *faith*.

<sup>b</sup> — his idle bed:—] His bed of indolence; see note (A), p. 38 of present volume.

<sup>c</sup> — secret Romans.—] "Secret" is here employed with strict classical accuracy for *separated, set apart*, and hence, *dedicated, or devoted* to a particular purpose. So Milton, "Paradise Lost," B. I. l. 6,—



BRU. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him :  
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do  
Is to himself,—take thought,\* and die for Cæsar :  
And that were much he should ; for he is given  
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

TRAI. There is no fear in him ;<sup>b</sup> let him not  
die ;  
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*

BRU. Peace ! count the clock.

CAS. The clock hath stricken three.

TRAI. 'T is time to part.

CAS. But it is doubtful yet,  
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no ;  
For he is superstitious grown of late,  
Quite from the main opinion he held once  
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies ;<sup>c</sup>  
It may be, these apparent<sup>d</sup> prodigies,  
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,  
And the persuasion of his augurers,  
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

TRAI. Never fear that : if he be so resolv'd  
I can o'ersway him : for he loves to hear  
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,  
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,<sup>e</sup>  
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers :  
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,  
He says he does,—being then most flattered.  
Let me work ;  
For I can give his humour the true bent,  
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

CAS. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch  
him.

BRU. By the eighth hour : is that the utter-  
most ?

CAS. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

MET. Chius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,<sup>f</sup>  
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey ;  
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

BRU. Now, good Metellus, go along by<sup>g</sup> him :  
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons ;  
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

CAS. The morning comes upon 's : we'll leave  
you, Brutus :—

And, friends, disperse yourselves : but all re-  
member

What you have said, and show yourselves true  
Romans.

BRU. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;  
Let not our looks put on our purposes ;  
But bear it as our Roman actors do,

With untir'd spirits and formal constancy :  
And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all except BRUTUS.*

Boy ! Lucius !—Fast asleep ! It is no matter ;  
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :  
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,  
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;  
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

[*Enter PORTIA.*

Por. Brutus, my lord !

BRU. Portia, what mean you ? wherefore rise  
you now ?

It is not for your health thus to commit  
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Not for yours neither. You've ungently,  
Brutus,

Stole from my bed : and yesternight, at supper,  
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,  
Musing and sighing, with your arms across ;  
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,  
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks :  
I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your  
head,

And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :  
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not ;  
But, with an angry vulture of your hand,  
Gave sign for me to leave you : so I did ;  
Fearing to strengthen that impatience  
Which seem'd too much enkindled ; and withal  
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,  
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.  
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;  
And, could it work so much upon your shape,  
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,<sup>h</sup>  
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,  
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

BRU. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and were he not in  
health,

He would embrace the means to come by it.

BRU. Why, so I do :—good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick,—and is it physical<sup>i</sup>

To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours  
Of the dank morning ? What, is Brutus sick,—  
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,  
To dare the vile contagion of the night,  
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air  
To add unto his sickness ? No, my Brutus ;

\* — take thought, —] Abandon himself to grief.

<sup>b</sup> — no fear in him, —] That is no cause of fear in him.

<sup>c</sup> — ceremonies, —] See note (c) p. 23, Vol. II.

<sup>d</sup> — apparent, —] Manifest, evident.

<sup>e</sup> — That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,  
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes, —]

For an account of the manner in which unicorns are related to  
have been captured, see note (d), p. 507, Vol. II. Bears, Steevens

says, were surprised by means of a mirror, which they would  
gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking the  
surer aim ; and elephants were seduced into pitfalls, lightly  
covered with hurdles and turf. See Pliny's *Natural History*,  
Book VIII.

<sup>f</sup> — doth bear Cæsar hard, —] See note (b), p. 418.

<sup>g</sup> — go along by him, —] By his house, Malone says.

<sup>h</sup> — condition, —] Temper, disposition.

<sup>i</sup> — is it physical, —] Is it medicinal.



You have some sick offence within your mind,  
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,  
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,  
I charm\* you, by my once-commended beauty,  
By all your vows of love, and that great vow  
Which did incorporate and make us one,  
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,  
Why you are heavy; and what niter to-night

\* I charm you,—] I conjure you.

Have had resort to you,—for here have been  
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces  
Even from darkness.

BRU. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

PORT. I should not need, if you were gentle,  
Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,  
Is it excepted I should know no secrets  
That appertain to you? Am I yourself  
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,—

To keep \* with you at meals, comfort your bed,  
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the  
suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,  
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

BRU. You are my true and honourable wife:  
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart.

POR. If this were true, then should I know this  
secret.

I grant I am a woman; but withal,  
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:  
I grant I am a woman; but withal,  
A woman, well-reputed Cato's daughter.<sup>b</sup>  
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,  
Being so father'd and so husbanded?  
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em.  
I have made strong proof of my constancy,  
Giving myself a voluntary wound  
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,  
And not my husband's secrets? (2)

BRU. O, ye gods,  
Render me worthy of this noble wife!—

[Knocking without.

Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;  
And by and by thy bosom shall partake  
The secrets of my heart:  
All my engagements I will construe to thee,  
All the character \* of my sad brows:—  
Leave me with haste.—Lucius, who 's that knocks?  
[Exit PORTIA.

Enter LUCIUS, followed by LIGARIUS.

LUC. Here is a sick man that would speak with  
you.

BRU. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—  
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how!

LIG. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble  
tongue.

BRU. O, what a time have you chose out,  
brave Caius,  
To wear a kerchief! (3) Would you were not sick!

LIG. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand  
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

BRU. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,  
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

LIG. By all the gods that Romans bow before,  
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!  
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!

\* To keep with you, &c. † To live with, to keep company with  
but withal.

A woman, well-reputed Cato's daughter.]

The customary pointing of this latter line is not satisfactory, it  
is usually printed,—

"A woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter."

But regarding what immediately precedes and follows, does she  
not mean.—

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up  
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,  
And I will strive with things impossible;  
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

BRU. A piece of work that will make sick men  
whole. [make sick?

LIG. But are not some whole that we must  
BRU. That must we also. What it is, my

Caius,

I shall unfold to thee, as we are going  
To whom it must be done.

LIG. Set on your foot;

And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,  
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth  
That Brutus leads me on.

BRU. Follow me then.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. A Hall in Cæsar's  
Palace.

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR.

CÆS. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace  
to-night.

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,  
Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!—Who's  
within?

Enter a Servant.

SERV. My lord.

CÆS. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,  
And bring me their opinions of success.

SERV. I will, my lord. [Exit.

Enter CALPURNIA.

CAL. What mean you, Cæsar? think you to  
walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

CÆS. Cæsar shall forth: the things that  
threaten'd me

Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see  
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

CAL. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,  
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,  
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,

\* A woman, well-reputed Cato's daughter,?"

that is, A woman, daughter of the much-esteemed Cato? There  
is a marked propriety, then, in her asking,—

"Think you I am no stronger than my sex,  
Being so father'd and so husbanded?"

\* All the character of my sad brows:—] All that is written in  
my melancholy aspect



Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.  
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;  
And graves have yawn'd. and yielded up their  
dead;

Fierce fiery warriors fight\* upon the clouds,  
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,  
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;  
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,  
Horses did\* neigh, and dying men did groan;  
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the  
streets.

O, Cæsar, these things are beyond all use,  
And I do fear them! (4)

CÆS. What can be avoided  
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?  
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions  
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

CAL. When beggars die, there are no comets  
seen; [princes.  
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of

(\*) First folio, do.

\* "Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,—" Mr. Dyce con-

CÆS. Cowards die many times before their  
deaths;

The valiant never taste of death but once.  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me most strange that men should  
fear;

Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come when it will come.—

*Re-enter Servant.*

What say the augurers?

SERV. They would not have you to stir for't  
to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,  
They could not find a heart within the beast.

CÆS. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:  
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,  
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.

celves the word "fight" to be an error for "fought," "since we cannot suppose that here the poet used 'fight' as a past tense."

No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well  
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:  
We are<sup>a</sup> two lions litter'd in one day,  
And I the elder and more terrible;—  
And Cæsar shall go forth.

CAL. Alas, my lord,  
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.  
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear  
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.  
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;  
And he shall say you are not well to-day:  
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

CÆS. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;  
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

*Enter DECIVS.*

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

DEC. Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy  
Cæsar:

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

CÆS. And you are come in very happy time,  
To bear my greeting to the senators,  
And tell them that I will not come to-day:  
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, false.  
I will not come to-day,—tell them so, Decius.

CAL. Say he is sick.

CÆS. Shall Cæsar send a lie?  
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,  
To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth?  
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

DEC. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some  
cause.

I lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

CÆS. The cause is in my will.—I will not  
come:

That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But, for your private satisfaction,

Because I love you, I will let you know,—

Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:

She dreamt, to-night she saw my statue,

Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,

Did run pure blood: and many lusty Romans

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:

And these does she apply for warnings, and  
portents,

And evils imminent; and on her knee

Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

DEC. This dream is all amiss interpreted:

It was a vision fair and fortunate:

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,

In which so many smiling Romans bath'd;

Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck  
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press  
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.  
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

CÆS. And this way have you well expounded it.

DEC. I have, when you have heard what I  
can say:

And know it now,—the senate have concluded  
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.  
If you shall send them word you will not come,  
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a  
mock

Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,  
*Break up the senate till another time,  
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.*  
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,  
*Lo, Cæsar is afraid?*

Pardon me, Cæsar, for my dear-dear love  
To your proceeding<sup>b</sup> bids me tell you this;  
And reason to my love is liable.<sup>c</sup>

CÆS. How foolish do your fears seem now,  
Calphurnia!

I am ashamed I did yield to them.—

Give me my robe, for I will go.—

*Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LAGANIUS, METELLUS,  
CASSA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.*

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

PUB. Good morrow, Cæsar.

CÆS. Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you staid so early too?

Good morrow, Cæsar.—Caius Laganus,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy

As that same ague which hath made you lean.—

What is't o'clock?

BRU. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.

CÆS. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

*Enter ANTONY.*

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,

Is notwithstanding up.—Good morrow, Antony.

ANT. So to most noble Cæsar.

CÆS. Bid them prepare within:—

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—

Now, Cinna:—now, Metellus.—what, Trebonius!

I have an hour's talk in store for you;

Remember that you call on me to-day:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

TREB. Cæsar, I will.—[*Aside.*] and so near  
will I be,

<sup>a</sup> We are two lions, &c. The old reading is, "We *have*," &c., for which Theobald printed "We *were*," &c., and this until recently has been the ordinary text, at the present time, however, upon a emendation, "We *are*," &c., is very justly preferred.

<sup>b</sup> To your proceeding.—To your advancement.

<sup>c</sup> And reason to my love is liable.] Mr. Craik explains this. "My reason where you are concerned is subject to, and is overborne by, my affection."



That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

CÆS. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me.

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

BRU. [*Aside.*] That every like is not the same.

O, Cæsar,

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A street near the Capitol.*

*Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.*

ART. Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius, mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar.

*If thou beest not immortal, look about you. security gives way to conspiracy.<sup>a</sup> The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,<sup>b</sup>*

ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,

And as a suitor will I give him this.

My heart laments that virtue cannot live

Out of the teeth of emulation.

If thou read this, O, Cæsar, thou mayst live;

If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.<sup>c</sup> [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another part of the same Street, before the House of Brutus.*

*Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.*

POR. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house; Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone: Why dost thou stay?

<sup>a</sup> Security gives way to, &c.] The meaning is, over-confidence affords a passage, &c.

<sup>b</sup> The lover.—] It need hardly be repeated that "lover" was

formerly equivalent to friend

<sup>c</sup> — contrive.] See note (<sup>a</sup>), p. 429, Vol. II

LUC. To know my errand, madam.

POR. I would have had thee there, and here again,

Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—

O, constancy, be strong upon my side!

Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.

How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—

Art thou here yet?

LUC. Madam, what should I do?

Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?

And so return to you, and nothing else?

POR. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,

For he went sickly forth: and take good note

What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.

Hark, boy! what noise is that?

LUC. I hear none, madam.

POR. Pr'ythee, listen well.

I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,

And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

LUC. 'Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

*Enter Soothsayer.*

POR. Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou been?

SOOTH. At mine own house, good lady.

POR. What is't o'clock?

SOOTH. About the ninth hour, lady.

POR. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

SOOTH. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,

To see him pass on to the Capitol.

POR. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

SOOTH. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar

To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,

I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

POR. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

SOOTH. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:

The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,

Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,

Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:

I'll get me to a place more void, and there speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*]

POR. I must go in.—Ay me! how weak a thing

The heart of woman is! O Brutus!

The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!

Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit

That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint.—

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;

Say I am merry: come to me again,

And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]





### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. The Capitol; the Senate sitting.*

*A crowd of people in the Street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.*

CÆS. The ides of March are come.

SOOTH. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

ART. Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.

DEC. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,  
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

ART. O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a  
suit

That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.

CÆS. What touches us ourself shall be last  
serv'd.\*

ART. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

CÆS. What, is the fellow mad?

PUB. Sirrah, give place

CÆS. What, urge you your petitions in the  
street?

Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following. All  
the Senators rise.

POP. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

CAS. What enterprise, Popilius?

\* What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd ] Here Mr Craik, to our surprise, adopts the specious sophistication of Mr Collier's annotator, —

"That touches us? Ourself shall be last served." —  
with the remark, — "To serve, or attend to, a person is a familiar

form of expression, to speak of a thing as served, in the sense of attended to, would, it is apprehended, be unexampled." But there is nothing uncommon or improper in speaking of a dinner or of a dish as served, and it is in this sense, we believe, the verb is used in the present case.



POP. Fare you well.  
[*Advances to CÆSAR.*]

BRU. What said Popilius Lena?

CAS. He wish'd, to-day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

BRU. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.

CAS. Cæsa, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—  
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,  
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,  
For I will slay myself.

BRU. Cassius, be constant.\*  
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;  
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

CAS. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you,  
Brutus,  
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exit ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR and the Senators take their seats.*]

DEC. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,  
and presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

BRU. He is address'd<sup>b</sup> press near and second him.

CIN. Cæsa, you are the first that rears your hand.  
CÆSA. Are we all ready?<sup>c</sup>

CAS. What is now amiss  
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

MET. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart,— [Kneeling.]

CAS. I must prevent thee, Cimber.  
These couchings<sup>d</sup> and these lowly courtesies  
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,  
And turn pre-ordnance and first decree  
Into the law<sup>e</sup> of children. Be not fond,  
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood  
That will be thaw'd from the true quality  
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,  
Low-crook'd<sup>f</sup> court'sies, and base spaniel-fawning.  
Thy brother by decree is banished;  
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,  
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.  
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause  
Will he be satisfied.<sup>(1)</sup>

MET. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,  
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

BRU. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;  
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may  
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

(\*) Old text. *lane*.

a — be constant. ] Be firm, steady, self-possessed.

b — address'd; ] Prepared, ready.

c CÆSA. Are we all ready? ] In the old copy these words begin Cæsar's speech, there can be little doubt that Mr Collier's

CÆS. What, Brutus!

CAS. Pardon, Cæsar: Cæsar, pardon:  
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,  
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

CÆS. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;  
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:  
But I am constant as the northern star,  
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality  
There is no fellow in the firmament.  
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,  
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;  
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:  
So, in the world, 'tis furnish'd well with men,  
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;  
Yet, in the number, I do know but one  
That unassailable holds on his rank,  
Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he  
Let me a little show it, even in this,—  
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,  
And constant do remain to keep him so.

CIN. O, Cæsar—

CÆS. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

DEC. Great Cæsar, —

CAS. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

CÆSA. Speak, hands, for me!

[*CÆSA strikes CÆSAR in the neck. CÆSAR catches hold of his arm, and is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by MARCUS BRUTUS.*]

CIN. Et tu, Brute?—Then fall, Cæsar!

[*Dies. The Senators and people retire in confusion.*]

CIN. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—  
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

CAS. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,  
*Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!*

BRU. People, and senators, be not affrighted;  
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

CÆSA. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

DEC. And Cassius too.

BRU. Where's Publius?

CIN. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

MET. Stand fast together, let some friend of  
Cæsar's

Should chance—

BRU. Talk not of standing.—Publius, good cheer;

There is no harm intended to your person,

Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

CAS. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,  
Rusling on us, should do your age some mischief.

annotator was right in assigning them to Cæsa.

d — couchings.—] Hammer changed this to *couchings*; but *couching* had of old the same meaning as *crouching*.

e Low-crook'd court'sies.—] That is, low-crouched, or low-bowed court'sies.

BRU. Do so ;—and let no man abide\* this deed,  
But we the doers.

*Re-enter TRUBONIUS.*

CAS. Where is Antony ?

TRU. Fled to his house amaz'd :

Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run  
As it were doomsday.

BRU. Fates ! we will<sup>b</sup> know your pleasures —  
That we shall die, we know ; 'tis but the time.  
And drawing days out, that men stand upon

CAS.<sup>c</sup> Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life  
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

BRU. Grant that, and then is death a benefit :  
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd  
His time of fearing death —Stoop, Romans, stoop,  
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood  
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords :  
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,  
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,  
Let's all cry, *Peace, Freedom, and Liberty!*

CAS. Stoop, then, and wash.—How many ages  
hence

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over  
In states\* unborn and accents yet unknown !

BRU. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in  
sport,

That now on Pompey's basis lies† along,  
No worthier than the dust !

CAS. So oft as that shall be,  
So often shall the knot of us be call'd

The men that gave their country liberty.

DEU. What, shall we forth ?

CAS. Ay, every man away :  
Brutus shall lead ; and we will grace his heels  
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

BRU. Soft ! who comes here ?

*Enter a Servant.*

A friend of Antony's.

SERV. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me  
kneel ;

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down ;  
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say —  
*Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest ;  
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving ;  
Say I love Brutus, and I honour him ;  
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him*

*If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony  
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd  
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to be in death,  
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead  
So well as Brutus living ; but will follow  
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,  
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,  
With all true faith.* So says my master Antony.

BRU. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman ;  
I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,  
He shall be satisfied ; and, by my honour,  
Depart untouch'd.

SERV. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*]

BRU. I know that we shall have him well to  
friend.<sup>d</sup>

CAS. I wish we may : but yet have I a mind  
That fears him much, and my misgiving still<sup>e</sup>  
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

BRU. But here comes Antony.—

*Re-enter ANTONY.*

Welcome, Mark Antony.

ANT. O, mighty Cæsar ! dost thou lie so low ?  
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,  
Shrunk to this little measure ? — Fare thee well.—  
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,  
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank :<sup>f</sup>  
If I myself, there is no hour so fit  
As Cæsar's death's hour ; nor no instrument  
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich  
With the most noble blood of all this world.  
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,<sup>g</sup>  
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,  
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,  
I shall not find myself so apt to die ;  
No place will please me so, no mean of death,  
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,  
The choice and master spirits of this age.

BRU. O, Antony ! beg not your death of us.  
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,  
As, by our hands and this our present act,  
You see we do ; yet see you but our hands,  
And this the bleeding business they have done :  
Our hearts you see not,—they are pitiful ;  
And pity to the general wrong of Rome  
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)  
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,  
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark  
Antony.

(\*) First folio *State*.

(†) First folio, *I*.

a — let no man abide this deed, —] Let no man pay the penalty  
for, or stand the consequences of this deed

b *Fates ! we will know your pleasures* —] We should perhaps  
read, "*We will know,*" &c. Compare, "*King Lear,*" Act III  
Sc. I, —

" — then let fall  
Your horrible pleasure "

c *Cas* ] The folio has the prefix *Cas*  
d — *offrind* ] Equivalent to, for friend.

e — and my misgiving still  
Falls shrewdly to the purpose ]

My misgiving always, or ever, falls, &c.

f — who else is rank ] Who else is too high-topped ; of too  
luxuriant growth

g — if ye bear me hard, —] *See note (b), p. 418.*

Our arms, in strength of malice,\* and our hearts  
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in  
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

CÆS. Your voice shall be as strong as any  
man's

In the disposing of new dignities.

But, Only be patient till we have appeas'd  
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,  
And then we will deliver you the cause,  
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,  
Have thus proceeded.

ANT. I doubt not of your wisdom.  
Let each man render me his bloody hand.

First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;—

Next, Caius Cæsius, do I take your hand, —

Now, Decius Brutus, yours, — now yours, Me-  
tellus;—

Yours, Cinna,—and, my valiant Cæsa, yours;—  
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Tre-  
bonius.

Gentlemen all, —alas! what shall I say?

My credit now stands on such slippery ground,  
That one of two bad ways you must consent me,  
Either a coward or a flatterer.—

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:

If, then, thy spirit look upon us now,

Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,

To see thy Antony making his peace,

Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,

Most noble! in the presence of thy corpse?

Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,

Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,

It would become me better than to close

In terms of friendship with thine enemies

Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd, brave  
heart;

Here didst thou fall; and here thy hauberts stand,

Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy kith<sup>b</sup>—

O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;

And thus, indeed, O, world! the heart of thee —

How like a deer, stricken by many princes,

Dost thou here lie!

CÆS. Mark Antony,—

ANT.

Pardon me, Caius Cæsius

The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;

Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

CÆS. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;

But what compact mean you to have with us?

Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;

Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

ANT. Therefore I took your hands; but was,  
indeed,

Sway'd from the point, by looking down on  
Cæsar.

Friends! am I with you all, and love you all;

Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons

Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

But, Or else were this a savage spectacle:

Our reasons are so full of good regard,

That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,

You should be satisfied.

ANT. That's all I seek:

And am moreover suitor that I may

Produce his body to the market-place;

And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,

Speak in the order of his funeral.<sup>d</sup>

But, You shall, Mark Antony.

CÆS. Brutus, a word with you —

[Aside to Brutus.] You know not what you do:  
do not consent

That Antony speak in his funeral;

Know you how much the people may be mov'd

By that which he will utter?

But, By your pardon;—

I will myself into the pulpit first,

And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:

What Antony shall speak, I will protest

He speaks by leave and by permission;

And that we are contented Cæsar shall

Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.

It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

CÆS. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

But, Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's  
body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,

But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;

And say you do't by our permission;

Else shall you not have any hand at all

About his funeral: and you shall speak

In the same pulpit whereto I am going,

After my speech is ended.

ANT.

Be it so;

I do desire no more.

But, Prepare the body, then, and follow us.

[Exeunt all except ANTONY.]

ANT. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,

\* — in strength of malice, — [I'm "malice," an unquestionable corruption, Mr. Collier's annotator proposes, *redness*, a word as Mr. Dyce remarks, which no way resembles it in the *antecedents*.] Mr. Singer, with a more likelihood, suggests, *and thy* <sup>1</sup> *sun'd in the spot, and crimson'd in the kith*. — [The allusion is to the hunters' custom of sticking themselves out with the hide and antlers of the slaughtered deer and bathing their hands in its blood. Some delicately, however, arises from the word "kith," which, notwithstanding the assertion of Stevens that it is employed of old for *death*, has, many been pronounced a misprint. The bold first proposed to read, —

— crimson'd in the *death* —

and this not improbably was what the poet wrote. *Read*, it is

well known, often signified *death* and *life*, we still hear, "I'll have his *blood*," for I'll take his *life*, or be the death of him, and Beaumont and Fletcher's "Custom of the Country," Act V. Sc. 2, there is a passage, strikingly illustrative of the one under consideration, where "life" is used as a synonym for blood —

"When thine own bloody sword cried out against thee,  
Hatch'd in the life of him."

<sup>c</sup> Friends *am I with you all*. — [The inaccurate pluralism here, as Henley observes, "is still so prevalent, as that the omission of the anonymous *c* would give some uneasiness to the sound of an otherwise familiar expression."

<sup>d</sup> — in the order of his funeral. That is, in the course of the ceremonial



That I am meek and gentle with these butchers ;  
 Thou art the ruins of the noblest man  
 That ever lived in the tide of times.  
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !  
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy, —  
 Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,  
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,  
 A curse shall light upon the limbs<sup>a</sup> of men ;  
 Domestic fury and fierce civil strife  
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ;  
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,  
 And dreadful objects so familiar,  
 That mothers shall but smile when they behold  
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war ;  
 All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds ;  
 And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,  
 With Ate by his side come hot from hell,  
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,

<sup>a</sup> *A curse shall light upon the limbs of men* 1 The expression "*limbs of men*," has been much disputed. Hamner substitutes "*the land of men*," Warburton, "*the lot of men*," John proposed, "*the liver of men*," and Mr. Collier's annotator, "*lives of men*." The last has been pronounced by Mr. Craik to "*one of the most satisfactory and valuable emendations made*," yet to us it appears far more probable that Shakespeare wrote, —

"A curse shall light upon the *tombs* of men."

Cry *Havoc*,<sup>b</sup> and let slip the dogs of war ;  
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
 With carrion men, groaning for burial !

*Enter a Servant.*

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not ?

SERV. I do, Mark Antony.

ANT. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

SERV. He did receive his letters, and is coming ;  
 And bid me say to you by word of mouth, —

O, Cæsar ! — [*Seeing the body*]

ANT. Thy heart is big ; get thee apart and  
 weep.

Passion, I see, is catching ; for<sup>c</sup> mine eyes,  
 Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,  
 Began to water. Is thy master coming ?

<sup>c</sup> *Cursed be thy grave*, is a common Oriental form of malediction, and in "*The Merchant of Venice*," Act II. Sc. 7, the old copies exhibit a misprint, "*Gilded tombs*," for "*Gilded tombs*," which closely resembles that we presume to have occurred in the present instance.

<sup>b</sup> *Cry Havoc* &c.] See note (b) p. 158.

<sup>c</sup> — *for mine eyes*, —] See the second folio, the first has, —

— *from mine eyes*."

SPRV. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

ANT. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd :

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,  
No Rome of safety\* for Octavius yet ;  
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile ;  
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse\*  
Into the market-place : there shall I try,  
In my oration, how the people take  
The cruel issue of these bloody men ;  
According to the which, thou shalt discourse  
To young Octavius of the state of things.  
Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt with CÆSAR's body.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. The Forum.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.*

CITIZENS. We will be satisfied ! let us be satisfied !

BRU. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—

CASSIUS, go you into the other street,  
And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here ;  
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;  
And public reasons shall be rendered  
Of Cæsar's death.

1 CIT. I will hear Brutus speak.

2 CIT. I will hear Cassius ; and compare their reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens.*]

*BRUTUS goes into the Rostrum.*

3 CIT. The noble Brutus is ascended ; silence !

BRU. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my cause ; and be silent, that you may hear : believe me for mine honour ; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe : censure me in your wisdom ; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved

Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living and die all slaves ; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen ? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honour him ; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love ; joy for his fortune ; honour for his valour ; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.<sup>(3)</sup>

CITIZENS. None, Brutus, none.

BRU. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question<sup>b</sup> of his death is enrolled in the Capitol ; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy ; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death. Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony : who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth ; as which of you shall not ? With this I depart.—that, as I slew my best lover<sup>c</sup> for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

*Enter ANTONY and others with CÆSAR's body.*

CITIZENS. Live, Brutus ! live, live !

1 CIT. Bring him with triumph home unto his house !

2 CIT. Give him a statue with his ancestors !

3 CIT. Let him be Cæsar !

4 CIT. Cæsar's better parts  
Shall now<sup>d</sup> be crown'd in Brutus.

1 CIT. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

BRU. My countrymen,—

2 CIT. Peace ! silence ! Brutus speaks.

1 CIT. Peace, ho !

BRU. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,  
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony :  
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech  
Tending to Cæsar's glories ; which Mark Antony,  
By our permission, is allow'd to make.  
I do intreat you, not a man depart,  
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*]

(\*) Old text, *course*

<sup>a</sup> No Rome of safety.—We have the same quibble on *Rome*, the city, and *room*, an old word for *place*, in Act I. Sc. 2, and it appears to have been a familiar one at the time. Prime, in his Commentary on the Galatians, p. 122, 1567, has the expression, "Rome is too narrow a Room for the church of God."

<sup>b</sup> The question of his death.—*Questions* here means, the motives or reasons which led to his death.

<sup>c</sup> — my best lover.—As we now say,—My best friend, so in "Coriolanus," Act V. Sc. 2,

"I tell thee, fellow,

Thy general is my lover."

and in a hundred other places in these or in contemporary books. <sup>d</sup> Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.] The old text reads,— "Shall be crown'd in Brutus ;" but some word, as *now*, which Pope supplied, or *all*, or *well*, must have been omitted evidently



**1 CIT. Stay, he ! and let us hear Mark Antony.**

3<sup>d</sup> Crr. Let him go up into the public chair ;  
We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

ANT. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you. •

**Ascends.**

4 Cit. What does he say of Brutus?

3 CIT.                    He says, for Brutus' sake,  
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of  
Britus here.

1 Cit. This Caesar was a tyrant.

3 CIT. Nay, that's certain:  
We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

2 Cr. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

ANT: You gentle Romans.—

CITIZENS                      Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

ANT. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me  
your ears ;

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them;  
 The good is oft interred with their bones;  
 So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus  
 Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;  
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault;  
 And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.  
 Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,  
 (For Brutus is an honourable man;  
 So are they all, all honourable men)  
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.  
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me;  
 But Brutus says he was ambitious;  
 And Brutus is an honourable man.  
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:  
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?  
 When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:  
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff;  
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
 And Brutus is an honourable man.  
 You all did see that on the Lupercal  
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
 Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?  
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.  
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
 But here I am to speak what I do know.  
 You all did love him once,—not without cause;  
 What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?—

O, judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
 And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;  
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 CIT. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2 CIT. If thou consider rightly of the matter, Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 CIT. Has he, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 CIT. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;

Therefore 't is certain he was not ambitious.

1 CIT. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 CIT. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 CIT. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 CIT. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

ANT. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might  
 Have stood against the world: now lies he there,  
 And none so poor to do him reverence.

O, masters! if I were dispos'd to stir  
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
 Who, you all know, are honourable men.  
 I will not do them wrong; I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,  
 Than I will wrong such honourable men.  
 But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar —  
 I found it in his closet,—'t is his will:  
 Let but the commons hear this testament,  
 (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)  
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,  
 And dip their napkins\* in his sacred blood;  
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,  
 Unto their issue.

4 CIT. We'll hear the will! read it, Mark Antony.

CITIZENS. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will! [read it:]

ANT. Have patience, gentle friends; I must not  
 It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad:

'T is good you know not that you are his heirs;

For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 CIT. Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;

You shall read us the will,—Cæsar's will!

ANT. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?

I have o'er-shot myself to tell you of it:

I fear I wrong the honourable men

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

4 CIT. They were traitors! *honourable men!*

CITIZENS. The will! the testament!

2 CIT. They were villains, murderers! the will! read the will! [will?]

ANT. You will compel me then, to read the  
 Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,  
 And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

CITIZENS. Come down.

2 CIT. Descend. [ANTONY descends.]

3 CIT. You shall have leave.

4 CIT. A ring; stand round.

1 CIT. Stand from the hearse! stand from the body!

2 CIT. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

ANT. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off,

CITIZENS. Stand back! room! bear back!

ANT. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;

'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,

That day he overcame the Nervii:—

Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:  
 See what a rent the envious Casca made:

\* — napkins—] Handkerchiefs. They are still so named in Scotland.



Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;  
 And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,  
 Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it;  
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd  
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;  
 For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel:  
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar lov'd him!  
 This was the most unkindest cut of all;  
 For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,  
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' aims,  
 Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty  
 heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,\*  
 Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.  
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!  
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.  
 O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel  
 The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.  
 Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold

Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here!  
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 Crr. O, piteous spectacle!

2 Crr. O, noble Caesar!

3 Crr. O, woful day!

4 Crr. O, traitors, villains!

1 Crr. O, most bloody sight!

2 Crr. We will be revenged: revenge! about!  
 —seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a  
 traitor live!

ANT. Stay, countrymen.

1 Crr. Peace, there!—hear the noble Antony.

2 Crr. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll  
 die with him!

ANT. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not  
 stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.  
 They that have done this deed are honourable;—  
 What private griefs they have, alas! I know not  
 That made them do it;—they are wise and  
 honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

(\*) Old text, *statue*



I am no orator, as Brutus is ;  
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
That love my friend ; and that they know full  
well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.  
For I have neither wit,\* nor words, nor worth,  
Action, nor utterance,\* nor the power of speech,  
To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;  
I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;  
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor-poor dumb  
mouths,

And bid them speak for me : but were I Brutus,  
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

CITIZENS. We'll mutiny!

1 CIT. We'll burn the house of Brutus!

3 CIT. Away, then! come, seek the con-  
spirators!

ANT. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me  
speak.

CITIZENS. Peace, ho! hear Antony, most noble  
Antony.

ANT. Why, friends, you go to do you know  
not what:

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas, you know not,—I must tell you then:—

You have forgot the will I told you of.

CITIZENS. Most true;—the will!—let's stay  
and hear the will!

ANT. Here is the will; and, under Cæsar's seal,  
To every Roman citizen he gives,—

To every several man,—seventy-five drachmas.

2 CIT. Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his  
death.

3 CIT. O, royal Cæsar!

ANT. Hear me with patience.

CITIZENS. Peace, ho!

ANT. Moreover, he hath left you all his  
walks,

His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,  
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,  
And to your heirs for ever,—common pleasures,  
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

1 CIT. Never, never!—Come, away, away!

We'll burn his body in the holy place,  
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

2 CIT. Go fetch fire.

3 CIT. Pluck down benches.

4 CIT. Pluck down forms, windows, anything! (4)

[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*]

ANT. Now, let it work!—Mischief, thou art  
afloat,

Take thou what course thou wilt!—

*Enter a Servant.*

How now, fellow?

SERV. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

ANT. Where is he?

SERV. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

ANT. And thither will I straight to visit him:

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,  
And in this mood will give us anything.

SERV. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius  
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

ANT. Belike they had some notice of the  
people,

How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.*

*Enter CINNA the Poet.*

CIN. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with  
Cæsar,

And things unlucky<sup>b</sup> charge my fantasy:

I have no will to wander forth<sup>c</sup> of doors,

Yet something leads me forth.

*Enter Citizens.*

1 CIT. What is your name?

2 CIT. Whither are you going?

3 CIT. Where do you dwell?

4 CIT. Are you a married man or a bachelor?

2 CIT. Answer every man directly.

1 CIT. Ay, and briefly.

4 CIT. Ay, and wisely.

3 CIT. Ay, and truly, you were best

CIN. What is my name? Whither am I

\* For I have neither wit, &c.] The folio 1623 has,—"neither  
wit," &c.; an obvious error, which the second folio set right.  
See "Measure for Measure," Act V. Sc. 1,—

"Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,  
That yet can do thee office?"

<sup>b</sup> And things unlucky.—] The old text has, "unluckily,"  
which Warburton corrected to *unlucky*, the reading generally  
adopted. Mr. Collier's annotator, however, suggests *unlikely*, a  
change Mr. Craik approves, but which we believe to be cer-  
tainly wrong. To dream of *feasting*, as Steevens showed, was

inauspicious; and in North's Plutarch (Life of Brutus) we  
have the restored word "unlucky" used precisely as here.—  
"The first and chiefest, was Cæsars long tarrying, who came very  
late to the Senate: for, because the signes of the sacrifices ap-  
peared *unlucky*, his wife Calpurnia kept him at home," &c.

<sup>c</sup> I have no will to wander forth, &c.] I have no inclination to  
wander out, &c. so Shylock, in "The Merchant of Venice," Act  
II, Sc. 5,—

"I have no mind of feasting forth to-night  
But I will go."

going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly;—*wisely*, I say, I am a bachelor.

2 Crr. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry:—you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed:—directly.

Crr. *Directly*, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 Crr. As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 Crr. That matter is answered directly.

4 Crr. For your dwelling,—briefly.

Crr. *Briefly*, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 Crr. Your name, sir,—truly.

Cin. *Truly*, my name is Cinna.

1 Crr. Tear him to pieces! he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 Crr. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses!

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

2 Crr. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.\*

3 Crr. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrands! To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all! Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius! away! go! [Exeunt.

\* — and turn him going  
Sc 1 —

'As You Like It,' Act III

"Do this expeditiously, and turn him going"





## ACT IV.

SCENE I.— R

*Room in Antony's House.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

ANT. These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.

OCT. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

LEP. I do consent,—

OCT. Prick him down, Antony.

LEP. Upon condition Publius shall not live, Who is your sister's son,\* Mark Antony.

ANT. He shall not live: look, with a spot I damn<sup>b</sup> him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house; Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine How to cut off some charge in legacies.

LEP. What, shall I find you here?

OCT. Or herè, or at the Capitol.

[*Exit LEPIDUS*]

ANT. This is a slight unmeritable man, Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,

The three could divided, he should stand One of the three to share it?

OCT. So you thought him; And took his voice who should be prick'd to die, In our black sentence and proscription.

ANT. Octavius, I have seen more days than you: And though we lay these honours on this man, To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads, He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold, To groan and sweat under the business, Either led or driven, as we point the way; And having brought our treasure where we will, Then take we down his load, and turn him off, Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears, And graze in commons.

OCT. You may do your will; But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

ANT. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that I do appoint him store of provender: It is a creature that I teach to fight, To wind, to stop, to run directly on,—

\* Who is your sister's son Mark Antony? This is, historically, an error. The maternal meant, Lucius Cæsar, was the brother of Mark Antony's mother. Upon, therefore, concludes that Shakespeare wrote,—

"You are his sister's son," &c.  
o — I damn him! I condemn him. So, quoted by Stevens, in 'Promus and Cassandra,' Part II.—

"Vouchsafe to give my dampt husband life."

His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.  
 And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;  
 He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:—  
 A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds  
 On objects, ors,\* and imitations,  
 Which, out of use and stal'd by other men,  
 Begin his fashion: do not talk of him,  
 But as a property. And now, Octavius,  
 Listen great things:—Brutus and Cassius  
 Are levying powers: we must straight make head:  
 Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,  
 Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd  
 out;<sup>b</sup>

And let us presently go sit in council,  
 How covert matters may be best disclos'd,  
 And open perils surest answered.

OCT. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,  
 And bay'd about with many enemies;  
 And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,  
 Millions of mischiefs. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*Before Brutus' Tent, in the Camp  
 near Sardis.*

*Drum.* Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and  
 Soldiers: TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting  
 them.

BRU. Stand, ho!

LUCIL. Give the word, ho! and stand.

BRU. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

LUCIL. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come  
 To do you salutation from his master.

BRU. He greets me well.—Your master Pin-  
 darus,

In his own change, or by ill officers,  
 Hath given me some worthy cause to wish  
 Things done, undone; but, if he be at hand,  
 I shall be satisfied.

PIN. I do not doubt

But that my noble master will appear,  
 Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

BRU. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius;  
 How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

LUCIL. With courtesy and with respect enough;  
 But not with such familiar instances,

Nor with such free and friendly conference,  
 As he hath us'd of old.

BRU. Thou hast describ'd

A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,  
 When love begins to sicken and decay,

It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:

But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,

Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;

But when they should endure the bloody spur,

They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,

Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

LUCIL. They mean this night in Sardis to be  
 quarter'd.

The greater part, the horse in general,

Are come with Cassius. [March without.]

BRU. Hark! he is arriv'd:—  
 March gently on to meet him.

*Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.*

CAS. Stand, ho!

BRU. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

[Without.] Stand.

[Without.] Stand.

[Without.] Stand.

CAS. Most noble brother, you have done me  
 wrong.

BRU. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine  
 enemies?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

CAS. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides  
 wrongs;

And when you do them—

BRU. Cassius, be content;<sup>c</sup>

Speak your griefs<sup>d</sup> softly, —I do know you well:—

Before the eyes of both our armies here,

Which should perceive nothing but love from us,

Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;

Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,

And I will give you audience.

CAS. Pindarus,

Bid our commanders lead their charges off

A little from this ground.

BRU. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man

Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.

Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.\* [Exeunt.]

\* On Objects, ors, &c.] The old text is, "— Objects, Arts," &c., but the initials a and o appear to have been transposed by the compositor. *Objects* are things thrown away as worthless, and *ors* are scraps. There can be no necessity, therefore, to read, with Theobald and others,—

"On object ors" &c.

<sup>b</sup> Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out.] This is the lection of the second folio, the first printing, lamely enough,—

"Our best friends made, our means stretch'd,"

We might read, with a possibly a nearer approach to what the poet wrote,—

"Our best friends made, our choicest means stretch'd out"

<sup>c</sup> — be content.] Be continent, be self restrained.

<sup>d</sup> — griefs—] Grievances. So in Act I. Sc. 3,—

"Be factious for redress of all these griefs."

<sup>e</sup> Lucilius, do you the like; &c.] Mr Craik reads, with a manifest improvement of the old text,—

"Lucius, do you the like, and let no man

Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.

Lucilius and Titinius, guard the door."

By this change, the prosody of the first line is restored, and we have no longer the anomaly of an officer of rank and a surviving-brother associated together to watch the door.

SCENE III.—*Within the Tent of Brutus.**Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*

CAS. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this,—

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,<sup>(1)</sup>  
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;  
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,  
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

BRU. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

CAS. In such a time as this, it is not meet  
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

BRU. Let me tell you, Cassius, you, yourself,  
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm  
To sell and mart your offices for gold  
To undeservers.

CAS. *I an itching palm!*

You know that you are Brutus that speak this,  
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last!

BRU. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,

And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

CAS. *Chastisement!*

BRU. Remember March, the ides of March remember!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?  
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,  
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this world  
But for supporting robbers, shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,  
And sell the mighty space of our large honours  
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?—  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.

CAS. Brutus, bay\* not me, —  
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,  
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,  
Older in practice, abler than yourself  
To make conditions.

BRU. Go to: you are not, Cassius.

CAS. I am.

BRU. I say you are not.

CAS. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;  
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

BRU. Away, slight man!

CAS. Is't possible?

BRU.

Hear me, for I will speak!

Must I give way\* and room to your rash choler?  
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

CAS. O, ye gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?

BRU. *All this!* ay, more: fret till your proud  
heart break;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?  
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch  
Under your testy humour? By the gods,  
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
Though it do split you! for, from this day forth,  
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,  
When you are waspish.

CAS. Is it come to this?

BRU. You say you are a better soldier:  
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,  
I shall be glad to learn of noble<sup>b</sup> men.

CAS. You wrong me; every way you wrong  
me, Brutus;

I said an elder soldier, not a better:

Did I say, better?

BRU. If you did, I care not.

CAS. When Cæsar liv'd he durst not thus have  
mov'd me.

BRU. Peace, peace! you durst not so have  
tempted him.

CAS. I durst not?

BRU. No.

CAS. What, durst not tempt him?

BRU. For your life you durst not.

CAS. Do not presume too much upon my love;  
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

BRU. You have done that you should be sorry  
for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;  
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,  
That they pass by me as the idle wind,  
Which I respect not. I did send to you  
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—  
For I can raise no money by vile means:  
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,  
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash  
By any indirection!—I did send  
To you for gold to pay my legions,  
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?  
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?  
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,

(\*) Old text, *batte*, corrected by Theobald

\* Let me tell you, Cassius, &c.] This defective line has been amended, and rightly perhaps, to,—

"Yet let me tell you, Cassius, ' &c.

<sup>b</sup> — of noble men.] "Of abler men." is the reading of Mr 446

Collier's annotator, and looking to what Cassius had previously said,—

"I am a soldier, I.  
Older in practice, abler than yourself" &c. —

it is a very plausible emendation



Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,  
Dash him to pieces!

CAS. I denied you not.

BRU. You did.

CAS. I did not;—he was but a fool  
That brought my answer back.— Brutus hath riv'd  
my heart:

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,  
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

BRU. I do not, till you practise them on me.

CAS. You love me not

BRU. I do not like your faults.

CAS. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

BRU. A flatterer's would not, though they do  
appear

As huge as high Olympus.

CAS. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,  
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,  
For Cassius is a-weary of the world!

Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;  
Cheek'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,

Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,  
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep  
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,  
And here my naked breast; within, a heart  
Dearer than Plutus' <sup>a</sup> mine, richer than gold:  
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;  
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:  
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,  
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him  
better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

BRU. <sup>b</sup> Sheathe your dagger:  
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;  
Do what you will, dishonour shall be honour.  
O, Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb, <sup>c</sup>—  
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;  
Who, much enforc'd, shows a hasty spark,  
And straight is cold again.

CAS. Hath Cassius liv'd  
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
When grief and blood, ill-temper'd, <sup>b</sup> vexeth him?

<sup>a</sup> — you are yoked with a lamb. — } "Lamb" can hardly have been the poet's word, and Pope, who saw its unsuitableness, printed man, but it requires a happier conjecture than this to justify an alteration of the text.

<sup>b</sup> When grief and blood, ill-temper'd, &c. } By ill-temper'd is meant badly qualified. "The four 'humours' in a man, accord-

(\*) Old text, Plutus's

ing to the old physicians, were blood, choler, phlegm, and melan-  
choly. So long as these were duly mixed, all would be well."  
— IRETON.

BRU. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

CAS. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

BRU. And my heart too.

CAS. O, Brutus!—

BRU. What's the matter?

CAS. Have not you love enough to bear with me,

When that rash humour which my mother gave me

Makes me forgetful?

BRU. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth, When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,

He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[Noise without.]

POET. [Without.] Let me go in to see the generals;

There is some grudge between 'em, 't is not meet

They be alone.

LUCIL. [Without.] You shall not come to them.

POET. [Without.] Nothing but death shall stay me.

*Enter Poet, followed by LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*

CAS. How now! what's the matter?

POET. For shame, you generals! what do you mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be; For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye

CAS. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

BRU. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!

CAS. Bear with him, Brutus: 't is his fashion.

BRU. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:

What should the wags do with these jiggling fools?

Companion, hence! (2)

CAS. Away, away, he gone!

[Exit Poet.]

BRU. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

CAS. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you,

Immediately to us.

[Exit LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.]

BRU. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

CAS. I did not think you could have been so angry.

BRU. O, Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

CAS. Of your philosophy you make no use.

If you give place to accidental evils.

BRU. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead.

CAS. Ha! Portia?

BRU. She is dead.

CAS. How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you so?

O, insupportable and touching loss!

Upon what sickness?

BRU. Impatient of my absence, And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony we made themselves so strong;—for with her death

That tidings came:—with this she fell distract, And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

CAS. And died so?

BRU. Even so.

CAS. O, ye immortal gods!

*Enter LUCIUS, with wine and tapers.*

BRU. Speak no more of her.— Give me a bowl of wine.—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [Drinks.]

CAS. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.—

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup; I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [Drinks.]

BRU. Come in, Titinius!

*Re-enter TITINIUS with MESSALA.*

Welcome, good Messala.—

Now sit we close about this taper here, And call in question our necessities.

CAS. Portia, art thou gone?

BRU. No more, I pray you.— Messala, I have here received letters,

That young Octavius and Mark Antony Come down upon us with a mighty power,

Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

MES. Myself have letters of the self-same tenor.

BRU. With what addition?

MES. That by proscription and bills of outlawy,

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, Have put to death an hundred senators.

BRU. Therein our letters do not well agree; Mine speak of seventy senators that died

By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

CAS. Cicero one!

MES. Cicero is dead,

And by that order of proscription.—

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

BRU. No Messala.

MES. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

BRU. Nothing, Messala.

MES. That, methinks, is strange.

BRU. Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?

MES. No, my lord.

BRU. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

MES. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:  
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

BRU. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die,  
Messala:

With meditating that she must die once,  
I have the patience to endure it now.

MES. Even so great men great losses should endure.

CAS. I have as much of this in art as you,  
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

BRU. Well, to our work alive. What do you think

Of marching to Philippi presently?

CAS. I do not think it good.

BRU. Your reason?

CAS. This it is:—

'T is better that the enemy seek us:  
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,  
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,  
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

BRU. Good reasons must, of force, give place  
to better.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground  
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;  
For they have grudg'd us contribution:  
The enemy, marching along by them,  
By them shall make a fuller number up,  
Come on refresh'd, new-added,\* and encourag'd;  
From which advantage shall we cut him off,  
If at Philippi we do face him there,  
These people at our back.

CAS. Hear me, good brother.

BRU. Under your pardon.—You must note  
beside,

That we have tried the utmost of our friends,  
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:  
The enemy increaseth every day;  
We, at the height, are ready to decline.  
There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.  
On such a full sea are we now afloat;  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.

CAS. Then, with your will, go on;  
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

BRU. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,

And nature must obey necessity;  
Which we will niggard with a little rest.  
There is no more to say?

CAS. No more. Good night;  
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

BRU. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit LUCIUS.*] Fare-  
well, good Messala:—

Good night, Titinius:—noble, noble Cassius,  
Good night, and good repose.

CAS. O, my dear brother!  
This was an ill beginning of the night:  
Never come such division 'tween our souls!  
Let it not, Brutus.

BRU. Every thing is well.

CAS. Good night, my lord.

BRU. Good night, good brother.

TIT., MES. Good night, lord Brutus.

BRU. Farewell, every one.  
[*Exeunt CAS., TIT., and MES.*]

*Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

LUC. Here in the tent.

BRU. What, thou speak'st drowsily?  
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-  
watch'd.<sup>b</sup>

Call Claudius, and some other of my men;  
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

LUC. Varro and Claudius!

*Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.*

VAR. Calls my lord?

BRU. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;  
It may be, I shall raise you by and by  
On business to my brother Cassius.

VAR. So please you, we will stand and watch  
your pleasure.

BRU. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;  
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.—  
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;  
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[*VAR. and CLAU. lie down.*]

LUC. I was sure your lordship did not give it  
me.

BRU. Bear with me, good boy, I am much for-  
getful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,  
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

LUC. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

BRU. It does, my boy  
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

LUC. It is my duty, sir.

\* — new added.—] Mr. Dyce and Mr. Singer read "new-added," change of any kind is indispensable  
Mr. Collier's annotator, "new-heard." but we cannot see that  
Vol. III. 449 248. <sup>b</sup> — o'er watch'd.] Kept over much from sleep.





BRU. I should not urge thy duty past thy  
might ;

I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

LUC. I have slept, my lord, already.

BRU. It was well done ; and thou shalt sleep  
again ;

I will not hold thee long : if I do live,  
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a Song.*]

This is a sleepy tune.—O, murderous slumber !

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,

That plays thee music ?—Gentle knave, good  
night ;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument ;

I'll take it from thee : and, good boy, good  
night.—

Let me see, let me see ;—is not the leaf turn'd  
down

Where I left reading ? Here it is, I think.

[*Sits down.*]

*Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.*

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?  
 I think it is the weakness of mine eyes  
 That shapes this monstrous apparition.  
 It comes upon me!—Art thou anything?  
 Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,  
 That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?  
 Speak to me ~~what~~ thou art.

GHOST. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

BRU. Why com'st thou?

GHOST. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

BRU. Well: then I shall see thee again? (3)

GHOST. Ay, at Philippi.

BRU. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—

[Ghost vanishes.

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

Boy! Lucius!—Vare! Claudius!—Sis, awake!—  
 Claudius!

LUC. The strings, my lord, are false.

BRU. He thinks he still is at his instrument.—  
 Lucius, awake!

LUC. My lord?

BRU. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so  
 criedst out?

LUC. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

BRU. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any-  
 thing?

LUC. Nothing, my lord.

BRU. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirs, Claudius!  
 Fellow thou! awake!

VAR. My lord?

CLAU. My lord?

BRU. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your  
 sleep?

VAR., CLAU. Did we, my lord?

BRU. Ay; saw you anything?

VAR. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

CLAU. Nor I, my lord.

BRU. Go and commend me to my brother  
 Cæsius;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,  
 And we will follow.

VAR., CLAU. It shall be done, my lord.

[Exeunt.





## ACT V.

### SCENE I. — *The Plains of Philippi.*

*Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*

OCT. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered.  
You said the enemy would not come down,  
But keep the hills and upper regions;  
It proves not so: then battles are at hand;  
They mean to warn<sup>a</sup> us at Philippi here,  
Answering before we do demand of them.

ANT. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know  
Wherefore they do it: they could be content  
To visit other places, and come down  
With fearful bravery,<sup>b</sup> thinking, by this face,<sup>c</sup>  
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;  
But 't is not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS. Prepare you, generals:  
The enemy comes on in gallant show;  
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,  
And something to be done immediately:

ANT. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,  
Upon the left hand of the even field.

OCT. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

ANT. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

OCT. I do not cross you; but I will do so.

[*March.*]

*Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others.*

BRU. They stand, and would have parley.

CAS. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

OCT. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

ANT. No, Caesar, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth: the generals would have some words.

OCT. Stir not until the signal.

BRU. Words before blows — is it so, countrymen?

<sup>a</sup> *They mean to warn us;—* That is, to *summon* us. So in "Richard III" Act I. Sc. 3.

<sup>b</sup> *And sent to warn them to his royal presence,*  
and again in "Romeo and Juliet," Act V. Sc. 3,—

<sup>c</sup> *— is as a bell  
That warns my old age to a sepulchre "*

<sup>b</sup> *With fearful bravery, —* With alarming ostentation. Though some critics conjecture that "fearful" is not used here in its active sense, but with the ordinary meaning, full of fear.  
<sup>c</sup> *— by this face, —* By this *broadado*, or *brag*.

OCT. Not that we love words better, as you do.

BRU. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

ANT. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,  
Crying, *Long live! hail Cæsar!*

CAS. Antony,  
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;  
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,  
And leave them honeyless.

ANT. Not stingless too.

BRU. O, yes, and soundless too;  
For you have stol'n their buzzing. Antony,  
And very wisely, threat before you sting.

ANT. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar;  
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,

And how'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;  
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind  
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O, you flatterers!

CAS. *Flatterers!*—Now Brutus, thank yourself:

This tongue had not offended so to-day,  
If Cassius might have rul'd.

OCT. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.  
Look.—I draw a sword against conspirators;  
When think you that the sword goes up again?—  
Never, till Cæsar's three-and-thirty wounds  
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar  
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

BRU. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,  
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

OCT. So I hope;  
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

BRU. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,  
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

CAS. A peevish<sup>b</sup> schoolboy, worthless of such honour,

Join'd with a masker and a reveller!

ANT. Old Cassius still!

OCT. Come, Antony; away!—

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth!  
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;  
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*]

CAS. Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow; and swim, bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

BRU. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

LUCIL. My lord?

[*BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse apart.*]

CAS. Messala,—

MES. What says my general?

CAS. Messala,

This is my birthday; as this very day  
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:  
Be thou my witness that, against my will,  
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set  
Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epicurus strong,  
And his opinion: now I change my mind;  
And partly credit things that do presage.  
Coming from Sardis, on our former<sup>c</sup> ensign  
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,  
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,  
Who to Philippi here consorted us:  
This morning are they fled away and gone; (1)  
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites,  
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,  
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem  
A canopy most fatal, under which  
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

MES. Believe not so.

CAS. I but believe it partly;

For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd  
To meet all perils very constantly.

BRU. Even so, Lucilius. [*Advancing.*]

CAS. Now, most noble Brutus,

The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,  
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!  
But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,  
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.  
If we do lose this battle, then is this  
The very last time we shall speak together:  
What are you, then, determined to do?

BRU. Even by the rule of that philosophy  
By which I did blame Cato for the death  
Which he did give himself:—I know not how,  
But I do find it cowardly and vile,

<sup>a</sup> The posture of your blows are yet unknown.] The commentators have all something to say on the grammatical irregularity in this line, but are mute upon what is of far more importance, the exceptional use of "posture." Elsewhere Shakespeare always employs the word in its ordinary sense of *attitude*, *position*, &c.; but here, if not a misprint, it must be taken to mean *quality* or *composition*.

<sup>b</sup> A peevish schoolboy.—1 Although there are one or two passages in these plays where "peevish" implies *foolish*, *childish*, &c., the editors are certainly not justified in attributing this signification to the word in every instance where it occurs. In nine cases out of ten, indeed, the poet uses it as here, in the sense of *headstrong*, *stubborn*, *willful*, the meaning which it usually carried in his time. For example,—

"A peevish, self-will'd harlotry it is."  
*Romero and Juliet*, Act IV. Sc. 2.

"And when she's troward, peevish, willen, sour," &c.  
*Taming of the Shrew*, Act V. Sc. 2.

"Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town," &c.  
*King John*, Act II. Sc. 2.

"—on our former ensign"—1 "Former" meant *foremost* or *fore*. In proof of this, Holton quotes the following from Adlington's translation of Apuleius, 1596:—"First hee instructed me to sit at the table upon my side and howe I should leape and daunce, holding up my former tette."

For fear of what might fall, so to prevent  
The time of life:—arming myself with patience,  
To stay the providence of some high powers,  
That govern us below.

CAS. Then, if we lose this battle,  
You are contented to be led in triumph  
Thorough the streets of Rome?

BRU. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble  
Roman,

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;  
He bears too great a mind. But this same day  
Must end that work the ides of March begun;<sup>(2)</sup>  
And whether we shall meet again I know not.  
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—  
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!  
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;  
If not, why, then, this parting was well made.

CAS. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!  
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;  
If not, 't is true this parting was well made.

BRU. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man  
might know

The end of this day's business ere it come!

But it sufficeth that the day will end,

And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. The Field of Battle.*

*Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.*

BRU. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these  
bills,  
Unto the legions on the other side! [*Loud alarum.*]  
Let them set on at once: for I perceive  
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,  
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.  
Ride, ride, Messala! let them all come down.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.*

CAS. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!  
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:

— to prevent  
The time of life —]

That is, to anticipate the natural period of existence. The expression *time of life*, for duration of life, occurs again in "Henry IV." Part II. Act V. Sc. 2,—

"O, gentlemen, the *time of life* is short,"

a fact Mr. Craik must have forgotten when he adopted the specious modernization, "*term of life*," from Capell.

<sup>b</sup> This ensign here of mine was turning back.] "Here the term *ensign* may almost be said to be used with the double meaning of

This ensign here of mine was turning back;<sup>b</sup>  
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

TIT. O, Cassius, Brutus gave the word too  
early:

Who, having some advantage on Octavius,  
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,  
Whilst we by Antony are all inclos'd.

*Enter PINDARUS.*

PIN. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off!  
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!  
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off!

CAS. This hill is far enough. Look, look,  
Titinius;

Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

TIT. They are, my lord.

CAS. Titinius, if thou lov'st me  
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,  
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,  
And here again; that I may rest assur'd  
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

TIT. I will be here again, even with a thought.

[*Exit.*]

CAS. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;  
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,  
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[*Exit PINDARUS.*]

This day I breathed first: time is come round,  
And where I did begin, there shall I end;<sup>c</sup>  
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

PIN. [*Above.*] O my lord!

CAS. What news?

PIN. [*Above.*] Titinius is inclosed round about  
With horsemen that make to him on the spur:—  
Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him:—  
Now, Titinius!—Now some light:—O, he lights  
too:—

He's ta'en;—and hark! they shout for joy.

[*Shout.*]

CAS. Come down, behold no more.—

O, coward that I am, to live so long,

To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

*Enter PINDARUS.*

Come hither, sirrah.

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;

both the standard and the standard-bearer'—(CRAIK.

<sup>c</sup> This day I breathed first: time is come round,  
And where I did begin, there shall I end.]

It would not be difficult to find persons even now, perhaps, who indulge the visionary notion that their life will terminate on the same day of the week or month or of the same place that it began.



And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,  
That whatsoever I did bid thee do  
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine  
oath!

Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,  
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this  
bosom.

Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;  
And, when my face is cover'd, as 't is now,

Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd  
Even with the sword that kill'd thee.(3) [*Dies.*

PIN. So, I am free; yet would not so have  
been,

Durst I have done my will. O, Cassius!  
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,  
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[*Exit.*

*Re-enter* TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

MES. It is but change,\* Titinius; for Octavius  
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,  
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

TIT. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

MES. Where did you leave him?

TIT. All disconsolate,

With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

MES. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

TIT. He lies not like the living.—O, my heart!

MES. Is not that he?

TIT. No, this was he, Messala,

But Cassius is no more.—O, setting sun!

As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,

So in his red blood Cassius' day is set,—

The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;

Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are  
done!

Mistrust of my success<sup>b</sup> hath done this deed.

MES. Mistrust of good success hath done this  
deed.

O, hateful Error, Melancholy's child!

Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men

The things that are not? O, Error, soon conceiv'd,

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,

But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

TIT. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pin-  
darus?

MES. Seek him, Titinius: whilst I go to meet  
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report

Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;

For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,

Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus

As tidings of this sight.

TIT. Hie you, Messala,

And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[*Exit* MESSALA.]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?

Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they

Put on my brows this wreath of victory,

And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear  
their shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstru'd everything!

But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;

Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I

Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,

And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—

By your leave, gods:—this is a Roman's part:

Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[*Dies.*]

*Alarum. Re-enter* MESSALA, with BRUTUS,  
YOUNG CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and  
LUCILIUS.

BRU. Where, where, Messala, doth his body  
lie?

MES. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

BRU. Titinius' face is upward.

CATO.

He is slain.

BRU. O, Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!

Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords

In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*]

CATO.

Brave Titinius!

Look, whêr he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

BRU. Are yet two Romans living such as  
these?—

The<sup>c</sup> last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

It is impossible that ever Rome

Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more<sup>\*</sup>  
tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—

I shall find time, Cassius. I shall find time.—

Come, therefore, and to Thassos† send his body;

His funerals shall not be in our camp,

Ilest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;

And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—

Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on:—

'T is three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both  
Armies; then* BRUTUS, YOUNG CATO,  
LUCILIUS, and others.

BRU. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your  
heads!

CATO. What bastard doth not? Who will go  
with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

[*Charges the enemy.*]

BRU. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I!

Brutus, my country's friend; know me for  
Brutus!

[*Exit, charging the enemy. YOUNG CATO  
is overpowered, and falls.*]

\* It is but change,—] It is no more than an exchange or alter-  
nation of mishap

<sup>b</sup> *Mistrust of my success*—] By "success," in Shakespeare's  
time, was commonly understood *issue, consequence, result, &c.*; it  
might, therefore, be good (as Messala in the next line says, "Mis-  
trust of good success") or ill, according to circumstances. The

(\*) First folio, *no.*

(†) Old text, *Tharsus.*

meaning of Titinius is, Mistrust of my fortune, or what befall me  
has done this deed.

<sup>c</sup> *The last of all the Romans, &c.*] Rowe, who has been followed  
by many editors, reads, "Thou last," &c.

LUCIL. O, young and noble Cato, art thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;  
And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

1 SOLD. Yield, or thou diest!

LUCIL. Only I yield to die:  
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight:

[Offering money.]  
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1 SOLD. We must not.—A noble prisoner!

2 SOLD. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 SOLD. I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general:—

*Enter ANTONY.*

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord!

ANT. Where is he?

LUCIL. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:  
I dare assure thee that no enemy  
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:  
The gods defend him from so great a shame!  
When you do find him, or alive or dead,  
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

ANT. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,

A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,  
Give him all kindness: I had rather have  
Such men my friends than enemies.<sup>(1)</sup> Go on,  
And see whêr Brutus be alive or dead;  
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent  
How everything is chane'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS.*

BRU. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

CLL. Statilius show'd the torchlight; but, my lord,

He came not back; he is or ta'en, or slain.

BRU. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

[*Whispering him.*]

CLL. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

BRU. Peace, then, no words.

CLL. I'll rather kill myself.

BRU. Hark thee, Dardanius.—[*Whispers him.*]

DAR. Shall I do such a deed?

CLL. O, Dardanius!

DAR. O, Clitus!

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CLL. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

DAR. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

CLL. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,  
That it runs over even at his eyes.

BRU. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

VOL. What says my lord?

BRU. Why, this, Volumnius:  
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me  
Two several times by night,—at Sardis once,  
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields.  
I know my hour is come.

VOL. Not so, my lord.

BRU. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.  
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;  
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:

[*Loud alarums.*]

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,  
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,  
Thou know'st that we two went to school to-  
gether:

Even for that our love of old, I pr'ythee,  
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

VOL. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*]

CLL. Fly, fly, my lord! there is no tarrying here.

BRU. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you,  
Volumnius.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;  
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,  
My heart doth joy that yet, in all my life,  
I found no man but he was true to me.  
I shall have glory by this losing day,  
More than Octavius and Mark Antony  
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.  
So, fare you well at once, for Brutus' tongue  
Hath almost ended his life's history:  
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would  
rest,

That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, Fly, fly, fly!*]

CLL. Fly, my lord, fly!

BRU. Hence; I will follow.

[*Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.*]

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

SRA. Give me your hand first: fare you well,  
my lord.

BRU. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still:

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*Runs on his sword, and dies.*<sup>(1)</sup>]



*Alarm. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and Army.*

OCT. What man is that?

MES. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

STRA. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:

The conquerors can but make a fire of him;  
For Brutus only overcame himself,  
And no man else hath honour by his death.

LUCIL. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,  
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

OCT. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them—

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

STRA. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

OCT. Do so, good Messala.

MES. How died my master, Strato?

STRA. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

MES. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,  
That did the latest service to my master.

ANT. This was the noblest Roman of them  
all: (6)

All the conspirators, save only he,  
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;  
He only, in a general honest thought,  
And common good to all, made one of them.  
His life was gentle; and the elements  
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*

OCT. According to his virtue let us use him,  
With all respect and rites of burial.  
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie  
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—  
So, call the field to rest: and let's away,  
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*]



## ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

### ACT I.

#### (1) SCENE II.—

*Stand you directly in Antonius' way,  
When he doth run his course.*

The passages from North's "Plutarch," which we have chosen to illustrate the action of this tragedy, are extracted chiefly from the lives of Julius Cæsar and Brutus; and while attesting the almost literal fidelity with which Shakespeare, in the present case, adhered to his authority, will show the unerring skill and judgment by which he was guided in his selection of incidents for representation.

"At that time the feast Luperalia was celebrated, the which in old time, men say was the feast of shepherds or herdsmen, & is much like unto the feast of the LYCÆANS in ARCADIA. But howsoever it is, that day there are divers noble mens sons, young men, (and some of them Magistrates themselves that govern them) which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way, with leather thongs, haire and all on, to make them give place. And many noble women and gentlewomen also, go of purpose to stand in their way, and do put forth their hands to be stricken, as scholars hold them out to their schoolmaster, to be stricken with the ferula: perswading themselves that being with child, they shall have good delivery, and so being barren, that it will make them to conceive with child."

(2) SCENE II.—*The rabblement shouted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar.* "Cæsar sat to behold that sport upon the pulpit for Orations, in a chair of gold, apparelled in triumphant manner. Antonius who was Consul at that time, was one of them that ranne this holy course. So when he came into the market place, the people made a lane for him to runne at liberty, and he came to Cæsar, and presented him a Diademe wreathed about with laurell, Whereupon there rose a certaine crye of reioycing, not very great, done onely by a few, appointed for the purpose. But when Cæsar refused the Diademe, then all the people together made an

outcrie of ioy. Then Antonius offering it him againe, there was a second shout of ioy, but yet of a few. But when Cæsar refused it againe the second time, then all the whole people shouted. Cæsar having made this proofe, found that the people did not like of it and thereupon rose out of his chaire, and commanded the crowne to be carried unto Iupiter in the Capitoll. After that, there were set up images of Cæsar in the city, with Diademes upon their heads, like kings."

#### (3) SCENE III.—

*His countenance, like richest alchemy,  
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.*

"Now when Cassius felt his friends, and did stirre them up against Cæsar, they all agreed, and promised to take part with him, so Brutus were the chiefe of their conspuracie. For they told him, that so high an enterpriso and attempt as that, did not so much require men of manhood and courage to draw their swords as it stood them upon to have a man of such estimation as Brutus, to make every man boldly thinke that by his onely presence the fact were holy and iust, if he tooke not this course, then that they should go to it with fainter hearts; and when they had done it, they should be more fearefull, because every man would thinke that Brutus would not have refused to have made one with them, if the cause had been good and honest. Therefore Cassius considering this matter with himselfe, did first of all speake to Brutus, since they grew strange together for the suite they had for the Dictatorship. So when he was reconciled to him againe, and that they had embraced one another, Cassius asked him if he were determined to be in the Senate house the first day of the month of March, because he heard say that Cæsar's friends should move the counceill that day, that Cæsar should be called king by the Senate. Brutus answered him, he wold not be there. But if we be sent for (said Cassius) how then? For my selfe then (said Brutus,) I meane not to hold my peace, but to withstand it, and rather die then lose my liberty."

### ACT II.

#### (1) SCENE I.—

*If the redress will follow, thou receivest  
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus.*

"But for Brutus, his friends and countenmen, both by divers procurements, and sundrie rumours of the citie, and by many bills also, did openly call and procure him to do that he did. For under the name of his ancestor Iunius Brutus, (that drave the kings out of Rome) they wrote: O, that it pleased the gods thou wert now alive, Brutus! and againe, That thou wert here among us now."

His tribunall or chaire, where he gave audience during the time he was Prætor, was full of such bills: Brutus thou art asleep, and art not Brutus indeed!"

#### (2) SCENE I.—

*— can I hear that with patience,  
And not my husband's secrets?*

"His wife Portia was the daughter of Cato, whom Brutus married being his cousin, not a maiden, but a young widow after the death of her first husband Bibulus, by

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whom she had also a young sonne called *Rebulet*, who after wards wrote a booke of the acts and gestes of *Brutus*, extant at this present day. This young ladie being excellently well scene in Philosophy, loving her husband well, and being of a noble courage, as she was also wise, because she would not aske her husband what he ayld before she had made some proofe by her selfe: she tooke a little razour, such as Barberes use to pare mens nails, and causing her maides and women to go out of her chamber gave her selfe a great gash withall in her thigh, that she was stright all of a purple blood: and meentimently after, a vehemēt fower tooke her, by reason of the paine of her wound. Then perceiving her husband was mavelously out of quiet, and that he could take no rest, even in her greatest paine of all, she spake in this sort unto him. I being, *O Brutus*, (said she) the daughter of *Cato*, was married unto thee; not to be thy bed fellow and companion in bedde and at board onely, like a harlot, but to be putaker also with thee of thy good and evil fortune. Now for thy selfe, I can find no cause of fault in thee touching our match: but for my part, how may I shew my duty towards thee, and how much I would do for thy sake, if I cannot constantly beare a secret meachance or grudge with thee, which requirith secrecy and fidelitie? I confesse, that a womans wit commonly is too weakke to keepe a secret safely: but yet (*Brutus*) good education, and the company of vertuous men, have some power to reforme the defect of nature. And for my selfe, I have this benefite moreover, that I am the daughter of *Cato*, and wife of *Brutus*. This notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these things before, until that now I have found by experience, that no paine or grudge whatsoever can overcome me. With these words she shewed him her wound on her thigh, and told him what she had done to prove her selfe. *Brutus* was amazed to heare what she sayd unto him, and lifting up his hands to heaven, he besought the goddess to give him the grace he might bring his enterprise to so good p'se, that he might be found a husband, worthy of so noble a wife as *Porcia*, so he then did comfort her the best he could."

### (3) SCENE I.—

*O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caesar,  
To see a kitchin!*

"Now amongst *Pompey's* friends there was one called *Cassius Longinus*, who had bene accused unto *Cesar* for taking parte with *Pompey*, and *Cesar* discharged him. But *Ligarius* thanked not *Cesar* so muche for his discharge, as he was offended with him for that he was brought in danger by his tyrannicall power; and therefore in his heart he was always his mortal enemy, and was besides very familiar with *Brutus*, who went to see him, being sicke in his bed, and said unto him, *O Longinus*, in what a time art thou sicke? *Ligarius*, rising up in his bed, and taking him by the right hande, said unto him, *Brutus* (said he), if thou hast any great enterprise in hande worthy of thyselfe, I am whole."

### (4) SCENE II.—

— *these things are beyond all use,  
And I do fear them!*

"Then going to bed the same night, as his manner was, and lying with his wife *Calpurnia*, all the windows and doores of his chamber flying open, the noise awoke him, and made him afraid when he saw such light; but more, when he heard his wife *Calpurnia*, being fast asleepe, weepe and sigh, and put forth many grumbling lamentable speeches, for she dreamed that *Cesar* was slaine, and that she had him in her armes. Others also do deme that she had any such dreame, as, amongst other, *Titus Livius* writeth that it was in this sort:—The Senate having set upon the top of *Cesar's* house, for an ornament and setting forth of the same, a certaine pinnacle, *Calpurnia* dreamed that she saw it broken downe, and that she thought she lamented and wept for it; inso much that, *Cesar* rising in the morning, she prayd him, if it were possible, not to go out of the doores that day, but to adorne the session of the Senate until another day; And if that he made no reckoning of her dreame, yet that he would search further of the Soothsayers by their sacrifices to know what should happen him that day. Thereby it seemed that *Cesar* likewise did feare or suspect somewhat, because his wife *Calpurnia* until that time was never given to any fear and superstition: and thus when he was troubled in mind with this dreame she had, but much more afterwards when the soothsayers having sacrificed many beasts one after another, told him that none did like them: then he determined to send *Antony* to adorne the session of the Senate. But in the meane time came *Decius Brutus*, surnamed *Albanus*, in whom *Cesar* put such confidence that in his last will and testament he had appointed him to be his next heire, and yet was of the conspiracy with *Cassius* and *Brutus*: he, learning that, if *Cesar* did adorne the session that day, the conspiracy would be betrayed, lauched at the Soothsayers, and reproved *Cesar*, saying that he gave the Senate occasion to mislike with him, and that they might think he mocked them, considering that by his commendement they were assembled, and that they were ready willingly to grant him all things, and to proclaim him king of all the provinces of the Empire of Rome out of Italy, and that he should wear his chaine in all other places, both by sea and land. And, furthermore, that if any man should toll them from him they should depart for that present time, and return again when *Calpurnia* should have better dreames, what would his enemies and ill-willers say, and how could they like of his friends words? And who could perswade them otherwise, but that they would think his dominion a slavery unto them, and tyrannicall in himselfe? And yet, if it be so, said he, that you utterly mislike of this day, it is better that you go yourself in person, and, saluting the Senate, to dismiss them til another time. Therewithall he took *Cesar* by the hand, and brought him out of his house."

## ACT III.

### (1) SCENE I.—

*Know, Caesar doth not wrong; nor without cause  
Will he be satisfied.*

In his "Discoveries," speaking of Shakespeare, Ipn Jonson remarks, "Many times he fell into these things, could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of *Cesar*, one speaking to him, '*Cesar, thou dost me wrong*,' he replied, '*Cesar did never wrong but with just cause*.'" In *The Induction* to "*The Staple of News*," he has ridiculed the expression—"Cry you mercy, you never did wrong but with just cause." It is uncharitable to believe

with Steevens that Jonson wilfully misquoted the passage: the very fact, indeed, of his giving it in this form after its appearance in a different one in the printed copy of the poet's plays, strengthens the probability that he quotes it as in the fervour of composition it originally slipped from Shakespeare's pen, and that he was not aware of any subsequent modification of the words.

(2) SCENE I.—*Et tu, Brute!* The original authority for this exclamation was probably Suetonius l. 82, who says that some have written, that when Marcus Brutus ran upon *Cesar*, the latter cried out *Kai es, réus*. And thou too, my

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son! But the particular expression of the text may have been found in the old Latin play by Dr. Esdes; or have been taken from "The True Tragicall of Richard Duke of York," &c. which forms the basis of Part III. of King Henry VI.: where we have the following line:—"Et tu, Brute? Wilt thou stab Caesar too?" It does not occur either in the description of Caesar's death, which Plutarch gives in the life of Marcus Brutus; or in the following account, which Shakespeare seems to have more closely followed, from the life of Julius Cæsar:—

"And one *Artemidorus* also born in the Ile of *GALLOS*, a doctor of Rhetorick in the Greeke tongue, who by means of his profession was very familiar with certaine of *Brutus* confederates; and therefore knew the most part of all their practises against *Cæsar*, came and brought him a litle bill written with his owne hand, of all that he meant to tel him. He marking how *Cæsar* received all the supplications that were offered him, & that he gave them straight to his men that were about him, pressed nearer to him, and said, *Cæsar*, reade this memoriall to your selfe, and that quickly, for they be matters of great weight, and touch you nearly. *Cæsar* took it of him, but could never reade it, though he many times attempted it, for the number of people that did salute him: but holding it still in his hand, keeping it to himselfe, went on withall into the Senate house. Howbeit other men of opinion, that it was some man else that gave him that memoriall, & not *Artemidorus*, who did what he could all the way as he went to give it *Cæsar*, but he was always repulsed by the people. For these things, they may seeme to come by chance: but the place where the murder was prepared, & where the Senate were assembled, and where also there stood up an image of *Pompey* decorated by himselfe amongst other ornaments which he gave unto the Theater, all these were manifest proofes, that it was the ordinance of some god, that made this treason to be executed, specially in that very place. It is also reported, that *Cæsar* (though otherwise he did favour the doctrine of *Epictetus*) beholding the image of *Pompey*, before they entred into the action of their traitorous enterprise, he did softly call upon it, to aide him: but the instant danger of the present time, taking away his former reason, did so fully put him into a furious passion, and made him like a man hate besides himselfe. Now *Antony* that was a faithfull friend to *Cæsar*, and a valiant man besides of his hands, him *Jacques Brutus* *Arminius* entertained out of the Senate house, having begonne a long tale of set purpose. So *Cæsar* coming into the house, all the Senate stood up on their feete to do him honour. Then part of *Brutus* companie and confederates stood round about *Cæsar* chaire and part of them also came towards him, as though they made suite with *Metellus Cimber*, to call home his brother againe from banishment: and thus presenting still their suite, they follow'd *Cæsar* till he was set in his chaire. Who denying their petitions, and being offended with them one after another, because the more they were denied the more they pressed upon him, and were the closer with him, *Metellus* at length, taking his gowne with both his hands, pulled it over his necke, which was the signe given the confederates to set upon him. Then *Cæsar* he blind his eye, strike him in the necke with his sword, hee had the wound was not great nor mortall, because it seemed, the feare of such a devilish attempt did amaze him, & take his strength from him, that he killed him not at the first blow. But *Cæsar* turning straight unto him, caught hold of his sword, and held it hard, & they both cried out, *Cæsar* in Latin: O vile traitor *Cæsar*, what doest thou? And *Cæsar* in Greeke to his brother. Brother, helpe me, At y<sup>e</sup> beginning of this stir, they that were present, not knowing of the conspiracy, were so amazed with the horrible sight they saw, they had no power to flie, neither to help him, nor so much as once to make an outcrye. They on y<sup>e</sup> other side that had conspired his death, compass'd him in on every side with their swords drawn in their hands, that *Cæsar* turn'd him no where, but he was stricken at by some, and stil had naked swords in his face, & was hacked & mangled among them, as a wild beast taken of hunters. For it was agreed among them, that every man should give him a wound, because al their parts should be

in this murder: and then *Brutus* himself gave him one wound about his privities. Men report also, that *Cæsar* did stil defend himself against y<sup>e</sup> rest, running every way with his body: but when he saw *Brutus* with his sword drawne in his hand, then he pulled his gowne over his head, and made no more resistance, & was driven either casuall or purposely, by the counsel of the conspirators, against the base, wherupon *Pompeys* image stood which ran all of a gore blood till he was slaine. Thus it seemed that the image tooke just revenge of *Pompeys* enemy, being throwne down on the ground at his feet, & yielding up the ghost there, for the number of wounds he had upon him. For it is reported, that he had three & twentie wounds upon his body: and divers of the conspirators did hurt themselves, striking one body with so many blowes. When *Cæsar* was slaine, the Senate (though *Brutus* stood in the middlest amongst them, as though he would have said something touching this fact) presently ranne out of the house, and flying, filled all the citie with marvellous feare and tumult. Insomuch as some did shut too the doores, others forsooke their shops and ware-houses, and others ranne to the place to see what the matter was: and others also that had scene it, ran home to their houses againe."

(3) SCENE II.—[I pause for a reply.] Stevens observes that "the speech of Brutus may be regarded rather as an imitation of the false eloquence than [Shakespeare's day] in vogue, than as a specimen of a laconic brevity." Surely not. Shakespeare here adopts the very style which the historian tells us Brutus affected.—"He was properly learned in the Latin tongue, and was able to make long discourse in it: beside that he could also please very well in Latine. But for the Greek tongue, they do note in some of his Epistles, that he counterfeited that briefe compendious manner of speech of the LACEDÆMONIANS. As when the war was begun, he wrot unto the PERGAMENIANS in this sort: I understand you have given *Dolabella* money: if you have done it willingly, you conforme you have offended me; if against your wills, shew it then by giving me willingly. Another time againe unto the SAMIANS: Your counsells be long, your doings be slow, consider the end. And in another Epistle he wrote unto the PATARIANS: The XANTHIANS, despising my goodwill, have made their country a grave of despaire, and the PATARIANS that put themselves into my protection, have lost no lot of their liberty: and therefore whilist you have liberty, either close the judgement of the PATARIANS, or the fortune of the XANTHIANS. These were *Brutus* manner of letters, which were honored for their briefness."

(4) SCENE II.—[Pluck down farms, windows, anything!] Then *Antony* thinking good his testament should be read orally, and also that his body should be honourably buried, and not in buggar muggers, lest the people might thereby take occasion to be worse offended if they did otherwise: *Cicero* stoutly spoke against it. But *Brutus* went with the motion, and agreed unto it: wherein it seemeth he committed a second fault. For the first fault he did, was when he would not consent to his fellow conspirators, that *Antony* should be slaine; and therefore he was justly accused, that thereby he had saved and strengthened a sterner and more dangerous enemy of their conspiracy. The second fault was, when he agreed that *Cæsar* funerals should be as *Antony* would have them, the which indeed named all. For first of all, when *Cæsar* testament was openly read among them, whereby it appeared that he bequeathed unto every citizen of ROME, 75 Drachmaes a man; and that he left his gardens and arbours unto the people, which he had on this side of the river Tyber, in the place where now the temple of Fortune is built: the people then loved him, and were marvellous sorie for him. Afterwards, when *Cæsar* body was brought into the market place, *Antony* making his funerall oration in praise of the dead, according to the ancient custome of ROME, and perceiving that his words moved the common people to compassion, he framed his eloquence to make their heart yearne the more; and taking *Cæsar* gowne all bloodie in his hand, he layd it open to the sight of them

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all, showing what a number of cuts and holes it had upon it. Therewithall the people fell presently into such a rage and intempe, that there was no more order kept amongst the common people. For some of them cried out, Kill the murderers: others plucked up formes, tables, and stales about the market place, as they had done before at the funerals of *Clodius*, and having laid them all on a heap together, they set them on fire, and thereupon did put the

body of *Cæsar*, and burnt it in the midst of the most holy places. And furthermore, when the fire was thoroughly kindled, some here, some there, tooke burning firebrands, and ranne with them to the murderers houses that killed him, to set them on fire. Howbeit, the conspirators foreseeing the danger before had wisely provided for themselves, and fledde."

## ACT IV.

(1) SCENE III.—*You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella.* The next day after, *Brutus*, upon complaint of the *SARDIANS*, did condemn and note *Lucius Pella* for a defamed person, that had beene a Prætor of the *ROMAINS*, and whom *Brutus* had given charge unto for that he was accused and convicted of robbery, and pilferie in his office. This iudgement much misliked *Cassius*, because he himselfe had secretly (not many daies before) warned two of his friends, attainted and convicted of the like offences, and openly had cleared them: but yet he did not theretore leave to employ them in any manner of service as he did before. And therefore he greatly reproved *Brutus*, for that he would show himselfe so straight and severe, in such a time as was meetest to beare a little, then to take things at the worst. *Brutus* in contrarie manner answered, that he should remember the Ides of march, at which time they slue *Iulius Cæsar*, who neither pilled nor pilloied the country, but onely was a favourer and suborner of all them that did rob and spoile, by his countenance and authority. And if there were any occasion whereby they might honestly set aside iustice and equitie, they should have had more reason to have suffered *Cæsar's* friends to have robbed and done what wrong and iniurie they had would, than to beare with their owne men. For then said he, they could but have said they had been cowards, but now they may accuse us of iniustice, beside the paines we take, and the danger we put our selves into."

(2) SCENE III.—*Companion, hence!* "Then they began to powre out their complaints one to the other, and grew hot and loud, earnestly accusing one another, and at length fell both a weeping. Their friends that were without the chamber, hearing them loud within, and angry betwene themselves, they were both amazed & afraid also, lest it wold grow to further matter: but yet they were commanded, that no man should come to them. Notwithstanding one *Marcus Phaonius*, that had been a friend and follower of *Cato* while he lived, and tooke upon him to counterfoit a Philosopher, not with wisdom & discretion, but with a certaine beddome and frantick motion he would needs come into the chamber, though the men offered to keepe him out. But it was no boot to let *Phaonius*, when a mad mood or toy tooke him in the head: for he was a hotte hasty man, and sudden in all his doings, and cared for never a Senator of them all. Now, though he used this bold manner of speech after the pro-

fession of the Cynicke Philosophers (as who would say, Dogs) yet his boldnesse did no hurt many times, because they did but laugh at him to see him so mad. This *Phaonius* at that time, in despite of the doore-keepers, came into the chamber, and with a certaine scoffing and mocking gesture, which he counterfeited of purpose, he rehearsed the verses which old *Næsten* said in *Homer*:

*My Lords, I pray you hearken both to me,  
For I have seen more yeares then suchie three*

*Cassius* fell a laughing at him: but *Brutus* thrust him out of the chamber, and called him dogge, and counterfoit "Cynicke."

(3) SCENE III.—*Will'then I shall see thee again!* "But as they both prepared to passe over againe out of *ASIA* into *EUROPE*, there went a rumour that there appeared a wonderfull signe unto him. *Brutus* was a carefull man, and slept very little, both for that his diet was moderate, as also because he was continually occupied. He never slept in the day time, and in the night no longer then the time he was driven to be alone, and when every body else tooke their rest. But now whilst he was in warre, and his head over busily occupied to thinke of his affaires, and what would happen, after he had slumbered a little after supper, he spent all the rest of the night in dispatching of his weightiest causes; and after he had taken order for them, if he had any leisure left him, he would read some booke till the third watch of the night, at what time the Captains, pettie Captaines and Colonels, did use to come to him. So, being readie to goe into *EUROPE*, one night very late (when all the campe tooke quiet rest) as he was in his tent with a little light, thinking of weighty matters, he thought he heard one come in to him, and casting his eye towards the doore of his tent, that he saw a wonderfull strange and monstrous shape of a bodie coming towards him, and said never a word. So *Brutus* boldly asked what he was, a god or a man, and what cause brought him thither. The spirit answered him, I am thy evill spirit, *Brutus*; and thou shalt see me by the cite of *PHILIPPES*. *Brutus* being no otherwise affraid, replied againe unto it: well, then I shall see thee agayne. The spirit presently vanished away; and *Brutus* called his men unto him, who tolde him that they heard no noise, nor saw any thing at all."

## ACT V.

(1) SCENE I.—*This morning are they fled away and gone.*] "Whn they raised their campe, there came two Eagles that flying with a marvellous force, lighted upon two of the foremost ensignes, and alwaies followed the souldiers, which gave them riento, and fed them, untill they came neare to the cite of PHILIPPES and there one lay onely before the battell, they both flew away. \* \* \* Notwithstanding, being busily occupied about the ceremonies of this purgation, it is reported that there chanced certaine unluckie signes unto *Cassius*. For one of his Serjeants that caried the rods before him, brought him the garland of flowers turned backward, the which he should have worn on his head in the time of sacrificing. Moreover it is reported also, that another time before, in certaine sports & triumph where they caried an image of *Cassius* victorie, of cleane gold, it fell by chance, the man stumbling that caried it. And yet further there was seene a marvellous number of fowles of prey, that feed upon dead carcases: & Bees hives also were found where Bees were gathered together in a certain place within the trenches of the camp: the which place the Soothsayers thought good to shut out of the precinct of the campe, for to take away the superstitious feare and mistrust men would have of it. The which began somewhat to alter *Cassius* mind from *Epicurus* opinions, and had put the souldiers also in a marvellous feare. Thereupon *Cassius* was of opinion not to trie this warre at one battell, but rather to delay time, and to draw it out in length, considering that they were the stronger in money, and the weaker in men and armor. But *Brutus* in contrary maner, did alway before and at that time also, desire nothing more, then to put all to the hazard of battell, as soone as might be possible. to the end he might either quickly restore his country to her former liberty, or rid him forthwith of this miserable world, being still troubled in following and maintaining of such great armies together. \* \* \* But touching *Cassius*, *Messala* reporteth that he supped by himselfe in his tent with a few of his friends, & that all supper time he looked very sadly, & was ful of thoughts, although it was against his nature: and that after supper he tooke him by the hand, & holding him fast (in token of kindness, as his maner was) told him in Greek: *Messala*, I protest unto thee, & make thee my witness, that I am compelled against my mind & wil (as *Pompey* the great was) to recover the liberty of our country to the hazard of a battell. And yet we must be lively, & of good courage, considering our good fortune, whom we should wrong too much to mistrust her, although we follow evill counsell. *Messala* writeth, that *Cassius* having spoken these last words unto him, he bad him farewell, and willed him to come to supper to him the next night following, because it was his birth day."

## (2) SCENE I.—

*Not this same day  
Must end that work the iles of March begun ]*

"There *Cassius* began to speake first, and said: The gods grant us O *Brutus*, that this day we may win the field, and ever after to live all the rest of our life quietly one with another. But with the gods have so ordained it, that the greatest and chiefest things amongst men are most uncertaine, and that if the battell fall out otherwise to day then we wish or looke for, we shall hardly meet againe, what art thou then determined to doe, to flie, or die? *Brutus* answered him, being yet but a yong man, and not over greatly experienced in the world: I trust (I know not how) a certain rule of Philosophy, by the which I did greatly blame and reprove *Cato* for killing himselfe, as being no lawfull nor Godly act, touching the gods: nor concerning men, valiant: not to give place and yeild to

divine providence, & not constantly and patiently to take whatsoever it pleaseth him to send us, but to draw booke and flie: but being now in the midst of the danger, I am of a contrary mind. For if it be not the will of God that this battell fall out fortunate for us, I will looke no more for hope, neither seeke to make any now supply for war againe, but will rid me of this miserable world, and content me with my fortune. For, I gave up my life for my country in the iles of March, for the which I shall live in another more glorious world."

## (3) SCENE III.—

*— Caesar, thou art reveng'd,  
Even with the sword that kill'd thee.]*

"First of all he was marvellous angry to see how *Brutus* men ran to give charge upon their enemies, and taried not for the word of the battell, nor commandment to give charge: and it grieved him beside, that after he had overcome them, his men fell straight to spoile, and were not carefull to compasse in the rest of y<sup>e</sup> enemies behind: but with tarying too long also, more then through the valiantnesse or foresight of the Captaine his enemies, *Cassius* found himselfe compassed in with the right wing of his enemies arms. Whereupon his horsemen brake immediately, and fled for life towards the sea. Furthermore perceiving his footmen to give ground, he did what he could to keepe them from flying, and tooke an ensigne from one of the ensigne-bearers that fled, and stucke it fast at his feet: although with much ado he could scant keepe his owne ground together. So *Cassius* himselfe was at length compelled to flie, with a few about him, unto a little hill, from whence they might easily see what was done in all the plane: howbeit *Cassius* himselfe saw nothing, for his sight was very bad, saying that he saw (and yet with much ado) how the enemies spoiled his campe before his eyes. He saw also a great troupe of horsemen, whom *Brutus* sent to aid him, and thought that they were his enemies that followed him: but yet he sent *Titinius*, one of them that was with him, to go and know what they were. *Brutus* horsemen saw him coming a farre off, whom when they knew that he was one of *Cassius* chiefest friends, they shouted out for joy, and they that were familiarly acquainted with him, lighted from their horses, and went and embraced him. The rest compassed him in round about on horseback, with songs of victory & great rushing of their harness, so that they made all the field ring againe for joy. But this marred all. For *Cassius* thinking indeed that *Titinius* was taken of the enemies, he then spake those words: Desiring too much to live, I have lived to see one of my best friends taken, for my sake, before my face. After that, he got into a tent where no body was, and tooke *Pindarus* with him, one of his bondmen whom he reserved ever for such a pinch, since the cursed battell of the PARTHIANS, where *Cassius* was slain, though he notwithstanding escaped from that overthrow: but then casting his cloake over his head, and holding out his bare neck unto *Pindarus*, he gave him his head to be stricken off. So the head was found severed from the body: but after that time *Pindarus* was never scene more. Whereupon, some tooke occasion to say that he had slaine his master without his commandment. By & by they knew the horsemen that came towards them, and might see *Titinius* crowned with a garland of triumph, who came before with great speed unto *Cassius*. But when he perceived by the cries & teares of his friends which tormented themselves, the misfortune that had chanced to his Captaine *Cassius*, by mistaking, he drew out his sword, cursing himself a thousand times that he had taried so long, & so slue himself presently in the field. *Brutus* in the iucane time came forward still, and understood also

## ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

that *Cassius* had bin overthrowne: but he knew nothing of his death, till he came very neere to his campe. So when he was come thither, after he had lamented the death of *Cassius*, calling him the last of all the *ROMANES*; being impossible that *ROMES* should ever breed againe so noble and valiant a man as he: he caused his body to be buried, and sent it to the citie of *THRASOS*, fearing lest his funerals within his campe should cause great disorder."

### (1) SCENE IV.—

*I had rather have  
Such men my friends than enemies.]*

"There was the sonne of *Marcus Cato* slain, valiantly fighting among the lustie youth. For notwithstanding that he was very weare and over-harried, yet would he not therefore flie, but manfully fighting and laying about him, telling aloud his name, and also his fathers name, at length he was beaten downe amongst many other dead bodies of his enemies, which he had slaine round about him. So there were slaine in the field, all the chiefest Gentlemen and Nobles that were in his armie, who valiantly raine into any danger to save *Brutus* life: amongst whom there was one of *Brutus* friends called *Lucilius*, who seeing a troupe of barbarous men, making no reckoning of all men else they met in their way, but going altogether right against *Brutus*, he determined to stay them with the hazard of his life, and being left behind, told them that he was *Brutus*: and because they should beleve him, he prayed them to bring him to *Antonius*, for he said he was afraid of *Cesar*, and that he did trust *Antonius* better. These barbarous men being very glad of this good hap, and thinking them selves happy men, they carried him in the night, and sent some before unto *Antonius*, to tel him of their coming. He was marvellous glad of it, and went out to meete them that brought him. Others also understanding that they had brought *Brutus* prisoner, they came from all parts of the campe to see him, some pitying his hard fortune, and others saying, that it was not done like himselfe, so cowardly to be taken alive of the barbarous people, for feare of death. When they came neere together, *Antonius* stand awhile bethinking himselfe how he should use *Brutus*. In the meane time *Lucilius* was brought to him, who with a bold countenance said *Antonius*, I dare assure thee, that no enemy hath taken or shall take *Marcus Brutus* alive: and I beseech God keepe him from that fortune: but wheresoever he be found, alive or dead, he will be found like himselfe: and touching my selfe, I am come unto thee, having deceived these men of armes making them beleve that I was *Brutus*, and do not refuse to suffer any torment thou wilt put me to. *Lucilius* words made them all amazed that heard him. *Antonius* on the other side, looking upon all them that had brought him, said unto them: My friends, I thinke ye are sorie you have failed of your purpose, and that you thinke this man hath done you great wrong: but I assure you, you have taken a better boote then the Lyon followed. For in stead of an enemy, you have brought me a friend: and for my part, if you had brought me *Brutus* alive, truly I can not tell what I should have done to him. For I had rather have such men as this my friends then mine enemies. Then he embraced *Lucilius*, and at that time delivered him to one of his friends in custodie: and *Lucilius* ever after served him faithfully, even to his death."

(5) SCENE V.—*Run on his sword, and dies.]* "Now the night is gone spent, *Brutus*, as he sat, bowed towards *Clitus*, one of his men, and told him somewhat in his earre: the other answered him not, but fell a weeping. Thereupon he proved *Dardanius*, and said somewhat also to him: at length he came to *Volumnius* his selfe, and, speaking to him in Greeke, prayed him, for the studies sake which brought them acquainted together,

that he would helpe him to put his hands to his sword, to thrust it in him & kill him. *Volumnius* denied his request, and so did many others; and amongst the rest, one of them said there was no tarrying for them there, but that they must needs fly. Then *Brutus*, rising up, we must flie it deepe, said he, but it must be with our hands, not with our feete. Then taking every man by the hand, he said these words unto them with a cheerefull countenance: It rejoiceth my hart that not one of my friends hath failed me at my neede, and I do not complaine of my fortune, but only for my countries sake: for, as for me, I thinke my selfe happier than they that have over come, considering that I have a perpetuall fame of our corage and manhoode, the which our enemies the conquerors shall never attaine unto by force nor money: neither can let their posteritie to say that they, being naughtie and unjust men, have slaine good men, to usurpe tyrannical power not pertaining to them. Having said so, he prayed every man to shift for themselves, and then he went a little aside with two or three only, among the which *Strato* was one, with whom he came first acquainted by the study of Rethoricke. He came as neere to him as he coude, and taking his sword by the hilts with both his hands, and falling down upon the point of it, ran himselfe through. Others say that not he but *Strato* (at his request) held the sword in his hand, and turned his head aside, and that *Brutus* fell downe upon it, and so raine himselfe through and dyed presently. *Messala*, that had bene *Brutus* great friend, became afterwards *Octavius Cesar's* friend. So, shortly after, *Cesar* being at good leisure, he brought *Strato*, *Brutus* friend, unto him, and weeping said—*Cesar*, behold, here is he that did the last service to my *Brutus*. *Cesar* welcomed him at that time, and afterwards he did him as faithfull service in all his affairs as any Greeke els he had about him, until the battell of *Actium*."

### (6) SCENE V.—*This was the noblest Roman of them all.]*

"But *Brutus* in contrary manner, for his vertue and valiantnesse, was well beloved of the people and his owne, esteemed of noblemen, and hated of no man, not so much as of his enemies; because he was a marvellous lowly and gentle person, noble minded, and would never be in any rage, nor carried away with pleasure and covetousnesse, but had ever an upright mind with him, and would never yeeld to any wrong or unjustice; the which was the chiefest cause of his fame, of his using, & of the goodwill that every man bare him: for they were all perswaded that his intent was good. For they did not certainly beleve, that if *Pompey* himselfe had overcome *Cesar*, he would have resigned his authority to the law, but rather they were of opinion, that he would still keepe the sovereignty and absolute government in his hands, taking onely, to please the people, the title of Consul, or Dictator, or of some other more civill office. And as for *Cassius*, a hote, cholericke, and cruell man, that would oftentimes be carried away from iustice for gaine, it was certainly thought that he made warre, and put himselfe into sundrie dangers, more to have absolute power and authoritie, then to defend the liberty of his country. For, they that will also consider others, that were older men then they, as *Cinna*, *Marinus*, & *Carbo*, it is out of doubt that the end & hope of their victorie, was to be the Lords of their country, and in manner they did all confesse, that they fought for the tyranny, and to be Lords of the Empire of *ROME*. And in contrary manner, his enemies themselves did never reprove *Brutus* for any such change or desire. For, it was said that *Antonius* spake it openly diverse times, that he thought, that of all them that had slaine *Cesar*, there was none but *Brutus* onely that was moved to do it, as thinking the act commendable of it selfe: but that all the other conspirators did conspire his death for some private malice or envie, that they otherwise did beare unto him."

## CRITICAL OPINIONS ON JULIUS CÆSAR

"THE piece of 'Julius Cæsar,' to complete the action, requires to be continued to the fall of Brutus and Cassius. Cæsar is not the hero of the piece, but Brutus. The amiable beauty of his character, his feeling and patriotic heroism, are portrayed with peculiar care. Yet the poet has pointed out with great nicety the superiority of Cassius over Brutus in independent volition and discernment in judging of human affairs; that the latter, from the purity of his mind, and his conscientious love of justice, is unfit to be the head of a party in a state entirely corrupted; and that these very faults give an unfortunate turn to the cause of the conspirators. In the part of Cæsar, several ostentatious speeches have been censured as unsuitable. But as he never appears in action, we have no other measure of his greatness than the impression which he makes upon the rest of the characters, and his peculiar confidence in himself. In this, Cæsar was by no means deficient, as we learn from history and his own writings; but he displayed it more in the easy ridicule of his enemies than in pompous discourses. The theatrical effect of this play is injured by a partial falling off of the last two acts, compared with the preceding, in external splendour and rapidity. The first appearance of Cæsar in festal robes, when the music stops, and all are silent whenever he opens his mouth, and when the few words which he utters are received as oracles, is truly magnificent; the conspiracy is a true conspiracy, which, in stolen interviews and in the dead of night, prepares the blow which is to be struck in open day, and which is to change the constitution of the world;—the confused thronging before the murder of Cæsar, the general agitation even of the perpetrators after the deed, are all portrayed with most masterly skill; with the funeral procession and the speech of Antony, the effect reaches its utmost height. Cæsar's shade is more powerful to avenge his fall than he himself was to guard against it. After the overthrow of the external splendour and greatness of the conqueror and ruler of the world, the intrinsic grandeur of character of Brutus and Cassius is all that remains to fill the stage and occupy the minds of the spectators: suitably to their name, as the last of the Romans, they stand there, in some degree alone; and the forming a great and hazardous determination is more powerfully calculated to excite our expectation, than the supporting the consequences of the deed with heroic firmness."—SCHLEGEL.







# MACBETH



# MACBETH.

"THE Tragedie of Macbeth" appears to have been first printed in the folio of 1623. The date of its composition is not determinable. Malone, from internal probabilities, satisfied himself that it must have been written not later than 1606: his chief grounds for this conviction being two passages in the Porter's soliloquy, Act II. Sc. 3:—"Here's a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty:" and, "Here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven." In the former passage he detects an allusion to the extreme cheapness of corn in 1606, as shown by the audit book of Eton College; the latter he maintains, with great ingenuity, to be a pointed reference to the doctrine of *equivocation* avowed by Henry Garnet, superior of the order of Jesuits, on his trial for the Gunpowder Treason, in the same year. But there is, perhaps, still stronger evidence for conjecturing this tragedy was produced very early in the reign of James I., in the apparent allusion to the union of the three kingdoms under that monarch in 1604, in the words,—

"—— Some I see  
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry."

The reference here can hardly be gainsaid, and it is certainly one not likely to have been introduced at a period at all remote from the event which it adumbrates. Still this is only surmise. The earliest tangible information regarding the chronology of "Macbeth" is that it was acted at the Globe Theatre, on the 20th of April, 1610: a fact derived from the interesting MS. Diary of Dr. Forman (*Mss. Ashmol. Oxon.*), which contains the following minute analysis of the plot:—

"In Macbeth, at the Globe, 1610, the 20th of April, Saturday, there was to be observed, first, how Macbeth and Banquo, two noblemen of Scotland, riding through a wood, there stood before them three women, Fairies, or Nymphs, and saluted Macbeth, saying three times unto him, Hail, Macbeth, King of Codor, for thou shalt be a King, but shalt beget no Kings, &c. Then, said Banquo, What! all to Macbeth and nothing to me? Yes, said the Nymphs, Hail to thee, Banquo; thou shalt beget Kings, yet be no King. And so they departed, and came to the court of Scotland, to Duncan King of Scots, and it was in the days of Edward the Confessor. And Duncan bade them both kindly welcome, and made Macbeth forthwith Prince of Northumberland; and sent him home to his own Castle, and appointed Macbeth to provide for him, for he would sup with him the next day at night, and did so.

"And Macbeth contrived\* to kill Duncan, and through the persuasion of his wife did that night murder the King in his own Castle, being his guest. And there were many prodigies seen that night and the day before. And when Macbeth had murdered the King, the blood on his hands could not be washed off by any means, nor from his wife's hands, which handled the bloody daggers in hiding them, by which means they became both much amazed and affrighted.

\* Plotted.

## PRELIMINARY NOTICE

“The murder being known, Duncan’s two sons fled, the one to England, [the other to] Wales, to save themselves: they, being fled, were supposed guilty of the murder of their father, which was nothing so.

“Then was Macbeth crowned King, and then he, for fear of Banquo, his old companion, that he should beget kings but be no king himself, he contrived \* the death of Banquo, and caused him to be murdered on the way that he rode. The night, being at supper with his noblemen, whom he had bid to a feast (to the which also Banquo should have come), he began to speak of noble Banquo, and to wish that he were there. And as he thus did, standing up to drink a carouse to him, the ghost of Banquo came and sat down in his chair behind him. And he, turning about to sit down again, saw the ghost of Banquo, which fronted him, so that he fell in a great passion of fear and fury, uttering many words about his murder, by which, when they heard that Banquo was murdered, they suspected Macbeth.

“Then Macduff fled to England, to the King’s son, and so they raised an army and came to Scotland, and at Dunston Anyse overthrow Macbeth. In the mean time, while Macduff was in England, Macbeth slew Macduff’s wife and children, and after, in the battle, Macduff slew Macbeth.

“Observe, also, how Macbeth’s queen did rise in the night in her sleep and walk, and talked and confessed all, and the doctor noted her words.”

The historical incidents of this great tragedy are contained in the *Scotorum Historiæ* of Boethius, first printed at Paris, in 1526, and afterwards translated by Bellenden into the Scottish dialect, and published in 1541. From the latter it was copied by Holinshed, and on that Chronicler’s relation of the story Shakespeare based his play. The opinion once prevalent, that some portion of the poet’s preternatural machinery was borrowed from Middleton’s “Witch,” has no longer supporters. “The Witch” is now generally thought to have been written about 1613. (See the *Illustrative Comments at the end of the Play.*)

\* Plotted

## Persons Represented.

DUNCAN, <i>King of Scotland</i>	YOUNG SIWARD, <i>Son to the Earl of Northumberland</i>
MALCOLM,	Son to Macduff.
DONALDIN, } <i>Sons to Duncan.</i>	SEYTON, <i>an Officer attending on the King</i>
MACBETH, <i>General of the King’s Army, afterwards King.</i>	An English Doctor.
BANQUO, <i>General of the King’s Army.</i>	A Scotch Doctor.
FLEANCE, <i>Son to Banquo</i>	A Soldier.
MACDUFF,	A Porter.
LENNOX,	An old Man.
ROSS, •	
MENTETH, } <i>Scottish Noblemen.</i>	LADY MACBETH, <i>afterwards Queen.</i>
ANGUS,	LADY MACDUFF.
CAITNESS,	Gentlewoman, <i>attending on the Queen</i>
SIWARD, <i>Earl of Northumberland, General of the English Forces.</i>	HECATE.
	Three Witches.
<i>Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers. The Ghost of Banquo, and other Apparitions.</i>	

SCENE,—*In the end of Act IV. in ENGLAND; through the rest of the Play. in SCOTLAND.*



## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open Place. Thunder and lightning.*

*Enter three Witches.*

1 WITCH. When shall we three meet again  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 WITCH. When the hurly-burly's<sup>a</sup> done,  
When the battle's lost and won.

3 WITCH. That will be ere the set of sun.

1 WITCH. Where the place?

<sup>a</sup> *When the hurly-burly's done.*—] The word "hurly-burly," explained by Henry Peacham in "The Garden of Eloquence," 1577, to signify *uprore and tumultuous stirre*, occurs in a much earlier work. More's *Utopia* translated by Ralph Robinson,

1551 —" Furthermore, if I should declare unto them, that all this busy preparation to war, whereby so many nations for his sake should be brought into a troublesome *hurly-burly*, when all his coffers were emptied, his treasures wasted, and his people destroyed "

2 WITCH. Upon the heath.

3 WITCH. There to meet with Macbeth.\*

1 WITCH. I come, Graymalkin!

ALL.<sup>b</sup> Paddock calls:—anon!—

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[Witches vanish.]

SCENE II.—*A Camp near Fortes. Alarum without.*

Enter KING DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.

KING. What bloody man is that? He can report, As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt The newest state.

MAL. This is the sergeant,<sup>c</sup> Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought 'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend! Say to the king the knowledge of the broil, As thou didst leave it.

CAP. Doubtful it stood; As two spent swimmers, that do cling together And choke their art. The merciless Macdonald (Worthy to be a rebel,—for, to that, The multiplying villainies of nature Do swarm upon him) from the western isles Of kernes and gallowglasses is supplied; And Fortune, on his damned quarrel<sup>d</sup> smiling, Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak: For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name) Disdaining Fortune, with his brandish'd steel, Which smok'd with bloody execution, Like valour's minion, Carv'd out his passage till he fac'd the slave; Which<sup>e</sup> no'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him, Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chops, And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

\* There to meet with Macbeth.] Pope, to remedy the defective verse, reads, "There I go to meet Macbeth;" Capell, "There to meet with great Macbeth;" and Steevens,—

"3 Hail There to meet with— Whom? 1 Which 3 Which, Macbeth."

<sup>b</sup> ALL. Paddock calls. &c.] The folio prints these lines as if spoken in chorus by the three witches; but the distribution commonly adopted by modern editors,—

"2 Witch Paddock calls:—anon— All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair, Hover through the fog and filthy air,"—

is certainly preferable. The dialogue throughout, with the exception of the two lines, "I come, Graymalkin!" and "Paddock calls—anon!"—was probably intended to be sung or chaunted.

<sup>c</sup> This is the sergeant.—] Sergeants were not formerly the non-commissioned officers now so called, but a guard specially appointed to attend the person of the king; and, as Minshew says, "to arrest Traytors or great men, that doe, or are like to contemne messengers of ordinarie condition, and to attend the Lord High Steward of England, sitting in judgement upon any Traytor, and such like."

<sup>d</sup> And Fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling, &c.] The old text has, "—damned Quarry," &c., but the fact that quarrel, a

KING. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

CAP. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break: So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,

Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark! No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd, Compell'd these skipping kernes to trust their heels, But the Norwegian lord, surveying vantage, With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men, Began a fresh assault.

KING. Dismay'd not this Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

CAP. Yes:

As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion. If I say sooth, I must report they were As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks; \* So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe: Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds, Or memorize another Golgotha, I cannot tell:—

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

KING. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;

They smack of honour both.—Go, get him surgeons. [Exit Captain, attended.]

Who comes here?

MAL. The worthy thane of Ross.

LEN. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look that seems<sup>b</sup> to speak things strange.

Enter Ross.\*

ROSS. God save the king!

KING. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

ROSS. From Fife, great king; Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky, And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,<sup>1</sup>

Assisted by that most disloyal traitor

(\*) Old text, Enter Ross and Angus.

most appropriate word, occurs in the corresponding passage of Holme's, is almost certain proof that the latter term is the genuine reading.—"Out of the western Isles there came unto him [Makluwald] a great multitude of people, offering themselves to assist him in that rebellious quarrell"—*History of Scotland*.

<sup>e</sup> Which ne'er shook hands, &c.] "Which" has been altered, and perhaps rightly, to *And*.

<sup>f</sup>—*direful thunders break*, &c.] The word *break* is wanting in the folio 1623, and was supplied by Pope out of the subsequent folios, which read, "breaking."

<sup>g</sup> *As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks*, &c.] Johnson interprets this, "cannon charged with double thunders," and observes truly that cracks was a word of such emphasis and dignity, that in this play the writer terms the general dissolution of nature the *crack of doom*.

<sup>h</sup>—*that seems to speak things strange*.] Johnson proposed, "that seems to speak things strange;" and Mr. Collier's annotator, with characteristic rapidity, "that comes to speak," &c.; but compare, Scene 5,—

"Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem To have thee crown'd withal."

<sup>i</sup>—*with terrible numbers*.—] Pope's transposition, "numbers terrible," is, prosodically, an improvement.



The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict ;  
Till that Bellona's bridegroom,<sup>a</sup> lapp'd in proof,<sup>b</sup>  
Confronted him with self-comparisons,  
Point, against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,  
Curbing his lavish spirit : and, to conclude,  
The victory fell on us.

KING. Great happiness !

Ross. That now

Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition ;  
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,  
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes'-inch,<sup>c</sup>  
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

KING. No more that thane of Cawdor shall  
deceive  
Our bosom interest.—Go, pronounce his present  
death,  
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross. I'll see it done.

KING. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath  
won. [Exeunt.]

### SCENE III.—A Heath. Thunder.

*Enter the three Witches.*

1 WITCH. Where hast thou been, sister ?

2 WITCH. Killing swine.

3 WITCH. Sister, where thou ?

1 WITCH. A sailor's wife had chestnuts' in her  
' lap,  
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd :—  
*Give me, quoth I :*

<sup>a</sup> — Bellona's bridegroom,—] By "Bellona's bridegroom" is meant, not Mars, as Stevens too hastily concluded, but the leader of the royal host, Macbeth.

<sup>b</sup> — proof,—] Armour.

<sup>c</sup> Saint Colmes'-inch,—] Inch or inae is Erse and Irish for island, and Colmes'-inch, now Inchcomb, is a small island in the Frith of Edinburgh, with an abbey upon it, dedicated to St. Columb. See note by Stevens ad i. in the Variorum edition.



*Aroint*\* thee, witch! the rump-fed ronyon cries.  
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the  
Tiger :<sup>b</sup>

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,(1)  
And, like a rat without a tail,  
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 WITCH. I'll give thee a wind.

1 WITCH. Thou art kind.

3 WITCH. And I another.

1 WITCH. I myself have all the other;  
And the very ports they blow,  
All the quarters that they know  
I' the shipman's card.

I will drain him dry as hay:  
Sleep shall neither night nor day  
Hang upon his pent-house lid;

He shall live a man forbid :<sup>c</sup>  
Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,  
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine :<sup>(2)</sup>  
Though his bark cannot be lost,  
Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.—  
Look what I have.

2 WITCH. Show me, show me.

1 WITCH. Here I have a pilot's thumb,  
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

[*Drum without.*]

3 WITCH. A drum, a drum!  
Macbeth doth come.

ALL. The weird<sup>d</sup> sisters, hand in hand,  
Posters of the sea and land,  
Thus do go about, about:  
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,  
And thrice again, to make up nine:—  
Peace!—the charm's wound up.

*Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.*

MACB. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

BAN. How far is't call'd to Forres? \*—What  
are these,  
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;  
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,  
And yet are on't? (3)—Live you? or are you aught

(\*) Old text, *Saris*.

\* *Aroint thee, witch!* It is strange that although the word "*aroint*," supposed to signify *away! away! beyond!* occurs again in Shakespeare, "*King Lear*," Act III. Sc. 4.—"*Aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!*" no example of its employment by any other writer has yet been discovered. From this circumstance it has been supposed by some commentators to be only a misprint for *aroint*, a term consistent enough with the vulgar belief which represents witches sailing through the air on their infernal missions by the aid of unguents. Others have ingeniously suggested that "*aroint thee*" may be a corruption of a *rowan-tree*, i.e. the mountain ash, a tree, time out of mind, believed to be of such sovereign efficacy against the spells of witchcraft, that any one armed with a slip of it may bid defiance to the machinations of a whole troop of evil spirits. We make no question, however, that "*aroint*" is the genuine word: it was not likely to be thrice misprinted. And besides, there is a North-country proverb, "*Ryn! ye witch! quoth Beaus Locket to her mother*," which seems to have been turned upon the exclamation in the text.

<sup>b</sup> Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger ] Sir W.

That man may question? You seem to understand me,

By each at once her chappy finger laying  
Upon her skinny lips.—You should be women,  
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret  
That you are so.

MACB. Speak, if you can:—what are you?

1 WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,  
thane of Glamis!

2 WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,  
thane of Cawdor!

3 WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be  
king hereafter.

BAN. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to  
fear

Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of  
truth,

Are ye fantastical,<sup>e</sup> or that indeed  
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner  
Yot greet with present grace, and great prediction.  
Of noble having and of royal hope,  
That he seems rapt withal:—to me you speak not.  
If you can look into the seeds of time,  
And say which grain will grow, and which will not  
Speak, then, to me, who neither beg nor fear  
Your favours nor your hate.

1 WITCH. Hail!

2 WITCH. Hail!

3 WITCH. Hail!

1 WITCH. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 WITCH. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 WITCH. Thou shalt get kings, though thou  
be none:

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

1 WITCH. Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

MACB. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me  
more:

By Sinel's death, I know I am thane of Glamis:  
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,  
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king  
Stands not within the prospect of belief,  
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence  
You owe this strange intelligence? or why  
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way

C Trevvyan has noted that in Hakluyt's *Voyages* there are several letters and journals of a voyage made to Aleppo in the ship *Tiger*, of London, in the year 1583.

<sup>c</sup> — [forbid.] *Forspoken, bewitched.*  
<sup>d</sup> *The weird sisters.*—] *Weird* (in the old text *wegward*) from the Saxon *wyrð=fatum*, signifies *prophetic*, or *fatal*. Hollinshed, whom Shakespeare follows, speaking of the witches who met Macbeth, says, "—But afterwards the common opinion was that these women were either the weird sisters, that is (as ye would say) the goddesses of destinie, or else some nymphes or fairies."

<sup>e</sup> — And yet your beards forbid me to interpret  
That you are so.]

Witches, according to the popular belief, were always bearded  
So, in "*The Honest Man's Fortune*," Act II. Sc. 1.—

"— and the women that  
Come to us, for disguises must wear beards;  
And that's, they say, a token of a witch."

<sup>f</sup> — fantastical,—] *Visiary: illustrations of the fantasy*



With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.

[Witches vanish.]

BAN. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd?

MACB. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal,  
melted  
As breath into the wind.—Would they had  
stay'd!

\* BAN. Were such things here as we do speak  
about?

Or have we eaten on the insane root,<sup>a</sup>  
That takes the reason prisoner?

MACB. Your children shall be kings.

BAN. You shall be king.

MACB. And thane of Cawdor too,—went it  
not so?

<sup>a</sup> — the insane root,—] Shakespeare is supposed to have found the name of this root in Batman's Commentary on Bartholome de Propriis. Barum:—"Hembane . . . is called *Insana*, mad, for the use thereof is perilous; for if it be eaten or drunk, it breedeth

madness, or slow liveness of sleep. Therefore this herb is called commonly *Mirridsum*, for it taketh away wit and reason.' —*I. ii.* xvii ch 87

BAN. To the self-same tune and words.—Who's here?

*Enter Ross and ANGUS.*

ROSS. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,

The news of thy success: and when he reads Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight, His wonders and his praises do contend, Which should be thine or his: silence with that, In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day, He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks, Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make, Strange images of death. As thick as tale<sup>a</sup> Came<sup>b</sup> post with post; and every one did bear Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence, And pour'd them down before him.

ANG. We are sent To give thee, from our royal master, thanks; Only to herald thee into his sight, Not pay thee.

ROSS. And, for an earnest of a greater honour, He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor: In which addition, hail, most worthy thane! For it is thine.

BAN. [*Aside.*] What! can the devil speak true?

MACB. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me

In borrow'd robes?

ANG. Who was the thane lives yet; But under heavy judgment bears that life Which he deserves to lose. When he was combin'd With those of Norway, or did line the rebel With hidden help and vantage, or that with both He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not; But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd, Have overthrow'n him.

MACB. [*Aside.*] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor! The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—Do you not hope your children shall be kings, When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me, Promis'd no less to them?

BAN. That, trusted home, Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,

Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 't is strange: And oftentimes, to win us to our harm, The instruments of darkness tell us truths; Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's In deepest consequence.—

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

MACB. [*Aside.*] Two truths are told, As happy prologues to the swelling act Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—

[*Aside.*] This supernatural soliciting Cannot be ill: cannot be good:—if ill, Why hath it given me earnest of success, Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor: If good, why do I yield to that suggestion<sup>b</sup> Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair, And make my seated heart knock at my ribs, Against the use of nature? Present fears Are less than horrible imaginings:

My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical, Shakes so my single<sup>c</sup> state of man, that function Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is But what is not.

BAN. Look, how our partner's rapt.

MACB. [*Aside.*] If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me, Without my stir.

BAN. New honours come upon him, Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould

But with the aid of use.

MACB. [*Aside.*] Come what come may, Time and the hour<sup>d</sup> runs through the roughest day.

BAN. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

MACB. Give me your favour:— My dull brain was wrought with things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains are register'd Where every day I turn the leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.—

Think upon what hath chane'd; and, at more time,

The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak Our free hearts each to other.

BAN. Very gladly.

MACB. Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

(\*) Old text, *Can*. Corrected by Rowe.

<sup>a</sup> — *as thick as tale*.— That is—*as rapid as counting*. Rowe most unwarrantably changed "*tail*" to "*tail*," and this alteration has been adopted by many editors, for no other reason, it would appear, than that the former simile was unusual, and the latter commonplace.

<sup>b</sup> — suggestion.— *Temptation*.  
<sup>c</sup> — *my single state of man*.—"Single" here bears the sense of *weak*, "*my feeble government* (or *body-politic*) of man. Shakespeare's influence of thought and language is so unbounded that he rarely repeats himself, but there is a remarkable affinity both in idea and expression between the present passage and one in Act II. Sc. 1, of "*Julius Caesar*,"—

"Between the acting of a dreadful thing  
And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a paanasma, or a hideous dream  
The Genius and the mortal instruments  
Are then in council, and the state of man,  
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then  
The nature of an insurrection."

<sup>d</sup> Time and the hour.— Examples of this phrase may readily be found in the early writers of England. Mr. Dyce has shown that it was familiar also to those of Italy:—

"Fermisi in un momento il tempo e l'ora."  
*Michelagnolo*.—*Son.* xix.

"Aspettar vuol ch' occasione gli dia,  
Come dar gli potrebbe, il tempo e l'ora."  
*Dolce*.—*Prime Impresse del Conte Orlando*,  
c. xvii. p. 145, ed. 1572.

SCENE IV.—Forres. *A room in the Palace.*

*Flourish. Enter KING DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALDRAIN, LENNOX, and Attendants.*

KING. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are<sup>a</sup> not Those in commission yet return'd?

MAL. My liege, They are not yet come back. But I have spoke With one that saw him die: who did report, That very frankly he confess'd his treasons; Implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth A deep repentance: nothing in his life Became him like the leaving it; he died As one that had been studied in his death, To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd, As 't were a careless trifle.<sup>b</sup>

KING. There's no art To find the mind's construction in the face: He was a gentleman on whom I built An absolute trust.—

*Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, and ANGUS.*

O, worthiest cousin! The sin of my ingratitude even now Was heavy on me: thou art so far before, That swiftest wing of recompense is slow To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserv'd; That the proportion both of thanks and payment Might have been mine!<sup>c</sup> only I have left to say, More is thy due than more than all can pay.

MACB. The service and the loyalty I owe, In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part Is to receive our duties: and our duties Are, to your throne and state, children and servants: Which do but what they should, by doing every- thing Safe toward your love and honour.

KING. Welcome hither: I have begun to plant thee, and will labour To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo, That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known No less to have done so: let me infold thee, And hold thee to my heart.

<sup>a</sup> — Are not—] So the second folio; that of 1623 has, "Or not," &c.

<sup>b</sup> As 't were a careless trifle.] "The behaviour of the thane of Cawdor corresponds in almost every circumstance with that of the unfortunate Earl of Essex, as related by Stowe, p. 793. His asking the Queen's forgiveness, his confession, repentance, and concern about behaving with propriety on the scaffold, are minutely described by that historian. Such an allusion could not fail of having the desired effect on an audience, many of whom were eye-witnesses to the severity of that justice which deprived the age of one of its greatest ornaments, and Southampton, Shakespeare's patron, of his dearest friend."—BRANDES.

— Would thou hadst less deserv'd; That the proportion both of thanks and payment Might have been mine!]

BAN.

The harvest is your own

There if I grow,

KING.

My plenteous joys, Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes, And you whose places are the nearest, know, We will establish our estate upon Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter The prince of Cumberland: (4) which honour must Not, unaccompanied, invest him only, But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine On all deservors.—From hence to Inverness, And bind us further to you.

MACB. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:

I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful The hearing of my wife with your approach; So, humbly take my leave.

KING.

My worthy Cawdor!

MACB. [*Aside.*] The prince of Cumberland!— that is a step

On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires! Let not light see my black and deep desires: The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be, Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see!

[*Exit.*]

KING. True, worthy Banquo,—he is full so valiant; And in his commendations I am fed,—<sup>5</sup> It is a banquet to me. Let's after him, Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome: It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exit.*]

SCENE V.—Inverness. *A Room in Macbeth's Castle.*

*Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter.*

LADY M. They met me in the day of success;<sup>6</sup> and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives<sup>7</sup> from the king, who all-hailed me, Thane

For "mine," which no one can for a moment doubt to be a corruption, we would suggest that the poet wrote *mean*, i. e. *equivalent*, just, and the like; the sense then being,—That the proportion both of thanks and payment might have been equal to your deserts.

<sup>d</sup> — in the day of success.] In this place, as in Scene 3 of the present Act,—

"The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth, The news of thy success,"—

Shakespeare employs *success* in the sense it bears at this day; but its ordinary signification, when unaccompanied by an adjective of quality, was, as we have before said, *event*, *issue*, &c.

<sup>e</sup> missives—] *Messengers.*



of Cawdor, by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with Hail, king that shalt be! This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be  
What thou art promis'd:—yet do I fear thy  
nature;

It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,  
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;  
Art not without ambition; but without

The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst  
highly,

That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false.  
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'ldst have,  
great Glamis,

That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou  
have it;*

And that which rather thou dost fear to do,  
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;  
And chastise with the valour of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
Which fate and metaphysical<sup>a</sup> aid doth seem  
To have thee crown'd withal.—

<sup>a</sup> — metaphysical aid — } *Supernatural aid*

*Enter an Attendant.*

What is your tidings?

ATTEND. The king comes here to-night.

LADY M. Thou'rt mad to say it!—  
Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,  
Would have inform'd for preparation.

ATTEND. So please you, it is true:—our thane  
is coming:

One of my fellows had the speed of him;  
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more  
Than would make up his message.

LADY M. Give him tending.  
He brings great news. *[Exit Attendant.]*

The raven himself is hoarse  
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements.\* Come, you spirits  
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;  
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full  
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,  
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;  
That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between  
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,  
And take my milk for gall, you murdering min-  
isters,

Wherever in your sightless substances  
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,  
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;  
Nor heaven peep through the blanket<sup>b</sup> of the dark,  
To cry, *Hold, hold!*—

*Enter MACBETH.*

Great Glamis, worthy Cawdor!  
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!  
Thy letters have transported me beyond  
This ignorant present,<sup>c</sup> and I feel now  
The future in the instant.

MACB. My dearest love,  
Duncan comes here to-night.

LADY M. And when goes hence?

MACB. To-morrow,—as he purposes.

LADY M. O, never  
Shall sun that morrow see!  
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men

May read strange matters:—to beguile the time,  
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,  
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent  
flower,

But be the serpent under it. He that's coming  
Must be provided for: and you shall put  
This night's great business into my dispatch;  
Which shall to all our nights and days to come  
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

MACB. We will speak further.

LADY M. Only look up clear;  
To alter favour ever is to fear:  
Leave all the rest to me. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI.—*The same. Before the Castle.*

*Hautboys. Servants of MACBETH attending. Enter*  
KING DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALDIN, BAN-  
QUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, and  
Attendants.

KING. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air  
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentle senses.

BAN. This guest of summer,  
The temple-haunting martlet,<sup>d</sup> does approve,  
By his lov'd mansionry,<sup>e</sup> that the heaven's breath  
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,  
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird  
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:  
Where they most breed and haunt, I have  
observ'd,

The air is delicate<sup>(f)</sup>

KING. See, see! our honour'd hostess!—

*Enter LADY MACBETH.*

The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,  
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,  
How you shall bid God yield us for your pains,  
And thank us for your trouble.

LADY M. All our service  
In every point twice done, and then done double,  
Were poor and single business to contend  
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith  
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,

(\*) Old text, *Barlet.*

(†) Old text, *must.*

they to the following from Act III Sc 1, of Middleton's 'Blurt Master Constable'?

"Blest night, wrap Cynthia in a sable sheet."

<sup>c</sup> — Ignorant present,—] Even this fine expression has undergone mutation, some editors actually printing,—

"Ignorant present time."!!

<sup>d</sup> By his lov'd mansionry,—] Looking to the context,—'his pendent bed and procreant cradle,' should we not read, *love-mansionry*?

\* — the raven himself is hoarse, &c.] "The messenger, says the servant, had hardly breath to make up his message; to which the lady answers mentally, that he may well want breath, such a message would add hoarseness to the raven. That even the bird, whose harsh voice is accustomed to predict calamities, could not croak the entrance of Duncan, but in a note of unwonted harshness."—JONSON

<sup>b</sup> Nor heavens peep through the blanket of the dark, &c.] Mr. Collier's annotator substitutes *blankness* for the familiar "blanket" of the text; and Mr. Collier is initiated enough to applaud this miserable perversion of the poet's language. If "blanket" is a word too coarse for the delicacy of these commentators, what say

And the late dignities heap'd up to them,  
We rest your hermits.\*

KING. Where 's the thane of Cawdor?  
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose  
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;  
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath hold him  
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,  
We are your guest to-night.

LADY M. Your servants ever  
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in  
compt,<sup>b</sup>

To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,  
Still to return your own.

KING. Give me your hand:  
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,  
And shall continue our graces towards him.  
By your leave, hostess. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—*The same. A Room in the Castle.*

*Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then enter MACBETH.*

MACB. If it were done when 't is done, then  
't were well  
It were done quickly: if the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,  
With his surcasso, success;<sup>c</sup> that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal<sup>d</sup> of time,—  
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases,  
We still have judgment here; that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
To plague the inventor: this<sup>e</sup> even-handed justice  
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:  
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,  
Who should against his murderer shut the door,

Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off;  
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd  
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my Intent, but only  
Vaulting Ambition, which o'erleaps itself,  
And falls on the other.—<sup>f</sup>

*Enter LADY MACBETH.*

How now! what news?

LADY M. He has almost supp'd. Why have  
you left the chamber?

MACB. Hath he ask'd for me?

LADY M. Know you not he has?

MACB. We will proceed no further in this  
business:

He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought  
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,  
Not cast aside so soon.

LADY M. Was the hope drunk  
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?  
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
At what it did so freely? From this time,  
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid  
To be the same in thine own act and valour,  
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that  
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
And live a coward in thine own esteem;  
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,  
Like the poor cat i' the adage.<sup>g</sup>

MACB. Pr'ythee, peace:  
I dare do all that may become a man;  
Who dares do<sup>h</sup> more, is none.

LADY M. What beast<sup>i</sup> was 't then,

(\*) Old text, *Schools*, corrected by Theobald.

a — hermits.] *Benedictines*, bound to pray for your welfare.

b — in compt.—] *In trust*; to be accounted for.

c — and catch,  
With his surcasso, success;]

The obscurity which critics lament in this famous passage is due to themselves. If, instead of taking "success" in its modern sense of *prosperity*, they had understood it according to its usual acceptation in Shakespeare's day, as *sequel*, what follows, &c., they must have perceived at once that to "catch, with his surcasso, success," is no more than an enforcement of "trammel up the consequence." The meaning obviously being,—if the assassination were an absolutely final act, and could shut up all consecution, "—be the be-all and the end-all" even of this life<sup>d</sup> only,—we would run the hazard of a future state.

d — this even-handed justice.—] Mason suggested that we might more advantageously read,—*Thus even-handed justice.*

e — I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my Intent, but only  
Vaulting Ambition, which o'erleaps itself  
And falls on the other.—]

(\*) Old text, *no*.

Malone's exposition of this troublesome passage is as follows,—*"I apprehend that there is not here one long-drawn metaphor, but two distinct ones; I have no spur to prick the sides of my intent: I have nothing to stimulate me to the execution of my purpose but ambition, which is apt to overreach itself; this he expresses by the second image, of a person meaning to vault into his saddle, who, by taking too great a leap, will fall on the other side."* This does not assist us much; still less does the fanciful suggestion to read for "itself" *its self*, &c. its saddle. The only resolution of the enigma which presents itself to our mind is to suppose *Intent* and *Ambition* are represented in Macbeth's disordered imagination by two steeds, the one lacking all incentive to motion, the other so impulsive that it overreaches itself and falls on its companion.

f Like the poor cat i' the adage.] *Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas*; or, as it is rendered in Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1668,—*"The cat would eat fish, and would not wet her feet."*

g What beast was't then, &c.] As Mr. Collier, in reference to critical opinion, has rejected from his latest edition of the poet the reposititious substitution *beast* for "beast" in this line, we are pained the necessity of citing a host of passages collected for the purpose of substantiating the original reading.

That made you break this enterprise to me ?  
 When you durst do it, then you were a man ;  
 And, to be more than what you were, you would  
 Be so much more the man. Ngr time nor place  
 Did then adhere, and yet you would make both :  
 They have made themselves, and that their fitness  
 now

Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know  
 How tender 't is to love the babe that milks me ;  
 I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
 Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,  
 And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn  
 As you have done to this.

MACB. If we should fail ?

LADY M. We fail !  
 But screw your courage to the sticking place,\*  
 And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,  
 (Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey  
 Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains  
 Will I with wine and wassail so convince,<sup>b</sup>  
 That memory, the warder of the brain,

Shall be a fume, and the receipt<sup>c</sup> of reason  
 A limbeck only : when in swinish sleep  
 Their drenched natures lie as in a death,  
 What cannot you and I perform upon  
 The unguarded Duncan ? what not put upon  
 His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt  
 Of our great quell ?

MACB. Bring forth mon-children only !  
 For thy undaunted mettle should compose  
 Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,  
 When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two  
 Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,  
 That they have done 't ?

LADY M. Who dares receive it other,  
 As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar  
 Upon his death ?

MACB. I am settled, and bend up  
 Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.  
 Away, and mock the time with fairest show :  
 False face must hide what the false heart doth  
 know ! [Exeunt.]

\* — the sticking place,—] The abiding place,—

" Which flower out of my hand shall never passe,  
 But in my heart shall have a sticking place."

The Gorgon's Gallery of Gallant Inventions.

The metaphor may have been taken from the screwing up the  
 chords of a musical instrument.

b — so convince,—] So subdue or overpower

c — receipt of reason—] Receptacle of reason.







## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—Inverness. Court of Macbeth's Castle.

*Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, with a torch.*

BAN. How goes the night, boy?

FLE. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

BAN. And she goes down at twelve.

FLE. I take 't, 't is later, sir.

BAN. Hold, take my sword:—there's husbandry in heaven,

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.—

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,—

And yet I would not sleep:—Merciful powers,

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature

Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword,—

Who's there?

*Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.*

MACB. A friend.

BAN. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:

He hath been in unusual pleasure,  
And sent forth great largess to your officers:—  
This diamond he greets your wife withal,  
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up  
In measureless content.\*

MACB. Being unprepar'd,  
Our will became the servant to defect;  
Which else should free have wrought.

BAN. All's well.—  
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:  
To you they have show'd some truth.

MACB. I think not of them;  
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,  
We would spend it in some words upon that  
business,

If you would grant the time.

BAN. At your kind'st leisure.

MACB. If you shall cleave to my consent,—  
when 't is,

It shall make honour for you.<sup>b</sup>

BAN. So I lose none,  
In seeking to augment it, but still keep

\* — and shut up  
in measureless content.]

<sup>b</sup> *Step up, meant finished, concluded.*

<sup>c</sup> If you shall cleave to my consent,—when 't is  
it shall make honour for you.]

(\*) Old text, *offices.*

This passage, we apprehend, has suffered some mutilation or corruption since it left the poet's hands. It seems impracticable to obtain a consistent meaning from the lines as they now stand

My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,  
I shall be counsell'd.

MACB. Good repose, the while!

BAN. Thanks, sir; the like to you.  
[*Exit BANQUO and FLEANCE.*]

MACB. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready.

She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.—  
[*Exit Servant.*]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:—

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;  
And such an instrument I was to use.—  
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,  
Or else worth all the rest:—I see thee still;  
And on thy blade and dudgeon<sup>a</sup> gouts of blood,  
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing;  
It is the bloody business which informs  
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one-half world  
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
The curtain'd sleep;<sup>b</sup> Witchcraft celebrates  
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd Murder,  
Alarm'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,  
With Tarquin's ravishing strides,<sup>c</sup> towards his design

Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,  
And take the present horror from the time,  
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives:  
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A bell is struck.*]

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.  
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell  
That summons thee to heaven or to hell! [*Exit.*]

Enter LADY MACBETH.

LADY M. That which hath made them drunk,  
hath made me bold:  
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire.—

(\*) Old text, *source*.

(†) Old text, *which they may*.

<sup>a</sup> — dudgeon.—] The wooden *haft* or *handle* of a dagger.

<sup>b</sup> The curtain'd sleep; Witchcraft celebrates, &c.] To perfect the measure, D'Avenant reads, "—now witchcraft celebrates," &c.; but Steevens' emendation, "The curtain'd sleeper;" &c. is more generally adopted.

<sup>c</sup> With Tarquin's ravishing strides.—] It is painful to reflect, that, with the exception of "Pericles," and "All's Well that Ends

Hark!—Peace! It is the owl that shriek'd,  
The fatal bellman, who tells the stern'st good-night.—

He is about it: The doors are open;  
And the surfeited grooms do mock their charge  
with snores:

I have drugg'd their possets,  
That death and nature do contend about them,  
Whether they live or die.

MACB. [*Within.*] Who's there?—what, ho!

LADY M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,  
And 't is not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,  
Confounds us.—Hark!—I laid their daggers  
ready;

He could not miss 'em.—Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I had done 't—My husband!

Re-enter MACBETH.

MACB. I have done the deed.—Didst thou not  
hear a noise?

LADY M. I heard the owl scream and the  
crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

MACB. When?

LADY M. Now.

MACB. As I descended?

LADY M. Ay.

MACB. Hark!—

Who lies i' the second chamber?

LADY M. Donalbain.

MACB. This is a sorry sight.

[*Looking on his hands.*]

LADY M. A foolish thought, to say a *sorry sight*.

MACB. There's one did laugh in 's sleep,  
And one cried, *Murder!* that they did wake each  
other;

I stood and heard them: but they did say their  
prayers,

And address'd them again to sleep.

LADY M. There are two lodg'd together.

MACB. One cried, *God bless us!* and *Amen*,  
the other;

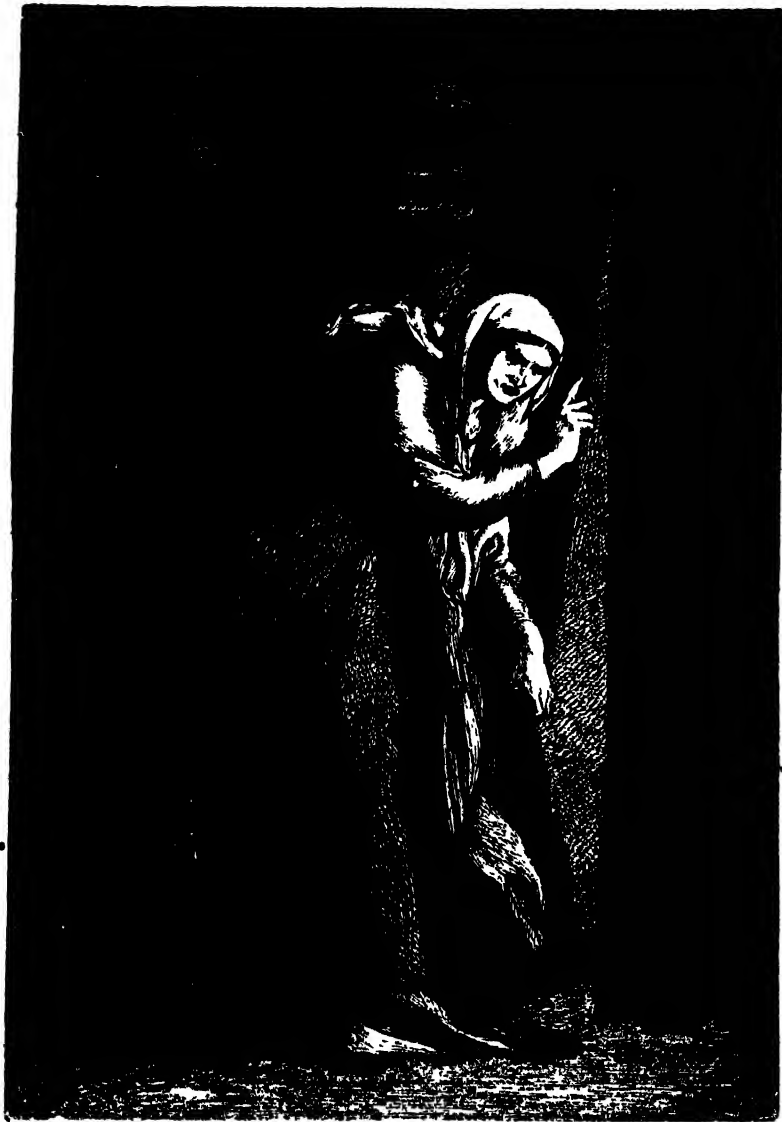
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.  
Listening their fear, I could not say, *Amen*,  
When they did say, *God bless us*.

LADY M. Consider it not so deeply.

MACB. But wherefore could not I pronounce  
*Amen?*

I had most need of blessing, and *Amen*  
Stuck in my throat.

Well," this sublime drama is more carelessly printed in the only old edition of it we possess, than any other in the collection; there are probably not thirty consecutive lines throughout which have come down to us as the poet wrote them. In the line above, the folio reads *sides*, and this, which was corrected by Pope, it may be suspected is not the only error. "Tarquin's ravishing strides," reads very like a transposition of "Ravishing Tarquin's strides."



LADY M. These deeds must not be thought  
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

MACB. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep  
no more!*

*Macbeth does murder sleep!*—the innocent sleep;  
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve\* of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

\* — sleeve— ] Unwrought silk, *flou* silk.

LADY M. What do you mean?

MACB. Still it cried, *Sleep no more!* to all the  
house:

*Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor  
Shall sleep no more,—Macbeth shall sleep no more!*

LADY M. Who was it that thus cried? Why,  
worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think  
So brainsickly of things.—Go, get some water,  
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—



Why did you bring these daggers from the place?  
They must lie there: go carry them; and smear  
The sleepy grooms with blood.

**MACB.** I'll go no more:  
I am afraid to think what I have done;  
Look on't again I dare not.

**LADY M.** Infirm of purpose!  
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead  
Are but as pictures: 't is the eye of childhood  
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,

I'll gild the acce of the grooms withal;  
For it must seem their guilt.

*[Exit. Knocking without.]*  
• **MACB.** • Whence is that knocking?  
How is 't with me, when every noise appals me?  
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine  
eyes!

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will  
rather

'The multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
Making the green—one red.

*Re-enter LADY MACBETH.*

LADY M. My hands are of your colour; but I  
shame

'To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking without.*]

I hear a knocking

At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:

A little water clears us of this deed:

How easy is it then! Your constancy

Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking without.*]

Hark! more knocking:

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,

And show us to be watchers:—be not lost

So poorly in your thoughts.

MACB. To know my deed, 't were best not know  
myself. [*Knocking without.*]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! Ay, would thou  
couldst! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Hall in the Castle.*

• *Enter a Porter. [Knocking without.*

PORTER. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man  
were porter of hell-gate, he should have old  
turning the key. [*Knocking without.*] Knock,  
knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of  
Beelzebub?—*Here's a farmer, that hanged himself  
on the expectation of plenty.*—Come in, Time;<sup>a</sup>  
I have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat  
for't. [*Knocking without.*] Knock, knock!  
Who's there, i' the other devil's name?—*Faith,  
here's an equivocator, that could swear in both  
the scales against either scale: who committed  
treason enough for God's sake, yet could not  
equivocate to heaven.*—O, come in, Equivocator.  
[*Knocking without.*] Knock, knock, knock!  
Who's there?—*Faith, here's an English tailor  
come hither, for stealing out of a French hose.*—  
Come in, Tailor: here you may roast your goose.  
[*Knocking without.*] Knock, knock! never at  
quiet! What are you?—But this place is too  
cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I  
had thought to have let in some of all professions,  
that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.  
[*Knocking without.*] Anon, anon! I pray you,  
remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*

*Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX.*

MACD. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to  
bed,

That you do lie so late?

PORT. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the  
second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker  
of three things.

MACD. What three things does drink especially  
provoke?

PORT. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and  
urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes:  
it provokes the desire, but it takes away the  
performance: therefore, much drink may be said  
to be an equivocator with Lechery: it makes him,  
and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes  
him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him;  
makes him stand to, and not stand to; in con-  
clusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving  
him the lie, leaves him.

MACD. I believe drink gave thee the lie last  
night.

PORT. That it did, sir, i' the very throat on  
me: but I requited him for his lie; and, I think,  
being too strong for him, though he took up my  
legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

MACD. Is thy master stirring?—  
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

*Enter MACBETH.*

LEN. Good morrow, noble sir!

MACB. Good morrow, both.

MACD. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

MACB. Not yet.

MACD. He did command me to call timely on  
him;

I have almost slipp'd the hour.

MACB. I'll bring you to him.

MACD. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;  
But yet 't is one.

MACB. The labour we delight in physics pain.  
This is the door.

MACD. I'll make so bold to call,  
For 't is my limited<sup>b</sup> service. [*Exit.*]

LEN. Goes the king hence to-day?

MACB. He does:—he did appoint so.

LEN. The night has been unruly: where we lay,  
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,  
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of  
death;

And prophesying, with accents terrible,

<sup>a</sup> Come in, Time.] The editors concur in printing this, "Come  
in time," but what meaning they attach to it none has yet ex-  
plained! As we have subsequently, "Come in, Equivocator."

and "Come in, Tailor." "Time" is probably intended as a whor-  
ical appellation for the "farmer that hanged himself."

<sup>b</sup> limited—] Appointed



Of dire combustion and confus'd events,  
New hatch'd to the woeful time.  
The obscure bird clamour'd the live-long night :  
Some say, the earth was feverous and did shake.

MACB. 'Twas a rough night.

LEN. My young remembrance cannot parallel  
A fellow to it.

*Re-enter MACDUFF*

MACD. O, horror! horror! horror!  
Tongue nor heart cannot conceive nor name thee!

MACB., LEN. What's the matter?

MACD. Confusion now hath made his master-  
piece!

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
The life o' the building!

MACB. What is 't you say? *the life?*

LEN. Mean you his majesty?

MACD. Approach the chamber, and destroy  
your sight

With a new Gorgon:—do not bid me speak;  
See, and then speak yourselves.—

[*Exeunt MACBETH and LENNOX.*

Awake! awake!—

Ring the alarum-bell.—Murder and treason!—  
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!  
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,  
And look on death itself!—up, up, and see  
The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo!  
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,  
To countenance this horror! Ring the bell.

[*Alarum-bell rings.*

*Enter LADY MACBETH.*

LADY M. What's the business,  
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley  
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

MACD. O, gentle lady,  
'T is not for you to hear what I can speak:  
The repetition, in a woman's ear,  
Would murder as it fell.—

*Enter BANQUO.*

O, Banquo! Banquo! our royal master's mur-  
der'd!

LADY M. Woe, alas! what, in our house?

BAN. Too cruel anywhere

Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,  
And say it is not so.

*Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX.*

MACB. Had I but died an hour before this chance,  
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,  
There's nothing serious in mortality:  
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;  
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
Is left this vault to brag of.

*Enter MALCOLM and DONALDIN.*

DON. What is amiss?

MACB. You are, and do not know't:  
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood  
Is stopp'd,—the very source of it is stopp'd.

MACB. Your royal father's murder'd.

MAL. O, by whom?

LEN. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had  
done't:

Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood;  
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found  
Upon their pillows: they star'd, and were dis-  
tracted;

No man's life was to be trusted with them.

MACB. O, yet, I do repent me of my fury,  
That I did kill them.

MACB. Wherefore did you so?

MACB. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate  
and furious,

Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:

The expedition of my violent love

Outrun the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,

His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature

For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,

Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers

Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain

That had a heart to love, and in that heart

Courage to make 's love known?

LADY M. Help me hence, ho!

MACB. Look to the lady.

MAL. [*Aside to DON.*] Why do we hold our  
tongues,

That most may claim this argument for ours?

DON. [*Aside to MAL.*] What should be spoken  
here,

Where our fate, hid in an auger-hole,

May rush and seize us? Let's away;

Our tears are not yet brew'd.

MAL. [*Aside to DON.*] Nor our strong sorrow  
Upon the foot of motion.

DON. Look to the lady:—

[LADY MACBETH is carried out.]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,  
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,  
And question this most bloody piece of work,  
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:  
In the great hand of God I stand; and thence  
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight  
Of treasonous malice!

MACD. And so do I!

ALL. So all!

MACB. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,  
And meet i' the hall together.

ALL. Well contented.

[*Exeunt all except MALCOLM and DONALDIN.*]

MAL. What will you do? Let's not consort  
with them:

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office  
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

DON. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune  
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,  
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in  
blood,

The nearer bloody.

MAL. This murderous shaft that's shot  
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way  
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;  
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,  
But shift away: there's warrant in that theft  
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. Without the Castle.*

*Enter Ross and an Old Man.*

OLD M. Threescore and ten I can remember  
well:

Within the volume of which time, I have seen  
Hours dreadful and things strange; but this sore  
night

Hath trifled former knowings.

ROSS. Ah, good father,  
Thou seest the heavens, as troubled with man's  
act,

Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 't is day,  
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:  
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,  
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,  
When living light should kiss it?

OLD M. 'T is unnatural,  
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,  
A falcon, touring in her pride of place,<sup>a</sup>  
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

<sup>a</sup> A falcon, touring in her pride of place,—] That is, *circling at her highest point of elevation*. So in Massinger's play of "The Guardian," Act I. Sc. 2,—

"Then, for an evening flight,

A tiercel gentle, which I call, my masters,  
As he were sent a messenger to the moon,  
In such a place flies, as he seems to say,  
See me or see me not!"

See also note (1), p. 333, Vol. I.

ROSS. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most strange and certain)  
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,  
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,  
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would  
Make war with mankind.

OLD M. 'Tis said they eat each other.<sup>(1)</sup>

ROSS. They did so,—to the amazement of mine  
That look'd upon 't.—Here comes the good Mac-  
duff.—

*Enter MACDUFF.*

How goes the world, sir, now?

MACD. Why, see you not?

ROSS. Is't known who did this more than  
bloody deed?

MACD. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

ROSS. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

MACD. They were suborn'd:

Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,

Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them  
Suspicion of the deed.

ROSS. 'Gainst nature still:

Thrifless ambition, that wilt ravin up  
Thine own life's means!—Then 't is most like  
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.\*

MACD. He is already nam'd; and gone to  
Scone<sup>(2)</sup>

To be invested.

ROSS. Where is Duncan's body?

MACD. Carried to Colme-kill;<sup>(3)</sup>

The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,  
And guardian of their bones.

ROSS. Will you to Scone?

MACD. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

ROSS. Well, I will thither.

MACD. Well, may you see things well done  
there,—adieu,—

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

ROSS. Farewell, father.

OLD M. God's benison go with you, and with  
those

That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!  
[*Exeunt.*]

\* Then 'tis most like  
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.]  
Macbeth by his birth stood next in succession to the crown after

the sons of Duncan—King Malcolm, Duncan's predecessor, had  
two daughters, the eldest of whom, Beatrice, was the mother of  
Duncan, the younger, called Doda, the mother of Macbeth.







## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—Fores. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter BANQUO.*

BAN. Thou hast it now,—king, Cawder, Glamis, all,

As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,  
Thou play'st most foully for't: yet it was said  
It should not stand in thy posterity;  
But that myself should be the root and father  
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,  
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine)  
Why, by the verities on thee made good,  
May they not be my oracles as well,  
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

*Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as King,  
LADY MACBETH, as Queen; LENNOX, ROSS,  
Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.*

K. MACB. Here's our chief guest.

QUEEN. If he had been forgotten,  
It had been as a gap in our great feast,  
And all-thing\* unbecoming.

K. MACB. To-night we hold a solemn supper,  
sir,

And I'll request your presence.

BAN. Let<sup>b</sup> your highness  
Command upon me; to the which my duties

\* — all thing — Every way

<sup>b</sup> — Let your highness  
Command upon me.]

It has been changed to, "Lay your highness" &c., and "Set

your highness," &c. D'Avenant, in his alteration of the play reads,—

' Your Majesty lays your command on me,  
To which my duty is to obey "

Are with a most indissoluble tie  
For ever knit.

K. MACB. Ride you this afternoon?

BAN. Ay, my good lord.

K. MACB. We should<sup>a</sup> have else desir'd your  
good advice

(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)  
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.  
Is't far you ride?

BAN. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time  
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,  
I must become a borrower of the night  
For a dark hour or twain.

K. MACB. Fail not our feast.

BAN. My lord, I will not.

K. MACB. We hear, our bloody cousins are  
bestow'd

In England and in Ireland; not confessing  
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers  
With strange invention,—but of that to-morrow;  
When therewithal, we shall have cause of state,  
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse! adieu,  
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

BAN. Ay, my good lord: our time does call  
upon 's.

K. MACB. I wish your horses swift and sure  
of foot;

And so do I commend you to their backs.

Farewell. [Exit BANQUO.]

Let every man be master of his time  
Till seven at night; to make society  
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself  
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with  
you!

[Exit QUEEN, Lords, Ladies, &c.]  
Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men our  
pleasure?

ATTEND. They are, my lord, without the palace  
gate.

K. MACB. Bring them before us.—

[Exit Attendant.]

To be thus is nothing,  
But to be safely thus.<sup>a</sup> Our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature<sup>b</sup>  
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 't is much he  
dares;

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,  
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour  
To act in safety. There is none but he  
Whose being I do fear: and under him  
My Genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,  
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,

<sup>a</sup> To be thus is nothing,

But to be safely thus.]

To be a king is nothing, unless to be safely one. This is out of doubt the meaning of the poet; but the modern punctuation,—

"To be thus is nothing,

But to be safely thus:—"

renders the passage quite incomprehensible.

When first they put the name of king upon me,  
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,  
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:  
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,  
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,  
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,  
No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,  
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;  
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd:  
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace,  
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel  
Given to the common enemy of man,  
To make them kings, the seed<sup>c</sup> of Banquo kings!  
Rather than so, come, Fate, into the list,  
And champion me to the utterance!<sup>d</sup>—Who's  
there?—

*Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.*

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[Exit Attendant.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1 MUR. It was, so please your highness.

K. MACB. Well then, now  
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know  
That it was he, in the times past, which held you  
So under fortune; which you thought had been  
Our innocent self: this I made good to you  
In our last conference, pass'd in probation with  
you;

How you were borne in hand,<sup>e</sup> how cross'd, the  
instruments,  
Who wrought with them, and all things else that  
might

To half a soul and to a notion craz'd

Say, *Thus did Banquo.*

1 MUR. You made it known to us.

K. MACB. I did so: and went further, which  
is now

Our point of second meeting. Do you find  
Your patience so predominant in your nature,  
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd,  
To pray for this good man and for his issue,  
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,  
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 MUR. We are men, my liege.

K. MACB. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for  
men;  
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels,  
curs,

(\*) Old text, *Seedes.*

<sup>b</sup> — royalty of nature—] A form of expression correspondent to, and confirmatory of, "sovereignty of reason," and "nobility of love."

<sup>c</sup> — to the utterance! ] From the French; *se battre à l'entrance* to fight to extremity, to the last gasp.

<sup>d</sup> — borne in hand,—] *Encouraged by delusive promises.*



Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are clep'd " <sup>a</sup>   
 All by the name of dogs : the valu'd file .   
 Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,   
 The housekeeper, the hunter, every one   
 According to the gift which bounteous nature   
 Hath in him clos'd ; whereby he does receive   
 Particular addition, from the bill

<sup>a</sup> — clep'd—; *Called.*

That writes them all alike : and so of men.   
 Now, if you have a station in the file,   
 Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it ;   
 And I will put that business in your bosoms   
 Whose execution takes your enemy off ;   
 Grapples you to the heart and love of us,   
 Who wear our health but sickly in his life,   
 Which in his death were perfect.

2 Mur.

I am one, my liege,

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what I do  
To spite the world.

1 MUR. And I another,  
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,  
That I would set my life on any chance,  
To mend it, or be rid on 't.

K. MACB. Both of you know  
Banquo was your enemy.

2 MUR. True, my lord.

K. MACB. So is he mine; and in such bloody  
distance,

That every minute of his being thrusts  
Against my near'st of life: and though I could  
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,  
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,  
For certain friends that are both his and mine,  
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall  
Who I myself struck down: and thence it is  
That I to your assistance do make love;  
Masking the business from the common eye  
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 MUR. We shall, my lord,  
Perform what you command us.

1 MUR. Though our lives—

K. MACB. Your spirits shine through you.  
Within this hour at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves;  
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,  
The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night,  
And something from the palace; always thought  
That I require a clearness: \* and with him,  
(To leave no rubs nor botches in the work)  
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,  
Whose absence is no less material to me  
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate  
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;  
I'll come to you anon.

BOTH MUR. \* We are resolv'd, my lord.

K. MACB. I'll call upon you straight; abide  
within. [*Exeunt Murderers.*]  
It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight,  
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Room in the  
Palace.*

*Enter QUEEN and a Servant.*

QUEEN. Is Banquo gone from court?

SERV. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

QUEEN. Say to the king, I would attend his  
leisure

For a few words.

SERV. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

QUEEN. Nought's had, all's spent,  
Where our desire is got without content:  
'T is safer to be that which we destroy,  
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

*Enter KING MACBETH.*

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,  
Of sorriest fancies your companions making;  
Using those thoughts which should indeed have  
died

With them they think on? Things without all  
remedy,

Should be without regard: what's done is done.

K. MACB. We have scotch'd\* the snake, not  
kill'd it;

She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice  
Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let the frame of things disjoint, both the  
worlds suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep  
In the affliction of these terrible dreams  
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,  
Whom we, to gain our place,<sup>b</sup> have sent to peace,  
Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;  
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;  
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,  
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,  
Can touch him further!

QUEEN. Come on;  
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;  
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

K. MACB. So shall I, love; and so, I pray,  
be you:

Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;  
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:  
Unsafe the while, that we<sup>c</sup>  
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams;  
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,  
Disguising what they are.

QUEEN. You must leave this.

K. MACB. O, full of scorpions is my mind,  
dear wife!

Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

QUEEN. But in them Nature's copy's<sup>d</sup> not  
etern.

\* — always thought  
That I require a clearness.]

Never forgetting that I must stand clear of all suspicion.  
<sup>b</sup> Whom we, to gain our place,—] So the second folio, the first  
reads,—"to gayne our peace."

<sup>c</sup> Unsafe the while, that we—] Steevens conjectured that some

(\*) Old text, *scotch'd*.

words, which originally rendered the sentiment less obscure, had  
dropped out here.  
<sup>d</sup> — Nature's copy's not eternal.] Nature's lease or copy of their  
lives is only temporal.



K. MACB. \*There's comfort yet; they are  
 assailable;  
 Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown  
 His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's sum-  
 mons,  
 The shard-borne<sup>a</sup> beetle, with his drowsy hums,  
 Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be  
 done  
 A deed of dreadful note.\*

QUEEN. What's to be done?

K. MACB. Be innocent of the knowledge,  
 dearest chuck,  
 Till thou applaud the deed.—Come, seeling night,  
 Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;<sup>b</sup>  
 And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,  
 Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond  
 Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and  
 the crow  
 Makes wing to the rooky wood;  
 Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;  
 Whiles night's black agents to their preys do  
 rouse.—  
 Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;  
 Things had begun make strong themselves by ill:  
 So, pr'ythee, go with me. [Exeunt.]

\* The shard-borne beetle.—] The shard-borne beetle, as Steevens has conclusively shown, is the beetle borne along the air by its shards or *only wings*.

— Come, seeling night,  
 Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day.]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Park, with a Gate leading to the Palace.*

*Enter three Murderers.*

1 MUR. But who did bid thee join with us?  
 3 MUR. Macbeth.  
 2 MUR. He needs not our mistrust; since he  
 delivers  
 Our offices, and what we have to do,  
 To the direction just.  
 1 MUR. Then stand with us.  
 The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:  
 Now spurs the lated traveller apace,  
 To gain the timely inn; and near approaches  
 The subject of our watch.  
 3 MUR. Hark! I hear horses.  
 BAN. [Without.] Give us a light there, ho!  
 2 MUR. Then 't is he; the rest,  
 That are within the note of expectation,  
 Already are i' the court.  
 1 MUR. His horses go about.  
 3 MUR. Almost a mile: but he does usually,

The expression is derived from falconry. To *seel* the eyes of a hawk was to sew the upper and under eyelids together; an operation always performed on a newly taken bird, that it might become accustomed to the hood.

So all men do, from hence to the palace gate  
Make it their walk.

2 MUR. A light, a light!

3 MUR. 'Tis he.

1 MUR. Stand to 't.

*Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, the latter with a torch.*

BAN. It will be rain to-night.

1 MUR. Let it come down.

[*Assaults BANQUO.*]

BAN. O, treachery!—Fly, good Fleance, fly,  
fly, fly!

Thou may'st revenge.—O, slave! (1)

[*Dies. FLEANCE escapes.\**]

3 MUR. Who did strike out the light?

1 MUR. Was 't not the way?

3 MUR. There's but one down; the son is fled.

2 MUR. We have lost best half of our affair.

1 MUR. Well, let 's away, and say how much is  
done. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room of State in the Palace. A Banquet prepared.*

*Enter KING MACBETH, QUEEN, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, and Attendants.*

K. MACB. You know your own degrees, sit  
down: at first  
And last the hearty welcome.

LORDS. Thanks to your majesty.

K. MACB. Ourselves will mingle with society,  
And play the humble host.  
Our hostess keeps her state;<sup>b</sup> but, in best time,  
We will require her welcome.

QUEEN. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our  
friends;  
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

K. MACB. See, they encounter thee with their  
hearts' thanks;

Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst:

*Enter First Murderer, to the door.*

Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure  
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

MUR. 'Tis Banquo's then.

K. MACB. 'Tis better thee without than he  
within.

Is he despatch'd?

MUR. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for  
him.

K. MACB. Thou art the best o' the cut-  
throats: yet he's good,  
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,  
Thou art the nonpareil.

MUR. Most royal sir,

Fleance is 'scap'd.

K. MACB. Then comes my fit again: I had  
else been perfect;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;

As broad and general as the casing air;

But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in  
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

MUR. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he  
bides,

With twenty trenched gashes on his head;  
The least a death to nature.

K. MACB. Thanks for that:

There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's  
fled,

Hath nature that in time will venom breed;

No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-  
morrow

We'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*]

QUEEN. My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer; the feast is sold

That is not often vouch'd, while 't is a making.

'Tis given with welcome: to feed, were best at  
home;

From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony,  
Meeting were bare without it.

K. MACB. Sweet remembrance!—

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both!

LEN. May 't please your highness sit?

K. MACB. Here had we now our country's  
honour roof'd,

Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;

Who may I rather challenge for unkindness  
Than pity for mischance!

*The Ghost of BANQUO rises, and sits in MACBETH's place.*

ROSS. His absence, sir,

Lays blank upon his promise. Please 't your  
highness

To grace us with your royal company?

\* FLEANCE escapes.] "Fleance, after the assassination of his father, fled into Wales, where, by the daughter of the Prince of that country, he had a son named Walter, who afterwards became Lord High Steward of Scotland, and from thence assumed the name of Walter Steward. From him, in a direct line, King James I. was descended; in compliment to whom our author has

chosen to describe Banquo, who was equally concerned with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan, as innocent of that crime."—MALONE.

<sup>b</sup>—*her state,*] A state was a seat of dignity; usually surmounted with a canopy.

K. MACB. The table's full!

LARN. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

K. MACB. Where?

LARN. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?

K. MACB. Which of you have done this?

LORDS. What, my good lord?

K. MACB. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake

Thy gory locks at me.

ROSS. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

QUEEN. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus,

And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep  
• seat;

The fit is momentary; upon a thought<sup>a</sup>

He will again be well: if much you note him,

You shall offend him, and extend his passion;

Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

K. MACB. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that

Which might appal the devil.

QUEEN. O, proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear:

This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,

Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,

(Impostors to true fear)<sup>b</sup> would well become

A woman's story at a winter's fire,

Authoris'd by her grandam. Shame itself!

Why do you make such faces? When all's done,  
You look but on a stool.

K. MACB. Prythee, see there! behold! look!  
lo! how say you?—

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—  
If charnel-houses and our graves must send

Those that we bury back, our monuments  
Shall be the maws of kites. [Ghost disappears.]

QUEEN. What! quite unmann'd in folly?

K. MACB. If I stand here, I saw him.

QUEEN. Fie, for shame!

K. MACB. Blood hath been shed ere now, i'  
the olden time,

Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;

Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd

Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,

That when the brains were out the man would die,

And there an end; but now they rise again,

With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,

And push us from our stools: this is more strange

Than such a murder is.

QUEEN. My worthy lord,

Your noble friends do lack you.

K. MACB. I do forget:—

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;

I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing

To those that know me. Come, love and health

to all;

Then I'll sit down.—Give me some wine, fill  
full:—

I drink to the general joy of the whole table

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;

Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,

And all to all.

LORDS. Our duties, and the pledge.

*Ghost again rises.*

K. MACB. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let  
the earth hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;  
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes

Which thou dost glare with!

QUEEN. Think of this, good peers,

But as a thing of custom: 't is no other;

Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

K. MACB. What man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,

The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;

Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves

Shall never tremble: or be alive again,

And dare me to the desert with thy sword;

If trembling I inhabit then, protest me

The baby of a girl.<sup>c</sup> Hence, horrible shadow!

Unreal mockery, hence!—

[Ghost disappears.]

Why, so;—being gone,

I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

QUEEN. You have displac'd the mirth, broke  
the good meeting,

With most admir'd disorder.

K. MACB. Can such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,

Without our special wonder? You make me  
strange

Even to the disposition that I owe,

When now I think you can behold such sights,

And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,

When mine are \* blanch'd with fear.

ROSS. What sights, my lord?

<sup>a</sup> — upon a thought! —] "As speedily as thought can be exerted," Stevens says. So, in Henry IV. Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 4, "—and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid."

<sup>b</sup> (Impostors to true fear).—] Mr. Singer expresses astonishment "that none of the commentators should be aware that this was a form of *ellipsis* expression, commonly used even at this day in the phrase, 'this is nothing to them,' i.e., in comparison to them." But both Stevens and Mason have pointed out this sense of the preposition *to* in their notes on the present passage.

(\*) Old text, *is*.

<sup>c</sup> The baby of a girl.] Stevens altered the above, which is the old text, to,—"If trembling I inhabit thee," but we concur with Henley in thinking that "inhabit" is here used in a neutral sense, and that the original affords a better and more forcible meaning than the alteration,—"Dare me to an encounter in the desert, and if then, trembling, I keep house, proclaim me," &c.



. QUEEN. I pray you, speak not; he grows  
worse and worse;  
Question enrages him: at once, good night:—  
Stand not upon the order of your going,  
But go at once.  
LEW. Good night, and better health  
Attend his majesty!

<sup>1</sup> *Augurs, and understood relations, &c* ] So, unintelligibly,  
reads the folio. What the poet wrote we cannot doubt was,—

"Augurs that understood relations," &c

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QUEEN

A kind good night to all!  
[*Exeunt Lords and Attendants.*

\* K. MAGB. It will have blood they say! blood  
will have blood:  
Stones have been known to move, and trees to  
speak;  
Augurs, and understood relations,\* have

which D'Avenant turned to,—

<sup>1</sup> *Augurs well read in Languages of Birds," &c.*

254.

K K



By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought  
forth

The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

QUEEN. Almost at odds with morning, which  
is which.

K. MACB. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies  
his person,

At our great bidding? \*

QUEEN. Did you send to him, sir?

K. MACB. I hear it by the way; but I will  
send:

There's not a one of them, but in his house  
I keep a servant feed'd. I will to-morrow  
(And betimes I will) to the weird sisters:  
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,  
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,  
All causes shall give way; I am in blood  
Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:  
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;  
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

QUEEN. You lack the season<sup>b</sup> of all natures,  
sleep.

K. MACB. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange  
and self-abuse

Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—

We are yet but young in deed. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE V.—The Heath. Thunder.

Enter HECATE,<sup>(2)</sup> meeting the three Witches.

1 WITCH. Why, how now, Hecate? you look  
angrily.

HEC. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,  
Saucy, and over-bold? How did you dare  
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,  
In riddles and affairs of death;  
And I, the mistress of your charms,  
The close contriver of all harms,  
Was never call'd to bear my part,  
Or show the glory of our art?  
And, which is worse, all you have done,  
Hath been but for a wayward son,  
Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,  
Loves for his own ends, not for you.  
But make amends now: get you gone,  
And at the pit of Acheron  
Meet me i' the morning; thither he  
Will come to know his destiny.  
Your vessels and your spells provide,  
Your charms, and everything beside.

I am for the air; this night I'll spend  
Unto a dismal and a fatal end.  
Great business must be wrought ere noon:  
Upon the corner of the moon  
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;  
I'll catch it ere it come to ground;  
And that, distill'd by magic slights,  
Shall raise such artificial sprites,  
As, by the strength of their illusion,  
Shall draw him on to his confusion.  
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear  
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:  
And you all know, security  
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

Song. [Without.] Come away, come away, &c.<sup>(3)</sup>

Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,  
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [Exit.

1 WITCH. Come, let's make haste; she'll soon  
be back again. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE VI.—Forres. A Room in the Palace.

Enter LENNOX, and another Lord.

LEN. My former speeches have but hit your  
thoughts,  
Which can interpret farther: only, I say,  
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious  
Duncan  
Was pitied of Macbeth,—marry, he was dead:—  
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late.  
Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance  
kill'd.

For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late;  
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous  
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain  
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!  
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,  
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,  
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?  
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;  
For't would have anger'd any heart alive  
To hear the men deny't. So that, I say,  
He has borne all things well: and I do think,  
That had he Duncan's sons under his key,  
(As, an't please heaven, he shall not) they should  
find

What't were to kill a father; so should Fleance.  
But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he  
fail'd

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,

\* How say'st thou, &c.] This has been interpreted, "What say  
you to the fact that Macduff refuses to appear upon our sum-  
mons?"

<sup>b</sup>—the season—] The preservatives.

<sup>c</sup> Who cannot want the thought, &c.] The sense obviously re-  
quires us to read,—"Who can want," &c. i.e. Who can be with-  
out, &c.; but, as Malone remarks, Shakespeare is sometimes  
incorrect in these meanings.

Macduff lives in disgrace: air, can you tell  
Where he bestows himself?

LORD. The son\* of Duncan,  
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,  
Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd  
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,  
That the malevolence of fortune nothing  
Takes from his high respect: thither Macduff  
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid  
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward:  
That, by the help of these, (with Him above  
To ratify the work) we may again  
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;  
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;  
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours;—  
All which we pine for now: and this report

(\*) Old text *Sonnes*

Hath so exasperate the\* king, that he  
Prepares for some attempt of war.

LADY. Sent he to Macduff?  
LORD. He did: and with an absolute, *Sir; not I,*  
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,  
And hums, as who should say, *You'll rue the time  
That clogs me with this answer.*

LADY. And that well might  
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance  
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel  
Fly to the court of England, and unfold  
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing  
May soon return to this our suffering country  
Under a hand accurs'd!

LORD. I'll send my prayers with him!  
[*Exeunt.*]

(\*) Old text, *their.*





## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A dark Cave. In the middle, a Caldron boiling. Thunder.*

*Enter the three Witches.*

1 WITCH. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.(1)  
2 WITCH. Thrice and once, the hedge-pig  
whin'd.

3 WITCH. Harpier cries:—'tis time! 'tis  
time!

1 WITCH. Round about the caldron go;  
In the poison'd entrails throw.—

Toad, that under cold stone,\*  
Days and nights has thirty-one;  
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,  
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!

ALL. Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.

2 WITCH. Fillet of a fenny snake,  
In the caldron boil and bake;  
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,  
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,  
Lizard's leg, and owl's wing,—  
For a charm of powerful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

ALL. Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.

3 WITCH. Scale of dragon; tooth of wolf;  
Witches' mummy; maw and gulf<sup>b</sup>  
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;  
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark;  
Liver of blaspheming Jew;  
Gall of goat, and slips of yew  
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;  
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;  
Finger of birth-strangled babe  
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,—  
Make the gruel thick and slab;  
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,<sup>c</sup>  
For the ingredients of our caldron.

ALL. Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.

2 WITCH. Cool it with a baboon's blood,  
Then the charm is firm and good.

*Enter HECAE.*<sup>d</sup>

HEC. O, well done! I commend your pains;  
And every one shall share i' the gains.  
And now about the caldron sing,  
Like elves and fairies in a ring,  
Enchanting all that you put in.

[*Music and Song, "Black spirits," &c.*]  
[*Exit.*

2 WITCH. By the pricking of my thumbs,

Something wicked this way comes:—  
Open, locks,  
Whoever knocks!

*Enter KING MACBETH.*

K. MACB. How now, you secret, black, and  
midnight hags!  
What is't you do?

ALL. A deed without a name.

K. MACB. I conjure you, by that which you  
profess,  
(Howe'er you come to know it) answer me,—  
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight  
Against the churches; though the yesty waves  
Confound and swallow navigation up; [down.  
Though bladed<sup>e</sup> corn be lodg'd, and trees blow  
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;  
Though palaces and pyramids do slope  
Their heads to their foundations, though the  
treasure

Of nature's germins<sup>f</sup> tumble all together,  
Even till destruction sicken,—answer me  
To what I ask you.

1 WITCH. Speak.

2 WITCH. Demand.

3 WITCH. We'll answer.

1 WITCH. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from  
our mouths,  
Or from our masters'?

K. MACB. Call 'em, let me see 'em.

1 WITCH. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten  
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweeten  
From the murderer's gibbet, throw  
Into the flame.

ALL. Come, high or low;  
Thyself and office dost show!

*Thunder. An Apparition of an armed Head  
rises.<sup>g</sup>*

K. MACB. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

1 WITCH. He knows thy thought;  
Hear'st thou speech, but say thou nought.

(\*) Old text, *Germane*, corrected by Theobald.

\* Toad, that under cold stone,—] The deficiency in this line has been variously supplied. D'Avenant has,—

"This Toad which under mossy stone," &c

Pope,—

"Toad, that under the cold stone," &c.

Stevens,—

"Toad, that under coldest stone," &c

We ought probably to read, with Pope "the cold stone," or cold stone."

b—gulf.—] *The throat, the swallow*

c—chaudron.—] *Entrails.*

d *Enter HECAE.*—] The stage direction of the folio is, "Enter Hecate, and the other three Witches," but it is very unlikely that Shakespeare purposed any addition to the original trio. Nothing is more common in our early dramas than upon the entrance of each character on a scene, for the stage direction to recapitulate the personages already there, as if they had entered at the same time with the last comers.

e "Though bladed corn be lodg'd, &c." Mr Collier's annotator proposes to read, "bladed corn," and, although the impropriety of the alliteration has been clearly shown, Mr. Collier has not hesitated to substitute it for the genuine word. Had he turned to chap. iv. Book I of "Scott's Discovery of Witchcraft"—a work the poet was undoubtedly well read in,—he would have found, among other actions imputed to witches, "that they can transmute corn in the blade from one place to another." And from the article on *Husbandry* in Comenius's *Junia Linguarum*, 1673, he might have learned that "As soon as standing corn shoots up to a blade, it's in danger of scathe by a tempest."

f—*an armed Head.*—] "The armed head represents, symbolically, Macbeth's head cut off and brought to Malcolm by Macduff. The bloody child is Macduff, untimely ripped from his mother's womb. The child with a crown on his head and a bough in his hand is the royal Malcolm, who ordered his soldiers to beat them down a bough, and bear it before them to Dunsinane." Urton.

APP. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware! Macduff;  
Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—enough.<sup>a</sup>  
[Descends.]

K. MACB. Whate'er thou art, for thy good  
caution, thanks;  
Thou hast harp'd my fear a night:—But one word  
more,—

1 WITCH. He will not be commanded: 't were 's  
another,  
More potent than the first.

Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody Child  
rises.

APP. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!  
K. MACB. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

APP. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to  
scorn

The power of man, for none of woman born  
shall harm Macbeth. [Descends.]

K. MACB. Then live, Macduff: what need I  
fear of thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,  
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;  
That I may tell pale-hearted Fear it lies,  
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

Thunder. An Apparition of a Child crowned,  
with a tree in his hand, rises.

That rises like the issue of a king,  
And wears upon his baby brow the round  
And top<sup>b</sup> of sovereignty?

ALL. Listen, but speak not to't.

APP. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no  
care

Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:  
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until  
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane<sup>c</sup> hill  
shall come against him. [Descends.]

K. MACB. That will never be!  
Who can impress the forest; bid the tree  
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements!  
good!

<sup>a</sup> Dismiss me:—enough.] See note (d), p. 349, Vol. II.

<sup>b</sup> — the round  
And top of sovereignty!

Query, "And type of sovereignty?" Thus in "Henry VI." Part I. Act I. Sc. 4,—

"Thy father bears the type of king of Naples;"

and in "Richard III." Act IV. Sc. 4,—

"The high imperial type of this earth's glory."

<sup>c</sup> — to high Dunsinane hill. — The accent of *Dunsinane*, in this instance, is correctly placed, but Shakespeare elsewhere pronounces the word *Dunsinane*. There is authority, however, for both quantities.

Rebellious head<sup>d</sup> rise never, till the wood  
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth  
Shall live the least of nature, pay his breath  
To time and mortal custom.—Yet my heart  
Throbs to know one thing: tell me (if your art  
Can tell so much), shall Banquo's issue ever  
Reign in this kingdom?

ALL. Seek to know no more.

K. MACB. I will be satisfied: deny me this,  
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me  
know:—

Why sinks that caldron? and what noise is this?  
[Hautboys.]

1 WITCH. Show!

2 WITCH. Show

3 WITCH. Show

ALL. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;  
Come like shadows, so depart!

Eight Kings appear, and pass over in order, the  
last with a glass in his hand; BANQUO  
following

K. MACB. Thou art too like the spirit of  
Banquo; down!

Thy crown does scare mine eye-balls:—and thy  
hair,

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—  
A third is like the former.—Filthy hags!

Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start,  
eyes!

What! will the line stretch out to the crack of  
doom?—

Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more!—

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass  
Which shows me many more; and some I see  
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry.

Horrible sight! Now, I see, 't is true;

For the blood-bolter'd<sup>e</sup> Banquo smiles upon me,  
And points at them for his.—What, is this so?

1 WITCH. Ay, sir, all this is so:—but why  
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,<sup>f</sup>

And show the best of our delights:

I'll charm the air to give a sound,

While you perform your antic round;

<sup>d</sup> *Rebellious head*—] So Theobald; the old text having, "Rebelious dead." Mr. Collier's annotator, following Hammer, has "Rebelious head," a reading Mr. Dyce declares "is evidently the right one."

<sup>e</sup> — blood-bolter'd—] *Blood-clotted*. The term, according to Malone, is well known in Warwickshire. "When a horse, sheep, or other animal perspires much, and any of the hair or wool, in consequence of such perspiration, or any redundant humour, becomes matted in tufts with grime and sweat, he is said to be *bolter'd*: and whenever the blood issues out and coagulates, forming the locks into hard clotted bunches, the beast is said to be *blood-bolter'd*."

<sup>f</sup> — *sprites*.—] The customary pronunciation of *sprites* is Shakespeare's time.

That this great king may kindly say,  
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and then vanish.*]

K. MACB. Where are they? Gone?—Let  
this pernicious hour  
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—  
Come in, without there!

*Enter LENNOX.*

LEN. What's your grace's will?

K. MACB. Saw you the weird sisters?

LEN. No, my lord.

K. MACB. Came they not by you?

LEN. No, indeed, my lord.

K. MACB. Infected be the air whereon they  
ride;

And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear  
The galloping of horse: who was't came by?

LEN. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring  
you word

Macduff is fled to England.

K. MACB. *Fled to England!*

LEN. Ay, my good lord.

K. MACB. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread  
exploits!

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,  
'Unless the deed go with it: from this moment,  
The very firstlings of my heart shall be  
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,  
To crown my thoughts with acts,—be it thought  
and done,—

The castle of Macduff I will surprise;  
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword  
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls  
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a  
fool;

This deed I'll do before this purpose cool:  
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?  
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Fife. *A Room in Macduff's Castle.*

*Enter LADY MACDUFF, her Son, and Ross.*

L. MACD. What had he done, to make him  
fly the land?

ROSS. You must have patience, madam.

L. MACD. He had none;  
His flight was madness. When our actions do  
not,  
Our fears do make us traitors.

ROSS.

You know not

Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

L. MACD. *Wisdom!* to leave his wife, to leave  
his babes,

His mansion, and his titles, in a place  
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;  
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,  
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,  
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.  
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;  
As little is the wisdom, where the flight  
So runs against all reason.

ROSS.

My dearest coz,

I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,  
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows  
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much  
further:

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,  
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour  
From what we fear; yet know not what we fear;<sup>a</sup>  
But flout upon a wild and violent sea,  
Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you:  
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:  
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb  
upward

To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,  
Blessing upon you!

L. MACD. Father'd he is, and yet he's  
fatherless.

ROSS. I am so much a fool, should I stay  
longer,

It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort:  
I take my leave at once. [*Exit.*]

L. MACD. Sirrah, your father's dead;

And what will you do now? How will you live?

SON. As birds do, mother.

L. MACD. What, with worms and flies?

SON. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. MACD. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the  
net nor lime,

The pit-fall nor the gin.

SON. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they  
are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. MACD. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do  
for a father?

SON. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. MACD. Why, I can buy me twenty at any  
market.

SON. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. MACD. Thou speak'st with all thy wit;

'yet, i' faith,

With wit enough for thee.

SON. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. MACD. Ay, that he was.

<sup>a</sup> — yet know not what we fear.} "The times are cruel when  
we are led by our fears, to believe every rumour of danger we hear."

yet are not conscious to ourselves of any crime  
should be disturbed with those fears."—*Edwards*



SON. What is a traitor?

L. MACD. Why, one that swears and lies.

SON. And be all traitors that do so?

L. MACD. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

SON. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

L. MACD. Every one.

SON. Who must hang them?

L. MACD. Why, the honest men.

SON. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. MACD. Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

SON. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. MACD. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st!

*Enter a Messenger.*

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,

Though in your state of honour I am perfect. I doubt some danger does approach you nearly: If you will take a homely man's advice,

Be not found here; hence, with your little ones. To fight you thus, methinks, I am too savage;

To do worse to you were fell cruelty, Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!

I dare abide no longer.

[*Exit.*

L. MACD. Whither should I fly?

I have done no harm. But I remember now I am in this earthly world, where to do harm Is often laudable, to do good, sometime Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas!

Do I put up that womanly defence,

To say I have done no harm? What are these faces?

*Enter Murderers.*

MUR. Where is your husband?

L. MACD. I hope, in no place so unsanctified, Where such as thou mayst find him.

MUR. He's a traitor.

SON. Thou heest, thou shag-hair'd villain!

MUR. What, you egg! [*Stabbing him.* Young fry of treachery!

SON. He has kill'd me, mother:

Run away, I pray you. [*Dies.*

[*Exit LADY MACDUFF, crying Murder! and pursued by the Murderers.*

\* — shag-hair'd — The folio has, "shag-re-ear'd," but ear'd is an obvious misprint of the old word *haire* = *hair*'d.

SCENE III.—England. *Before the King's Palace.**Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.*

MAL. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there  
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

MACD. Let us rather  
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,  
Bestride our down-fall'n\* birthdom. Each new  
morn,

New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows  
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds  
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out  
Like syllable of dolour.

MAL. What I believe, I'll wail;  
What know, believe; and what I can redress,  
As I shall find the time to friend,\* I will.  
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.  
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,  
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him  
well;

He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young, but  
something  
You may deserve<sup>b</sup> of him through me; and wisdom<sup>c</sup>  
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,  
To appease an angry god.

MACD. I am not treacherous.

MAL. But Macbeth is.  
A good and virtuous nature may recoil  
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your  
pardon;

That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose:  
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:  
Though all things foul would wear the brows of  
grace,

Yet grace must still look so.

MACD. I have lost my hopes.

MAL. Perchance even there where I did find  
my doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child,  
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love)  
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,

(\*) Old text, *downfall*.

\* *As I shall find the time to friend.*—] The expression "to friend," meaning *propitious, assuasive, favourable*, &c. occurs again in "Cymbeline," Act I. Sc. 4.—"Had I admittance and opportunity to friend," and in "Julius Caesar," Act III. Sc. 1.—"I know that we shall have him well to friend." It is not uncommon in our old poets. Thus, in Spenser, "Faerie Queene," Book I. c. 1, Stanza xxviii.—

"So forward on his way (with God to friend)  
He passed forth;

and also in Massinger's play of "The Roman Actor," Act I. Sc. 1,—

"— with this assurance,  
That the state, sick in him, the gods to friend,  
Though at the worst will now begin to mend"

<sup>b</sup> *You may deserve of him through me.*] Theobald's correction  
VOL. III.

Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,  
But mine own safeties:—you may be rightly just,  
Whatever I shall think.

MACD. Bleed, bleed, poor country!  
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,  
For goodness dare not check thee! wear thou thy  
wrongs,

The title is affect'd!<sup>d</sup>—Fare thee well, lord:  
I would not be the villain that thou think'st  
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,  
And the rich East to boot.

MAL. Be not offended:  
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.  
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;  
It weeps, it bleeds: and each new day a gash  
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,  
There would be hands uplifted in my right;  
And here, from gracious England, have I offer  
Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,  
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,  
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country  
Shall have more vices than it had before;  
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,  
By him that shall succeed.

MACD. What should he be?

MAL. It is myself I mean; in whom I know  
All the particulars of vice so grafted,  
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth  
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state  
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd  
With my confineless harms.

MACD. Not in the legions  
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd  
In evils to top Macbeth!

MAL. I grant him bloody,  
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,  
Sudden,\* malicious, snatching of every sin  
That has a name: but there's no bottom, none,  
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,  
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up  
The cistern of my lust; and my desire  
All continent impediments would o'erbear,  
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth,  
Than such an one to reign.

MACD. Boundless intemperance

the old text having,—

"You may discern," &c.

<sup>c</sup> — and wisdom.—] One more of the innumerable passages in this great play which have suffered by mutilation or corruption. We ought, perhaps, to read,—

"— and wisdom 't is  
To offer," &c.

or,—  
"— and wisdom bids  
To offer," &c.

<sup>d</sup> *The title is affect'd.*—] To affect—a legal term—signifies to *assess or confirm*, and the meaning of the passage may, therefore, be, "Great tyranny, be firmly seated now, since goodness dare not curb thee! Wear openly thy ill-got acquisitions, for the title to them is approved!"

\* Sudden.—] *Impetuous, violent.*



In nature is a tyranny; it hath been  
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,  
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet  
To take upon you what is yours: you may  
Convey<sup>a</sup> your pleasures in a spacious plenty,  
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.  
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be  
That vulture in you, to devour so many  
As will to greatness dedicate themselves  
Finding it so inclin'd.

MAL. With this, there grows,  
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such  
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,  
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;  
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:  
And my more-having would be as a sauce  
To make me hunger more; that I should forge  
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,  
Destroying them for wealth.

MACD. This avarice  
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root  
Than summer-seeming<sup>b</sup> lust; and it hath been  
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;  
Scotland hath fountains to fill up your will,  
Of your mere own. All these are portable,  
With other graces weigh'd.

MAL. But I have none: the king-becoming  
graces,  
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,  
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,  
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,  
I have no relish of them; but abound  
In the division of each several crime,  
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should  
Pour<sup>c</sup> the sweet milk of concord into hell,  
Upbraid the universal peace, confound  
All unity on earth.

MACD. O, Scotland! Scotland!

MAL. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:  
I am as I have spoken.

MACD. *Fit to govern!*  
No, not to live.—O, nation miserable!  
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptred,  
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,  
Since that the truest issue of thy throne

By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,  
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father  
Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore  
thee,—

Of'tner upon her knees than on her feet,—  
Died every day she liv'd. Fare thee well!  
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself  
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast,  
Thy hope ends here!

MAL. Macduff, this noble passion,  
Child of integrity, hath from my soul  
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts  
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth  
By many of these trains hath sought to win me  
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me  
From over-credulous haste: but God above  
Deal between thee and me! for even now  
I put myself to thy direction, and  
Unswear mine own detraction; here abjure  
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,  
For strangers to my nature. I am yet  
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;  
Sincerely have coveted what was mine own;  
At no time broke my faith: would not betray  
The devil to his fellow; and delight  
No less in truth than life: my first false speaking  
Was this upon myself.—What I am truly,  
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:  
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,  
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,  
Already at a point, was setting forth;  
Now we'll together: and the chance of goodness  
Belike<sup>d</sup> our warranted quarrel! Why are you  
silent?

MACD. Such welcome and unwelcome things at  
once,  
and to reconcile.<sup>e</sup>)

Enter Doctor

MAL. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth,  
I say you?

DOCT. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched  
souls  
That stay his cure: their malady convinces<sup>f</sup>

mer-seeming." Blackstone, "summer-seeding," while Steevens conjectured that "summer-seeming" might be right, and signify lust that seems as hot as summer. As Malone has quoted from Donne's Poems "winter seeming," we are unwilling to disturb the old text, though we have a strong persuasion that the poet wrote, "summer seeming lust," i. e. lust *fuelled* by summer heat.

<sup>c</sup> Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell.—] By "hell," may be meant *confusion, anarchy, disorder*, and if so, we ought possibly to read, "Pour the sweet milk," &c.

<sup>d</sup> — and the chance of goodness  
Belike our warranted quarrel!]

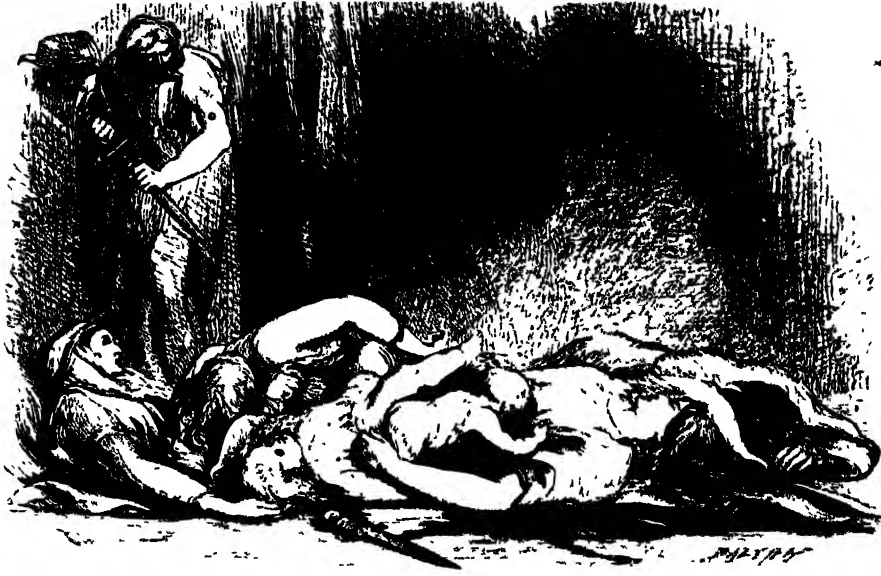
This passage has been inexplicably heretofore from "Belike" being always printed as two words, *Be like*. The meaning is,—And the fortune of goodness approve or favour our justifiable quarrel.

<sup>e</sup> — convinces—] To convince, as we have seen before, signified to *convince, to overcome*.

Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,—]

For "convey," signifying to manage any thing by stealth, an admirably appropriate word here, Mr Collier substitutes the comparatively expressive one *enjoy*, and styles it an "important change." But Mr Collier should be unacquainted with the following quotation, where "convey" occurs in precisely the same sense as Shakespeare uses it above, is pardonable.—"But verily, verily, though the adulterer do never so closely and cunningly cover his sin under a canopy, yet," &c.—*The Ploughman's Pathway* 1: *Henton*, 1599.—but how comes he to have forgotten that the word is found in the corresponding passage of "The History of Macbeth," which he himself edited? Macduff there says, in reply to Malcolm's confession of immoderate sensuality, "Make thyself king and I shall converse the matter so wisely, that thou shalt be so satisfied at thy pleasure in such seem'st wise, that no man shall be aware thereof."

<sup>b</sup> — summer-seeming lust.] Warburton proposed to read, "sum-



The great assay of art ; but, at his touch,  
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,  
They presently amend.

MAL. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor.*]

MACD. What's the disease he means ?

MAL. 'Tis call'd the evil ;  
A most miraculous work in this good king ;  
Which often, since my here-remain in England,  
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,  
Himself best knows : but strangely-visited people,  
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,  
The mere despair of surgery, he cures ;  
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,  
Put on with holy prayers : and 'tis spoken,  
To the succeeding royalty he leaves  
The healing benediction. With this strange  
virtue,

He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy ;  
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,  
That speak him full of grace.

MACD. See, who comes here ?

MAL. My countryman ; but yet I know him  
not.

*Enter Ross.*

MACD. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

MAL. I know him now :—good God, betimes  
remove

The means<sup>a</sup> that makes us strangers !

ROSS.

Sir, Amen.

MACD. Stands Scotland where it did ?

ROSS. Alas, poor country,—

Almost afraid to know itself ! It cannot

Be call'd our mother, but our grave : where  
nothing,

But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;  
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent  
the air,

Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow  
seems

A modern ecstasy ;<sup>b</sup> the dead man's knell  
Is there scarce ask'd for who ; and good men's  
lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps,

Dying or ere they sicken.

MACD.

O, relation

Too nite, and yet too true !

MAL.

What's the newest grief ?

ROSS. That of an hour's age doth hiss the  
speaker ;

Each minute teems a new one.

MACD.

How does my wife ?

ROSS. Why, well.

MACD.

And all my children ?

ROSS.

Well too

MACD. The tyrant has not batter'd at their  
peace ?

ROSS. No ; they were well at peace when I  
did leave 'em.

<sup>a</sup> The means—] I used perhaps as means, for woes troubles, &  
see note (b), p. 423, Vol. I

<sup>b</sup> A modern ecstasy ] An ordinary excitation.

MACD. Be not a niggard of your speech ; how  
goes 't ?

ROSS. When I came hither to transport the  
tidings,

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour  
Of many worthy fellows that were out ;  
Which was to my belief witness'd <sup>a</sup> the rather,  
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot :  
Now is the time of help ; your eye in Scotland  
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,  
To doff then dire distresses.

MAL. Be 't their comfort  
We are coming thither : gracious England hath  
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men ;  
An older and a better soldier none  
That Christendom gives out.

ROSS. Would I could answer  
This comfort with the like ! But I have words  
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,  
Where hearing should not latch <sup>b</sup> them.

MACD. What concern they ?  
The general cause ? or is it a fee-grief,  
Due to some single breast ?

ROSS. No mind that's honest  
But in it shares some woe ; though the main part  
Pertains to you alone.

MACD. If it be mine,  
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

ROSS. Let not your ears despise my tongue for  
ever,

Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound  
That ever yet they heard.

MACD. Hush ! I guess at it.

ROSS. Your castle is surpris'd ; your wife and  
babes

Savagely slaughter'd : to relate the manner,  
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,  
To add the death of you.

MAL. Merciful heaven !—

What, man ! never pull your hat upon your brows ;  
Give sorrow words : the grief that does not speak  
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

MACD. My children too ?

ROSS. Wife, children, servants, all that could  
be found.

MACD. And I must be from thence ! My wife  
kill'd too ?

ROSS. I have said.

MAL. Be comforted :  
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,  
To cure this deadly grief.

MACD. He has no children.—All my pretty  
ones ?

Did you say, all ?—O, hell-kite !—All ?  
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam  
At one fell swoop ?

MAL. Dispute it like a man.

MACD. I shall do so ;  
But I must also feel it as a man :  
I cannot but remember such things were,  
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look  
on,

And would not take their part ? Sinful Macduff,  
They were all struck for thee ! naught that I am,  
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,  
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them  
now !

MAL. Be this the whetstone of your sword :  
let grief,  
Convert to anger, blunt not the heart, enrage it.

MACD. O, I could play the woman with mine  
eyes,

And braggart with my tongue !—But, gentle  
heavens,

Cut short all intermission ; front to front  
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself ;  
Within my sword's length set him ; if he 'scape,  
Heaven forgive him too !

MAL. This tune <sup>c</sup> goes manly.  
Come, go we to the king ; our power is ready ;  
Our lack is nothing but our leave : Macbeth  
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above  
Put on their instruments. <sup>d</sup> Receive what cheer  
you may ;

The night is long that never finds the day !

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> — to my belief witness'd—] Eynd need to my belief

<sup>b</sup> — latch—] To latch is a provincial word, signifying the same  
as to catch.

<sup>c</sup> This tune goes manly.] The old text has, "tune," but though  
time and tune, in their musical acceptation, were often used in-

differently, few will have the hardihood to dispute the fitness of  
Rowe's correction here.

<sup>d</sup> Put on their instruments.] *Intré, stir up their instruments*  
against the king.



## ACT V.

SCENE I.—Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter a Doctor of Physic and a waiting Gentlewoman.*

DOCT. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

GENT. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

DOCT. A great perturbation in nature,—to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching!—In this slumb'ry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

GENT. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

DOCT. You may to me; and 't is most meet you should.

GENT. Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech. Lo you! here she comes.

*Enter QUEEN, with a taper.*

This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her: stand close.

DOCT. How came she by that light?

GENT. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 't is her command.

DOCT. You see, her eyes are open.

GENT. Ay, but their sense is shut.

DOCT. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

GENT. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

QUEEN. Yet here's a spot.

DOCT. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

QUEEN. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One, two; why, then 't is time to do't:—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

DOCT. Do you mark that?

QUEEN. The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

DOCT. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

GENT. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

QUEEN. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

DOCT. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

GENT. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

DOCT. Well, well, well,—

GENT. Pray God it be, sir.

DOCT. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

QUEEN. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on 'a grave.

DOCT. Even so?

QUEEN. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit.*]

DOCT. Will she go now to bed?

GENT. Directly.

DOCT. Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets. More needs she the divine than the physician:—God, God! forgive us all!—Look after her; Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keep eyes upon her:—so, good night: My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight: I think, but dare not speak.

GENT. Good night, good doctor. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—*The Country near Dunsinane.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, MENTWICH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, and Soldiers.*

MENT. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm, His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff: Revenges burn in them: for their dear causes Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm, Excite the mortified man.

ANG. Near Birnam wood Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

CAITH. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

LEN. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son, And many unrough youths, that even now Protest their fist of manhood.

MENT. What does the tyrant?

(\*) Old text, *are*.

\* God, *God forgive us all!* A misprint, probably, for "Good

God, &c.

<sup>b</sup> — the mortified man | The ascetic, the anchorite.

CAITH. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:  
Some say he's mad: others, that lesser hate him,  
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,  
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause\*  
Within the belt of rule.

ANG. Now does he feel  
His secret murders sticking on his hands;  
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;  
Those he commands move only in command,  
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title  
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe  
Upon a dwarfish thief.

MENT. Who, then, shall blame  
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,  
When all that is within him does condemn  
Itself for being there?

CAITH. Well, march we on,  
To give obedience where 't is truly ow'd:  
Meet we the medicine<sup>b</sup> of the sickly weal;  
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,  
Each drop of us.

LEN. Or so much as it needs,  
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the  
weeds.

Make we our march towards Birnam.  
[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE III.—Dunsinane. *A Room in the  
Castle.*

*Enter KING MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.*

K. MACB. Bring me no more reports;—let them  
fly all:  
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,  
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy  
Malcolm?  
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that  
know  
All mortal consequences have pronounce'd me  
thus,—  
*Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman  
Shall e'er have power upon thee.* Then fly, false  
thanes,  
And mingle with the English epicures:  
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,  
Shall never sag<sup>c</sup> with doubt nor shake with fear.—

*Enter a Servant.*

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd  
loon!

Where gott'st thou that goose look?

SERV. There is ten thousand—

K. MACB. Goose, villain?

SERV. Soldiers, sir.

K. MACB. Go, prick thy face, and over-red  
thy fear,

Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?<sup>d</sup>  
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine  
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-  
face?

SERV. The English force, so please you.

K. MACB. Take thy face hence.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

Seyton!—I am sick at heart,  
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push  
Will chair<sup>e</sup> me ever, or dis-seat me now.  
I have liv'd long enough: my way<sup>f</sup> of life  
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf;  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have; but in their stead,  
Curses not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,  
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare  
not.—

Seyton!—

*Enter SEYTON.*

SEY. What is your gracious pleasure?

K. MACB. What news more?

SEY. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was  
reported.

K. MACB. I'll fight, till from my bones my  
flesh be hack'd.—

Give me my armour.

SEY. 'Tis not needed yet.

K. MACB. I'll put it on.—

Send out more horses, skur the country round;  
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine  
armour.—

How does your patient, doctor?

DOCT. Not so sick, my lord,

As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,  
That keep her from her rest.

K. MACB. Cure her of that:

\* He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause.—The late Mr S. Walker proposed *course* for "cause," but surely change may be dispensed with here.

b — the medicine.—The physician.

c — sag —] *Droop, flag*

d — patch?] *Fool.* See note (d), p. 272, Vol. I.

e Will chair me ever, or dis-seat me now.] "Chair" is an emendation due to Dr. Pery, the old text having "cheer"

f — way of life.—The arguments for and against Johnson's

proposal to read "*Way of life*," extend over four pages of the *Variarum* edition. It is unnecessary now to repeat them; most readers have learnt from Capell or Gifford that "*way of life*," the *cursus vite* of the Romans, is "a simple periphrasis for *life*." Those who are unacquainted with the latter's excellent note upon this phrase, should refer to it:—Massinger's Works, Vol. IV. p. 302, ed. 1813. See also Florio's "*World of Wordes*," 1611, in  *voce* "Gualo," which "resolute John" explains to mean, among other things, "the way, course, or race of man's life."

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;  
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,  
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff  
Which weighs upon the heart?

DOCT. Therein the patient  
Must minister to himself.

K. MACB. Throw physic to the dogs,—I'll  
none of it.—

Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff:—  
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from  
me.—

Come, sir, dispatch.—If thou couldst, doctor, cast  
The water of my land, find her disease,  
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,  
I would applaud thee to the very echo,  
That should applaud again.—Pull 't off, I say.—  
What rhubarb, senna,\* or what purgative drug,  
Would scour these English hence?—Heav'n! thou  
of them?

DOCT. Ay, my good lord; your royal pre-  
paration  
Makes us hear something.

K. MACB. Bring it after me.—  
I will not be afraid of death and bane,  
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

[*Exeunt all except the Doctor.*]

DOCT. Were I from Dunsinane away and clean,  
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*Country near Dunsinane: a Wood  
in view.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, old  
SIWARD and his Son, MACDUFF, MENTEITH,  
CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, ROSS, and  
Soldiers, marching.*

MAL. Cousins, I hope the days are near at  
hand,  
That chambers will be safe

MENT. We doubt it nothing.

SIW. What wood is this before us?

MENT. The wood of Birnam.

MAL. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,  
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow

The numbers of our host, and make discovery  
Err in report of us.

SOLD. It shall be done.

SIW. We learn ne other, but the confident  
tyrant

Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure.

Our setting down before 't.<sup>(1)</sup>

MAL. 'T is his main hope:

For where there is advantage to be given,<sup>b</sup>

Both more and less have given him the revolt;

And none serve with him but constrained things,

Whose hearts are absent too.

MACD. Let our just censures

Attend the true event, and put we on

Industrious soldiership.

SIW. The time approaches,

That will with due decision make us know

What we shall say we have, and what we owe.

Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;

But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:

Towards which advance the war.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE V.—Dunsinane. *Within the Castle.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, KING MACBETH,  
SEYTON, and Soldiers.*

K. MACB. Hang out our banners on the outward  
walls:

The cry is still, *They come*. Our castle's strength

Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie

Till famine and the ague eat them up.

Were they not fore'd<sup>c</sup> with those that should be  
ours,

We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,  
And beat them backward home.

[*A cry of women within.*]

What is that noise?

SEY. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

[*Exit.*]

K. MACB. I have almost forgot the taste of  
fears:

The time has been, my senses would have cool'd

To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair

Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir

As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;

or,—

<sup>a</sup> "Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous load," &c.

<sup>b</sup> For where there is advantage to be given,  
Both more and less have given him the revolt;]

Given, in the first line is indubitably wrong, and was probably  
caught up by the compositor from the line which follows. John-  
son suggested, "—advantage to be gone," &c. Stevens, "—advan-  
tage to be got," &c.; and Mr. Singer, "—advantage to be  
gain'd," &c.

<sup>c</sup> fore'd—] *strengthened*. Mr. Collier's annotator reads  
fore'd.

<sup>a</sup> Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff—] To avoid the disagreeable recurrence of the word "stuff," Stevens was led to read, "foul bosom," and he added in support of his emendation the line in "As You Like It," Act II. Sc. 6.—

"Cleanse the foul body of the infected world."

Notwithstanding Malone's defence of the repetition, we are strongly inclined to believe with Stevens that the line originally stood as he presents it, or thus,—

"Cleanse thelogg'd bosom of that perilous stuff," &c.;



Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts  
Cannot once start me.

*Re-enter SKELTON.*

Wherefore was that cry?

SEY. The queen, my lord, is dead

K. MACB. She should have died hereafter;  
There would have been a time for such a word.—  
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more: it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.—

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

MESS. Gracious my lord,  
I should report that which I say I saw,  
But know not how to do it.

K. MACB. Well, say, sir.

MESS. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,  
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought  
The wood began to move.

K. MACB. Liar, and slave!

MESS. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so

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Within this three mile may you see it coming;  
I say, a moving grove.

K. MACB. If thou speak'st false,  
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,  
Till famine cling<sup>a</sup> thee: if thy speech be sooth,  
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—  
I pull in resolution; and begin  
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,  
That lies like truth: *Fear not, till Birnam wood  
Do come to Dunsinane*;—and now a wood  
Comes toward Dunsinane!—Arm, arm, and out!—  
If this which he avouches does appear,  
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.  
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,  
And wish the estate o' the world were now  
undone.—

Ring the alarum-bell!—Blow, wind! come, wrack!  
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The same. A Plain before the  
Castle.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, old  
SIWARD, MACDUFF, &c., and their Army  
with boughs.*

MAL. Now, near enough, your leafy screens  
throw down,

<sup>a</sup> *Till famine cling thee* } To cling is a north-country word, and  
means to starve, to shrivel, to shrink.



And show like those you are.—You, worthy uncle,  
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,  
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we  
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,  
According to our order.

Srw. Fare you well.—  
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,  
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

MACD. Make all our trumpets speak; give  
them all breath,  
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.  
[*Exeunt. Alarums.*]

I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms  
Are hir'd to bear their staves: either thou,  
Macbeth,  
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,  
I sheath again undecided. There thou shouldst  
be;  
By this great clatter, one of greatest note  
Seems bruited.—Let me find him, Fortune!  
And more I beg not. [Exit. Alarums.]

*Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.*

Srw. This way, my lord;—the castle's gently  
render'd:

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;  
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;  
The day almost itself professes yours,  
And little is to do.

\* MAL. We have met with foes  
That strike beside us.

Srw. Enter, sir, the castle.

[*Exeunt. Alarums.*]

SCENE VII.—*The same. Another part of the  
Plain.*

*Enter KING MACBETH.*

K. MACB. They have tied me to a stake; I  
cannot fly.  
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's  
he  
That was not born of woman? Such a one  
Am I to fear, or none.

*Enter young SIWARD.*

Yo. Srw. What is thy name?

K. MACB. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Srw. No; though thou call'st thyself a  
hotter name  
Than any is in hell.

K. MACB. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Srw. The devil himself could not pronounce  
a title  
More hateful to mine ear.

K. MACB. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Srw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant! with  
my sword  
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight, and young SIWARD is slain.*]

K. MACB. Thou wast born of woman.—  
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,  
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born.

[Exit.]

*Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.*

MACD. That way the noise is.—Tyrant, show  
thy face!  
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,  
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.

K. MACB. Why should I play the Roman  
fool, and die  
On mine own sword? whilst I see lives, the gashes  
Do better upon them.

*Enter MACDUFF*

MACD. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

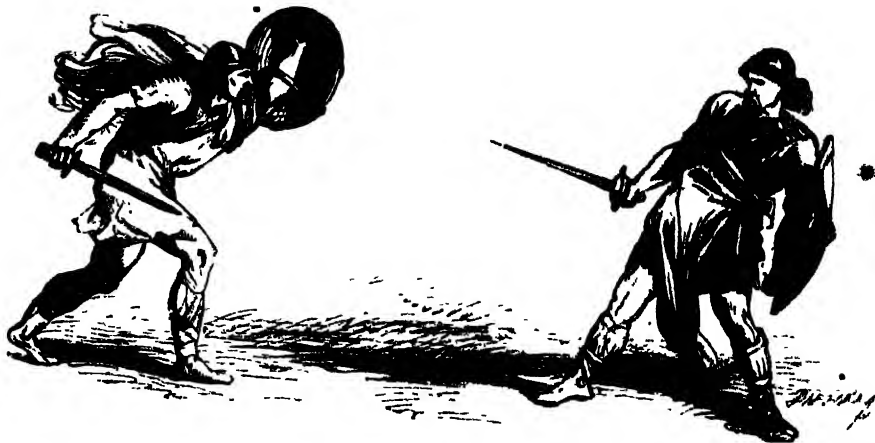
K. MACB. Of all men else I have avoided  
thee:

But get thee back; my soul is too much charg'd  
With blood of thine already.

MACD. I have no words,—  
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain  
Than terms can give thee out! [They fight.]

K. MACB. Thou locest labour:  
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air  
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:  
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;  
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield  
To one of woman born.

MACD. Despair thy charm;  
And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd  
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb  
Untimely ripp'd.



K. MACB. Accurs'd be that tongue that tells me so,  
For it hath cow'd my better part (2) of man!  
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,  
That palter with us in a double sense;  
That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
And break it to our hope!—I'll not fight with thee.

MACD. Then yield thee, coward,  
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.  
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,  
Painted upon a pole; and underwrit,  
*Here may you see the tyrant.*

K. MACB. I will not yield,  
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,  
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.  
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,  
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,  
Yet I will try the last:—before my body  
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;  
And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold, enough!*  
[*Exeunt, fighting.*]

*Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD, ROSS, LENNOX, ANGUS, CAITHNESS, MENTEITH, and Soldiers.*

MAL. I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

SIW. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,  
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

MAL. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.  
ROSS. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt;  
He only liv'd but till he was a man;  
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd  
In the unshrinking station where he fought,  
But like a man he died.

SIW. Then he is dead?

ROSS. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow  
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then  
It hath no end.

SIW. Had he his hurts before?

ROSS. Ay, on the front.

SIW. Why, then, God's soldier be he!  
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,  
I would not wish them to a fairer death:  
And so, his knell is knoll'd.

MAL. He's worth more sorrow,  
And that I'll spend for him.

SIW. He's worth no more:  
They say he parted well, and paid his score:  
And so, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

*Re-enter MACDUFF, with KING MACBETH's head.*(3)

MACD. Hail, king! for so thou art: behold,  
where stands  
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free!  
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,  
That speak my salutation in their minds;

Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—  
Hail, king of Scotland!

ALL. Hail, king of Scotland! [*Flourish.*]

MAL. We shall not spend a large expense of  
time

Before we reckon with your several loves,  
And make us even with you. My thanes and  
kinsmen,

Henceforth be earls,—the first that ever Scotland  
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,  
Which would be planted newly with the time,—

As calling home our exil'd friends abroad  
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;  
Producing forth the cruel ministers  
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen,—  
Who, as 't is thought, by self and violent hands  
Took off her life;—this, and what needful else  
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,  
We will perform in measure, time, and place!  
So, thanks to all at once, and to each one,  
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]



# ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

## ACT I.

(1) SCENE III.—*But in a sieve I'll tither sail.*] In a pamphlet entitled "Newes from Scotland, declaring the damnable life and death of Doctor Fian, a notable sorcerer," &c 1591, which professes to expose a conspiracy of two hundred witches with Dr. Fian at their head, "to bewitch and drowne" King James in the sea, we read,—

"Item—Agnis Tompson was brought again before the kings majesty and his council, and being examined of the meetings and detestable doings of those witches, she confessed that upon the night of All-hallow-even last she was accompanied as well with the persons aforesaid, as also with a great many other witches, to the number of two hundred, and that they altogether went by sea, each one in a riddle or sieve, and went in the same very substantially with flaggons of wine, making merry and drinking by the way in the same riddles or sieves, to the kirk of North Berwick in Lothian, and that after they had landed they took hands on the land and danced this reel or short dance, singing all with one voice,—

"Commer goe ye before, commer goe ye,  
Gif you will not goe before, commer let me!"

(2) SCENE III.—  
*Wear y sev'n-nights, nine times nine,  
Shall he drowndle, peak, and pine.]*

For a particular account of the manner in which this mischief was sometimes effected see note (4), p. 43, Vol. I. To what is there related, we need only add the following notable charm from "Scott's Discovery of Witchcraft."—"A charme teaching how to hurt whom you list with images of wax, &c. Make an image in his name, whom you would hurt or kill, of new virgine wax; under the right annopoke whereof place a swallow's heart, and the liver under the left; then hang about the neck thereof a new thred in a new needle picked into the member which you would have hurt, with the rehearsall of certain words:" &c.

(3) SCENE III.—  
*—What are these,  
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;  
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,  
And yet are on't!]*

Compare Holinshed:—"It fortun'd as Makbeth and Banquo journeyed towards Fores, where the king then lay, they went sporting by the waie together without other companie, save onlie themselves, passing thorough the woods and fields, when suddelie in the midst of a laund, there met them three women in strange and wild apparell, resembling creatures of elder world, whom when they attentivelie beheld, wondering much at the sight, the first of them spake and said; 'All hail Makbeth,thane of Glamis' (for he had lately entered into that dignitie and office by the death of his father Sinell). The second of them said; 'Hail Makbeth thane of Cawdor.' But the third said; 'All hail Makbeth that hereafter shalt be king of Scotland.'

"Then Banquo; 'What manner of women (saith he) are you, that seeme so little favourable unto me, whereas to my fellow here, besides high offices, ye assigne also the kingdom, appointing forth nothing for me at all?' 'Yee (saith the first of them) we promise greater benefites unto thees, than unto him, for he shall raigne in deed, but with an unluckie end: neither shall he leave anie issue behind him to succeed in his place, where contrarie thou in deed shalt not reigne at all, but of thees those shall be

borne which shall governe the Scottish kingdome by long order of continuall descent.'

"Herewith the foresaid women vanished immediatlie out of their sight. This was reputed at the first but some vaine fantastick illusion by Makbeth and Banquo, inasmuch that Banquo would call Makbeth in jest, king of Scotland; and Makbeth againe would call him in sport likewise, the father of manie kings. But afterwards the common opinion was, that these women were either the weird sisters, that is (as ye would say) the goddesses of destinie, or also some nymphs or feiries, indued with knowledge of prophesie by their necromanticall sciences, because everie thing came to passe as they had spoken. For shortly after, the thane of Cawdor being condemned at Fores of treason against the king committed; his lands, livings and offices were givon of the kings liberalitie to Makbeth."

(4) SCENE IV.—*The prince of Cumberland.*] "But shortly after it chanced that king Duncane, having two sonnes by his wife which was the daughter of Siward earle of Northumberland, he made the elder of them called Malcolme prince of Cumberland, as it were thereby to appoint him his successor in the kingdome, immediatlie after his decesse. Makbeth, sore troubled herewith, for that he saw by this means his hope sore hindered (where, by the old lawes of the realme, the ordinance was, that if he that should succeede were not of able age to take the charge upon himselfe, he that was next of blood unto him should be admitted) he began to take counsell how he might usurpe the kingdome by force, having a just quarrell so to doo (as he took the matter) for that Duncane did what in him lay to defraud him of all manner of title and chume, which he might in time to come, pretend unto the crowne."

(5) SCENE VI.—  
*Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,  
The air is delicate.]*

Sir Joshua Reynolds was struck,—as who possessing a spark of sensibility, can fail to be,—with the exceeding beauty of this brief colloquy before the castle of Macbeth, and he observes on it,—"This short dialogue between Duncan and Banquo, whilst they are approaching the gates of Macbeth's castle, has always appeared to me a striking instance of what in painting is termed repose. Their conversation very naturally turns upon the beauty of its situation, and the pleasantness of the air; and Banquo, observing the martlets' nests in every recess of the cornice, remarks, that where those birds most breed and haunt, the air is delicate. The subject of this quiet and easy conversation gives that repose so necessary to the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes, and perfectly contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds. It seems as if Shakspeare asked himself, What is a prince likely to say to his attendants on such an occasion? Whereas the modern writers seem, on the contrary, to be always searching for new thoughts, such as would never occur to men in the situation which is represented. This also is frequently the practice of Homer, who, from the midst of battles and horrors, relieves and refreshes the mind of the reader by introducing some quiet rural image, a picture of domestic life."

## ACT II.

(1) SCENE III.—*‘Tis said they eat each other.]* Very many of the incidents connected with Duncan’s death are not to be found in the narrative of that event, but are taken from the Chroniclers’ account of King Duff’s murder. Among them are the prodigies mentioned in this speech:—“Monstrous sights also that were seene without the Scottishe kingdome that yere were these, horses in Lothian being of singular beaultie and swiftnesse, did eate their owne fleshe and would in nowise taste any other meate. In Angus there was a gentlewoman brought forth a child without eyes, nose, hande, or foote. There was a Sparhawk also strangled by an Owle. Neither was it any lesse wonder that the surro, as before is sayd, was continually covered with cloudes, for vi. monethes space: But all men understood that the abhominable murder of king Duffe was the cause hereof.”

## (2) SCENE III.—

*He is already nam’d; and gone to Scone  
To be crowned.]*

“Scone is well known to have early obtained historical importance. It received, it would appear, the title of the ‘Royal City of Scone,’ so early as A.D. 906 or 909. The *Pictish Chronicle* informs us that Constantino the son of Eil, and Kollach the Bishop, together with the Scots, solemnly vowed to ‘observe the laws and discipline of faith, the rights of the churches and of the Gospel, on the Hill of Crochulity, near the Royal City of Scone.’ If the Stone of Destiny was transferred by Kenneth Mac Alpino from Dunstaffnage in Argyleshire to Scone in A.D. 838, we may see a reason for the title ‘Royal City,’ which seems to have been acquired before the meeting of the Ecclesiastical Council. One of the most memorable of the combats with the Danes was fought at Collin near Scone, in the time of Donald IV. the son of Constantino II, for the possession of this stone. This must have been previous to A.D. 904, in which year Donald fell in battle at Forteviot. It is said that a religious house was established at Scone, when the stone was transferred by Kenneth Mac Alpino. During the reign of Alexander, Scone seems to have been occasionally a royal residence, and, like St. Andrews and other places in which monasteries were established, it was a market for foreign nations. Alexander addressed a writ to the merchants of England, inviting them to trade to Scone, and promising them protection on condition of their paying a custom to the monastery. This custom was an impost on all ships trading with Scone, from which it appears to have been anciently a port.

“About a mile from the river there was at a comparatively recent period a bog called the *fall sa mure*, which according to tradition has been covered by the tide, and in which when digging for a pond, stones similar to those in the bed of the Tay were found. Whatever may be the value of the commonly received fact as to the transference of the fatal stone to Scone, there can be no doubt that many of the Scottish kings were inaugurated here.

“Edw. I. having penetrated to the north as far as Elgin, and having reduced Badol to a state of the most abject submission, on his return ordered the famous stone on which the Scottish kings had been wont to be crowned, to be removed from the Abbey of Scone and conveyed to Westminster, in testimony, says Hemingford, an English contemporary chronicler, of the conquest and surrender of the kingdom. The restoration of the stone, though omitted in the treaty of Northampton (1328), was stipulated by

a separate instrument. The stone, as is well known, was never restored. ‘This fatal stone,’ says Sir Walter Scott, ‘was said to have been brought from Ireland by Fergus the son of Eric, who led the Dalriads to the shores of Argyleshire. Its virtues are preserved in the celebrated loomine verse:—

*Ni fallat Fatum, Scoti, quocunque locatum  
Inveniet lapideum, regnare teneant ibidem.*

There were Scots who hailed the accomplishment of this prophecy at the accession of James VI. to the crown of England, and exulted that, in removing their palladium, the policy of Edward resembled that which brought the Trojan horse in triumph within their walls, and which occasioned the destruction of their royal family. The stone is still preserved, and forms the support of King Edward the Confessor’s chair, which the sovereign occupies at his coronation.’ In preparing this chair for the coronation of her present Majesty, some small fragments of this stone were broken off.”—*New Statistical Account of Scotland*, 1845, vol. x. p. 1047.

## (3) SCENE III.—

*— Where is Duncan’s body?  
MACH. Carried to Colmekill.]*

“To the Highlanders of the present day, Iona is known as ‘Inns-nan-Druidneach,’ or the *Island of the Druids*—as ‘Il cholum-chille,’ or the *Island of Colum, of the Cell, or Cemetery*, from whence the English word *Colymbkill* is derived.

“In Macfarlane’s MS., Advocates’ library, there is a description of this island by Dean Monro, who travelled through the Western Isles in 1549.

“‘*Colmekill*.—Name at this betwixt myles of sea, lyes the Isle the Erseche call it Colmekill, that is, Sanct Colm’s Isle, and ture mayno Isle of two myle lunge, and maro and ano myle broad, fertill and fruitfull of corn and store, and good for fishing. Within this ile there is a monastery of Monikes and ano of nuns, with a parochie kirke, and sundry other chappels dot it of auld be the kings of Scotland, and be Clononald of the Iyles. This abbay forsoid was the cathedrall kirk of the bishops of the Iyles sen the tyme they were expulsed out of the Iyle of Man by the Englishmen; for within the Iyle of Man was the cathedrall kirke, and living of auld. Within this ile of Colmekill, there is ano sanctuary also, or kirkard, callit in Erseche, Religoram, quhilk is a very fair kirkyard, and weil biggat about with staine and lime. Into this sanctuary there is three tombes of staine founit hke litle chappels with ano braid gray marble or quhin staine in the gable of ilk one of the tombes. In the stane of the tomb there is writtin in Latin letters *Tumulus Regum Scotia*, that is, the tombe or gravo of the Scotts kinges. Within this tombe according to our Scotts and Erseche chronickles, ther lyes fortyeight around Scotts kinges, through the quhilk this ile has bene richlie dotit be the Scotts kinges, as we have said. \* \* \* Within this sanctuarie also lyes the maist past of the Lords of the Iles with ther lynage, two clau Lynes with ther lynage, M’Kynnon and M’Guare, with ther hueages, with sundrie uthers inhabitants of the hie Iles, because this sanctuarie was wont to be the sepulture of the best men of all the isles; and als of our kinge’s as we have said; because it was the maist honorable and ancient place that was in Scotland in their days as we read.”—*New Statistical Account of Scotland*, 1845, vol. vii. p. 312.

# ACT III.

## (1) SCENE III.—

— *Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!*  
*Thou mayst revenge.—O, slave!*

The murder of Banquo is told very briefly by Holinshed :—  
 "The words also of the three weird sisters would not out of his mind, which as they promised him the kingdom, so likewise did they promise it at the same time unto the posterity of Banquo. He willed therefore the same Banquo with his sonno named Fleance, to come to a supper that he had prepared for them, which was in deed, as he had devised, present death at the hands of certaine murderers, whom he hired to execute that deed, appointing them to meete with the same Banquo and his sonno without the palace, as they returned to their lodgings, and there to slea them, so that he would not have his house slandered, but that in time to come he might cleare himselfe, if anie thing were laid to his charge upon any suspicion that might arise."

"It chanced yet by the benefit of the darke night, that though the father were slaine, the sonne yet by the helpe of Almightye God reserving him to better yet to time, escaped that danger: and afterwaies having some mkeling (by the admonition of some friends which he had in the court) how his life was sought no lesse than his fathers, who was slaine not by chance medhe (as by the handling of the matter Makbeth would have had it to appeare) but even upon a propensed devise: whereupon to avoid further perill he fled into Wales."

(2) SCENE V.—*Enter HECCATE.* "Shakespeare seems to have been unjustly censured for introducing Hecate among the modern witches. Scott's 'Discovery of Witchcraft,' b. ii. c. ii. and c. xvi., and b. xii. c. iii., mentions it as the common opinion of all writers, that witches were supposed to have nightly 'meetings with Herodias, and the pagan gods,' and that in the night times they rule abroad with Diana, the goddess of the pagans, &c. Then dame or chief leader seems always to have been an old pagan, as 'the Luth Sibylla, Mameva, or Diana.'"—TOLLET.

(3) SCENE V.—*SONG.* [Without.] *Come away, come away, &c.* The song actually sung here we conjecture to be that given in the corresponding scene of Middleton's "Witch," and in D'Avenant's paraphrase of "Macbeth." It was probably written by Shakespeare, and derived by Middle-

ton and D'Avenant from stage tradition, or from some less imperfect copy of "Macbeth" than is now known

*Song in "The Witch."*

"Come away, come away;  
 Hecate, Hecate, come away } in the aire  
*Hec I come, I come, I come,*  
 With all the speed I may."

"Now I goe, now I flie,  
 Makke my sweete spirit and I,  
 Oh what a damie pleasure tis  
 To ride in the aire  
 When the moone shines faire,  
 And sing and daunce, and toy and kisse:  
 Over woods, high rocks, and mountaines,  
 Over seas our mistrie fountaines,  
 Over steepe towres and turrets  
 We fly by night, 'mongst troups of spiritts.  
 No ring of bells to our eares sounds,  
 No howles of wolves, no yelpes of hounds;  
 No, nor the noyse of waters breach,  
 Or cannon's throat, our height can reache."

"The Witch" is supposed to have been written about 1613, but it was not printed before 1778. D'Avenant's alteration of "Macbeth" was printed a century earlier. From this circumstance, as well as from the differences observable in passages common to both, it may be inferred that the latter did not copy those passages from Middleton, but that each derived them from the same original. The following is D'Avenant's version of the preceding song :—

"Come away Hecate, Hecate! Oh come away;  
*Hec I come, I come, with all the speed I may."*

"Now I go, and now I flye  
 Making my sweet Spirit and I  
 O what a dainty pleasure's this,  
 To sail 't' the Air  
 While the Moon shines fair;  
 To sing, to Toy, to Dance and Kiss,  
 Over Woods, high Rocks and Mountains;  
 Over Hills, and misty Fountains;  
 Over Steepes, Towers, and Turrets.  
 We flye by night 'mongst troops of Spirits.  
 No Ring of Bells to our Ears sounds,  
 No howles of Wolves, nor Yelps of Hounds;  
 No, nor the noyse of Waters breach,  
 Nor Cannons Throats, our Height can reach."

# ACT IV.

(1) SCENE I.—*This is the brindled cat hath mew'd.* "Dr. Warburton has adduced classical authority for the connexion between Hecate and this animal, with a view to trace the reason why it was the agent and favourite of modern witches. It may be added, that among the Egyptians the cat was sacred to Isis or the Moon,—their Hecate or Diana, and accordingly worshipped with great honour. Many cat-idols are still preserved in the cabinets of the curious, and the sistrum or rattle used by the priests of Isis is generally ornamented with a figure of a cat with a crescent on its head."—DOUGL.

(2) SCENE I.—*Music and Song, "Black spirits," &c.* This "charm song," like the song in Act III., is found both in Middleton's "Witch" and D'Avenant's alteration of "Macbeth" :—

"Black Spirits, and White,  
 Red Spirits and Gray;  
 Mingle, mingle, mingle,  
 You that mingle may."

(3) SCENE III.—

—*Such welcome and unwelcome things at once  
'Tis hard to reconcile.*]

The foregoing dialogue very closely follows Holinshed's abridgment of the Scottish history:—

"At his coming unto Malcolm, he declared into what great misery the estate of Scotland was brought, by the detestable cruelties exercised by the tyrant Makbeth, having committed many horrible slaughters and murders, both as well of the nobles as commons, for the which he was hated right mortally of all his hege people, desiring nothing more than to be delivered of that intolerable and most hevie yoke of thralldome, which they sustained at such a cruellous hands.

"Malcolm hearing Makduff's words, which he uttered in verie lamentable sort, for indure compassion and verie ruth that pearsed his sorrowfull hart, bewailing the miserable state of his countrie, he fletched a deepe sigh; whioh Makduff perceiving, began to fall most earnestly in hand with him, to enterprise the deliverance of the Scottish people out of the hands of so cruell and bloudie a tyrant, as Makbeth by too many plaine experiments did shew himselfe to be: which was an easie matter for him to bring to passe, considering not onely the good title he had, but also the earnest desire of the people to have some occasion ministred, whereby they might be revenged of those notable injuries, which they daily sustained by the outrageous crueltie of Makbeth's misgovernance. Though Malcolm was verie sorrowfull for the oppression of his countremen the Scots, in manner as Makduff had declared, yet doubting whether he were come as one that ment unfoinollie as he spake, or else as sent from Makbeth to betraine him, he thought to have some further triall, and thereupon chessembling his mind at the first, he answered as followeth.

"*'I am truly verie sorie for the miserie chanced to my countrie of Scotland, but though I have never so great affection to relieve the same, yet by reason of certain incurable vices, which reigne in me, I am nothing meet thereto. First, such immoderate lust and voluptuous sensualitie (the abhominable fountaine of all vices) followeth me, that if I were made king of Scots, I should seeke to dessoile young maids and matrones, in such wise that mine intemperance should be more importable unto you, than the bloudie tyrannie of Makbeth now is.' Heereunto Makduff answered: 'This suchie is a verie evill fault, for many noble princes and kings have lost both lives and kingdomes for the same; nevertheless there are women enow in Scotland, and therefore follow my counsell. Make thy selfe king, and I shall convey the matter so wisely, that thou shalt be so satisfied at thy pleasure in such secret wise, that no man shall be aware thereof.'*

"Then said Malcolm, 'I am also the most avaritious creature on the earth, so that if I were king, I should seeke so many waies to get lands and goods, that I would slea the most part of all the nobles of Scotland by surmized accusations, to the end I might enjoy thy lands, goods, and possessions, and therefore to shew you what mischiefe may issue on you through mine unsatiable covetousnes, I will rehearse unto you a fable. 'There was a fox having a

score place on his overset with a swarme of flies, that continually sucked out his blood: and when one that came by and saw this manner, demanded whether she would have the flies driven beside her, she answered no: for if those flies that are already full, and by reason thereof sucke not verie eagerly, should be chased away, other that are emptye and fellie an hungred should light in their places, and sucke out the residue of my blood farre more to my groevance than these, which now being satisfied doe not much annoy me. 'Therefore saith Malcolm, suffer me to remaine where I am, lest if I attaine to the regiment of your realme, mine unquenchable avarice may prove such; that ye would thinke the displeasures which now grieve you, should seeme easie in respect of the unmeasurable outrage, which might issue through my coming amongst you.'

"Makduff to this made answer, 'how it was a far worse fault than the other: for avarice is the root of all mischefe, and for that crime the most part of our kings have bene shamed and brought to their final end. Yet notwithstanding follow my counsell, and take upon thee the crowne. There is gold and riches enough in Scotland to satisfy thy greedy desire.' Then said Malcolm againe, 'I am furthermore inclined to dissimulation, telling of leasings and all other kinds of deceit, so that I naturally rejoyce in nothing so much as to betraie and deceive such as put any trust or confidence in my words. Then sith there is nothing that more becometh a prince than constancie, veritie, truth, and justice, with the other laudable fellowship of those fine and noble vertues which are comprehended onlie in soothfastnesse, and that long utt the overthrow the same; you see how unable I am to governe any province or region: and therefore sith you have remedies to cloke and hie all the rest of my other vices, I pray you find shift to cloke this vice amongst the residue.

"Then said Makduff: 'This yet is the worst of all, and there I leave thee, and therefore say, O ye unhappie and miserable Scottishmen, which are thus scourged with so many and such calamities, eke one above other! Ye have one cursed and wicked tyrant that now reigneth over you, without any right or title, oppressing you with his most bloudie crueltie. This other that hath the right to the crowne, is so replet with the inconstant behaviour and manifest vices of Englishmen, that he is nothing woorthie to enjoy it: for by his own confession he is not onely avaritious, and given to unsatiable lust, but so false a traitor withall, that no trust is to be had unto any word he speaketh. Adieu Scotland, for now I account my selfe a banished man for ever, without comfort or consolation.' and with those words the brackish teares trickled downe his cheekes verie abundantly.

"At the last, when he was ready to depart, Malcolm tooke him by the sleeve, and said: 'Be of good comfort Makduff, for I have none of these vices before remembred, but have jested with thee in this manner, onely to prove thy mind: for diverse times heretofore hath Makbeth sought by this manner of meanes to bring me into his hands, but the more slow I have showed my selfe to condescend to thy motion and request, the more diligence shall I use in accomplishing the same.'

## ACT V.

## (1) SCENE IV.—

— *the confident tyrant*  
*Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure*  
*Our setting down before't.*]

"In the meane time, Malcolme purchased such favor at king Edwards hands, that old Sward earle of Northumberland was appointed with ten thousand men to go with him into Scotland, to support him in this enterprise, for recoverie of his right. After these newes were spread abroad in Scotland, the nobles drew into two severall factions, the one taking part with Makbeth, and the other with Malcolme. Hereupon ensued oftentimes sundrie bickorings, and diverse light skirmishes: for those that were of Malcolmes side, would not jeopard to joine with their enemies in a plight field, till his coming out of England to their support. But after that Makbeth perceived his enemies power to increase, by such and as came to them forth of England with his adversarie Malcolme, he recoiled hacket into Fife, there purposing to abide in campe fortified, at the castell of Dunsinane, and to fight with his enemies, if they went to pursue him; howbeit some of his friends advised him, that it should be best for him, either to make some agreement with Malcolme, or else to flee with all speed into the Isles, and to take his treasure with him, to the end he might wage sundrie great princes of the realme to take his part, and receive strangers, in whome he might better trust than in his owne subjects, which stale dailie from him: but he had such confidence in his propheties, that he beleved he should never be vanquished, till Birnam wood were brought to Dunsinane; nor yet to be slaine with anie man, that should be or was borne of anie woman."

(2) SCENE VIII.—*My better part.*] The note on that long controverted expression, "*Atalanta's better part*," in "*As You Like It*," having been omitted in the proper place from lack of room, it may be well to explain here that *Atalanta's better part* was not her *modesty*, nor her *heels*, nor her *wit*, as critics have variously conjectured, but simply her *spiritual part*. The old epitaph quoted by Mr. Whalley in the *Variorum* almost proves, although he was apparently unconscious of the meaning, that *better part* signified the *immortal*, the *intelligent part*:—

"She who is dead and sleepeth in this tomb,  
 Had Rachel's comely face, and Leah's fruitful womb:  
 Sarah's obedience, Lydia's open heart,  
 And Martha's care, and Mary's *better part*."

But the following lines from Overbury's poem "*A Wife*," places this beyond doubt:—

"Or rather let me love, then be in love;  
 So let me chuse, as wife and friend to find,  
 Let me forget her *sex* when I approve:  
*Brute* likeness lies in shape, but *ours* in mind:  
 Our *soules* no *sexes* have, their love is cleane,  
 No *sex*, both in the *better part* are men."

The Italics, we may remark, are the author's.

(3) SCENE VIII.—*Re-enter MACDUFF, with KING MACBETH'S head.*] The catastrophe is thus told by the historian:—"Malcolme following hastily after Makbeth, came the night before the battell unto Birnam wood; and when his armie had rested a while there to refresh them, he commanded everie man to get a bough of some tree or other of that wood in his hand, as big as he might beare, and to march forth therewith in such wise, that on the next morrow they might come closelie and without sight in this manner within view of his enemies. On the morrow when Makbeth beheld them coming in this sort, he first marvelled what the matter ment, but in the end remembered himselfe that the prophesie which he had heard long before that time, of the coming of Birnam wood to Dunsinane castell, was likelie to be now fulfilled. Nevertheless, he brought his men in order of battell, and exhorted them to doo valiantlie, howbeit his enemies had scarselie cast from them their boughs, when Makbeth perceiving their numbers, betooke him strict to flight, whome Makduffe pursued with great hatred, even till he came unto Lunfannaine, where Makbeth perceiving that Makduffe was hard at his backe, leapt beside his horse, saying; 'Thou traitor, what meaneth it that thou shouldst thus in vaine follow me that am not appointed to be slaine by anie creature that is borne of a woman, come on therefore, and receive thy reward which thou hast deserved for thy paines,' and therewithall he lifted up his sword thinking to have slaine him.

"But Makduffe quicklie avoiding from his horse, yer he came at him, answered (with his naked sword in his hand) saying: 'It is true Makbeth, and now shall thine insatiable crueltie have an end, for I am even he that thy wizards have told thee of, who was never borne of my mother, but ripped out of her wombe:' therewithall he stept unto him, and slue him in the place. Then cutting his head from his shoulders, he set it upon a pole, and brought it unto Malcolme."



## CRITICAL OPINIONS ON MACBETH.

“Who could exhaust the praises of this sublime work ! Since ‘The Eumenides’ of *Æschylus*, nothing so grand and terrible has ever been written. The witches are not, it is true, divine Eumenides, and are not intended to be : they are ignoble and vulgar instruments of hell. A German poet, therefore, very ill understood their meaning, when he transformed them into mongrel beings, a mixture of fates, furies, and enchantresses, and clothed them with tragic dignity. Let no man venture to lay hand on *Shakspeare’s* works thinking to improve anything essential : he will be sure to punish himself. The bad is radically odious ; and to endeavour in any manner to ennoble it, is to violate the laws of propriety. Hence, in my opinion, *Dante*, and even *Tasso*, have been much more successful in their portraiture of *dæmons* than *Milton*. Whether the age of *Shakspeare* still believed in ghosts and witches, is a matter of perfect indifference for the justification of the use which in ‘*Hamlet*’ and ‘*Macbeth*’ he has made of pre-existing traditions. No superstition can be widely diffused without having a foundation in human nature : on this the poet builds ; he calls up from their hidden abysses that dread of the unknown, that presage of a dark side of nature, and a world of spirits, which philosophy now imagines it has altogether exploded. In this manner he is in some degree both the portrayer and the philosopher of superstition ; that is, not the philosopher who denies and turns it into ridicule, but, what is still more difficult, who distinctly exhibits its origin in apparently irrational and yet natural opinions. But when he ventures to make arbitrary changes in these popular traditions, he altogether forfeits his right to them, and merely holds up his own idle fancies to our ridicule. *Shakspeare’s* picture of the witches is truly magical : in the short scenes where they enter, he has created for them a peculiar language, which, although composed of the usual elements, still seems to be a collection of formulæ of incantation. The sound of the words, the accumulation of rhymes, and the rhythmus of the verse, form, as it were, the hollow music of a dreary witch-dance. He has been abused for using the names of disgusting objects ; but he who fancies the kettle of the witches can be made effective with agreeable aromatics, is as wise as those who desire that hell should sincerely and honestly give good advice. These repulsive things, from which the imagination shrinks, are here emblems of the hostile powers which operate in nature ; and the repugnance of our senses is outweighed by the mental horror. With one another the witches discourse like women of the very lowest class ; for this was the class to which witches were ordinarily supposed to belong : when, however, they address *Macbeth* they assume a loftier tone : their predictions, which they either themselves pronounce, or allow their apparitions to deliver, have all the obscure brevity, the majestic solemnity of oracles.

“We here see that the witches are merely instruments ; they are governed by an invisible spirit, or the operation of such great and dreadful events would be above their sphere. With what intent did *Shakspeare* assign the same place to them in his play, which they occupy in the history of *Macbeth* related in the old chronicles ? A monstrous crime is committed : *Duncan*, a venerable old man, and the best of kings, is, in defenceless sleep, under the hospitable roof, murdered by his subject, whom he has loaded with honours and rewards. Natural motives alone seem inadequate, or the perpetrator must have been portrayed as a hardened villain. *Shakspeare* wished to exhibit a more sublime picture : an ambitious but noble hero, yielding to a deep-laid hellish temptation ; and in whom all the crimes to which, in order to secure the fruits of his first crime, he is impelled by necessity, cannot altogether eradicate the stamp of native heroism. He has, therefore, given a threefold division to the guilt of that crime. The first idea comes from that being whose whole activity is guided by a lust of wickedness. The wild sisters surprise *Macbeth* in the moment of intoxication of victory, when his love of glory has

## CRITICAL OPINIONS.

been gratified ; they cheat his eyes by exhibiting to him as the work of fate what in reality can only be accomplished by his own deed, and gain credence for all their words by the immediate fulfilment of the first prediction. The opportunity of murdering the King immediately offers ; the wife of Macbeth conjures him not to let it slip ; she urges him on with a fiery eloquence, which has at command all those sophisms that serve to throw a false splendour over crime. Little more than the mere execution falls to the share of Macbeth ; he is driven into it, as it were, in a tumult of fascination. Repentance immediately follows, nay, even precedes the deed, and the stings of conscience leave him rest neither night nor day. But he is now fairly entangled in the snares of hell ; truly frightful is it to behold that same Macbeth, who once as a warrior could spurn at death, now that he dreads the prospect of the life to come,\* clinging with growing anxiety to his earthly existence the more miserable it becomes, and pitilessly removing out of the way whatever to his dark and suspicious mind seems to threaten danger. However much we may abhor his actions, we cannot altogether refuse to compassionate the state of his mind ; we lament the ruin of so many noble qualities, and even in his last defence we are compelled to admire the struggle of a brave will with a cowardly conscience. We might believe that we witness in this tragedy the overruling destiny of the ancients represented in perfect accordance with their ideas : the whole originates in a supernatural influence, to which the subsequent events seem inevitably linked. Moreover, we even find here the same ambiguous oracles which, by their literal fulfilment, deceive those who confide in them. Yet it may be easily shown that the poet has, in his work, displayed more enlightened views. He wishes to show that the conflict of good and evil in this world can only take place by the permission of Providence, which converts the curse that individual mortals draw down on their heads into a blessing to others. An accurate scale is followed in the retaliation. Lady Macbeth, who of all the human participators in the king's murder is the most guilty, is thrown by the terrors of her conscience into a state of incurable bodily and mental disease ; she dies, unlamented by her husband, with all the symptoms of reprobation. Macbeth is still found worthy to die the death of a hero on the field of battle. The noble Macduff is allowed the satisfaction of saving his country by punishing with his own hand the tyrant who had murdered his wife and children. Banquo, by an early death, atones for the ambitious curiosity which prompted the wish to know his glorious descendants, as he thereby has roused Macbeth's jealousy ; but he preserved his mind pure from the evil suggestions of the witches : his name is blessed in his race, destined to enjoy for a long succession of ages that royal dignity which Macbeth could only hold for his own life. In the progress of the action, this piece is altogether the reverse of 'Hamlet : ' it strides forward with amazing rapidity, from the first catastrophe (for Duncan's murder may be called a catastrophe) to the last. 'Thought, and done !' is the general motto ; for as Macbeth says,

'The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,  
Unless the deed go with it.'

In every feature we see an energetic heroic age, in the hardy North which steels every nerve. The precise duration of the action cannot be ascertained,—years perhaps, according to the story ; but we know that to the imagination the most crowded time appears always the shortest. Here we can hardly conceive how so very much could ever have been compressed into so narrow a space ; not merely external events,—the very inmost recesses in the minds of the dramatic personages are laid open to us. It is as if the drags were taken from the wheels of time, and they rolled along without interruption in their descent. Nothing can equal this picture in its power to excite terror. We need only allude to the circumstances attending the murder of Duncan, the dagger that hovers before the eyes of Macbeth, the vision of Banquo at the feast, the madness of Lady Macbeth ; what can possibly be said on the subject that will not rather weaken the impression they naturally leave ? Such scenes stand alone, and are to be found only in this poet ; otherwise the tragic muse might exchange her mask for the head of Medusa."—SCHLEGEL.

\* "We'd jump the life to come."

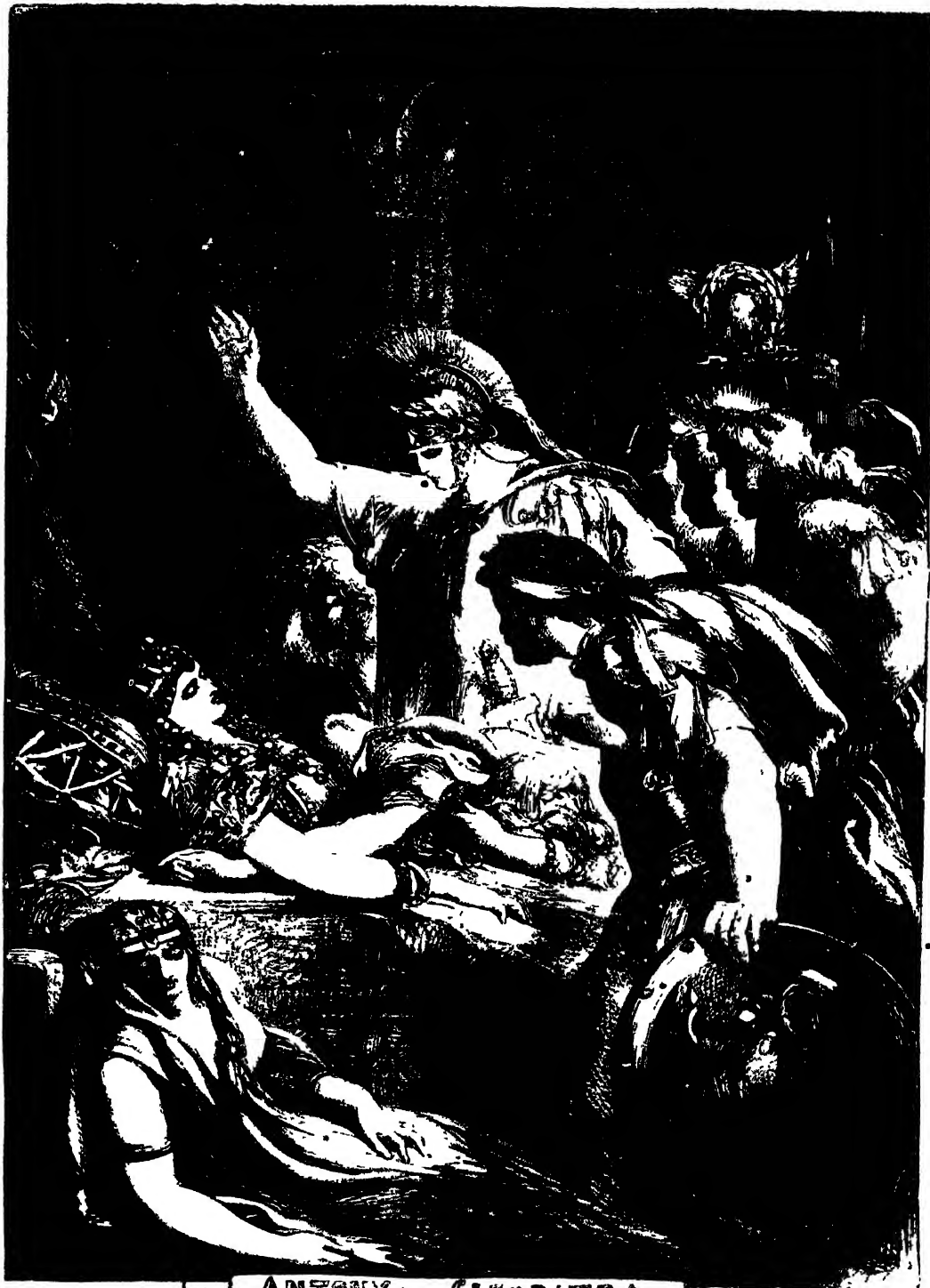
## CRITICAL OPINIONS.

“‘Macbeth’ stands in contrast throughout with ‘Hamlet;’ in the manner of opening more especially. In the latter, there is a gradual ascent from the simplest forms of conversation to the language of impassioned intellect,—yet the intellect still remaining the seat of passion; in the former, the invocation is at once made to the imagination and the emotions connected therewith. Hence the movement throughout is the most rapid of all Shakspeare’s plays, and hence, also, with the exception of the disgusting passage of the Porter (Act II. Sc. 3), which I dare pledge myself to demonstrate to be an interpolation of the actors, there is not, to the best of my remembrance, a single pun or play on words in the whole drama. I have previously given an answer to the thousand times repeated charge against Shakspeare upon the subject of his punning; and I here merely mention the fact of the absence of any puns in ‘Macbeth’ as justifying a candid doubt, at least, whether even in these figures of speech and fanciful modifications of language, Shakspeare may not have followed rules and principles that merit and would stand the test of philosophic examination. And hence, also, there is an entire absence of comedy, nay, even of irony and philosophic contemplation in ‘Macbeth,’—the play being wholly and purely tragic. For the same cause, there are no reasonings of equivocal morality, which would have required a more leisurely state and a consequently greater activity of mind;—no sophistry of self-delusion, except only that previously to the dreadful act, Macbeth mistranslates the recoilings and ominous whispers of conscience into prudential and selfish reasonings, and, after the deed is done, the terrors of remorse into fear from external dangers,—like delirious men who run away from the phantoms of their own brains, or, roused by terror to rage, stab the real object that is within their reach.—whilst Lady Macbeth merely endeavours to reconcile his and her own sinkings of heart by anticipations of the worst, and an affected bravado in confronting them. In all the rest, Macbeth’s language is the grave utterance of the very heart, conscience-sick, even to the last faintings of moral death. It is the same in all the other characters. The variety arises from rage, caused ever and anon by disruption of anxious thought, and the quick transition of fear into it.

“In ‘Hamlet’ and ‘Macbeth’ the scene opens with superstition; but in each it is not merely different, but opposite. In the first it is connected with the best and holiest feelings; in the second with the shadowy, turbulent, and unsanctified cravings of the individual will. Nor is the purpose the same; in the one the object is to excite, whilst in the other it is to mark a mind already excited.

“The Wench Sisters are as true a creation of Shakspeare’s as his Ariel and Caliban,—fates, furies, and materializing witches being the elements. They are wholly different from any representation of witches in the contemporary writers, and yet presented a sufficient external resemblance to the creatures of vulgar prejudice to act immediately on the audience. Their character consists in the imaginative disconnected from the good; they are the shadowy obscure and fearfully anomalous of physical nature, the lawless of human nature,—elemental avengers without sex or kin. The true reason for the first appearance of the Witches is to strike the key-note of the character of the whole drama.

“Macbeth is described by Lady Macbeth so as at the same time to reveal her own character. Could he have everything he wanted, he would rather have it innocently;—ignorant, as alas, how many of us are, that he who wishes a temporal end for itself does in truth will the means; and hence the danger of indulging fancies. Lady Macbeth, like all in Shakspeare, is a class individualized:—of high rank, left much alone, and feeding herself with day-dreams of ambition, she mistakes the courage of fantasy for the power of bearing the consequences of the realities of guilt. Hers is the mock fortitude of a mind deluded by ambition; she shames her husband with a superhuman audacity of fancy which she cannot support, but sinks in the season of remorse, and dies in suicidal agony.”—COLERIDGE.



ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.



## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

No edition of this tragedy, previous to that in the folio of 1623, is now known ; although, from the fact of its having been entered on the Stationers' Registers by Edward Blount, one of the publishers of the folio, in May, 1608, there is a bare possibility that an earlier impression may some day come to light. It was probably written at the latter end of the year 1607, but we have no evidence to prove when it was first acted, or, indeed, that it was acted at all. There were two preceding dramas on the subject ; the "Cleopatra" of Samuel Daniel, 1594 ; and "The Trajedio of Antonie," a translation from the French by Lady Pembroke, 1595, to neither of which, however, was Shakespeare under any obligation, his story and incidents being evidently borrowed directly from the Life of Antonius in North's *Plutarch*, which he has followed, even to the minutest circumstances, with scrupulous fidelity. The action comprehends the events of ten years ; beginning with the death of Fulvia, n.c. 40, and terminating with the overthrow of the Ptolemean dynasty, n.c. 30.

## Persons Represented.

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M. ANTONY,  
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, } *Triumvirs.*  
M. ÆMIL LEPIDUS, }

SEXTUS POMPEIUS.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,  
VENTIDIUS,  
KNOS,  
SCARUS,  
DERGETAS,  
DEMETRIUS,  
PHILO, } *Friends of Antony.*

MECENAS,  
AGRIPPA,  
DOLABELLA,  
PROCULEIUS,  
THYRÆUS, } *Friends of Cæsar.*  
GALLUS,

MILAS,  
MENECRATES, } *Friends of Pompey.*  
VARRIUS,

TAURUS, *Lieutenant General to Cæsar.*

CANIDIUS, *Lieutenant General to Antony.*

SILIUS, *an Officer in Ventidius's Army.*

EUPHRONIUS, *an Ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.*

ALEXAS,

MARDIAN, } *Attendants on Cleopatra.*  
'SELFCUS,  
DIOMEDES, }

A Soothsayer.

A Clown.

CLEOPATRA, *Queen of Egypt.*

OCTAVIA, *Sister to Cæsar, and Wife of Antony.*

CHARMIAN, } *Attendants on Cleopatra.*  
IRAS, }

*Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, -- *Dispersed; in several parts of the Roman Empire*



## ACT. I.

SCENE I.—Alexandria *A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.*

PHI. Nay, but this dotage of our general's  
Overflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,  
That o'er the files and musters of the war

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Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now  
turn,  
The office and devotion of their view  
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,  
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath

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The buckles on his breast, reneges\* all temper,  
And is become the bellows and the fan  
To cool a gipsy's lust. Look, where they come !  
[*Flourish without.*]

Take but good note, and you shall see in him  
The triple pillar of the world transform'd  
Into a strumpet's fool : behold and see.

*Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with their  
Trains ; Eunuchs fanning her.*

CLEO. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

ANT. There's beggary in the love that can be  
reckon'd.

CLEO. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

ANT. Then must thou needs find out new  
heaven, new earth.

*Enter an Attendant.*

ATT. News, my good lord, from Rome.

ANT. Grates me :— the sun.

CLEO. Nay, hear them, Antony :

Fulvia perchance is angry ; or, who knows  
If the scarce-bearded Caesar have not sent  
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this ;  
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that ;  
Perform't, or else we damn't* *her.*

ANT. How, my love !

CLEO. Perchance,—nay, and most like,—

You must not stay here longer, your dismissal  
Is come from Caesar ; therefore hear it, Antony.—  
Where's Fulvia's process ?<sup>a</sup> Caesar's, I would  
say.—both ?—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,  
Thou blushest, Antony ; and that blood of thine  
Is Caesar's homager : else so thy cheek pays  
shame [gers !]

When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messen-

ANT. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide  
arch

Of the rang'd empire fall ! Here is my space.  
Kingdoms are clay : our dungy earth alike  
Feeds beast as man : the nobleness of life  
Is to do thus ; when such a mutual pair,

[*Embracing.*]

And such a twain can do't, in which I bind,  
On pain of punishment, the world to weet,  
We stand up peerless.

CLEO. Excellent falsehood !

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her ?—  
I'll seem the fool I am not ;—Antony  
Will be himself.

ANT. But stir'd by Cleopatra.—  
Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,  
Let's not confound the time with conference  
harsh :

There's not a minute of our lives should stretch  
Without some pleasure now :—what sport to-  
night ?

CLEO. Hear the ambassadors.

ANT. Fie, wrangling queen !  
Whom everything becomes,—to chide, to laugh,  
To weep ; whose<sup>b</sup> every passion fully strives  
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd !  
No messenger but thine ; and all alone,  
To-night we'll wander through the streets, and  
note

The qualities of people.<sup>(1)</sup> Come, my queen ;  
Last night you did desire it.—Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt ANT. and CLEO., with their Train.*]

DEM. Is Caesar with Antonius priz'd so slight ?

PIT. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,  
He comes too short of that great property  
Which still should go with Antony.

DEM. I am full sorry  
That he approves the common liar,<sup>d</sup> who  
Thus speaks of him at Rome : but I will hope  
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Room in the  
Palace.*

*Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Sooth-  
sayer.\**

CHAR. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any-  
thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas,  
where's the soothsayer that you praised so to  
the queen ? O, that I knew this husband,  
which, you say, must change<sup>f</sup> his horns with  
garlands !

ALEX. Soothsayer.—

SOOTH. Your will ?

CHAR. Is this the man ?—Is't you, sir, that  
know things ?

(\*) First folio, *who*.

<sup>a</sup> — reneges—] That is, *denies* or *renounces*. Though odd and  
obsolete now, it was probably the genuine word, as in "King  
Lear," Act II. Sc. 2, we have,—"Renage, affirm," &c.

<sup>b</sup> — damn thee ] Condemns thee

<sup>c</sup> — process ] Citation.

<sup>d</sup> That he approves the common liar.—] That he confirms the  
reports of Rumour.

<sup>e</sup> *Enter* CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Soothsayer.] The  
direction of the folio is, "Enter Enobarbus, Lampricus, a Sooth-  
sayer, Rannius Lucilius, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch,

and Alexas" And Stevens thought it possible that "Lam-  
prius, Rannius, Lucilius," &c. might have been speakers in the  
scene as the was originally written by the poet, who afterwards,  
when omitting the speeches, forgot to erase the names.

<sup>f</sup> — change his horns with garlands ] So the old text ; to  
"change his horns," may mean to *swap* or *exchange* them. The  
modern reading, however, of *change*, suggested by Southern and  
Warburton, is certainly very plausible.



SOOTH. In nature's infinite book of secrecy  
A little I can read.

ALEX. Show him your hand.

*Enter ENOBARRUS.*

ENO. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine  
enough

Cleopatra's health to drink.

CHAR. Good sir, give me good fortune.

SOOTH. I make not, but foresee.

CHAR. Pray, then, foresee me one.

SOOTH. You shall be yet far fairer than you  
are.

CHAR. He means in flesh.

IRAS. No, you shall paint when you are old.

CHAR. Wrinkles forbid!

ALEX. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

CHAR. Hush!

SOOTH. You shall be more loving than be-  
lov'd.

CHAR. I had rather heat my liver with drinking,

ALEX. Nay, hear him.

CHAR. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let  
me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and  
widow them all: let me have a child at fifty,  
to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find  
me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and com-  
panion me with my mistress.

SOOTH. You shall outlive the lady whom you  
serve.

CHAR. O excellent! I love long life better than  
figs.\*

SOOTH. You have seen and prov'd a fairer  
former fortune

Than that which is to approach.

CHAR. Then, belike my children shall have no  
names:†—pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches  
must I have?

SOOTH. If every of your wishes had a womb,  
And fertile every wish, a million.

CHAR. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

\* I love long life better than figs.] This was a proverbial saying.  
† — my children shall have no names:] That is, be illegitimate.

c And fertile every wish.—] A correction of Theobald or War-  
burton. The old copy has, "And forestel," &c.

ALBX. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

CHAR. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

ALEX. We'll know all our fortunes.

ENO. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

IRAS. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

CHAR. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

IRAS. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

CHAR. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'y-thee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

SOOTH. Your fortunes are alike.

IRAS. But how, but how? give me particulars.

SOOTH. I have said.

IRAS. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

\* CHAR. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

IRAS. Not in my husband's nose.

CHAR. Our worse thoughts heaven mend!—Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune!—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Iras, I beseech thee! and let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

IRAS. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

CHAR. Amen.

ALEX. Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't!

ENO. Hush! here comes Antony.

CHAR. Not he: the queen.

*Enter CLEOPATRA.*

CLEO. Saw you my lord?

ENO. No, lady.

CLEO. Was he not here?

CHAR. No, madam.

(\*) First folio, *Saw*.

\* Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune!—] The compositor of the folio, mistaking "Alexas" for the prefix to the speech, has attributed what follows to him. The error was pointed out by Theobald a century ago, and has been rectified in every edition since.

† Extended—] *Solus*.

‡ "When our quick winds—] Has been changed, by Warburton,

CLEO. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden

A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—ENO. Madam?

CLEO. Seek him, and bring him hither.—Where's Alexas?

ALEX. Here, at your service.—My lord approaches.

CLEO. We will not look upon him: go with us. *[Exeunt.]*

*Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger and Attendants.*

MESS. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

ANT. Against my brother Lucius?

MESS. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy, Upon the first encounter, drove them.

ANT. Well, what worst?

MESS. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

ANT. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On:—

Things that are past are done, with me.—'Tis thus, Who tells me true, though in his tale he death, I hear him as he flatter'd.

MESS. Labienus

(This is stiff news) hath, with his Parthian force, Extended<sup>b</sup> Asia from Euphrates;

His conquering banner shook from Syria To India and to Ionia;

Whilst—

ANT. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

MESS. O, my lord!

ANT. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;

Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome;

Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults

With such full licence as both truth and malice

Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth words,

When our quick winds<sup>c</sup> lie still; and our ills told us,

Is as our earring!<sup>d</sup> Fare thee well a while.

MESS. At your noble pleasure. *[Exit.]*

ANT. From Sicyon ho,<sup>e</sup> the news! Speak there!

1 ATT. The man from Sicyon,—is there such an one?

(\*) Old text, *how*.

to. "When our quick winds," &c. perhaps without necessity. "Quick winds" may mean, *quickening winds*; and Johnson's explanation of the passage,—"that man, not agitated by censure, like soul not ventilated by quick winds, produces more evil than good,"—is possibly the true one.

d — earring! *Ploughing*.



2 ANT. He stays upon your will.

ANT. Let him appear.—  
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,  
Or lose myself in dotage.—

*Enter another Messenger.*

What are you?

2 MESS. Fulvia thy wife is dead.<sup>(2)</sup>

ANT. Where died she?

2 MESS. In Sicily:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious  
Importeth thee to know, this bears.

*[Gives a letter.*

ANT.

Forbear me.—

*[Exit Messenger.*

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:  
What our contempt\* doth often hurl from us,  
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,  
By revolution lowering, does become  
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;  
The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her on.  
I must from this enchanting queen break off;  
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,  
My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

*Re-enter ENOBARBUS.*

ENO. What's your pleasure, sir?

ANT. I must with haste from hence.

ENO. Why, then, we kill all our women. We  
see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they  
suffer our departure, death's the word.

ANT. I must be gone.

ENO. Under a compelling\* occasion, let women  
die: it were pity to cast them away for nothing;  
though, between them and a great ce they  
should be esteemed nothing. Cleopat\* ~~staying~~  
but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have  
seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment;  
I do think there is ~~nothing~~ in death, which commits  
some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity  
in dying.

ANT. She is cunning past man's thought.

ENO. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of  
nothing but the finest part of pure love. We can-  
not call her winds and waters, sighs and tears;  
they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs  
can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it  
be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

ANT. Would I had never seen her!

ENO. O, sir, you had then left unseen a won-  
derful piece of work; which not to have been  
blessed withal, would have discredited your travel.

ANT. Fulvia is dead.

ENO. Sir!

ANT. Fulvia is dead.

ENO. Fulvia!

ANT. Dead.

(\*) Old text, *contempts*.

(\*) Old text inserts, *an*.

ENO. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented; this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

ANT. The business she hath broached in the state  
Cannot endure my absence.

ENO. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

ANT. No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall break The cause of our expedience\* to the queen, And get her leave\* to part. For not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too Of many our contriving friends in Rome Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands — the empire of the sea: our slippery people — whose love is never link'd to the deserver

— (If his deserts are past) begin to throw Porphey the great, and all his dignities, Upon his son; who, high in name and power, Higher than both in blood and life, stands up For the main soldier: whose quality, going on, The sides of the world may danger. Much is breeding,

Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life, And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure, To such whose place under us, requires\* Our quick remove from hence.

ENO. I shall do't. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

CLEO. Where is he?

CHAR. I did not see him since.

CLEO. [To ALEX.] See where he is, who's with him, what he does:—

I did not send you:—if you find him sad, Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report That I am sudden sick: quick, and return.

[Exit ALEX.]

CHAR. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,  
You do not hold the method to enforce The like from him.

CLEO. What should I do, ~~What~~ do not?

CHAR. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

CLEO. Thou teachest like a fool,—the way to lose him.

CHAR. Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear,\*

In time we hate that which we often fear.

But here comes Antony.

CLEO. I am sick and sullen.

Enter ANTONY.

ANT. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

CLEO. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall:

It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature Will not sustain it.

ANT. Now, my dearest queen,—

CLEO. Pray you, stand farther from me.

ANT. What's the matter?

CLEO. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.

What says the married woman?—You may go: Would she had never given you leave to come! Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here,— I have no power upon you; hers you are.

ANT. The gods best know,—

CLEO. O, never was there queen So mightily betray'd! yet at the first I saw the treasons planted.

ANT. Cleopatra,—

CLEO. Why should I think you can be mine and true,

Though you in swearing shake the throned gods, Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,

To be entangled with those mouth-made vows, Which break themselves in swearing!

ANT. Most sweet queen;—

CLEO. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,

But bid farewell, and go: when you su'd staying,

(\*) Old text, *lose*. Corrected by Pope.

\* — expedience—] *Expedition*.  
\* Which, like the courser's hair, &c.] An allusion to the vulgar superstition that a horse hair left in water or dung became a living serpent.

\* To such whose place is under us, requires, &c.] The lesson of the second folio. In the first, we have,—

"To such whose places under us require," &c.

\* I wish, forbear;] *I commend forbearance*.

Then was the time for words: no going then;—  
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,  
Bliss in our brows' bent; none but parts so poor,  
But was a race of heaven: <sup>a</sup> they are so still,  
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,  
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

ANT. How now, lady!

CLEO. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst  
~~know~~

There were a heart in Egypt.

ANT. Hear me, queen:  
The strong necessity of time commands  
Our services a while; but my full heart  
Remains in use <sup>b</sup> with you. Our Italy  
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius  
Makes his approaches to the port <sup>c</sup> of Rome:  
Equality of two domestic powers  
Breeds scrupulous faction: the hated, grown to  
strength,

Are newly-grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,  
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace  
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd  
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;  
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge  
By any desperate change. My more particular,  
And that which most with you should save my  
going,  
Is Fulvia's death.

CLEO. Though age from folly could not give  
me freedom,

It does from childishness:—can Fulvia die?

ANT. She's dead, my queen:

Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read  
The garbils <sup>d</sup> she awak'd; at the last, best,<sup>e</sup>  
See when and where she died.

CLEO. O, most false love!  
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill  
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,  
In Fulvia's death how mine receiv'd shall be.

ANT. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to  
know

The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,

As you shall give the advice. By the fire  
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence  
Thy soldier-servant; making peace or war  
As thou affect'st!

CLEO. Cut my lace, Charmian, come!—  
But let it be:—I am quickly ill, and well,  
So Antony loves.<sup>f</sup>

ANT. My precious queen, forbear;  
And give true evidence <sup>g</sup> to his love, which stands  
An honourable trial.

CLEO. So Fulvia told me.  
I pry thee, turn aside and weep for her;  
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears  
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one scene  
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look  
Like perfect honour.

ANT. You'll heat my blood: no more!

CLEO. You can do better yet; but this is  
meetly.

ANT. Now, by my <sup>h</sup> sword,—

CLEO. And target!—Still he mends;  
But this is not the best:—look, pry thee,  
Charmian,

How this Herculean Roman does become  
The carriage of his chief.<sup>h</sup>

ANT. I'll leave you, lady.

CLEO. Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it;  
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it;  
That you know well: something it is I would,—  
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,  
And I am all forgotten!

ANT. But that your royalty  
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you  
For idleness itself.

CLEO. 'Tis sweating labour  
To bear such idleness so near the heart  
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;  
Since my becoming kill me, when they do not  
Eye well to you: your honour calls you hence,  
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,  
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword

(\*) First folio omits, my.

trial of absence" In adopting his mythical corrector's "excellent  
embodiment," Mr. Collier had, of course, forgotten that the very  
phrase rejected may be found in another of these plays,—

"Proceed no straiter gainst our uncle Gloucester,  
Than from true evidence, of good esteem,  
He be approv'd," &c.—*Henry 7. Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 2.*

How this Herculean Roman does become  
The carriage of his chief.]

The old and every modern edition read, "The cart. age of his  
chafe" But can any one who considers the epithet "Herculean,"  
which Cleopatra applies to Antony, and reads the following extract  
from Shakespeare's authority, hesitate for an instant to pronounce  
chafe a silly blunder of the transcriber or compositor for "chief,"  
meaning Hercules, the head or principal of the house of the An-  
tonis? "Now it had been a speech of old time, that the family of  
the Antonij were descended from one Anton the son of Hercules,  
whereof the family took the name. This opinion did Antonius  
seek to confirm in all his doings, not only resembling him in the  
likeness of his body, as we have said before, but also in the wearing  
of his garments."—*Life of Antonius, North's Plutarch.*

<sup>a</sup> — a race of heaven.] The meaning is, probably,—of divine  
mould, or origin.

<sup>b</sup> — in use—] In possession.

<sup>c</sup> — the port of Rome.] The gulf of Rome.

<sup>d</sup> — garbils—] Turbans, capotious.

<sup>e</sup> — at the last, best,

See, &c.]

The commentators will have the word *best* to relate to the "good  
end" made by Fulvia. But it is no more than an epithet of  
endearment which Antony applies to Cleopatra,—read at your  
leisure the troubles she awakened; and at the last, my *best* one,  
see when and where she died.

I am quickly ill, and well,

So Antony loves.]

This has been misconceived. "So Antony loves" is "As Antony  
loves," and the sense therefore,—My health is as fickle as the love  
of Antony.

<sup>g</sup> And give true evidence to his love, &c.] Mr. Collier's annota-  
tor, in his eagerness to confound all traces of our early language,  
would poorly read, "true evidence," which, like many of his sug-  
gestions, is very sensible and quite wrong. The meaning of  
Antony is this,—"Forbear these taunts, and demonstrate to the  
world your confidence in my love by submitting it freely to the

Sit laurel Victory! and smooth success  
Be strew'd before your feet!

ANR. Let us go. Come:  
Our separation so abides, and flies,  
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,  
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.  
Away! [Exeunt.]

As we rate boys, who, being mature in know-  
ledge,  
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,  
And so rebel to judgment.  
LEP. Here's more news.

*Enter a Messenger.*

SCENE IV.—Rome. *An Apartment in  
Cæsar's House.*

*Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, reading a letter, LEPIDUS,  
and Attendants.*

CÆS. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth  
know,  
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate  
Our great competitor: from Alexandria  
This is the news:—he fishes, drinks, and wastes  
The lamps of night in revel: is not more man-like  
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy  
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience,  
Or vouchsaf'd\* to think he had partners. You  
shall find there  
A man who is the abstract† of all faults  
That all men follow.

LEP. I must not think there are  
Evils enow to darken all his goodness:  
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,  
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,  
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change.  
Than what he chooses.

CÆS.\* You are too indulgent. Let us grant,  
't is not amiss  
To tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;  
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit  
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;  
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet  
With knaves that smell of sweat; say, this  
becomes him,—

As his composure must be rare indeed  
Whom these things cannot blemish,—yet must  
Antony

No way excuse his soils,<sup>b</sup> when we do bear  
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd  
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,  
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,  
Call on him for 't: but to confound such time,  
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as  
loud  
As his own state and ours,—'t is to be chid

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every  
hour,  
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report  
How't is abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;  
And it appears he is belov'd of those  
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports  
The discountents repair, and men's reports  
Give him much wrong'd.

CÆS. I should have known no less:—  
It hath been taught us from the primal state,  
That he which is was wish'd until he were:  
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth  
love,  
Comes dear'd\* by being lack'd. This common  
body,

Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,  
Goes to, and back, lackinging† the varying tide,  
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,  
Menebrates and Menas, famous pirates,  
Make the sea serve them, which they ear and  
wound

With keels of every kind: many hot inroads  
They make in Italy; the borders maritime  
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt:  
No vessel can peep forth, but 't is as soon  
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more  
Than could his war resisted.

CÆS. Antony,  
Leave thy lascivious wassails.‡ When thou once  
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st  
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel  
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,  
Though daintily brought up, with patience more  
Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink  
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle  
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then  
did deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;  
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,  
The barks of trees thou brows'd'st; on the Alps  
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,  
Which some did die to look on: (3) and all this

(\*) First folio, *vouchsafe*.

(†) First folio, *abstracts*.

(\*) Old text, *fear'd*. Corrected by Warburton.

(†) Old text, *lacking*. Corrected by Theobald.

(‡) Old text, *Vasallies*.

a Our great competitor: So Heath; the old text having, "One great competitor."

b — *his soils*.— A reading suggested by Malone in lieu of *soils*, the very doubtful word of the old text.

\* Call on him for 't: Call him to account for it. The change.

"Fall on him," &c. of Mr. Collier's annotator is a modern dilution.

d — *they ear*.— They plough.

(It wounds thine honour that I speak it now)  
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek  
So much as lank'd not.

LEP. 'T is pity of him.

CÆS. Let his shame quickly  
Drive him to Rome: 't is time we twain  
Did show ourselves i' the field; and to that end  
Assemble we\* immediate council. Pompey  
Thrives in our idleness.

LEP. To-morrow, Cæsar,  
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly  
Both what by sea and land I can be able,  
To front this present time.

CÆS. Till which encounter,  
It is my business too. Farewell.

LEP. Farewell, my lord; what you shall know  
meantime

Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,  
To let me be partaker.

CÆS. Doubt not, sir;  
I knew it for my bond. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Alexandria. A Room in the  
Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and  
MARDIAN.

CLEO. Charmian,—

CHAR. Madam.

CLEO. Ha, ha!—Give me to drink mandra-  
gora.

CHAR. Why, madam?

CLEO. That I might sleep out this great gap of  
time,

My Antony is away.

CHAR. You think of him too much.

CLEO. O, 't is treason!

CHAR. Madam, I trust not so.

CLEO. Thou, eunuch Mardian!

MAR. What's your highness' pleasure?

CLEO. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no  
pleasure

In aught an eunuch has. 'T is well for thee,  
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts  
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

MAR. Yes, gracious madam.

CLEO. Indeed!

MAR. Not in deed, madam; for I can do  
nothing

But what indeed is honest to be done:

Yet I have fierce affections, and think

What Venus did with Mars.

CLEO. O, Charmian,  
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or  
sits he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?

O, happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!

Do bravely, horse! for wott'st thou whom thou  
mov'st?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm  
And burgonet of men.—He's speaking now,  
Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*  
For so he calls me:—now I feed myself  
With most delicious poison.—Think on me,  
That am with Phæbus' amorous pinches black,  
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted

Cæsar,  
When thou wast here above the ground, I was  
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey  
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my  
brow;

There would he anchor his aspect, and die  
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

ALEX. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

CLEO. How much unlike art thou Mark  
Antony!

Yet, coming from him, that great med'cine hath  
With his tinct gilded thee.—

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

ALEX. Last thing he did, dear queen,  
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—  
This orient\* pearl:—his speech sticks in my  
heart.

CLEO. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

ALEX. Good friend, quoth he,  
*Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends  
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,  
To mend the petty present, I will piece  
Her opulent throne with kingdoms: all the east,  
Say thou, shall call her mistress. So he nodded,  
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt<sup>b</sup> steed,  
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have  
spoke  
Was beastly dumb'd by him.*

(\*) First folio, *me*.

\* — orient—] *Pellucid, lustrous*. See note (\*), p. 395.

<sup>b</sup> — as arm-gaunt steed.—] The epithet "arm-gaunt" has been  
fruitful of controversy. Hammer reads *arm-girt*; Mason suggests,  
not unhappily, *termagant*; and Mr. Spaden, *arrogant*. If the  
original lection be genuine, which we doubt, "gaunt" must be  
understood to mean *ferce, eager*; a sense it, perhaps, bears in  
the following passage from Ben Jonson's "Catiline," Act III  
Sc. 2.—

"— and let  
His own gaunt eagle fly at him, and tire."

c — that what I would have spoke  
Was beastly dumb'd by him.]

The correction of "dumb'd" for *dumbe*, the reading of the folio  
was made by Theobald, and is countenanced by a passage in  
"Pericles," Act V. Sc. 1.—(Gowen.)

"Deep clerks she *dumbe*;" &c.



CLEO. What, was he sad or merry?

ALEX. Like to the time o' the year between the extremes

Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.

CLEO. O, well-divided disposition!—Note him, Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:

He was not sad,—for he would shine on those That make their looks by his; he was not merry,— Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay In Egypt with his joy; but between both: O, heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad or merry, The violence of either thee becomes So<sup>a</sup> does it no man\* else.—Mett'st thou my posts?

ALEX. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers: Why do you send so thick?

(\*) Old text, *mans*.

<sup>a</sup> So does it—] That is, *As* does 't.

CLEO.

Who's born that day When I forget to send to Antony, Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.— Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian, Ever love Cæsar so?

CHAR. O, that brave Cæsar!

CLEO. Be chok'd with such another emphasis! Say, *the brave Antony!*

CHAR. The valiant Cæsar!

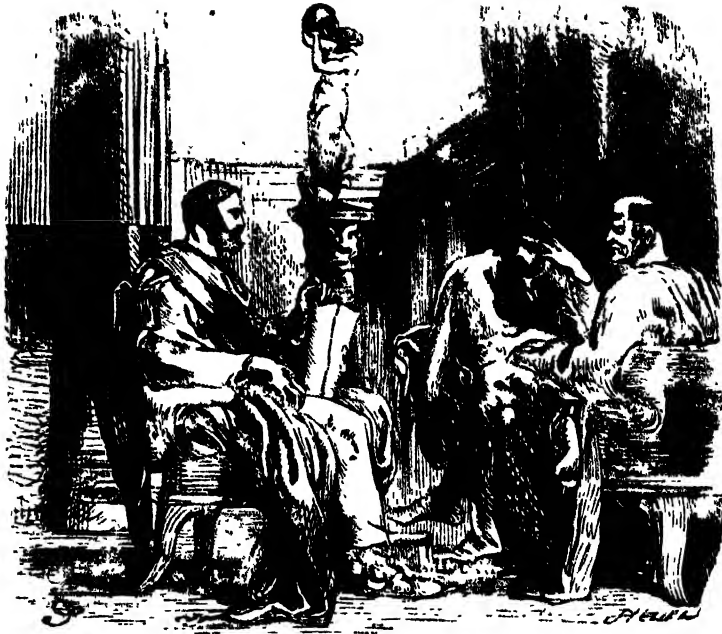
CLEO. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth, If thou with Cæsar paragon again My man of men!

CHAR. By your most gracious pardon, I sing but after you.

CLEO. My salad days; When I was green in judgment, cold in blood: To say as I said then!—But come, away: Get me ink and paper: he shall have every day A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt.

[*Exeunt.*





## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—Messina. *A Room in Pompey's House.*

*Enter POMPEY, MENECEATES, and MENAS.*

POM. If the great gods be just, they shall<sup>a</sup> assist  
The deeds of justest men.

MENE. Know, worthy Pompey,  
That what they do delay, they not deny.

POM. Whiles we are suitors to their throne,  
decays  
The thing we sue for.

MENE. We, ignorant of ourselves,  
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers  
Deny us for our good ; so find we profit,  
By losing of our prayers.

POM. I shall do well :  
The people love me, and the sea is mine ;  
My powers are crescent,<sup>b</sup> and my auguring hope

Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony  
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make  
No wars without doors : Caesar gets money where  
He loses hearts : Lepidus flatters both,  
Of both is flatter'd ; but he neither loves,  
Nor either cares for him.

MEN. Caesar and Lepidus are in the field ;  
A mighty strength they carry.

POM. Where have you this ? 'tis false.

MEY. From Silvius, sir.

POM. He dreams ; I know they are in Rome  
together,

Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,  
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip !  
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both !  
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts ;  
Keep his brain fuming ; Epicurean cooks

<sup>a</sup> — *they shall assist*—] The precision now observable in the employment of *shall* and *will* among the best writers was not regarded in Shakespeare's day. He commonly follows the old custom of using the former for the latter to denote futurity, whether in the second and third persons or in the first.

<sup>b</sup> *My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope Says it will come to the full.*]

Theobald, for the sake of concord, reads, " My power's a crescent," &c., a change generally, though perhaps too readily, adopted by subsequent editors.

Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite ;  
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour  
Even till a Lethe'd dulness—<sup>a</sup>

*Enter VARRIUS.*

How now, Varius ?

VAR. This is most certain that I shall deliver :—  
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome  
Expected ; since he went from Egypt, 'tis  
A space for farther travel.

POM. I could have given less matter  
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think  
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm  
For such a petty war : his soldiiership  
Is twice the other twain : but let us rear  
The higher our opinion, that our stirring  
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck  
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

MEN. I cannot hope<sup>b</sup>  
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together :  
His wife that's dead did trespasses to Cæsar ;  
His brother warr'd\* upon him ; although, I think,  
Not mov'd by Antony.

POM. I know not, Menas,  
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.  
Were't not that we stand up against them all,  
'Twere pregnant they should square<sup>c</sup> between  
themselves ;  
For they have entertained cause enough  
To draw their swords : but how the fear of us  
May cement their divisions, and bind up  
The petty difference, we yet not know.  
Be 't as our gods will have 't ! It only stands  
Our lives upon<sup>d</sup> to use our strongest hands.  
Come, Menas. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—Rome. *A Room in the House of  
Lepidus.*

*Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.*

LEP. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,  
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain  
To soft and gentle speech.

ENO. I shall entreat him  
To answer like himself : if Cæsar move him,  
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,

(\*) First folio, *wasn'd*.

— may prorogue his honour

Even till a Lethe'd dulness—]

Malone would have "honour" to be a misprint for *hour*; but,  
however unauthorised, Shakespeare certainly uses "prorogue"  
here, as he employs it in "Pericles," Act V. Sc. 1,—

"— nor taken sustenance,  
But to prorogue his grief,"—

And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,  
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,  
I would not shave't to-day !

LEP. 'Tis not a time  
For private stomaching.

ENO. Every time  
Serves for the matter that is then born in 't.

LEP. But small to greater matters must give  
way.

ENO. Not if the small come first.

LEP. Your speech is passion :  
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes  
The noble Antony.

*Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.*

ENO. And yonder Cæsar.

*Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.*

ANT. If we compose well here, to Parthia !  
Hark, Ventidius.

CÆS. I do not know. Mecænas ; ask Agrippa.

LEP. Noble friends,  
That which combin'd us was most great, and let  
not

A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,  
May it be gently heard : when we debate  
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit  
Murder in healing wounds : then, noble partners,—  
The rather, for I earnestly beseech,—  
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,  
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

ANT. 'Tis spoken well.  
Were we before our armies, and to fight,  
I should do thus.

CÆS. Welcome to Rome.

ANT. Thank you.

CÆS. Sit.

ANT. Sit, sir.

CÆS. Nay, then.

ANT. I learn, you take things ill, which are  
not so,

Or being, concern you not.

CÆS. I must be laugh'd at<sup>e</sup>  
If, or for nothing or a little, I  
Should say myself offended ; and with you,  
Chiefly i' the world, more laugh'd at, that I should

in the sense of *deaden* or *benumb*.

<sup>b</sup> I cannot hope, &c.] As in our early language, to expect most  
commonly meant to *stay* or *wait*, so to hope on some occasions was  
used where we should now adopt to expect.

<sup>c</sup> — square—] Quarrel.

<sup>d</sup>

— It only stands  
Our lives upon—]

Our existence solely depends, &c., or it is incumbent on us for our  
lives' sake, &c.

Once name you derogately, when to sound your  
name  
It not concern'd me.

ANT. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,  
What was 't to you?

CÆS. No more than my residing here at Rome  
Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there  
Did practise on\* my state, your being in Egypt  
Might be my question.

ANT. How intend you, practis'd?

CÆS. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine  
intent

By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother  
Made wars upon me; and their contestation  
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.<sup>b</sup>

ANT. You do mistake your business; my  
brother never  
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it;  
And have my learning from some true reports,  
That drew their swords with you. Did he not  
rather

Discredit my authority with yours;  
And make the wars alike against my stomach,  
Having alike your cause? Of this, my letters  
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a  
quarrel,

As matter whole you have not\* to make it with,  
It must not be with this.

CÆS. You praise yourself  
By laying defects of judgment to me; but  
You patch'd up your excuses.

ANT. Not so, not so:  
I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't,  
Very necessity of this thought, that I,  
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,  
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars  
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,  
I would you had her spirit in such another:  
The third o' the world is yours; which with a  
snaffle

You may puce easy, but not such a wife.

ENO. Would we had all such wives, that the  
men might go to wars with the women!

ANT. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,  
Made out of her impatience,—which not wanted  
Shrewdness of policy too,—I grieving grant  
Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must  
But say, I could not help it.

CÆS. I wrote to you  
When sitting in Alexandria; you

Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts  
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

ANT. Sir,

He fell upon me ere admitted; then  
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want  
Of what I was i' the morning: but, next day,  
I told him of myself; which was as much  
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this follow  
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,  
Out of our question wipe him.

CÆS. You have broken  
The article of your oath; which you shall never  
Have tongue to charge me with.

LEP. Soft, Cæsar!

ANT. No, Lepidus, let him speak;  
The honour 's sacred which he talks on now,  
Supposing that I lack'd it.—But, on, Cæsar;  
The article of my oath.—

CÆS. To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd  
them;

The which you both denied.

ANT. Neglected, rather;  
And then when poison'd hours had bound me up  
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I  
may,

I'll play the penitent to you; but mine honesty  
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my  
power

Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,  
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;  
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do  
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour  
To stoop in such a case.

LEP. 'Tis noble spoken.

MEC. If it might please you, to enforce no  
further

The griefs between ye: to forget them quite  
Were to remember that the present need  
Speaks to atone you.

LEP. Worthily spoken, Mecænas.

ENO. Or, if you borrow one another's love for  
the instant, you may, when you hear no more  
words of Pompey, return it again: you shall  
have time, to wrangle in when you have nothing  
else to do.

ANT. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.

ENO. That truth should be silent, I had almost  
forgot.

ANT. You wrong this presence; therefore speak  
no more.

\* — practise on—] Plot or intrigue against.

<sup>b</sup> — and their contestation  
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.]

The meaning is apparent, though the construction is obscure and  
perhaps corrupt. We ought possibly to read,—

“ — and their contestation  
had you for theme,” &c.

\* As matter whole you have not to make it with.—] The nega-  
tive was inserted by Rowe, and is clearly indispensable; but, to  
satisfy the metre, Shakespeare may have adopted the old form  
n'have instead of have not,—

“ As matter whole you n'have to make it with.”

So likewise in “Henry the Fifth,” Act V. Sc. 2, where the ori-  
ginal has, “— for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that  
war hath entered,” we ought probably to read, ‘ n'haith entered.’

ENO. Go to then; your considerate stone.\*

CÆS. I do not much dislike the matter, but  
The manner of his speech: for 't cannot be  
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions  
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew  
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to  
edge

O' the world I would pursue it.

AGR. Give me leave, Cæsar,—

CÆS. Speak, Agrippa.

AGR. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,  
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony  
Is now a widower.

CÆS. Say not so,\* Agrippa;  
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof  
Were well deserv'd of rashness.

ANT. I am not married, Cæsar; let me hear  
Agrippa further speak.

AGR. To hold you in perpetual amity,  
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts  
With an unslipping knot, take Antony  
Octavia to his wife, whose beauty claims  
No worse a husband than the best of men;  
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak  
That which none else can utter. By this mar-  
riage,

All little jealousies, which now seem great,  
And all great fears, which now import their  
dangers,

Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,<sup>d</sup>  
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both  
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,  
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;  
For 't is a studied, not a present thought,  
By duty ruminated.<sup>(1)</sup>

ANT. Will Cæsar speak?

CÆS. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd  
With what is spoke already.

ANT. What power is in Agrippa,  
If I would say, *Agrippa, be it so*,  
To make this good?

CÆS. The power of Cæsar,  
And his power unto Octavia.

ANT. May I never  
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,  
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:  
Further this act of grace: and from this hour,  
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,  
And away our great designs!

(\*) Old text, *say*.

\* — your considerate stone.] *As silent as a stone* was an expres-  
sion not unusual formerly, and the words in the text may here-  
after be found to be proverbial; at present they are inexplicable.  
† — conditions.] *Dispositions, natures*; thus, in "Othello,"  
Act II. Sc. 1,—"She's full of most blessed condition," and again,  
Act IV. Sc. 1,—and then, of so gentle a condition."

e

— your reproof  
Were well deserv'd of rashness.]

Warburton's emendation of the old reading.—"your proofs," &c.

CÆS.

There is my hand.

A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother  
Did ever love so dearly: let her live  
To join our kingdoms and our hearts: and never  
Fly off our loves again!

LEP.

Happily, amen!

ANT. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst  
Pompey;

For he hath laid strange courtesies and great  
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,  
I lest my remembrance suffer ill report;  
At heel of that, defy him.

LEP.

Time calls upon 's:  
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,  
Or else he seeks out us.

ANT.

Where lies he?

CÆS. About the Mount Misenum.\*

ANT. What is his strength by land?

CÆS. Great and increasing: but by sea  
He is an absolute master.

ANT.

So is the fame.

Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it:  
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we  
The business we have talk'd of.

CÆS.

With most gladness:  
And do invite you to my sister's view,  
Whither straight I'll lead you.

ANT.

Let us, Lepidus,

Not lack your company.

LEP.

Noble Antony,  
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish. Exit CÆSAR, ANT., and LEPIDUS.*]

MEC. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

ENO. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Me-  
cenas!—My honourable friend, Agrippa!—

AGR. Good Enobarbus!

MEC. We have cause to be glad that matters  
are so well digested. You stayed well by it in  
Egypt.

ENO. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of coun-  
tenance, and made the night light with drinking.

MEC. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a  
breakfast, and but twelve persons there! is this  
true?

ENO. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we  
had much more monstrous matter of feast, which  
worthily deserved noting.

MEC. She's a most triumphant lady, if report  
be square to her.

(\*) Old text, *Mount-Mesena*.

The meaning apparently is. The reproof you would receive were  
well deserved for the rashness of your speech.

d

— truths would be tales,

Where now half tales be truths:]

Theobald, to perfect the metre, inserted *but*,—

"— would be but tales," &c.;

and Steevens, for the same purpose, proposed,—"*as tales*." Yet  
the remedy most accordant with the poet's manner is to read,—

"— truths would be half tales,

Where now half tales be truths."

ENO. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

AGR. There she appeared indeed; or my reporter devised well for her.

ENO. I will tell you.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,  
Burnt on the water: the poop was beaten gold;  
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that  
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars  
were silver,

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made  
The water which they beat to follow faster,  
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,  
It beggar'd all description: she did lie  
In her pavilion, (cloth-of-gold of tissue) \*  
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see  
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her  
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,  
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem  
To glow\* the delicate cheeks which they did cool,  
And what they undid, did.<sup>b</sup>

AGR. O, rare for Antony!

ENO. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,  
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,  
And made their bends adornings: <sup>c</sup> at the helm  
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle  
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,  
That yarely frame the office. From the barge  
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast  
Her people out upon her; and Antony,  
Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,  
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,  
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,  
And made a gap in nature.<sup>(2)</sup>

AGR. Rare Egyptian!

ENO. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,  
Invited her to supper: she replied,  
It should be better he became her guest;  
Which she entreated: our countess Antony,  
Whom ne'er the word of No woman heard speak,  
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,

(\*) Old text *glare*.

\* —[*cloth-of-gold of tissue*.] That is, cloth-of-gold on a ground of tissue. The expression so repeatedly occurs in early English books that we cannot imagine how any one familiar with such reading can have missed it. And yet Mr. Collier, adopting the modernisation of his annotator,—"cloth of gold and tissue," observes with incredible simplicity that "'cloth of gold of tissue,' as it stands in the old copies, is nonsense; it could not be cloth of gold if it were of tissue."†

<sup>b</sup> To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,  
And what they undid, did.]

Johnson makes exception to the last phrase, and would read,—

'And what they did, undid,'

we should prefer,—

"And what they undy'd, dy'd."

that is, "while diminishing the colour of Cleopatra's cheeks, by cooling them, they reflected a new glow from the warmth of their own lips."

And, for his ordinary, pays his heart  
For what his eyes eat only.

AGR.

Royal wench!

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;  
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

ENO.

I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the public street;  
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and  
panted,

That she did make defect perfection,  
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

MEC. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

ENO. Never; he will not;

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety: other women cloy  
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry  
Where most she satisfies: for vilest things  
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests  
Bless her when she is riggish.

MEC. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle  
The heart of Antony, Octavia is  
A blessed lottery to him.

AGR.

Let us go.—

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,  
Whilst you abide here.

ENO.

Humbly, sir, I thank you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in Cæsar's House.*

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them, and Attendants.*

ANT. The world and my great office will  
sometimes  
Divide me from your bosom.

OCTA.

All which time

Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers  
To them for you.

<sup>c</sup> —tended her i' the eyes,  
And made their bends adornings.]

The disputation on this *crux* in the *Variorum* extends over six closely printed pages, and though amusing, is not very instructive. For "tended her i' the eyes,"—which, if it have any sense, must signify *wasted upon her in her sight*,—Mason proposed "tended her i' the guise," that is, the guise of mermaids, understanding "their bends which they made adornings" to mean the caudal appendages which common opinion has always assigned to the descendants of Nereus! This is sufficiently absurd, and has been mercilessly ridiculed by Stevenson. Warburton's suggestion to read *adornings* for "adornings" is of a very different character. By adopting this likely substitution, and supposing the not improbable transposition of "eyes" and "bends," we may at least obtain a meaning —

"—tended her i' the bends,  
And made their eyes adornings."

It may count for something, though not much, in favour of the transposition we assume, that in "*Pericles*," Act II. Sc. 4, we find,—

"That all those eyes ador'd them."



ANT. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,  
Read not my blonishes in the world's report :  
I have not kept my square ; but that to come  
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear  
lady.—

OCTA. Good night, sir.\*

CÆS. Good night.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and OCTAVIA.*]

*Enter Soothsayer.*

ANT. Now, sirrah,—you do wish yourself in  
Egypt ?

SOOTH. Would I had never come from thence,  
nor you thither !

ANT. If you can, your reason ?

SOOTH. I see it in my motion, have it not in  
my tongue : but yet hie you to Egypt again.

ANT. Say to me,  
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or  
mine ?

SOOTH. Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side :  
Thy demon (that thy spirit which keeps thee) is  
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,

Where Cæsar's is not ; but, near him, thy angel  
Becomes a Fear,<sup>b</sup> as being o'erpower'd ; therefore  
Make space enough between you.

ANT. Speak this no more.

SOOTH. To none but thee ; no more, but when  
to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,  
Thou art sure to lose ; and, of that natural luck,  
He beats thee 'gainst the odds : thy lustre  
thickens

When he shines by : I say again, thy spirit  
Is all afraid to govern thee near him ;  
But, he away,\* 't is noble.

ANT. Got thee gone :  
Say to Ventidius I would speak with him :—

[*Exit Soothsayer.*]

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art or hap,  
He hath spoken true : the very dice obey him ;  
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints  
Under his chance : if we draw lots, he speeds ;  
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,  
When it is all to nought ; and his quails ever  
Beat mine, in hoop'd, at odds.<sup>(3)</sup> I will to Egypt :  
And though I make this marriage for my peace,  
I' the east my pleasure lies.—

\* Good night, sir.] So the second folio ; in the first, these words form a portion of Antony's speech

<sup>b</sup> Becomes a Fear.—] The personification of fear renders the passage more poetical ; but it may be questioned, considering the

(\*) Old text, *afraid*

old text has, "*Becomes a fear*," whether Upton's conjectural emendation, "*Becomes a feared*," is not the true reading.

*Enter VENTIDIUS.*

O, come, Ventidius,  
You must to Parthia: your<sup>1</sup> commission's ready;  
Follow me, and receive it. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Street.*

*Enter LEPIDUS, MRCENAS, and AGRIPPA.*

LEP. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you,  
hasten  
Your generals after.

AGR. Sir, Mark Antony  
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

LEP. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,  
Which will become you both, farewell.

MRC. We shall,  
As I conceive the journey, be at Mount<sup>a</sup>  
Before you, Lepidus.

LEP. Your way is shorter;  
My purposes do draw me much about:  
You'll win two days upon me.

MRC., AGR. Sir, good success!  
LEP. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.*

CLEO. Give me some music;—music, moody  
food

Of us that trade in love.

ATT. The music, ho!

*Enter MARDIAN.*

CLEO. Let it alone; let us to billiards:  
Come, Charmian.

CHAR. My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.

CLEO. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd  
As with a woman.—Come, you'll play with me,  
sir?

MAR. As well as I can, madam.

CLEO. And when good will is show'd, though't  
come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—  
Give me mine angle,—we'll to the river: there,  
My music playing far off, I will betray  
Tawny-finn'd<sup>b</sup> fishes; my bended hook shall pierce  
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,  
I'll think them every one an Antony,  
And say, *Ah, ha! you're caught.*

CHAR. 'T was merry when  
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver  
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he  
With fervency drew up. (4)

CLEO. That time,—O, times!—  
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night  
I laugh'd him into patience; and next morn,  
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;  
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst  
I wore his sword Philippan.<sup>c</sup>

*Enter a Messenger.*

O, from Italy!  
Rum<sup>e</sup> thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,  
That long time have been barren.

MESS. Madam, madam,—  
CLEO. Antony's dead!—If thou say so, villain,  
Thou kill'st thy mistress: but, *well and free!*  
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here  
My bluest veins to kiss,—a hand that kings  
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

MESS. First, madam, he is well.  
CLEO. Why, there's more gold. Bât, sirrah,  
mark; we use

To say the dead are well: bring it to that,  
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour  
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

MESS. Good madam, hear me.

CLEO. Well, go to, I will;  
But there's no goodness in thy face: if Antony  
Be free and healthful—so tart a favour<sup>d</sup>  
To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,  
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with  
snakes,

Not like a formal<sup>e</sup> man.

MESS. Will't please you hear me?

CLEO. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou  
speak'st:

Yet, if thou say Antony lives, 'tis well;  
Or friends with Caesar, or not captive to him<sup>f</sup>

<sup>1</sup> — be at Mount.—] Mount Misenum. The second folio reads,—"at the Mount."

<sup>b</sup> — *his sword Philippan.*] The sword so named after the great battle of Philippi.

<sup>c</sup> *Rum thou, &c.*] Hamner was of opinion Shakespeare wrote, —"Rum thou," &c.: Assuredly not; the expression in the text is quite characteristic of the speaker.

<sup>d</sup> *Be free and healthful—so tart a favour, &c.*] Some editors,

(\*) Old text, *Tawny fins.*

after Hamner, print,—"why so tart a favour," &c.

<sup>e</sup> — a formal man.] A composed, sober-minded man. Thus in "The Comedy of Errors," Act V. Sc. 1,—

"With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,  
To make of him a formal man again."





I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and haul  
Rich pearls upon thee.

MESS. Madam, he's well.

CLEO. Well said.

MESS. And friends with Cæsar.

CLEO. Thou'rt an honest man.

MESS. Cæsar and he are greater friends than  
ever.

CLEO. Make thee a fortune from me.

MESS. But yet, madam,—

CLEO. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay

The good precedence; so upon *but yet*!

*But yet* is as a gaoler to bring forth

Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,

Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,

The good and bad together: he's friends with  
Cæsar;

In state of health thou say'st; and thou say'st free.

MESS. Free, madam! no, I made no such  
report:

He's bound unto Octavia.

CLEO. For what good turn?

MESS. For the best turn i' the bed.

CLEO. I am pale, Charmian.

MESS. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

CLEO. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[*Strikes him down.*]

MESS. Good madam, patience.

CLEO. What say you?—Hence,

[*Strikes him again.*]

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes

Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;

[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in  
brine,

Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

MESS. Gracious madam,

I that do bring the news made not the match.

CLEO. Say't is not so, a province I will give  
thee,

And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou  
hadst

Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage;

And I will boot thee with what gift beside

Thy modesty can beg.

MESS. He's married, madam.

CLEO. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[*Draws a knife.*]

MESS. Nay, then I'll run.—

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

[Exit.

CHAR. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;

The man is innocent.

CLEO. Some innocents 'scape not the thunder-bolt.—

Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures

Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again:—

Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—call!

CHAR. He is afraid to come.

CLEO. I will not hurt him:—

[Exit CHARMIAN.

These hands do lack nobility that they strike

A meaner than myself; since I myself

Have given myself the cause.—

Re-enter CHARMIAN and Messenger.

Come hither, sir.

Though it be honest, it is never good

To bring bad news: give to a gracious message

An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell

Themselves, when they be felt.

MESS. I have done my duty.

CLEO. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worse than I do

If thou again say Yes.

MESS. He's married, madam.

CLEO. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

MESS. Should I lie, madam?

CLEO. O, I would thou didst,

So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made

A cistern for scald snakes! Go, get thee hence:

Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me

Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

MESS. I crave your highness' pardon.

CLEO. He is married?

MESS. Take no offence that I would not offend you:

To punish me for what you make me do

Seems much unequal: he's married to Octavia.

CLEO. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,

That art not what thou'rt sure of!—Get thee hence:

The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome

\* That art not what thou'rt sure of!—] Mason's arrangement of this passage,—

"That art not!—What! thou'rt sure of't?" is preferred by Steevens and some later editors; but the simple change proposed, though not adopted, by Malone, is more Shakespearian,—

"That art not what thou'rt sure of!"

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon, The other way's a Mars —]

Are all too dear for me; lie they upon thy hand, And be undone by 'em! [Exit Messenger

CHAR. Good your highness, patience.

CLEO. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Caesar.

CHAR. Many times, madam.

CLEO. I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence;

I faint:—O, Iras, Charmian!—'t is no matter.—

Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him

Report the feature of Octavia, her years,

Her inclination; let him not leave out

The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.—

[Exit ALEXAS.

Let him for ever go:—let him not—Charmian,

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

The other way's a Mars.—Bid you Alexas

[To MARDIAN.

Bring me word how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,

But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.

[Exeunt.

#### SCENE VI.—Near Misenum.

*Flourish.* Enter POMPEY and MENAS from one side, with drum and trumpet; from the other, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, ENOBARRBUS, MECÆNAS, with Soldiers marching.

POM. Your hostages I have, so have you mine; And we shall talk before we fight.

CÆS. Most meet

That first we come to words; and therefore have

Our written purposes before us sent;

Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know

If 't will tie up thy discontented sword,

And carry back to Sicily much tall youth

That else must perish here.

POM. To you all three,

The senators alone of this great world,

Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know

Wherefore my father should revengers want,

Having his son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,

Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,

There saw you labouring for him. What was't

That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? and what

Made the all-honour'd, honest Roman, Brutus,

With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,

An allusion to the "double" pictures in vogue formerly, of which Burton says,— "Like those double or turning pictures; stand before which you see a fair maid, on the one side an ape, on the other an owl." And Chapman, in "All Pools," Act I. Sc. 1,—

"But like a cowering picture, which one way Shows like a crow, another like a swan."

c *Madr* the all-honour'd, &c.] 'The' is inserted from the second folio.

To drench the Capitol ; but that they would  
Have one man but a man ? And that is it  
Hath made me rig my navy ; at whose burden  
The anger'd ocean foams ; with which I meant  
To scourge the ingratitude that desp'iteful Rome  
Cast on my noble father.

CÆS. Take your time.

ANT. Thou canst not fear<sup>a</sup> us, Pompey, with thy  
sails, [know'st  
We'll speak with thee at sea : at land, thou  
How much we do o'er-count thee.

POM. At land, indeed,  
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house ;<sup>b</sup>  
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,  
Remain in 't as thou mayst.

LEP. Be pleas'd to tell us  
(For this is from the present) how you take  
The offers we have sent you.

CÆS. There's the point.

ANT. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh  
What it is worth embrac'd.

CÆS. And what may follow,  
To try a larger fortune.

POM. You have made me offer  
Of Sicily, Sardinia ; and I must  
Rid all the sea of pirates ; then, to send  
Measures of wheat to Rome ; this 'greed upon,  
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back  
Our targes undinted.

CÆS., ANT., LEP. That's our offer.

POM. Know then,  
I came before you here, a man prepar'd  
To take this offer : but Mark Antony  
Put me to some impatience.—Though I lose  
The praise of it by telling, you must know,  
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,  
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find  
Her welcome friendly.

ANT. I have heard it, Pompey ;  
And am well studied for a liberal thanks  
Which I do owe you.

POM. Let me have your hand :  
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

ANT. The beds i' the east are soft ; and thanks  
to you,  
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither :  
For I have gain'd by 't.

CÆS. Since I saw you last,  
There is a change upon you.

POM. Well, I know not  
What counts harsh Fortune casts upon my face ;  
But in my bosom shall she never come,  
To make my heart her vassal.

LEP. Well met here.

POM. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed,  
I crave our composition may be written,  
And seal'd between us.

CÆS. That's the next to do.

POM. We'll feast each other ere we part ; and let  
Draw lots who shall begin.

ANT. That will I, Pompey.

POM. No, Antony, take the lot : but, first or last,  
your fine Egyptian cookery shall have the fame.  
I have heard that Julius Cæsar grew fat with  
feasting there.

ANT. You have heard much.

POM. I have fair meanings,\* sir.

ANT. And fair words to them.

POM. Then so much have I heard :—

And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

ENO. No more of that :—he did so.

POM. What, I pray you ?

ENO. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

• POM. I know thee now : how far'st thou, soldier ?  
ENO. Well ;

And well am like to do ; for I perceive  
Four feasts are toward.

POM. Let me shake thy hand ;  
I never hated thee : I have seen thee fight,  
When I have curied thy behaviour.

ENO. Sir,  
I never lov'd you much ; but I have prais'd ye,  
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much  
As I have said you did.

POM. Enjoy thy plainness,  
It nothing ill becomes thee.—

Aboard my galley I invite you all :  
Will you lead, lords ?

CÆS., ANT., LEP. Show us the way, sir.

POM. Come.

[*Exeunt all except MENAS and ENOBABUS.*]

MEN. [*Aside.*] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er  
have made this treaty.—You and I have known, sir.

ENO. At sea, I think.

MEN. We have, sir.

ENO. You have done well by water.

MEN. And you by land.

ENO. I will praise any man that will praise me ;  
though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

MEN. Nor what I have done by water.

ENO. Yes, something you can deny for your  
own safety ; you have been a great thief by sea.

MEN. And you by land.

ENO. There I deny my land service. But give  
me your hand, Menas : if our eyes had authority,  
here they might take two thieves kissing.

MEN. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their  
hands are.

<sup>a</sup> Thou canst not fear us, &c.] Thou canst not fright us.

<sup>b</sup> — my father's house ;] The circumstance to which this taunt refers is told in North's Plutarch :—" Afterwards, when Pompey's house was put to open sale, Antonius bought it ; but when they

(\*) Old text, meaning. Corrected by Heath.

asked him money for it, he made it very strange, and was offended with them."

ENO. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

MEN. No slander; they steal hearts.

ENO. We came hither to fight with you.

MEN. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

ENO. If he do, sure, he cannot weep 't back again.

MEN. You've said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here. Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

ENO. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

MEN. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

ENO. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

MEN. Pray ye, sir?

ENO. 'Tis true.

MEN. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

ENO. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

MEN. I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

ENO. I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia will be a holy, cold, and still conversation.

MEN. Who would not have his wife so?

ENO. Not he that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

MEN. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

ENO. I shall take it, sir; we have used our throats in Egypt.

MEN. Come, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*On board Pompey's Galley,  
lying off Misenum.*

*A banquet set out, Servants attending. Music.*

1 SERV. Here they'll be, man. Some o' their plants<sup>a</sup> are ill-rooted already, the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 SERV. Lepidus is high-coloured.

1 SERV. They have made him drink *alma-drink*.

2 SERV. As they pinch one another by the disposition,<sup>c</sup> he cries out, *no more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 SERV. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 SERV. Why this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partisan<sup>d</sup> I could not have.

1 SERV. To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

*Sennet. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY,  
LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MRCÆNAS, ENOBABBUS,  
MENAS, with other Captains.*

ANT. [*To CÆSAR.*] Thus do they, sir: they take the flow o' the Nile<sup>(5)</sup>

By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,  
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth  
Or foison follow. The higher Nilus swells,  
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman  
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,  
And shortly comes to harvest.

LEP. You've strange serpents there.

ANT. Ay, Lepidus.

LEP. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

ANT. They are so.

POM. Sit,—and some wine! A health to Lepidus!

LEP. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

ENO. [*Aside.*] Not till you have slept; I fear me you'll be in till then.

LEP. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramids are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

MEN. [*Aside to POM.*] Pompey, a word.

POM. [*Aside to MEN.*] Say in mine ear: what is't?

MEN. [*Aside to POM.*] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,

And hear me speak a word.

POM. [*Aside to MEN.*] Forbear me till anon.—  
This wine for Lepidus!

LEP. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

ANT. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as

<sup>a</sup> — plants—] An equivocal; "plants" being used here, besides its ordinary meaning, for the soles of the feet.

<sup>b</sup> — *alma-drink*.] According to Warburton, "That liquor of another's share which his companion drinks to ease him."

<sup>c</sup> — by the disposition,—] A very questionable expression. We ought perhaps to read,—"by the disposition," that is, in the controversy.

<sup>d</sup> — a partisan—] A weapon, half pike and half halberd.

broad as it hath breadth : it is just so high as it is, and moves with it own organs : it lives by that which nourisheth it ; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

LEP. What colour is it of ?

ANT. Of it own colour too.

LEP. 'T is a strange serpent.

ANT. 'T is so. And the tears of it are wet.

CÆS. [*Aside to ANT.*] Will this description satisfy him ?

ANT. [*Aside to CÆS.*] With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

POM. [*Aside to MEN.*] Go hang, sir, hang ! Tell me of that ? away !

DO as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for ?

MEN. [*Aside to POM.*] If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,

Rise from thy stool.

POM. [*Aside to MEN.*] I think thou'rt mad. The matter ? [*Rises, and walks aside.*]

MEN. I have ever held my cup off to thy fortunes.

POM. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith.

What's else to say ?—

Be jolly, lords.

ANT. These quicksands, Lepidus, Keep off them, for<sup>a</sup> you sink.

MEN. Wilt thou be lord of all the world ?

POM. What say'st thou ?

MEN. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world ? That's twice.

POM. How should that be ?

MEN. But entertain it, And, though thou think me poor, I am the man Will give thee all the world.

POM. Hast thou drunk well ?

MEN. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup. Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove : What's<sup>c</sup> or the ocean pales, or sky inclips, Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

POM. Show me which way.

MEN. These three world-sharers, these competitors,

Are in thy vessel : let me cut the cable ; And, when we are put off, fall to their throats ; All there<sup>b</sup> is thine.

POM. Ah, this thou shouldst have done, And not have spoke on 't ! In me 'tis villany ; In thee 't had been good service. Thou must know, 'T is not my profit that does lead mine honour ;

Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue Hath so betray'd thine act : being done unknown, I should have found it afterwards well done ; But must condemn it now.<sup>(6)</sup> Desist, and drink.

MEN. [*Aside.*] For this, I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.—

Who seeks, and will not take when once 't is offer'd. Shall never find it more.

POM. This health to Lepidus !

ANT. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

ENO. Here's to thee, Menas.

MEN. Enobarbus, welcome !

POM. Fill till the cup be hid.

ENO. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off* LEPIDUS.

MEN. Why ?

ENO. 'A bears the third part of the world, man ; see'st not ? [it were all,

MEN. The third part, then, is \* drunk : would That it might go on wheels !

ENO. Drink thou ; increase the reels.

MEN. Come.

POM. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

ANT. It ripens towards it.—Strike<sup>c</sup> the vessels, ho !—

Here is to Cæsar.

CÆS. I could well forbear 't.

It's monstrous labour when I wash my brain And it grows † fouler.

ANT. Be a child o' the time.

CÆS. Possess it, I'll make answer :<sup>d</sup>

But I had rather fast from all four days, Than drink so much in one.

ENO. [*To ANTONY.*] Ha, my brave emperor ! Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals, And celebrate our drink ?

POM. Let's ha't, good soldier.

ANT. Come, let us all take hands, Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense In soft and delicate Lethe.

ENO. All take hands.—

Make battery to our ears with the loud music :— The while I'll place you : then the boy shall sing ; The holding every man shall bear ‡ as loud As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays.* ENOBARBUS places them hand in hand.]

<sup>a</sup> —for you sink.] Here, possibly, as in two or three other instances, "for" is a misprint of *fore*.

<sup>b</sup> All there is thine.] Southern changed this to "All then," &c., and Mr. Collier's annotator availed himself of the alteration.

<sup>c</sup> Strike the vessels.—] To strike means to tap, to broach, or pierce a cask.

<sup>d</sup> Possess it, I'll make answer.] There is some ambiguity in the word "possess," which, if not a misprint, is employed here in a sense we are unaccustomed to ; but the meaning of the passage is plain enough. In former days it was the practice, when one good fellow drank to another, for the latter to "do him right" by

(\*) Old text, then he is.

(†) First folio, grow.

(‡) Old text, beat. Corrected by Theobald.

imbibing a quantity of wine equal to that quaffed by the health giver. Antony proposes a health to Cæsar, but Cæsar endeavours to excuse himself, whereupon Antony urges him by saying, "Be a child o' the time," i. e. do as others do. Indulge for once. Cæsar then consents to pledge the health, and says "possess it," or propose it,—I'll do it justice. Mr. Collier's annotator suggests that we should read, "Profess it," &c.

## SONG.

*Come, thou monarch of the vine,  
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eye!<sup>a</sup>  
In thy vats our cares be drown'd;  
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;*

*Alc. } Cup us, till the world go round;  
      } Cup us, till the world go round!*

**CÆS.** What would you more?—Pompey, good night.—Good brother,  
Let me request you off: our graver business  
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;  
You see we have burnt our cheeks: stroug Eno-  
barb  
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue  
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath  
almost

<sup>a</sup> — pink eye! *Small eyes*

<sup>b</sup> *MEN.*] By the inadvertent omission of the prefix in the old

Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good night.—

Good Antony, your hand.

**POM.** I'll try you on the shore.

**ANT.** And shall, sir: give's your hand.

**POM.** O, Antony, you have my father's house,—  
But what? we are friends: Come down into the boat.

**ENO.** Take heed you fall not.—

[*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, and Attendants.*

*Menas, I'll not on shore*

**MEN.<sup>b</sup>** No, to my cabin.—

These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows: sound and be hang'd:  
sound out!

[*A flourish of trumpets, with drums*

**ENO.** Ho! says 'n.—There's my cap.

**MEN.** Ho!—noble captain, come. [*Exeunt*

copies, this speech is made to appear a part of what Enobarbus says





### ACT III.

#### SCENE I. *A Plain in Syria.*

*Enter VENTIDIUS in triumph, with SILIUS, and other Romans, Officers and Soldiers: the dead body of PACORUS borne before him.*

VEN. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck;  
and now

Plens'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death  
Make no revenger.—Bear the king's son's body  
Before our army.—Thy Pacorus, Orodes,\*  
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

SIL. Noble Ventidius,  
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,  
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through  
Media,

Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither  
The routed fly; so thy grand captain, Antony,

Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and  
Put garlands on thy head.

VEN. O, Silius, Silius!

I have done enough: a lower place, note well,  
May make too great an act; for learn this,  
Silius,—

Better to leave undone, than by our deed  
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve  
away.

Cæsar and Antony have ever won  
More in their officer than person: Sossius,  
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,  
For quick accumulation of renown,  
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.  
Who does it the wars more than his captain can,  
Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition,  
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,  
Than gain which darkens him.  
I could do more to do Antonius good,

\* — Thy Pacorus, Orodes,—] Pacorus was the son of Orodes, the Parthian king

But 't would offend him ; and in his offence  
Should my performance perish.

SIL. Thou hast, Ventidius, that  
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,  
Grants<sup>a</sup> scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to  
Antony ?

VEN. I 'll humbly signify what in his name,  
That magical word of war, we have effected ;  
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,  
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia  
We have jaded out o' the field.

SIL. Where is he now ?

VEN. He purposeth to Athens : whither with  
what haste

The weight we must convey with 's will permit,  
We shall appear before him.—On there ! pass  
along ! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Rome. An Ante-Chamber, in  
Cæsar's House.

Enter AGRIPPA and ENOBARBUS, meeting.

AGR. What, are the brothers parted ?

ENO. They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he is  
gone ;

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps  
To part from Rome ; Cæsar is sad ; and Lepidus,  
Since Pompey's feast, as Meas says, is troubled  
With the green sickness.

AGR. 'T is a noble Lepidus.

ENO. A very fine one : O, how he loves Cæsar !

AGR. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark  
Antony !

ENO. Cæsar ? Why, he 's the Jupiter of men.

AGR. What 's Antony ? The god of Jupiter.

ENO. Spake you of Cæsar ? Ho ! the non-  
pareil !

AGR. O, Antony ! O, thou Arabian bird !

ENO. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar ;  
—go no further.

AGR. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent  
praises.

ENO. But he loves Cæsar best ;—yet he loves  
Antony :

Ho ! hearts, tongues, figures,\* scribes, bards, poets,  
cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number,—ho !—  
His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,  
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder !

AGR.

Both he loves.

ENO. They are his shards,<sup>b</sup> and he their beetle.

So,—

[Trumpets.

This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

AGR. Good fortune, worthy soldier ; and fare<sup>c</sup>  
well. [AGRIP. and ENOB. retire.]

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

ANT. No further, sir.

CÆS. You take from me a great part of myself ;  
Use me well in 't.—Sister, prove such a wife  
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest  
band<sup>d</sup>

Shall pass on thy approval.—Most noble Antony,  
Let not the piece of virtue which is set  
Betwixt us as the cement of our love,  
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter  
The fortress of it : for better might we  
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts  
This be not cherish'd.

ANT.

Make me not offended

In your distrust.

CÆS.

I have said.

ANT.

You shall not find,

Though you be therein curious,<sup>e</sup> the least cause  
For what you seem to fear : so, the gods keep  
you,

And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends !  
We will here part.

CÆS. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well.  
The elements be kind to thee,<sup>f</sup> and make  
Thy spirits all of comfort ! fare thee well.

OCTA. My noble brother !—

ANT. The April's in her eyes : it is love's  
spring,

And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful,

OCTA. Sir, look well to my husband's house ;  
and—

CÆS.

What,

Octavia ?

OCTA.

I 'll tell you in your ear.

ANT. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor

\* (\* Old text, *figure*.)

<sup>a</sup> Grants scarce distinction.] The meaning seems to be, as Warburton was the first to show,—Thou hast that, (*wisdom, or prudence*) wanting which a soldier shows himself hardly better than his senseless sword. Mr. Collier's annotator, it should be observed, would read,—

"Gains scarce distinction"

<sup>b</sup> —his shards, —] His *scaly wings*. So in "Macbeth," Act III. Sc. 2.—

"The shard-borne beetle," &c.

<sup>c</sup> —band.] That is, *bond*.

<sup>d</sup> —curious, —] *Over punctilious, or scrupulous.*

<sup>e</sup> The elements be kind, &c.] Johnson's explanation of this wish,—"May the *elements* of the body, or principles of life, maintain such proportion and harmony as may keep 'em cheerful,"—has been deemed as too profound, and the expression said to mean no more than,—"*May the elements of air and water be kind to you.*" In other words,—"*May you have a prosperous voyage.*" But there is a passage, altogether forgotten by the commentators, in "Julius Cæsar," Act V. Sc. 5, which is entirely confirmatory of Dr. Johnson's interpretation,—

"His life was gentle; and the *elements*  
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*"



Her heart inform <sup>her</sup> tongue,—the swan's down-  
feather,

That stands upon the swell at full of tide,<sup>a</sup>  
And neither way inclines.

ENO. [*Aside to AGR.*] Will Cæsar weep?

AGR. [*Aside to ENO.*] He has a cloud in's face.<sup>b</sup>

ENO. [*Aside to AGR.*] He were the worse for  
that, were he a horse;

So is he, being a man.

AGR. [*Aside to ENO.*] Why, Enobarbus?

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,

He cried almost to roaring; and he wept,

When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

ENO. [*Aside to AGR.*] That year, indeed, he  
was troubled with a rheum;

What willingly he did confound he wail'd,

Believe 't, till I wept\* too.

CÆS. No, sweet Octavia;

You shall hear from me still; the time shall not  
Out-go my thinking on you.

ANT. Come, sir, come;

I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:

Look, here I have you;—thus I let you go,

And give you to the gods.

CÆS. Adieu; be happy!

LEP. Let all the number of the stars give  
light

To thy fair way!

CÆS. Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses OCTAVIA.*]

ANT. Farewell!

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Alexandria. A Room in the  
Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

CLEO. Where is the fellow?

ALEX. Half afraid to come.

CLEO. Go to, go to:—

Enter a Messenger.

Come hither, sir.

ALEX. Good majesty,

Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,

But when you are well pleas'd.

CLEO. That Herod's head  
I'll have: but how, when Antony is gone?

Through whom I might command it?—Come  
thou near.

MESS. Most gracious majesty,—

CLEO. Didst thou behold Octavia?

MESS. Ay, dread queen.

CLEO. Where?

MESS. Madam, in Rome;

I look'd her in the face, and saw her led

Between her brother and Mark Antony.

CLEO. Is she as tall as me?

MESS. She is not, madam.

CLEO. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-  
tongu'd or low?

MESS. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-  
voic'd.

CLEO. That's not so good:—he cannot like  
her long.

CHAR. *Like her?* O, Isis! 't is impossible.

CLEO. I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue,  
and dwarfish!—

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,

If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

MESS. She creeps,—

Her motion and her station are as one:

She shows a body rather than a life;

A statue than a breather.

CLEO. Is this certain?

MESS. Or I have no observance.

CHAR. Three in Egypt

Cannot make better note.

CLEO. He's very knowing;

I do perceive 't:—there's nothing in her yet:—

The fellow has good judgment.

CHAR. Excellent.

CLEO. Guess at her years, I pray thee.

MESS. Madam,

She was a widow,—

CLEO. Widow!—Charmian, hark.

MESS. And I do think she's thirty.

CLEO. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is 't long  
or round?

MESS. Round even to faultiness.

CLEO. For the most part, too, they are foolish  
that are so.—

Her hair, what colour?

MESS. Brown, madam: and her forehead

As low as she would wish it.<sup>c</sup>

CLEO. There's gold for thee.

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—

I will employ thee back again; I find thee

Most fit for business: go, make thee ready;

Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit Messenger.*]

CHAR. A proper man.

(\*) Old text, *weep*, corrected by Theobald.

<sup>a</sup>—at full of tide,—] So the second folio; the first reads, less harmoniously,—

"—at the full of Tide."

<sup>b</sup>—a cloud in's face.] This is said of a horse which has a black or dark spot on his forehead between the eyes.  
<sup>c</sup>As low as she would wish it.] "The phrase is still a cant one I once overheard a chambermaid say of her rival—that her legs were as thick as she could wish them."—STEVENS.



CLEO. Indeed, he is so : I repent me much  
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,  
This creature's no such thing.

CHAR. Nothing, madam.

CLEO. The man hath seen some majesty, and  
should know.

CHAR. Hath he seen majesty ? Isis else defend,  
And serving you so long !

CLEO. I have one thing more to ask him yet,  
good Charmian :

But 't is no matter ; thou shalt bring him to me  
Where I will write. All may be well enough.

CHAR. I warrant you, madam.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV.—Athens. *A Room in Antony's  
House.*

*Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.*

ANT. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—  
That were excusable, that and thousands more  
Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd  
New wars, 'gainst Pompey ; made his will, and  
read it

To public ear :  
Spoke scantily of me : when perforce he could not  
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly

He vented them : \* most narrow measure lent me :  
When the best hint was given him, he not took'd,<sup>a</sup>  
Or did it from his teeth.<sup>b</sup>

OCTA. O, my good lord,  
Believe not all ; or if you must believe,  
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,  
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,  
Praying for both parts :  
The good gods will mock me presently,  
When I shall pray, O, *bless my lord and husband !*

Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,  
O, *bless my brother !* Husband win, win brother,  
Prays, and destroys the prayer ; no midway  
"Twixt these extremes at all.

ANT. Gentle Octavia,  
Let your best love draw to that point which seeks  
Best to preserve it : if I lose mine honour,  
I lose myself : better I were not yours,  
Than yours so<sup>c</sup> branchless. But, as you requested,  
Yourself shall go between 's : the mean time, lady,  
I'll raise the preparation of a war  
Shall stain<sup>d</sup> your brother : make your soonest haste ;  
So, your desires are yours.

OCTA. Thanks to my lord.  
The Jove of power make me, most weak, most  
weak,

Your† reconciler ! Wars 'twixt you twain would be  
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men  
Should solder up the rift.

ANT. When it appears to you where this begins,  
Turn your displeasure that way ; for our faults  
Can never be so equal, that your love  
Can equally move with them. Provide your going ;  
Choose your own company, and command what  
cost  
Your heart has‡ mind to. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—*The same. Another Room in the same.*

*Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.*

ENO. How now, friend Eros !

EROS. There's strange news come, sir.

ENO. What, man ?

EROS. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon  
Pompey.

(\*) Old text, *then*. (†) First folio, *You*.  
(‡) First folio, *he*.

<sup>a</sup> — *he not took'd*. — [An emendation by Thirlby ; the old lection being, — "he not took'd."

<sup>b</sup> Or did it from his teeth. [To do any thing from the teeth, was to do it in pretence only, not from the heart ; thus Burton, — "friendship from teeth outward, counterfeit." So in "Withal's Dictionary for Children," 1616, quoted by Mr. Singer, "*Lingua amicus* : A friend from the teeth outward."

<sup>c</sup> Than yours so, &c.] The text of the second folio, that of 1623 has, "Then your so" &c.

ENO. This is old : what is the success ?\*

EROS. Cæsar, having made use of him in the war, 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry ;<sup>f</sup> would not let him partake in the glory of the action : and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey ; upon his own appeal, seizes him : so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

ENO. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps,<sup>g</sup>  
no more ;

And throw between them all the food thou hast,  
They'll grind the one<sup>h</sup> the other.—Where's  
Antony ?

EROS. He's walking in the garden—thus ; and  
spurns

The rush that l's before him ; cries, *Fool  
Lepidus !*

And threatens the throat of that his officer,  
That murder'd Pompey.

ENO. Our great navy's rigg'd.

EROS. For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius ;  
My lord desires you presently : my news  
I might have told hereafter.

ENO. 'T will be naught :  
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

EROS. Come, sir.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—*Rome. A Room in Cæsar's House.*

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MRCÆNAS.*

CÆS. Concerning Rome, he has done all this,  
and more ;

In Alexandria—here's the manner of 't,—  
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,  
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold  
Were publicly enthron'd : at the feet, sat  
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,  
And all the unlawful issue that their lust  
Since then hath made between them. Unto her  
He gave the stablishment of Egypt ; made her  
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,  
Absolute queen.

MEC. This in the public eye ?

CÆS. I' the common show-place, where they  
exercisc.

<sup>d</sup> — stain—] Stain, if correct, must mean *eclipse* or *cast in the shade* ; a sense the word is often found to bear in old literature ; but *slay*, as suggested by Boswell, is more accordant with the context, and may easily have been misprinted *stain*.

<sup>e</sup> — *what is the success ?* ] What follows ? what is the upshot ?

<sup>f</sup> — *rivalry*.] *Participation, copartnership*.

<sup>g</sup> Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps,—] A restoration by Hamner ; the old text having, "Then would thou hadst a paire," &c.

<sup>h</sup> They'll grind the one the other, &c.] Capell supposed, "the one," which had obviously been omitted in the early copies.

His sons he there\* proclaim'd the kings† of kings :  
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,  
He gave to Alexander ; to Ptolemy he assign'd  
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia. She  
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis (1)  
That day appear'd ; and oft before gave audience,  
As 't is reported, so.

MEC. Let Rome be thus inform'd.

AGR. Who, queasy with his insolence already,  
Will their good thoughts call from him.

CÆS. The people know it ; and have now  
receiv'd

His accusations.

AGR. Who does he accuse ?

CÆS. Cæsar : and that, having in Sicily  
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him  
His part o' the isle : then does he say, he lent me  
Some shipping unrecor'd : lastly, he frets,  
That Lepidus of the triumvirate  
Should be depos'd ; and, being, that we detain \*  
All his revenuc.

AGR. Sir, this should be answer'd.

CÆS. 'T is done already, and the messenger  
gone.

I have told him. Lepidus was grown too cruel ;  
That he his high authority abus'd,  
And did deserve his change ; for what I have  
conquer'd,

I grant him part ; but then, in his Armenia,  
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I  
Demand the like.

MEC. He'll never yield to that.

CÆS. Nor must not, then, be yielded to in this.

*Enter OCTAVIA, with her Train.*

OCTA. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord ! hail, most  
dear Cæsar !

CÆS. That ever I should call thee, cast-away !

OCTA. You have not call'd me so, nor have you  
cause.

CÆS. Why have you stol'n upon us thus ? You  
come not

Like Cæsar's sister : the wife of Antony  
Should have an army for an usher, and  
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,  
Long ere she did appear ; the trees by the way  
Should have borne men ; and expectation faint'd,  
Longing for what it had not : nay, the dust

Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,  
Rais'd by your populous troops : but you are come  
A market-maid to Rome ; and have prevented  
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,  
Is often left unlov'd : \* we should have met you  
By sea and land ; supplying every stage  
With an augmented greeting.

OCTA. Good my lord,  
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it  
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,  
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted  
My griev'd ear withal ; whereon, I begg'd  
His pardon for return. (2)

CÆS. Which soon he granted,  
Being an obstruct<sup>b</sup> 'tween his lust and him.

OCTA. Do not say so, my lord.

CÆS. I have eyes upon him,  
And his affairs come to me on the wind.  
Where is he now ?

OCTA. My lord, in Athens.

CÆS. No, my most wronged sister ; Cleopatra  
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his  
empire

Up to a whore ; who now are levying  
The kings o' the earth for war : he hath assembled  
Bocchus, the king of Libya ; Archelaus,  
Of Cappadocia ; Philadelphos, king  
Of Paphlagonia ; the Thracian king, Adallas ;  
King Macheus of Arabia ; king of Pont ;  
Herod of Jewry ; Mithridates, king  
Of Comagene ; Polemon and Amyntas,  
The kings of Mede and Lycaonia,  
With a more larger list of scepters.

OCTA. Ay me, most wretched,  
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,  
That do afflict each other !

CÆS. Welcome hither :  
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth ;  
Till we perceived, both how you were wrong'd,\*  
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart :  
Be you not troubled with the time, which dri-  
O'er your content these strong necessities ;  
But let determin'd things to destiny  
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome !  
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd  
Beyond the mark of thought : and the high gods,  
To do you justice, make\* them ministers  
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort ;  
And ever welcome to us !

AGR. Welcome, lady ! +

(\*) Old text, *hither*. Corrected by Capell.  
(†) Old text, *King*.

— which, left unshown,

*Is often left unlov'd :—*  
With more likelihood we should read,—

"Is often left unprov'd."

*Unlov'd* is a very problematical expression here, and appears to have been partly formed by the compositor from the word *love* in the preceding line.

(\*) First folio, *makes his*. Corrected by Capell.

<sup>b</sup> *Bring an obstruct, &c.* The old copies read,—"*an obstruct*." For the correction we are indebted to Warburton.

\* *Till we perceived, both how you were wrong'd,*  
And we, &c.]

Capell's emendation of the old text,—"*how you were wrong led*," &c., and the origin, manifestly, of that proposed by Mr. Collier's annotator,—"*how you were wrong'd*."

MEC. Welcome, dear madam !  
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you :  
Only the adulterous Antony, most large  
In his abominations, turns you off ;  
And gives his potent regiment<sup>a</sup> to a trull,  
That noises it against us.

OCTA. Is it so, sir ?

CEA. Most certain. Sister, welcome : pray you,  
Be ever known to patience. My dear'st sister !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*Antony's Camp near the  
Promontory of Actium.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.*

CLEO. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

ENO. But, why, why, why ?

CLEO. Thou hast forspoke<sup>b</sup> my being in these  
wars ;  
And say'st, it is not fit.

ENO. Well, is it, is it ?

CLEO. If not denounc'd against us,<sup>c</sup> why should  
not we

Be there in person ?

ENO. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply :—  
If we should serve with horse and mares together,  
The horse were merely lost ; the mares would bear  
A soldier and his horse.

CLEO. What is't you say ?

ENO. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony ;  
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from 's  
time,

What should not then be spar'd. He is already  
Traduc'd for levity : and 't is said in Rome,  
That Pothinus an eunuch and your maids  
Manage this war.

CLEO. Sink Rome ! and their tongues rot.  
That speak against us ! A charge we bear i' the  
war,

And, as the president of my kingdom, will  
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it ;  
I will not stay behind.

ENO. Nay, I have done.  
Here comes the emperor.

*Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.*

ANT. Is it not strange, Canidius,  
That from Tarentum and Brundisium,

He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,  
And take in<sup>d</sup> Tornyne ?—You have heard on't,  
sweet ?

CLEO. Celerity is never more admir'd  
Than by the negligest.

ANT. A good rebuke,  
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,  
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we  
Will fight with him by sea.

CLEO. By sea ! what else ?

CAN. Why will my lord do so ?

ANT. For that he dares us to 't.

ENO. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

CAN. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,  
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey : but these  
offers,

Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off ;  
And so should you.

ENO. Your ships are not well mann'd,—  
Your mariners are muleters,\* reapers, people  
Ingross'd by swift impress ; in Cæsar's fleet  
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought :  
Their ships are yare,<sup>e</sup> yours, heavy. No disgrace  
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,  
Being prepar'd for land.

ANT. By sea, by sea.

ENO. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away  
The absolute soldiership you have by land ;  
Distract your army, which doth most consist  
Of war-mark'd footmen ; leave unexecuted  
Your own renowned knowledge : quite forego  
The way which promises assurance : and  
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,  
From firm security.

ANT. I'll fight at sea.

CLEO. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

ANT. Our overplus of shipping will we burn ;  
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of  
Actium

Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,  
We then can do't at land.—

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thy business ?

MESS. The news is true, my lord ; he is  
descried ;

Cæsar has taken Tornyne.

ANT. Can he be there in person ? 't is impos-  
sible ;

(\*) First folio, *Mistlers*.

d — take in—] *Conquer, overcome*. The exact sense is shown  
in a passage from "A Winter's Tale," Act IV. Sc. 3,—

"I think affliction may subdue the cheek,  
But not take in the mind."

e Yare,—] *Nimble, managable*.

a — regiment—] *Directorship, rule, command*.  
b — forspoke—] *Prejudiced, spoken against, forbidden*.  
c If not denounc'd against us,—] This may mean, as Malone  
explains it, "If there be no particular denunciation against me."  
&c., but, as more emphatic, Shakespeare perhaps wrote,—

"If not, denounce't against us why," &c.

Strange that his power should be.—Canidius,  
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,  
And our twelve thousand horse.—We'll to our  
ship,  
Away, my Thetis!—

CÆS. Strike not by land; keep whole;  
Provoke not battle till we have done at sea.  
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll:  
Our fortune lies upon this jump. [Exeunt.]

*Enter a Soldier.*

How now, worthy soldier!

SOLD. O, noble emperor, do not fight by sea;  
Trust not to rotten planks: do you misdoubt  
This sword and these my wounds? (3) Let the  
Egyptians  
And the Phœnicians go a-ducking; we  
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,  
And fighting foot to foot.

ANT. Well, well, away!

[Exeunt ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and  
ENOBARRUS.]

SOLD. By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.

CAN. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action  
grows

Not in the power on't: so our leader's led,  
And we are women's men.

SOLD. You keep by land  
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

CAN.<sup>a</sup> Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justicius,  
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:  
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's  
Carries beyond belief.

SOLD. While he was yet in Rome,  
His power went out in such distractions<sup>b</sup>  
As beguild all spies.

CAN. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

SOLD. They say, one Taurus.

CAN. Well I know the man.

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS. The emperor calls Canidius.

CAN. With news the time's with labour, and  
throes forth,  
Each minute, some. [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE VIII.—A Plain near Actium.

*Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and others.*

CÆS. Taurus,—

TAUR. My lord.

#### SCENE IX.—Another Part of the Plain.

*Enter ANTONY and ENOBARRUS.*

ANT. Set we our squadrons on yond side o' the  
hill,  
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place  
We may the number of the ships behold,  
And so proceed accordingly. \* [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE X.—Another Part of the Plain.

*Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his land Army  
one way over the stage; and TAURUS, the  
Lieutenant of CÆSAR, the other way. After  
their going out, is heard the noise of a sea-  
fight.*

*Alarum. Enter ENOBARRUS.*

ENO. Naught, naught, all naught! I can  
behold no longer:  
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,  
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder:  
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

*Enter SCABUS.*

SCAB. Gods and goddesses  
All the whole synod of them!

ENO. What's thy passion?  
SCAB.<sup>c</sup> The greater cantle<sup>d</sup> of the world is lost  
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away  
Kingdoms and provinces.

ENO. How appears the fight?  
SCAB. On our side like the token'd pestilence,<sup>d</sup>  
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred<sup>e</sup> nag of  
Egypt,—  
Whom leprosy o'ertake!—i' the midst o' the fight,  
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,

<sup>a</sup> CAN.] In the ancient copies this speech has the prefix *Ven*, an abbreviation Mr. Collier suggests for *Vennard*, the actor who may have played Canidius.

<sup>b</sup> — distractions—] Detachments.

<sup>c</sup> — cantle—] A corner or cogn. French, *chanseau*, *guignon*,

Latin, *quantillum*.

<sup>d</sup> — the token'd pestilence.—] See note (5), p. 220

<sup>e</sup> — ribaudred nag—] This has been variously and needlessly changed to *ribald nag*, *ribald-rid nag*, and *ribald-rid nag*. *Ribaudred nag*, means filthy strumpet.

Both as<sup>a</sup> the same, or rather ours the elder,—  
The brize<sup>b</sup> upon her, like a cow in June,—  
Hoists sails, and flies!

ENO. That I beheld:  
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not  
Endure a further view.

SCAR. She once being loof'd,  
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,  
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting mallard,  
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:  
I never saw an action of such shame;  
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before  
Did violate so itself.

ENO. Alack, alack!

*Enter CANIDIUS.*

CAN. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,  
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general  
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:  
O, he has<sup>c</sup> given example for our flight,  
Most grossly, by his own!

ENO. Ay, are you thereabouts?  
Why then, good night, indeed.

CAN. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

SCAR. 'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend  
What further comes.

CAN. To Cæsar will I render  
My legions, and my horse: six kings already  
Show me the way of yielding.

ENO. I'll yet follow  
The wounded chance of Antony, though my  
reason  
Sits in the wind against me. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. *A Room in the  
Palace.*

*Enter ANTONY and Attendants.*

ANT. Hark! the land bids me tread no more  
upon't,—  
It is asham'd to bear me!—Friends, come hither:  
I am so lated<sup>c</sup> in the world, that I  
Have lost my way for ever:—I have a ship

Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,  
And make your peace with Cæsar.

ALL. *Fly! not we.*

ANT. I have fled myself; and have instructed  
cowards  
To run and show their shoulders.—Friends, be  
gone;

I have myself resolv'd upon a course;  
Which has no need of you; be gone:  
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,  
I follow'd that I blush to look upon!  
My very hairs do mutiny, for the white  
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them  
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone; you  
shall

Have letters from me to some friends, that will  
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,  
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint  
Which my despair proclaims; let that<sup>a</sup> be left  
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway:  
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.  
Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:—  
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,  
Therefore I pray you:—I'll see you by and by.  
*[Sits down.]*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN and IRAS,  
EROS following.*

EROS. Nay, gentle madam, to him,—comfort  
him.

IRAS. Do, most dear queen.

CHAR. Do! why, what else?

CLEO. Let me sit down. O, Juno!

ANT. No, no, no, no, no!

EROS. See you here, sir?

ANT. O fie, fie, fie!

CHAR. Madam,—

IRAS. Madam; O, good empress!—

EROS. Sir, sir,—

ANT. Yes, my lord, yes:<sup>d</sup>—he, at Philippi, kept  
His sword e'en like a dancer,<sup>e</sup> while I struck  
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 't was I  
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone  
Dealt on lieutenantry,<sup>f</sup> and no practice had  
In the brave squares of war: yet now—No matter.  
CLEO. Ah! stand by.

EROS. The queen, my lord, the queen!

IRAS. Go to him, madam, speak to him;  
He is unqualified with very shame.

(\*) First folio, *his ha's.*

<sup>a</sup> Both as the same.—] This is oddly expressed. Can "as" be a transcriber's slip for *as'd*? The context,—"or rather ours the elder"—favours the supposition.

<sup>b</sup> The brize.—] *The westrum, or gad-fly.*

<sup>c</sup> —lated.—] *Benighted, belated;* as in "Macbeth," Act III. Sc. 3.—

"Now spurs the lated traveller apace."

<sup>d</sup> Yes, my lord, yes:—] This kind of rejoinder, sometimes in

(\*) First folio, *them.*

play, sometimes in petulance, is not unfrequent in our old dramas. See note (c), p. 413, Vol. I.

<sup>e</sup> His sword e'en like a dancer.—] See note (2), p. 55, Vol. II.

<sup>f</sup> Dealt on lieutenantry.—] "Dealt on lieutenantry" means, probably, as Steevens conjectured, *fought by proxy*; or it may signify *traded in war's theory*:—"I met just now a usurer, that only deals upon ounces."—*The Witty Fair One*, Act V. Sc. 1.



CLEO. Well then,—sustain me:—O!

EROS. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches;

Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her, but<sup>a</sup>  
Your comfort makes the rescue.

ANT. I have offended reputation,—  
A most un noble swerving.

EROS.

Sir, the queen.

ANT. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt?

See,

How I convey<sup>b</sup> my shame out of thine eyes  
By looking back what I have left behind  
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

CLEO.

O, my lord, my lord!

<sup>a</sup> — but—] *Unless.*

<sup>b</sup> *How I convey, &c.*] How I pass by sleight my shame out of

thy sight, in looking another way.



Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought  
You would have follow'd.

ANT. Egypt, thou knew'st too well  
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,  
And thou shouldst tow \* me after: o'er my spirit  
Thy † full supremacy thou knew'st, and that  
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods  
Command me.

CLEO. O, my pardon!

ANT. Now I must  
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge  
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who  
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I  
pleas'd,

Making and marring fortunes. You did know  
How much you were my conqueror; and that  
My sword, made weak by my affection, would  
Obey it on all cause.

CLEO. Pardon, pardon!

ANT. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates\*  
All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss;—  
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster,  
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead.—  
Some wine, within there, and our viands!—

Fortune knows

We scorn her most when most she offers blows.†  
[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE XII.—*Cæsar's Camp in Egypt.*

*Enter CÆSAR, DOLOABELLA, THYREUS,‡ and  
others.*

CÆS. Let him appear that's come from  
Antony.—  
Know you him?

DOL. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:‡  
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither  
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,  
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,  
Not many moons gone by.

\* *Enter EUPHRONIUS.§*

CÆS. Approach, and speak.

EUP. Such as I am, I come from Antony:  
I was of late as petty to his ends,

As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf  
To his grand sea.°

CÆS. Be't so:—declare thine office.

EUP. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and  
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,  
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues  
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,  
A private man in Athens: this for him.  
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;  
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves  
The circle\* of the Ptolemies for her heirs,  
Now hazarded to thy grace.

CÆS. For Antony,  
I have no ears to his request. The queen  
Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she  
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,  
Or take his life there; this if she perform,  
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

EUP. Fortune pursue thee!

CÆS. Bring him through the bands.

[*Exit EUPHRONIUS.*]

[*To THYREUS.*] To try thy eloquence, now 'tis  
time: despatch!

From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,  
And in our name, what she requires; add more,  
From thine invention, offers: women are not  
In their best fortunes strong; but want will  
perjure

The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning,  
Thyreus,

Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we  
Will answer as a law.

THYR. Cæsar, I go.

CÆS. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,°  
And what thou think'st his very action speaks  
In every power that moves.

THYR. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE XIII.—*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and  
IRAS.*

CLEO. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

ENO. Think,† and die.

CLEO. Is Antony or we in fault for this?

ENO. Antony only, that would make his will  
Lord of his reason. What though you fled

drop was exhaled. See Stevens' note and f. in the *Variorum*.

\* The circle—] The round and top of sovereignty, the diadem.  
° Observe how Antony becomes his flaw.—] This is not very  
clear. Johnson explains it, "how Antony conforms himself to  
this breach of his fortune."

† Think, and die.—] Despair and die. To take thought was  
formerly an expression equivalent to, take to heart, or yield to  
sorrow. Thus, in "Julius Cæsar," Act II. Sc. 1.—

"—All that he can do  
Is to himself,—take thought, and die for Cæsar"

(\*) First folio, *atoms*.

(†) Old text, *Thc*. Corrected by Theobald.

(‡) Old text, *Thidias*, all through.

(§) First folio, *Ambassador from Antony*.

\* — rates—] Counts for, is equivalent to.

† — his schoolmaster:] Euphronius was the tutor of Antony's  
children by Cleopatra.

° To his grand sea:] Here, as usual, "his" stands for the then  
use *its*, and "its grand sea" imports the ocean whence the dew.

From that great face of war, whose several ranges<sup>a</sup>  
Frighted each other? why should he follow?  
The itch of his affection should not then  
Have nick'd<sup>b</sup> his captainship; at such a point,  
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being  
The mered<sup>c</sup> question, 't was a shame no less  
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,  
And leave his navy gazing.

CLEO. Pr'ythee, peace.

*Enter ANTONY with EUPHRONIUS.*

ANT. Is that his answer?

EUP. Ay, my lord.

ANT. The queen shall, then, have courtesy,  
so she will yield us up.

EUP. He says so.

ANT. Let her know 't.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,  
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim  
With principalities.

CLEO. That head, my lord?

ANT. To him again: tell him, he wears the  
rose [note

Of youth upon him; from which the world should  
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,  
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail  
Under the service of a child as soon  
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore  
To lay his gay comparisons apart,  
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,  
Ourselves alone. I'll write it; follow me.

[*Exeunt ANTONY and EUPHRONIUS.*]

ENO. [*Aside.*] Yes, like enough, high-battled  
Cæsar will

Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show,  
Against a sword! I see men's judgments are  
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward  
Do draw the inward quality after them,  
To suffer<sup>d</sup> all alike. That he should dream,  
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will  
Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd  
His judgment too.

*Enter an Attendant.*

ATT. A messenger from Cæsar.

CLEO. What, no more ceremony?—See, my  
women!—

<sup>a</sup> From that great face of war, whose several ranges—] The commentators, perhaps, have a perception of what this means, since they pass it silently; to us it is inexplicable, and we cannot choose but look on "ranges" as a misprint for the *rages* of grim-visag'd war.

<sup>b</sup> Have nick'd—] Have emasculated.

<sup>c</sup> The mered question.—] Possibly, the *entire*, or *sole* question, but the word reads suspiciously. Johnson suggested, "The mooted question," and is followed by Mr. Collier's annotator.

<sup>d</sup> To suffer—] The verb is apparently used here in an active sense, meaning to *punish* or *afflict*.

<sup>e</sup> — to square.—] To quarrel.

<sup>f</sup> — a place.—] A seat of dignity.

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,  
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

[*Exit Attendant.*]

ENO. [*Aside.*] Mine honesty and I begin to square.<sup>a</sup>  
The loyalty well held to fools does make  
Our faith mere folly:—yet he that can endure  
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,  
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,  
And earns a place i' the story.

*Enter THYREUS.*

CLEO. Cæsar's will?

THYR. Hear it apart.

CLEO. None but friends; say boldly.

THYR. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

ENO. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;  
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master  
Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know,  
Whose he is we are; and that is Cæsar's.

THYR. So.—

Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats,  
Not to consider in what cause thou stand'st,  
Further than he is Cæsar.\*

CLEO. Go on: right royal!

THYR. He knows that you embrace not Antony  
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

CLEO. O!

THYR. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he  
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,  
Not as deserv'd.

CLEO. He is a god, and knows  
What is most right: mine honour was not yielded,  
But conquer'd merely.

ENO. [*Aside.*] To be sure of that,  
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,  
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for  
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit ENOBARBUS.*]

THYR. Shall I say to Cæsar  
What you require of him? for he partly begs  
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him  
That of his fortunes you should make a staff  
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,  
To hear from me you had left Antony,  
And put yourself under his shroud,<sup>b</sup>  
The universal landlord.

CLEO. What's your name?

THYR. My name is Thyreus.

CLEO. Most kind messenger,  
Say to great Cæsar this:—in disputation<sup>c</sup>

(\*) First folio, *Cæsars*. Corrected in the second folio.

<sup>a</sup> Thy dearest quit thee.—] See note (b), p. 550.

<sup>b</sup> And put yourself under his shroud,—] Capell adds, "the great," Mr. Collier's annotator, "who is."

<sup>c</sup> — in disputation —] Theobald reads, "in *disputation*;" we are of opinion, however, that, as in Act II. Sc. 7, *disposition* was misprinted *disputation*, the reciprocal error has been perpetrated here, and that the poet wrote, "in *disposition*," that is, in *inclination*, willingly.

I kiss his conqu'ring hand tell him, I am prompt  
To lay my crown at 's feet, and there to kneel :  
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear  
The doom of Egypt.

THYR. 'Tis your noblest course.  
Wisdom and fortune combating together,  
If that the former dare but what it can,  
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay  
My duty on your hand.

CLEO. Your Cæsar's father, oft,  
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,  
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,  
As if rain'd kisses.

*Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.*

ANT. Favours, by Jove that thunders —  
What art thou, fellow ?

THYR. One that but performs  
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest  
To have command obey'd.

ENO. [*Aside to THYR.*] You will be whipp'd.

ANT. Approach, there !—Ah, you kite !—Now,  
gods and devils !

Authority melts from me : Of late, when I cried  
*ho !*

Like boys unto a muss,\* kings would start forth,  
And cry, *Your will ?*

*Enter Attendants.*

Have you no ears ?

I am 'Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and  
whip him.

ENO. [*Aside.*] 'Tis better playing with a lion's  
whelp

Than with an old one dying.

ANT. Moon and stars !—  
Whip him.—Were't twenty of the greatest  
tributaries

That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them  
So saucy with the hand of she here,—what's her  
name,

Since she was Cleopatra ?—Whip him, fellows,  
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,  
And whine aloud for mercy : take him hence.

THYR. Mark Antony,—

ANT. Tug him away : being whipp'd,  
Bring him again :—this\* Juck of Cæsar's shall  
Bear us an errand to him.—

[*Exeunt Attendants, with THYREUS.*

You were half blasted ere I knew you :—ha !

(\*) Old text, *The*.

\* — a muss,—] *A scramble.*

† — feeders !] An old nickname for servants. Thus, in Beau-  
mont and Fletcher's play of "The Nine Valours," Act III. Sc. 1.—

Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,  
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,  
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd  
By one that looks on feeders ?\*

CLEO. Good my lord,—

ANT. You have been a boggler ever :—  
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,  
(O, misery on 't !) the wise gods seel<sup>c</sup> our eyes ;  
In our own filth drop our clear judgments<sup>d</sup>—  
make us

Adore our errors ; laugh at 's, while we strut  
To our confusion.

CLEO. O, is 't come to this ?

ANT. I found you as a morsel cold upon  
Dead Cæsar's trencher : nay, you were a fragment  
Of Cneius Pompey's ; besides what hotter hours,  
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have  
Luxuriously pick'd out : for, I am sure,  
Though<sup>d</sup> you can guess what temperance should be,  
You know not what it is.

CLEO. Wherefore is this ?

ANT. To let a fellow that will take rewards,  
And say, *God quit you !* be familiar with  
My playfellow, your hand ; this kingly seal,  
And pligher of high hearts !—O, that I were  
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar  
The horned herd ! for I have savage cause ;  
And to proclaim it civilly, were like  
A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank  
For being yare about him.—

*Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.*

Is he whipp'd ?

1 ATT. Soundly, my lord.

ANT. Cried he ? and begg'd he pardon ?

1 ATT. He did ask favour.

ANT. If that thy father live, let him repent  
Thou wast not made his daughter ; and be thou  
sorry

To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since  
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him : hence—  
forth,

The white hand of a lady fever thee,  
Shake thou to look on 't.—Get thee back to  
Cæsar,

Tell him thy entertainment : look, thou say  
He makes me angry with him, for he seems  
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,  
Not what he knew I was : he makes me angry ;  
And at this time most easy 't is to do 't,  
When my good stars, that were my former guides,

" Now servants he has kept, lusty tall feeders."

<sup>c</sup> — seel our eyes :] See note (b), p. 494

<sup>d</sup> Though—] " Though " carries here the sense of *if*, or  
even *if*.

Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires  
Into the abyss of hell. If he mislike  
My speech and what is done, tell him he has  
Hipparchus, my enfranchised bondman, whom  
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,  
As he shall like, to quit me :<sup>a</sup> urge it thou !  
Hence with thy stripes, begone !<sup>(5)</sup>

[Exit THYREUS.]

CLEO. Have you done yet ?

ANT. Alack, our terrene moon  
Is now eclips'd ; and it portends alone  
The fall of Antony !

CLEO. I must stay his time.

ANT. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes  
With one that ties his points ?

CLEO. Not know me yet ?

ANT. Cold-hearted toward me ?

CLEO. Ah, dear, if I be so,  
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,  
And poison it in the source ; and the first stone  
Drop in my neck : as it determines,<sup>b</sup> so  
Dissolve my life ! The next Cæsarion smite !<sup>\*</sup>  
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,  
Together with my brave Egyptians all,  
By the discandying<sup>c</sup> of this pelleted storm,  
Lie graveless,—till the flies and gnats of Nile  
Have buried them for prey !

ANT. I am satisfied.  
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria ; where  
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land  
Hath nobly held ; our sever'd navy too  
Have knit again, and fleet,<sup>d</sup> threat'ning most sea-  
like.

Where hast thou been, my heart ?—Dost thou  
hear, lady ?

(\*) First folio, *Cæsarion smite*

<sup>a</sup> — to quit me ] To repay, or requite me, for the indignity he  
receives at my hands.

<sup>b</sup> — as it determines,—] As it melts away

<sup>c</sup> — discandying—] *Liquefying*. The old copies read *discan-  
dying*. "from which corruption," Theobald says, "both Dr  
Thirlby and I saw we must retrieve the word with which I have

If from the field I shall return once more  
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood ;  
I and my sword will earn our chronicle ;  
There's hope in't yet.

CLEO. That's my brave lord !

ANT. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, broath'd,  
And fight maliciously : for when mine hours  
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives  
Of me for jests ; but now I'll set my teeth,  
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,  
Let's have one other gaudy<sup>e</sup> night : call to me  
All my sad captains : fill our bowls ; once more  
Let's mock the midnight bell.

CLEO. It is my birthday :

I had thought to have held it poor ; but, since my  
lord

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

ANT. We will yet do well.

CLEO. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

ANT. Do so, we'll speak to them ; and to-  
night I'll force

The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my  
queen ;

There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,  
I'll make Death love me ; for I will contend  
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt all except ENOBARBUS.*]

ENO. Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be  
furious,

Is to be frightened out of fear ; and in that mood  
The dove will peck the estridge ; and I see still  
A diminution in our captain's brain  
Restores his heart : when valour preys on<sup>f</sup> reason,  
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek  
Some way to leave him. [Exit.]

(\*) First folio, *prays in reason.*

reformed the text."

<sup>d</sup> — and fleet,—] That is, *float*, the words of old being synony-  
mous

<sup>e</sup> — one other gaudy night ] A festival night ; from *gaudium* ,  
"Gaudy days" is still a collegiate term.





## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.*

*Enter CÆSAR, reading a letter ; AGRIPPA,  
MARCÆNAS, and others.*

CÆS. He calls me boy ; and chides, as he had  
power  
To beat me out of Egypt ; my messenger  
He hath whipp'd with rods ; dares me to personal  
combat :  
Cæsar to Antony !—Let the old ruffian know,  
I have\* many other ways to die ; mean time,  
Laugh at his challenge.

MAR.

Cæsar must think,

When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted  
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now  
Make boot of his distraction :—never anger  
Made good guard for itself.

CÆS.

Let our best heads  
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles  
We mean to fight :—within our files there are  
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,  
Enough to fetch him in. See it done :  
And feast the army ; we have store to do't,  
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony !

[*Exeunt.*]

\* I have, &c.] Hanmer reads, "*He hath many,*" &c., as Shakespeare would have done had he not mistaken the corresponding passage of his authority, North's Plutarch :—"Antonius sent

again to challenge Cæsar to fight with him hands to hands. Cæsar answered him, that he had many other ways to die than so."

SCENE II.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and others.

ANT. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

ENO. No.

ANT. Why should he not?

ENO. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,

He is twenty men to one.

ANT. To-morrow, soldier,  
By sea and land I'll fight.—Or I will live,  
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood  
Shall make it live again.—Wou't thou fight well?

ENO. I'll strike, and cry, *Take all*.

ANT. Well said; come on.—  
Call forth my household servants; let's to-night  
Be bounteous at our meal.—

*Enter* Servants.

Give me thy hand,  
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;  
Thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you have serv'd  
me well,

And kings have been your fellows.

CLEO. [*Aside to* ENO.] What means this?

ENO. [*Aside to* CLEO.] 'Tis one of those odd  
tricks which sorrow shoots  
Out of the mind.

ANT. And thou art honest too.  
I wish I could be made so many men,  
And all of you clapp'd up together in  
An Antony, that I might do you service,  
So good as you have done.

SERVANTS. The gods forbid!

ANT. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-  
night:

Scant not my cups; and make as much of me  
As when mine empire was your fellow too,  
And suffer'd my command.

CLEO. [*Aside to* ENO.] What does he mean?

ENO. [*Aside to* CLEO.] To make his followers  
weep.

ANT. Tend me to-night:  
May be it is the period of your duty:  
Haply you shall not see me more; or if,  
A mangled shadow: perchance to-morrow  
You'll serve another master. I look on you  
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,  
I turn you not away; but, like a master  
Married to your good service, stay till death:  
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,  
And the gods yield you for't!

ENO. What mean you, sir,  
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;

And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd: for shame,  
Transform us not to women.

ANT. Ho, ho, ho!

Now the witch take me if I meant it thus!  
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty  
friends,

You take me in too dolorous a sense:

For I spake to you for your comfort,—did desire  
you [hearts,

To burn this night with torches: know, my  
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you  
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,  
Than death and honour. Let's to supper; come,  
And drown consideration. [Exit.

SCENE III.—The same. *Before the Palace.*

*Enter* two Soldiers, to their guard.

1 SOLD. Brother, good night: to-morrow is  
the day. [well.

2 SOLD. It will determine one way: fare you  
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1 SOLD. Nothing. What news?

2 SOLD. Belike 't is but a rumour.  
Good night to you.

1 SOLD. Well, sir, good night.

*Enter* two other Soldiers.

2 SOLD. Soldiers,  
Have careful watch.

3 SOLD. And you. Good night, good night.  
[The first and second go to their posts.

4 SOLD. Here we: [Taking their posts.] and if  
to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope  
Our landmen will stand up.

3 SOLD. 'T is a brave army,  
And full of purpose.

[Music of handboys under the stage.

4 SOLD. Peace! what noise?

1 SOLD. List, list!

2 SOLD. Hark!

1 SOLD. Music i' the air!

3 SOLD. Under the earth!

4 SOLD. It signs\* well,  
Does't not?

3 SOLD. No.

1 SOLD. Peace. I say! What should this  
mean?

2 SOLD. 'T is the god Hercules, whom Antony  
lov'd,  
Now leaves him.

1 SOLD. Walk; let's see if other watchmen  
Do hear what we do.

[They advance to another post.

\* It signs well,—] It is a good sign, an auspicious omen.



2 SOLD. How now, masters?  
 SOLDIERS. [*Speaking together.*] How now?  
 How now? do you hear this?  
 1 SOLD. Ay; is't not strange?  
 3 SOLD. Do you hear, masters? do you hear?  
 1 SOLD. Follow the noise so far as we have  
 quarter;  
 Let's see how 't will give off.  
 SOLDIERS. [*Speaking together.*] Contant: 'tis  
 strange. [*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in the  
 Palace.*

*Enter* ANTONY and CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN,  
 IRAS, and others, attending.

ANT. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

CLEO.

ANT. No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine  
 armour, Eros!

Sleep a little.

*Enter EROS with armour.*

Come, good fellow, put mine\* iron on :—  
If Fortune be not ours to-day, it is  
Because we brave her :—come.

CLEO. Nay, I'll help too.  
What's this for ?

ANT. Ah, let be, let be ! thou art  
The armourer of my heart ;—false, false ; this,  
this.

CLEO. Sooth, la, I'll help : thus it must be.\*

ANT. Well, well :  
We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good  
fellow ?  
Go, put on thy defences.

EROS. Briefly, sir.

CLEO. Is not this buckled well ?

ANT. Rarely, rarely ;  
He that unbuckles this, till we do please  
To doff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—  
Thou fumblest, Eros ; and my queen's a squire  
More tight at this than thou : despatch.—O,  
love,  
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and  
knew'st  
The royal occupation ! thou shouldst see  
A workman in't.

*Enter an Officer armed.*

Good morrow to thee ; welcome :  
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike  
charge.

To business that we love we rise betime,  
And go to't with delight.

OFF. A thousand, sir,  
Early though't be, have on their riveted trim,  
And at the port expect you.

*[Shout and flourish of trumpets without.]*

*Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.*

2 OFF.† The morn is fair.—Good morrow,  
general.

ALL. Good morrow, general.

ANT. 'Tis well blown, lads :  
This morning, like the spirit of a youth  
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—  
So, so ; come, give me that : this way ; well  
said.—

Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me :  
This is a soldier's kiss : rebukeable, *[Kisses her.]*  
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand  
On more mechanic compliment ; I'll leave thee

(\*) Old text, *thine*. Corrected by Johnson.

(†) First folio, *lads*.

\* — thus it must be.] This and the two preceding speeches stand thus in the old copies.—

"CLEO. Nay, he helps too. Anthony

Now, like a man of steel.—You that will fight  
Follow me close ; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.

*[Exeunt ANTONY, EROS, Officers, and Soldiers.]*

CHAR. Please you, retire to your chamber ?

CLEO. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might  
Determine this great war in single fight !

Then, Antony.—but now,—Well, on. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.—Antony's Camp near Alexandria.

*Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS ; an Officer meeting them.*

OFF.\* The gods make this a happy day to  
Antony !

ANT. Would thou and those thy scars had once  
prevail'd  
To make me fight at land !

OFF.\* Hadst thou done so,  
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier  
That has this morning left thee, would have still  
Follow'd thy heels.

ANT. Who's gone this morning ?

OFF.\* Who !  
One ever near thee : call for Enobarbus,  
He shall not hear thee ; or from Cæsar's camp  
Say, *I am none of thine.*

ANT. What say'st thou ?

OFF. Sir,  
He is with Cæsar.

EROS. Sir, his chests and treasure  
He has not with him.

ANT. Is he gone ?

OFF. Most certain.

ANT. Go, Eros, send his treasure after ; do it ;  
Detain no jot, I charge thee : write to him  
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus and greetings ;  
Say, that I wish he never find more cause  
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have  
Corrupted honest men !—Despatch.—Enobarbus !  
*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI.—Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.

*Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, with AGRIPPA, ENO-  
BARBUS, and others.*

CÆS. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight :  
Our will is Antony be took alive ;  
Make it so known.

AGR. Cæsar, I shall. *[Exit.]*

(\*) First folio, *Eros*.

What's this for ? Ah let be, let be, thou art  
The Armourer of my heart : False, false : This, this,  
Sooth-law he helps : Thus it must be,

and were correctly arranged by Hammer and Malone.



CÆS. The time of universal peace is near:  
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd  
world  
Shall bear the olive freely.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Mess. Antony  
Is come into the field.

CÆS. Go, charge Agrippa  
Plant those that have revolted in the van,  
That Antony may seem to spend his fury  
Upon himself. [*Exeunt all except ENOBARBUS.*]

ENO. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry on  
Affairs of Antony; there did persuade\*  
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,  
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,  
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest  
That fell away, have entertainment, but  
No honourable trust. I have done ill;  
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,  
That I will joy no more.

*Enter a Soldier of CÆSAR'S.*

SOLD. Enobarbus, Antony  
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with  
His bounty overplus: the messenger  
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now  
Unloading of his mules.

ENO. I give it you.

SOLD. Mock not, Enobarbus.  
I tell you true: best you saf'd the bringer  
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,  
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor  
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit.*]

ENO. I am alone the villain of the earth,  
And feel I am so most. O, Antony,  
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid  
My better service, when my turpitude [*heart:*  
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows\* my  
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean  
Shall outstrike thought: but thought<sup>b</sup> will do 't, I  
feel.

I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek  
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits  
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.—*Field of Battle between the Camps.*

*Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA  
and others.*

AGR. Retire! we have engag'd ourselves too  
far:

Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression  
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt*

*Alarum. Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS wounded.*

SCAR. O, my brave emperor, this is fought  
indeed!  
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home  
With clouts about their heads.

ANT. Thou bleed'st apace.

SCAR. I had a wound here that was like a T,  
But now 't is made an H.<sup>c</sup>

ANT. They do retire.

SCAR. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes: I  
have yet  
Room for six scotches more.

*Enter EROS.*

EROS. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage  
serves  
For a fair victory.

SCAR. Let us score their backs,  
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;  
'T is sport to maul a runner.

ANT. I will reward thee  
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold  
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

SCAR. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—*Under the Walls of Alexandria.*

*Alarum. Enter ANTONY, marching; SCARUS,  
and Forces.*

ANT. We have beat him to his camp:—run one  
before,  
And let the queen know of our gestic.<sup>d</sup>—To-  
morrow,  
Before the sun shall see 's, we'll spill the blood  
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;  
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought  
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as 't had been  
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hector's.  
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,  
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears  
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss  
The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand;  
[*To SCARUS.*]

*Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.*

To this great fairy<sup>e</sup> I'll commend thy acts,  
Make her thanks bless thee.—O, thou day o' the  
world,

(\*) First folio, *dismade*.

<sup>a</sup> — blows—] *Swells*.

<sup>b</sup> — thought—] "*Thought*," as Malone remarks, "*in*  
passage means melancholy."

<sup>c</sup> — an H.] The same play (if any were intended here) on H  
and ache occurs in "*Much Ado About Nothing*," Act III. Sc. 4.

<sup>d</sup> — our gestic—] Our exploits. So Theobald. The old copies  
have, *gestic*.

<sup>e</sup> — fairy—] *Enchantress*.



Chain mine arm'd neck ! leap thou, attire and all.  
Through proof of harness\* to my heart, and there  
Ride on the pants triúmphing !

CLEO. Lord of lords !  
O, infinite virtue ! com'st thou smiling from  
The world's great snare uncaught ?

ANT. My nightingale,  
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl !  
though grey  
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet  
ha' we

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can  
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man ;  
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand ;—  
Kiss it, my warrior :—he hath fought to-day,  
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had  
Destroy'd in such a shape.

CLEO. I'll give thee, friend,  
An armour all of gold ; it was a king's.(1)

ANT. He has deseru'd it, were it carbuncled  
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand :—  
Through Alexandria make a jolly march :

Bear our hack'd targets like the men that own  
them.

Had our great palace the capacity  
To camp this host, we all would sup together,  
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,  
Which promises roynl peril.—Trumpeters,  
With brazen din blast you the city's ear ;  
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines.†  
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds  
together

Applauding our approach. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE IX.—*Caesar's Camp.*

*Sentinels at their post.*

1 SOLD. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,  
We must return to the court of guard : the night  
Is shiny ; and they say we shall embattle  
By the second hour i' the morn.

2 SOLD. This last day  
Was a shrewd one to 's.

\* — proof of harness—] *Armour of proof.*

† — tabourines ;] *Tabourines* was another name for drums, and

are again in "*Troilus and Cressida*," Act IV. Sc. 5. "Beat  
i' the tabourines."

*Enter ENOBARBUS.*

ENO. O, bear me witness, night,—

3 SOLD. What man is this?

2 SOLD. Stand close, and list him.

ENO. Be witness to me, O, thou blessed moon,  
When men revolted shall upon record  
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did  
Before thy face repent!—

1 SOLD. *Enobarbus!*

3 SOLD. Peace!

Hark further.

ENO. O, sovereign mistress of true melancholy,  
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,  
That life, a very rebel to my will,  
May hang no longer on me: throw my heart  
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;  
Which, being dried with grief, will break to  
powder,

And finish all foul thoughts. O, Antony!

Nobler than my revolt is infamous,

Forgive me in thine own particular;

But let the world rank me in register

A master-leaver and a fugitive!

O, Antony! O, Antony! *[Dies.]*

2 SOLD. Let's speak to him.

1 SOLD. Let's hear him, for the things he  
speaks may concern Caesar.

3 SOLD. Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1 SOLD. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer  
as his was never yet for<sup>a</sup> sleep.

2 SOLD. Go we to him.

3 SOLD. Awake, sir, awake! speak to us.

2 SOLD. Hear you, sir?

1 SOLD. The hand of death hath rought him!

Hark! the drums *[Drums afar off.]*  
Demurely<sup>b</sup> wake the sleepers. Let us bear him  
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour  
Is fully out.

3 SOLD. Come on then;

He may recover yet. *[Exeunt with the body.]*

#### SCENE X.—*Space between the two Camps.*

*Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with Forces marching.*

ANT. Their preparation is to-day by sea;  
We please them not by land.

SCAR.

For both, my lord

ANT. I would they'd fight i' the fire or i' the  
air;

We'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot

Upon the hills adjoining to the city,

Shall stay with us:—order for sea is given!

They have put forth the haven:—

Where their appointment we may best discover,  
And look on their endeavour. *[Exeunt.]*

#### SCENE XI.—*Another part of the same.*

*Enter CÆSAR, with his Forces marching.*

CÆS. But<sup>d</sup> being charg'd, we will be still by  
land,

Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force  
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales!

And hold our best advantage. *[Exeunt.]*

#### SCENE XII.—*Another part of the same.*

*Enter ANTONY and SCARUS.*

ANT. Yet they are not join'd: where yond pine  
does stand,

I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word  
Straight, how't is like to go. *[Exit.]*

SCAR. Swallows have built

In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers<sup>e</sup>

Say they know not,—they cannot tell;—look  
grimly,

And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony

Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,

His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,

Of what he has, and has not.

*[Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.]*

*Re-enter ANTONY.*

ANT.

All is lost!

This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me!

My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder

They cast their caps up, and carouse together

Like friends long lost!—Triple-turn'd whore!<sup>f</sup>  
'tis thou

<sup>a</sup> — for sleep.] Another instance, we apprehend, where "for" is either intended to represent *fore*, or has been misprinted instead of that word. See note (f), p. 87, Vol. II.

<sup>b</sup> — the drums  
Demurely wake the sleepers.]

"Demurely" in this place is more than suspicious. Mr. Collier's annotator conjectures, "*Do early*," and Mr. Dyce, "*Do merrily*," but neither resulting is very felicitous.

<sup>c</sup> They have put forth the haven:] We have adopted a suggestion of Mr. Knight in printing the sentence,—

"— order for sea is given!  
They have put forth the haven."

(\*) First folio, *augures*.

parenthetically, though there can be little doubt some words after "*Augur*" have been accidentally omitted. Rowe supplied the presumptive deficiency by reading, "Further on;" Capell, by "Hie we on;" Malone, by "Let's seek a spot;" Tyrwhitt, by "Let us go;" and Mr. Dyce, by "Forward now." The last slight alteration to "*forward then*," strikes us as preferable to any of the other additions.

<sup>d</sup> But being charg'd,—] "But" seems to be used here in its exceptive sense—*unless or without*

<sup>e</sup> Triple-turn'd—] From Julius Cæsar to Cneius Pompey, from Pompey to Antony, and, as he suspects now, from him to Octavius Cæ

**Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart  
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly!  
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,  
I have done all:—bid them all fly! be gone!**

[*Exit* SCARUS.]

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more !  
 Fortune and Antony part here ; even here  
 Do we shake hands.—All come to this ?—The  
                   hearts

That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave  
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets  
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,  
That overtopp'd them all! Betray'd I am:  
O, this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,—  
Whose eye back'd forth my wars, and call'd them  
home:

Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,—  
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,<sup>b</sup>  
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—  
What, Eros, Eros!

*Enter CLEOPATRA.*

**Ah, thou spell ! Avaunt !**

CLERK. Why is my lord enrag'd against his  
love?

ANT. Vanish! or I shall give thee thy deserving,  
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take  
thee.

And hoist thee up to the shouting plébeians:  
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot  
Of all thy sex: most monster-like, be shown  
For poor & diminutives, for doits; † and let  
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up  
With her prepared nails. [*Exit CLEO.*] 'Tis  
                well thou'rt gone,

If it be well to live : but better 't were  
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death  
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho !—  
The shirt of Nessus is upon me :—teach me,  
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage :  
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon ;  
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest  
club,

Subdue my worthiest self.<sup>c</sup> The witch shall die!  
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and  
I fall

Under this plot: she dies for't!—Fros, ho!  
[Exit.]

SCENE XIII.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and  
MARDIAN.

CLEO. Help me, my women! O, he is more  
mad  
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of The-  
saly<sup>d</sup>  
Was never so emboss'd.\*

CHAR. To the monument!  
There lock yourself, and send him word you are  
dead.

The soul and body rive not more in parting,  
Than greatness going off.

CLEO. To the monument!—  
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;  
Say, that the last I spoke was, *Antony*,  
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously: hence, *Mardian*,  
And bring me how he takes my death.—  
To the monument! [Exit.

SCENE XIV.—*The same. Another Room.*

*Faust* ANTONY and EROS.

ANT. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

EROS. Ay, noble lord.

ANT. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish: (2)

A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,\*  
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,  
A forked mountain, or blue promontory  
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,  
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen  
these signs?

They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

ANT. That which is now a horse, even with a thought  
The rack dissolves, and makes it indistinct,  
As water is in water.

EROS. It does, my lord.

ANT. My good knave Eros, now thy captain is  
Even such a body: here I am Antony;  
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.

(\*) First folio, pannelled. Corrected by Hammer.

(†) Old text, *solus*. Corrected by Warburton.

\* O, this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,—] Mr. Collier's annotator would read,—

"O, this false *spell* of Egypt, this *great* charm."

*Spell* is very plausible: but "*great charin*" is infinitely less expressive and appropriate than "*grace charm*," i.e. *pernicious, deadly, fatal sorcery*.

b — fast and loose.—] A cheating game similar to what is now

called *pricking at the belt or girdle*.

c *Subdue my worthless self*] The commentators, excepting Hamner, have not suspected any corruption here; but would Antony, in this hour of bitter remorse, speak of his "*worthless self*"? He might have said, "*my worthless self*"; yet the context—"the witch shall die," makes it more probable he is thinking of Cleopatra, and that what the author wrote was, "*Subdue my worthless self*." *Self* being synonymous with *witch* or *fairy*.

4 — the bear of Thebaid— The bear killed by Melchior.

\* — emboss'd.) See note (\*), p. 228, Vol. I.

I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—  
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine;  
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't  
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has  
Fluck'd cards with Cæsar,\* and false-play'd my  
glory

Unto an enemy's triumph!—  
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us  
Ourselves to end ourselves.—

*Enter MARDIAN.*

O, thy vile lady!

She has robb'd me of my sword.

MAR. No, Antony;  
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled  
With thine entirely.

ANT. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!  
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

MAR. Death of one person can be paid but  
once,

And that she has discharg'd. What thou wouldst  
do

Is done unto thy hand: the last she spake  
Was, *Antony! most noble Antony!*  
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break  
The name of Antony; it was divided  
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,  
Thy name so buried in her.

ANT. Dead, then?

MAR. Dead.

ANT. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is  
done,

And we must sleep!—That thou depart'st hence  
safe,

Does pay thy labour richly; go.—[*Exit MARDIAN.*]  
Off, pluck off!—

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep  
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!  
Heart, 'twice be stronger than thy continent,  
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace!  
No more a soldier:—bruised pieces, go;  
You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—

[*Exit EROS.*]

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and  
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now  
All length is torture.—Since the torch is out,  
Lie down, and stray no farther. Now all labour  
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles  
Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done!  
Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for  
me

Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in  
hand,

And with our sprightly port make the ghosts  
gaze:

Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,  
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

*Re-enter EROS.*

EROS. What would my lord?

ANT. Since Cleopatra died,  
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods  
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword  
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's  
back

With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack  
The courage of a woman; less noble mind  
Than she which by her death our Cæsar tells,  
*I am conqueror of myself.* Thou art sworn,  
Eros,

That, when the exigent should come, (which now  
Is come indeed) when I should see behind me  
The inevitable prosecution of  
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,  
Thou then wouldst kill me: do't; the time is  
come:

Thou strik'st not me, 't is Cæsar thou defeat'st.  
Put colour in thy cheek.

EROS. The gods withhold me!  
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,  
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

ANT. Eros,  
Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and  
see

Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending  
down

His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd  
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat  
Of fortune do Cæsar, drawn before him, branded  
His baseness that ensu'd?

EROS. I would not see't.

ANT. Come then; for with a wound I must be  
cur'd.

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast  
worn

Most useful for thy country.

EROS. O, sir, pardon me!

ANT. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou  
not then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;  
Or thy precedent services are all  
But accidents un purpos'd. Draw, and come.

EROS. Turn from me, then, that noble counte-  
nance,

Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

ANT. Lo thee! [*Turning from him.*]

EROS. My sword is drawn.

ANT. Then let it do at once

The thing why thou hast drawn it.

EROS. My dear master,

My captain, and my emperor, let me say,  
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

(\*) First folio, *Cæsars*



ANT. 'Tis said, man ;—and farewell.

EROS. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

ANT. Now, Eros.

EROS. Why, there then :—*[Falls on his sword.*  
thus I do escape the sorrow

Of Antony's death. *[Dies.*

ANT. Thrice nobler than myself!  
Thou teachest me, O, valiant Eros, what *[Eros*  
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and  
Have, by their brave instruction, got up on me  
A nobleness in record : but I will be  
A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't  
As to a lover's bed. Come then ; and, Eros,  
Thy master dies thy scholar ; to do thus

*[Falling on his sword.*  
I learn'd of thee. —How ! not dead ? not dead ?—  
The guard—ho !—O, dispatch me.

*Enter DERGETAS and Guard.*

1 GUARD. What's the noise ?

ANT. I have done my work ill, friends : O,  
make an end  
Of what I have begun !

2 GUARD. The star is fall'n ! •

1 GUARD. And time is at his period.

ALL. Alas, and woe !

ANT. Let him that loves me strike me dead.

1 GUARD. Not I.

2 GUARD. Nor I.

3 GUARD. Nor any one. *[Exit Guard.*

DER. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers  
fly.

This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,  
Shall enter me with him.

*Enter DIOMEDES.*

DIO. Where's Antony ?

DER. There, Diomed, there.

DIO. Lives he ?

Wilt thou not answer, man ? *[Exit DERGETAS.*

ANT. Art thou there, Diomed ? Draw thy  
sword, and give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

DIO. Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

ANT. When did she send thee ?

DIO. Now, my lord.

ANT. Where is she?

DIO. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw  
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect  
She had dispos'd with Caesar, and that your rage  
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was  
dead;

But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent  
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,  
I dread, too late.

ANT. Too late, good Diomed.—Call my guard,  
I pray thee.

DIO. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The  
guard, what, ho!  
Come, your lord calls!

*Enter some of the Guard.*

ANT. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra  
bides;

'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

I GUARD. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not  
live to wear

All your true followers out.

ALL. Most heavy day!

ANT. Nay, good my fellows, do not please  
sharp fate

To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome  
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it  
Seeming to hear it lightly. Take me up:  
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,  
And have my thanks for all.

*[Exeunt, bearing ANTONY.]*

SCENE XV.—*The same. A Monument.*

*Enter, above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.*

CLEO. O, Charmian, I will never go from hence.

CHAR. Be comforted, dear madam.

CLEO. No, I will not:  
All strange and terrible events are welcome,  
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,  
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great  
As that which makes it.—

*Enter, below, DIOMEDES.*

How now! is he dead?

DIO. His death's upon him, but not dead.

Look out o' the other side your monument,  
His guard have brought him thither.

*Enter, below, ANTONY, borne by the Guard.*

CLEO. O, sun,  
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling  
stand

The varying shore o' the world!—O, Antony?  
Antony, Antony!—Help, Charmian; help, Iras,  
help;—

Help, friends below;—let's draw him hither.

ANT. Peace!  
Not Caesar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,  
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

CLEO. So it should be, that none but Antony  
Should conquer Antony; but woe 't is so!

ANT. I am dying.—Egypt,—dying; only  
I here imp'rtune death a while, until  
Of many thousand kisses the poor last  
I lay upon thy lips.—

CLEO. I dare not, dear,  
(Dear my lord, pardon.) I dare not,  
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show  
Of the full-fortun'd Caesar ever shall  
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents,  
have

Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:  
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes  
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour  
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—  
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;—  
Assist, good friends.

ANT. O, quick, or I am gone!

CLEO. Here's sport, indeed!—How heavy  
weighs my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness;  
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's  
power,

The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,  
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—  
Wishers were ever fools,—O, come, come, come!

*[They draw ANTONY up.]*  
And welcome, welcome! die where\* thou hast  
liv'd!

Quicken with kissing! had my lips that power,  
Thus would I wear them out.

ALL. A heavy sight!

ANT. I am dying.—Egypt,—dying;—  
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

CLEO. No, let me speak; and let me rail as  
high,

\* — dispos'd with Caesar.— See note (1), p. 563.  
b — brooch'd—] Adorned, decorated. So in "Titus Andronicus,"  
Act I. Sc. 1.—

"Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome  
To beautify thy triumphs—"

\* Here's sport, indeed! The pathos of this exclamation, as

(\*) Old text, when.

pitious in the contrast it implies between the fallen queen's  
present occupation and the diversions of her happier times, is  
quite lost on Mr. Collier's unsuspicious commentator, who really  
reads, "Here's sport, indeed!"

That the false housewife, Fortune,\* break her wheel,  
Provok'd by my offence.

ANT. One word, sweet queen :  
Of Caesar ~~break~~ your honour, with your safety.—O !  
CLEO. They do not go together.

ANT. Gentle, hear me :  
None about Caesar trust but Proculeius.

CLEO. My resolution and my hands I'll trust ;  
None about Caesar.

ANT. The miserable change now at my end,  
Lament nor sorrow at ; but please your thoughts,  
In feeding them with those my former fortunes  
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,  
The noblest ; and do now not basely die,  
Not cowardly put off<sup>b</sup> my helmet to  
My countryman,—a Roman by a Roman  
Valiantly vanquish'd.<sup>(3)</sup> Now, my spirit is going ;—  
I can no more.—

CLEO. Noblest of men, woo't die ? ,  
Hast thou no care of me ? shall I abide  
In this dull world, which in thy absence is  
No better than a sty ? —O, see, my women,

[ANTONY dies.

The crown o' the earth doth melt !—My lord !—  
O, wither'd is the garland of the war !  
The soldier's pole is fall'n : young boys and girls  
Are level now with men ; the odds is gone,  
And there is nothing left remarkable<sup>c</sup>  
Beneath the visiting moon.

[Faints.

CHAR. O, quietness, lady !

\* — housewife, *Fortune*.—] "Housewife" is here used in the loose sense, which it often bore, of *hussey*, or *harlot*. So in "Henry V." Act V. Sc. 1, Pistol asks,—"*Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?*"

<sup>b</sup> — and do now not basely die,  
Not cowardly put off my helmet to  
My countryman,—]  
Thus the *laus receptus*, but perhaps we ought to read,—

"— and do now not basely die,  
Not cowardly, but *doff* my helmet to  
My countryman." &c.

<sup>c</sup> And there is nothing left remarkable.—] In Shakespeare's time, the word "remarkable" bore a far more impressive and appropriate meaning than with us. It then expressed not merely observable or noteworthy, but something profoundly striking and uncommon

<sup>d</sup> Good sirs, take heart! — Mr Dyce has shown that this form

IRAS. She is dead too, our sovereign !

CHAR. Lady!—

IRAS. Madam!—

CHAR. O madam, madam, madam!—

IRAS. Royal Egypt !

Empress !—

CHAR. Peace, peace, Iras ! [commanded

CLEO. No more, but e'en<sup>a</sup> a woman, and  
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,  
And does the meanest chares.—It were for me  
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods ;  
To tell them that this world did equal theirs,  
Till they had stol'n our jewel.—All's but nought ;  
Patience is sottish, and impatience does  
Become a dog that's mad : then is it sin  
To rush into the secret house of death,  
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you,  
women? [Charmian !

What, what ! good cheer ! Why, how now,  
My noble girls !—Ah, women, women ! look,  
Our lamp is spent, it's out !—Good sirs,<sup>d</sup> take  
heart :— [noble,

We'll bury him ; and then, what's brave, what's  
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,  
And make Death proud to take us. Come,  
away !—

This case of that huge spirit now is cold.—

Ah, women, women !—come ; we have no friend  
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt ; those above bearing off ANTONY's body.*

(\*) First folio, *in*, corrected by Capell.

of addressing women was not unusual ; and, consequently, that the modern stage direction here, "[To the Guard below," is improper. Thus, as quoted by Mr Dyce from Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "The Coxcomb," Act IV. Sc. 3, the mother, speaking to Viola, Nan and Madge, says,—

"*Sirs*, to your tasks, and shew this little novice  
How to bestir herself," &c.

Again, as quoted by Mr. Dyce from the same authors' "A King and No King," Act III. Sc. 1,—

"*Spa* I do beseech you, madam, send away  
Your other women, and receive from me  
A few sad words, which, set against your joys, —  
May make 'em shine the more.

*Pan* *Sirs*, leave me all.

[*Exeunt Waiting-women.*







## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MRCÆNAS, GALLUS, PROCULIUS, and others.*

CÆS. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield ;  
Being so frustrate,\* tell him, he mocks  
The pauses that he makes.

DOL. Cæsar, I shall. *[Exit.]*

*Enter DERCEITAS, with the sword of ANTONY.*

CÆS. Wherefore is that? and what art thou  
that dar'st  
Appear thus to us?

DER. I am call'd Derceitas :  
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy  
Best to be serv'd : whilst he stood up and spoke,  
He was my master ; and I wore my life  
To spend upon his haters. If thou please  
To take me to thee, as I was to him  
I'll be to Cæsar ; if thou pleasest not,  
I yield thee up my life.

CÆS. What is't thou say'st?

DER. I say, O, Cæsar, Antony is dead!

CÆS. The breaking of so great a thing should  
make

\* Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks  
The pauses that he makes.]  
Malone reads, "— tell him, he mocks as he—" &c. Stevens  
proposed, *frustrated*, or to read,—  
"— tell him that he mocks—" &c  
Mr Collier's annotator.—

"— tell him, that he mocks us  
By—"  
and Mr. Sidney Walker would adhere to the old text, but, as was  
not unusual with the poet's contemporaries, pronounce "frus-  
trate" trisyllabically.

A greater crack : the round world\*  
Should have shook lions into civil streets,  
And citizens to their dens :—the death of Antony  
Is not a single doom ; in the name lay  
A moiety of the world. •

DER. He is dead, Cæsar,  
Not by a public minister of justice,  
Nor by a hired knife ; but that self hand,  
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,  
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,  
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword ;  
I robb'd his wound of it ; behold it, stain'd  
With his most noble blood.

CÆS. Look you sad, friends ?  
The gods-rebuke me, but it is tidings  
To wash the eyes of kings.

AGR.\* And strange it is  
That nature must compel us to lament  
Our most persisted deeds.

MEC. His taints and honours  
Wag'd equal with him.

AGR† A rarer spirit never  
Did steer humanity : but you, gods, will give us  
Some faults to make us men.—Cæsar is touch'd.

MEC. When such a spacious mirror's set  
before him,  
He needs must see himself.

CÆS. O, Antony !  
I have follow'd thee to this ;—but we do lance  
Diseases in our bodies : I must perforce  
Have shown to thee such a declining day,  
Or look on thine ; we could not stall together  
In the whole world. But yet let me lament,  
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,  
That thou, my brother, my competitor  
In top of all design, my mate in empire,  
Friend and companion in the front of war,  
The arm of mine own body, and the heart  
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our  
stars,  
Unreconciliable, should divide  
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—

*Enter a Messenger.*

But I will tell you at some meetest season ;  
The business of this man looks out of him,  
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you ?

Mess. A poor Egyptian yet.<sup>b</sup> The queen my  
mistress,  
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,

Of thy intents desires instruction,  
That she preparedly may frame herself  
To the way she's forc'd to.

CÆS. Bid her have good heart ;  
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,  
How honourable and how kindly we  
Determine for her : for Cæsar cannot live\*  
To be ungente.

Mess. So the gods preserve thee ! [*Exit.*

CÆS. Come hither, Proculeius. Go, and say,  
We purpose her no shame : give her what  
comforts

The quality of her passion shall require,  
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke  
She do defeat us ; for her life in Rome  
Would be eternal in our triumph : go,  
And with your speediest bring us what she says,  
And how you find of her.

PRO. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

CÆS. Gallus, go you along. [*Exit GALLUS.*  
Where's Dolabella,

To second Proculeius ?

AGR., MEC. Dolabella !

CÆS. Let him alone, for I remember now  
How he's employed : he shall in time be ready.  
Go with me to my tent ; where you shall see  
How hardly I was drawn into this war ;  
How calm and gentle I proceeded still  
In all my writings. Go with me, and see  
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — Alexandria. A Room in the  
Monument.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.*

CLEO. My desolation does begin to make  
A better life. 'Tis pultry to be Cæsar ;  
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,  
A minister of her will : and it is great  
To do that thing that ends all other deeds ;  
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change ;  
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,<sup>c</sup>  
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

*Enter, to the gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS,  
GALLUS, and Soldiers.*

PRO. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of  
Egypt ;

(\*) First folio, *Dol.*

(†) First folio, *Dol.*

\* — the round world.—] Something has evidently been lost  
here.

<sup>b</sup> yet ] That is, now.

(\*) Old text, *leave* Corrected by Southern

In the old copies we have,—

" — and never palates more the dug," &c.

an obvious misprint, though not wanting defenders, which was  
corrected by Warburton.

And bids thee study on what fair demands  
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

CLEO. What's thy name?

PRO. My name is Proculcius.

CLEO. Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but  
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,  
That have no use for trusting. If your master  
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him  
That majesty, to keep decorum, must  
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please  
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,  
He gives me so much of mine own, as I  
Will kneel to him with thanks.

PRO. Be of good cheer;  
You're fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing:  
Make your full reference freely to my lord,  
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over  
On all that need. Let me report to him  
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find  
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,  
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

CLEO. Pray you, tell him  
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him  
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn  
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly  
Look him i' the face.

PRO. This I'll report, dear lady.  
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied  
Of him that caus'd it.

GAL.\* You see how easily she may be surpris'd;  
[Here PROCULCIUS and two of the Guard  
ascend the Monument by a ladder placed  
against a window, and, having descended,  
come behind CLEOPATRA. Some of the  
Guard unbar and open the gates.

Guard her till Cæsar come.

[To PROCULCIUS and the Guard. Exit.

IRAS. Royal queen!

CHAR. O, Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—

CLEO. Quick, quick, good hands.

[Drawing a dagger.

PRO. Hold, worthy lady, hold!

[Seizes and disarms her.

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this  
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

CLEO. What, of death too,  
That rids our dogs of languish?

PRO. Cleopatra,  
Do not abuse my master's bounty by  
The undoing of yourself: let the world see  
His nobleness well acted, which your death  
Will never let come forth.

CLEO. Where art thou, Death?  
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen  
Worth many babes and beggars!

PRO. O, temperance, lady!

CLEO. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink,  
sir;

If idle talk will once be accessary,<sup>b</sup>  
I'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I'll ruin,  
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I  
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;  
Nor once be chāstis'd with the sober eye  
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,  
And show me to the shouting varletry  
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt  
Be gentle grave unto me! Rather on Nilus' mud  
Lay me stark nak'd, and let the water-flies  
Blow me into abhorring! Rather make  
My country's high pyramids my gibbet,  
And hang me up in chains!

PRO. You do extend  
These thoughts of horror further than you shall  
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

DOL. Proculeius,  
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,  
And he hath sent for thee: for<sup>c</sup> the queen,  
I'll take her to my guard.

PRO. So, Dolabella,  
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—  
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please.

[To CLEOPATRA.

If you'll employ me to him.

CLEO. Say, I would die.

[Recount PROCULCIUS and Soldiers.

DOL. Most noble empress, you have heard of  
me?

CLEO. I cannot tell.

DOL. Assuredly, you know me.

CLEO. No matter, sir, what I have heard or  
known.—

You laugh, when boys or women tell their dreams;  
Is't not your trick?

DOL. I understand not, madam.

CLEO. I dreamt there was an emperor An-  
tony;—

O, such another sleep, that I might see  
But such another man!

DOL. If it might please ye,—

CLEO. His face was as the heavens; and  
therein stuck

\* GAL.] The prefix in the first folio is "Pro.:" in the second, "Char." Malone first assigned the speech to Gallus, and added the stage direction which follows.

<sup>b</sup> If idle talk will once be accessary, —] We adopt here Hammer's substitution "accessary" in place of necessary, the

reading of the old copies. The sense is plainly,—"I'll neither eat nor drink, and, if idle talk will, for the nonce, be assistant, I'll not sleep."

<sup>c</sup> — for the queen, —] The second folio reads, "as for."

A sun and moon, which kept their course, and  
lighted  
The little O,<sup>a</sup> the earth.

DOL. Most sovereign creature,—

CLEO. His legs bestride the ocean; his rear'd  
arm

Crested the world; his voice was propertyed  
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;  
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,  
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,  
There was no winter in't; an autumn<sup>b</sup> 't was,  
That grew the more by reaping. His delights  
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above  
The element they liv'd in: in his livery  
Walk'd crows and crownets; realms and islands  
were

As plates<sup>c</sup> dropp'd from his pocket.

DOL. Cleopatra,—

CLEO. Think you there was, or might be, such  
a man

As this I dreamt of?

DOL. Gentle madam, no.

CLEO. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods!  
But, if there be, or ever were, one such,  
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff  
To vie<sup>d</sup> strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine  
An Antony, were Nature's piece 'gainst fancy,  
Condemning shadows quite.<sup>d</sup>

DOL. Hear me, good madam:  
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it  
As answering to the weight: would I might never  
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,  
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites†  
My very heart at root.

CLEO. I thank you, sir.

Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

DOL. I am loth to tell you what I would you  
knew.

CLEO. Nay, pray you, sir,—

DOL. Though he be honourable,—

CLEO. He'll lead me, then, in triumph?

DOL. Madam, he will; I know 't.

[*Flourish without.*]

Without. Make way there,—Cæsar!

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULIUS, MÆCENAS,  
SELEUCUS, and Attendants.*

CÆS. Which is the queen of Egypt?

DOL. It is the emperor, madam.

[*CLEOPATRA kneels.*]

CÆS. Arise, you shall not kneel:—

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

CLEO.

Sir, the gods

Will have it thus; my master and my lord

I must obey.

CÆS. Take to you no hard thoughts:

The record of what injuries you did us,

Though written in our flesh, we shall remember

As things but done by chance.

CLEO. Sole sir o' the world,

I cannot project mine own cause so well

To make it clear; but do confess I have

Been laden with like frailties which before

Have often sham'd our sex.

CÆS.

Cleopatra, know,

We will extenuate rather than enforce:

If you apply yourself to our intents,

(Which towards you are most gentle) you shall  
find

A benefit in this change; but if you seek

To lay on me a cruelty, by taking

Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself

Of my good purposes, and put your children

To that destruction which I'll guard them from,

If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

CLEO. And may, through all the world: 'tis  
yours; and we,

Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest, shall  
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good  
lord.

CÆS. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

CLEO. This is the brief of money, plate, and  
jewels,

I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valu'd;

Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?

SEL. Here, madam.

CLEO. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my  
lord,

Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd

To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

SEL. Madam,

I had rather seal<sup>e</sup> my lips, than, to my peril,

Speak that which is not.

CLEO.

What have I kept back?

SEL. Enough to purchase what you have made  
known.

CÆS. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve  
Your wisdom in the deed.

CLEO.

See, Cæsar! O, behold,

How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;  
And should we shift estates yours would be mine.

(<sup>a</sup>) First folio, *Antony*. Corrected by Theobald.

(†) Old text, *suiter*. Corrected by Capell.

<sup>a</sup> The little O.—] The little orb, circlet, or round.

<sup>b</sup> —plates—] Silver coin.

<sup>c</sup> To vie—] *To vie* was a term at cards, and meant, particularly,  
to increase the stakes, and, generally, to challenge any one to a  
competition, bet, wager, &c.

<sup>d</sup> Condemning shadows quite.] We are not sure of having

mastered the sense of this, or indeed that the text exhibits  
precisely what Shakespeare wrote, but the meaning apparently is,  
"—Nature lacks material to compete with fancy in unwanted  
shapes, yet the conception of an Antony was a masterpiece of  
Nature over fancy, abasing phantoms quite."

<sup>e</sup> —seal my lips,—] The old reading is, "*seals my lips*," but  
here there is no allusion to the practice of sealing a hawk's eyes,  
as some editors suppose; to seal one's lips was a familiar expres-  
sion ages before Shakespeare lived.

The ingratitude of this Seleucus does  
Even make me wild :—O, slave, of no more trust  
Than love that's hir'd !—What, goost thou back ?  
thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee ; but I'll catch thine  
eyes,

Though they had wings. Slave, soulless villain,  
dog !

O, rarely base !

CÆS. Good queen, let us entreat you.

CLEO. O, Cæsar, what a wounding shame is  
this,—

That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,  
Doing the honour of thy lordliness  
To one so meek,—that mine own servant should  
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by  
Addition of his envy ! Say, good Cæsar,  
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,  
Immement toys, things of such dignity  
As we greet modern<sup>a</sup> friends withal ; and say,  
Some nobler token I have kept apart  
For Livia and Octavia, to induce  
Their mediation ; must I be unfolded  
With one that I have bred ? The gods ! It smites  
me

Beneath the fall I have.—Pr'ythee, go hence ;

[To SELEUCUS.]

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits  
Through the ashes of my chance :—wert thou a  
man,

Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

CÆS. Forbear, Seleucus.  
[Exit SELEUCUS.]

CLEO. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are  
mishought

For things that others do ; and, when we fall,  
We answer others' merits<sup>b</sup> in our name,  
Are therefore to be pitied.

CÆS. Cleopatra,  
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknow-  
ledg'd,

Put we i' the roll of conquest : (1) still be't yours,  
Bestow it at your pleasure ; and believe  
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you  
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be  
cheer'd ;

Make not your thoughts your prisons ; no, dear  
queen ;

For we intend so to dispose you as  
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep :  
Our cure and pity is so much upon you.  
That we remain your friend ; and so adieu.

CLEO. My master, and my lord !

CÆS. Not so. Adieu.

[Flourish. Exit CÆSAR and his Train.]

CLEO. He words me, girls, he words me, that I  
should not  
Be noble to myself : but hark thee, Charmian.

[Whispers CHARMIAN.]

IRAS. Finish, good<sup>c</sup> lady ; the bright day is  
done,

And we are for the dark.

CLEO. Hie thee again

I have spoke already, and it is provided ;

Go, put it to the haste.

CHAR. Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

DOL. Where is the queen ?

CHAR. Behold, sir. [Exit.]

CLEO. Dolabella !

DOL. Madam, as thereto sworn by your com-  
mand,

Which my love makes religion to obey,  
I tell you this : Cæsar through Syria  
Intends his journey ; and, within three day,  
You with your children will be send before.  
Make your best use of this : I have perform'd  
Your pleasure, and my promise.

CLEO. Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

DOL. I your servant

Adieu, good queen ; I must attend on Cæsar.

CLEO. Farewell, and thanks. [Exit DOL.]

Now, Iras, what think'st thou ?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown  
In Rome, as well as I : mechanic slaves  
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall  
Uplift us to the view ; in their thick breaths,  
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,  
And fore'd to drink their vapour.

IRAS. The gods forbid !

CLEO. Nay, 't is most certain, Iras :—saucy  
lectors

Will catch at us, like strumpets ; and scald rhymers  
Ballad us out o' tune : the quick<sup>c</sup> comedians  
Extemporally will stage us, and present  
Our Alexandrian revels ; Antony  
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see  
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness  
I' the posture of a whore.

IRAS. O, the good gods !

CLEO. Nay, that's certain.

IRAS. I'll never see't ; for, I am sure, 'my  
nails

Are stronger than mine eyes.

CLEO. Why, that's the way  
To fool their preparation, and to conquer  
Their most absurd<sup>d</sup> intents.—

<sup>a</sup> — modern friends.—] Ordinary, common friends.

<sup>b</sup> — merits.—] "Merits" is here employed for *demerits* or *deserts*.

<sup>c</sup> — the quick comedians.—] The lively, quick-witted comedians.

<sup>d</sup> — absurd intents.—] Theobald has, "— assur'd intents."



*Re-enter CHARMIAN.*

Now, Charmian!—  
Show me, my women, like a queen:—go fetch  
My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,  
To meet Mark Antony:—sirrah, Iras, go.—  
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed:  
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give  
thee leave  
To play till doomsday.—Bring our crown and  
all. [*Exit IRAS.*  
Wherefore's this noise? [*A noise without.*

*Enter one of the Guard.*

GUARD. Here is a rural fellow  
That will not be denied your highness' presence;  
He brings you figs.

CLEO. Let him come in. What poor an in-  
strument\* • [*Exit Guard.*  
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty!  
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing

Of woman in me: now from head to foot  
I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon  
No planet is of mine.

*Re-enter Guard, with Clown, bringing in a basket.*

GUARD. This is the man.  
CLEO. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guard.*  
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,  
That kills and pains not?

CLOWN. Truly I have him: but I would not be  
the party that should desire you to touch him, for  
his biting is immortal; those that do die of it do  
seldom or never recover.

CLEO. Remember'st thou any that have died  
on't?

CLOWN. Very many, men and women too. I  
heard of one of them no longer than yesterday:  
a very honest woman, but something given to lie;  
as a woman should not do, but in the way of  
honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what  
pain she felt,—truly, she makes a very good re-  
port o' the worm; but he that will believe all  
that they say, shall never be saved by half that  
they do: but this is most fallible, the worm's an  
odd worm.

\* What poor an instrument—] See note (b), p. 127, Vol. II.

CLEO. Get thee hence ; farewell.

CLOWN. I wish you all joy of the worm.

CLEO. Farewell. [*Clown sets down the basket.*]

CLOWN. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

CLEO. Ay, ay ; farewell.

CLOWN. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people ; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

CLEO. Take thou no care ; it shall be heeded.

CLOWN. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

CLEO. Will it eat me ?

CLOWN. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman : I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whore-son devils do the gods great harm in their women ; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

CLEO. Well, get thee gone ; farewell.

CLOWN. Yes, forsooth ; I wish you joy o' the worm. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter IRAS, with a robe, crown, &c.*

CLEO. Give me my robe, put on my crown ; I have

Immortal longings in me. Now no more  
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip :—  
Yare, yare, good Iras ; quick.—Methinks I hear  
Antony call ; I see him rouse himself  
To praise my noble act ; I hear him mock  
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men  
To excuse their after wrath :—husband, I come :  
Now to that name my courage prove my title !  
I am fire and air ; my other elements  
I give to baser life.—So,—have you done ?  
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.  
Farewell, kind Charmian ;—Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them. IRAS falls and dies.*]  
Have I the aspic in my lips ? Dost fall ?  
If thou and nature can so gently part,  
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,  
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still ?  
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world  
It is not worth leave-taking.

CHAR. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I  
may say,

The gods themselves do weep !

CLEO. This proves me base :  
If she first meet the curled Antony,  
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss

Which is my heaven to have.—Come, thou  
mortal wretch,

[*To an asp, which she applies to her breast.*]  
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate  
Of life at once untie : 'poor venomous fool,  
Be angry, and despatch. O, couldst thou speak,  
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, *As*  
*Unpolicied !*

CHAR. O, eastern star !

CLEO. Peace, peace !  
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,  
That sucks the nurse asleep ?

CHAR. O, break ! O, break !

CLEO. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as  
gentle,—

O, Antony !—Nay, I will take thee too :—

[*Applying another asp to her arm.*]  
What should I stay— [*Dies.*]

CHAR. In this vile\* world ?—So, fare thee  
well,—

Now boast thee, Death, in thy possession lies  
A lass unparallel'd !—Downy windows, close ;  
And golden Phœbus never be behold  
Of eyes again so royal !—Your crown's awry ; †  
I'll mend it, and then play.

*Enter the Guard, rushing in.*

1 GUARD. Where is the queen ?

CHAR. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 GUARD. Cæsar hath sent—

CHAR. Too slow a messenger.  
[*Applies an asp.*]

O, come apace, despatch : I partly feel thee.

1 GUARD. Approach, ho ! All's not well :  
Cæsar's beguil'd.

2 GUARD. There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar ;  
—call him.

1 GUARD. What work is here !—Charmian, is  
this well done ?

CHAR. It is well done, and fitting for a princess  
Descended of so many royal kings.<sup>(2)</sup>  
Ah, soldier ! [*Dies.*]

*Re-enter DOLABELLA.*

DOL. How goes it here ?

2 GUARD. All dead.

DOL. Cæsar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this : thyself art coming  
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou  
So sought'st to hinder.

*Without.* A way there ! a way for Cæsar !

\* [*IRAS falls and dies.*] "Iras must be supposed to have applied an asp to her arm while her mistress was settling her dress, or I know not why she should fall so soon."—STEEVENSON

(\*) Old text, *wilds*. Corrected by Capell.

(†) Old text, *away*. Corrected by Pope.

*Re-enter CÆSAR and Attendants.*

DOL. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer :  
That you did fear is done.

CÆS. Bravest at the last !  
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,  
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths ?  
I do not see them bleed.

DOL. Who was last with them ?

1 GUARD. A simple countryman, that brought  
her figs :  
This was his basket.

CÆS. Poison'd then.

1 GUARD. O, CÆsar !  
This Charmian liv'd but now ; she stood and  
spoke :

I found her trimming up the diadem  
On her dead mistress ; tremblingly she stood,  
And on the sudden dropp'd.

CÆS. O, noble weakness !—  
If they had swallow'd poison 't would appear  
By external swelling : but she looks like sleep,

As she would catch another Antony  
In her strong toil of grace.

DOL. Here, on her breast,  
There is a vent of blood, and something blown :  
The like is on her arm.

1 GUARD. This is an aspic's trail : and these  
fig-leaves

Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves  
Upon the caves of Nile.

CÆS. Most probable  
That so she died ; for her physician tells me  
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite  
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed ;  
And bear her women from the monument :—  
She shall be buried by her Antony :  
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it  
A pair so famous. High events as these  
Strike those that make them : and their story is  
No less in pity than his glory which  
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,  
In solemn show, attend this funeral ;  
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see  
High order in this great solemnity. *[Exeunt]*





# ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

## ACT I.

### (1) SCENE I.—

*To-night we'll wander through the streets, and note  
The qualities of people.]*

The extracts selected for the illustration of this tragedy are, with two exceptions, taken from the biography of Antonius in North's translation of Plutarch.

"Plato writeth that there are four kinds of flattery: but *Cleopatra* divided it into many kinds. For she (were it in sport, or in matters of earnest) still devised sundry new delights to have *Antonius* at commandment, never leaving him night nor day, nor once letting him go out of her sight. For she would play at dice with him, drinke with him, and hunt commonly with him, and also be with him when he went to any exercise or activitie of body. And sometime also, when he would go up and downe the city disguised like a slave in the night, and would peere into poore mens windowes and their shops, and scold and braule with them within the house, *Cleopatra* would be also in a chamber maides array, and amble up and downe the streets with him, so that oftentimes *Antonius* bare away both mooks and blowes. Now though most men misliked this manner, yet the *ALEXANDRIANS* were commonly glau of this lollie, and liked it well, saying very gallantly and wisely: that *Antonius* shewed them a comicall face, to wit, a merie countenance: and the *ROMAINES* a tragicall face, to say, a grimme look."

(2) SCENE II.—*Fulvia thy wife is dead.*] "Now *Antonius* delighting in these fond and childish pastimes, very ill newes were brought him from two places. The first from *ROME*, that his brother *Lucius* and *Fulvia* his wife, fell out first betwene themselves, and afterwards fell to open warre with *Cæsar*, and had brought all to nought, that they were both driven to flie out of *ITALY*. The second newes, as bad as the first: that *Labiæus* conquered all *ASIA* with the army of the *PARTHIANS*, from the river of *Euphrates*, and from *SYRIA*, unto the country of *LYDIA* and *IONIA*. Then began *Antonius* with much ado, a litle to rouse himselfe, as if he had bene wakened out of a

deepe sleepe, and as a man may say, coming out of a great drunkenness. So, first of all he bent himselfe against the *PARTHIANS*, and went as farre as the country of *PHOENICIA*: but there he received lamentable letters from his wife *Fulvia*. Whereupon he straight returned towards *ITALIE*, with two hundred saile: and as he went, tooke up his friends by the way that fled out of *ITALIE* to come to him. By them he was informed, that his wife *Fulvia* was the only cause of this war: who being of a peevish, crooked, and troublesome nature, had purposely raised this uprore in *ITALIE*, in hope thereby to withdraw him from *Cleopatra*. But by good fortune his wife *Fulvia* going to meet with *Antonius*, sickned by the way, and died in the city of *SICYONE*."

### (3) SCENE IV.—

*It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,  
Which some did use to look on.]*

"*Antonius* flying upon this overthrow, fell into great misery at once: but the chiefest want of all other, and that pinched him most, was famine. Howbeit he was of such a strong nature, that by patience he would overcome any adversity, and the heavier fortune lay upon him, the more constant shewed he himself. Every man that feelth want or adversity, knoweth by vertue and discretion what he should do: but when indeed they are overlaid with extremity, and be sore oppressed, few have the hearts to follow that which they praise and commend, and much lesse to avoid that they reprove and mislike: but rather to y<sup>e</sup> contrary, they yeild to their accustomed easie life, and through faint heart, and lacke of courage, do change their first mind and purpose. And therefore it was a wonderful example to the souldiers, to see *Antonius* that was brought up in all finenesse and superfluity, so easily to drinke puddle water, and to eat wilde fruits and roots: and moreover it is reported, that even as they passed the Alpes, they did eat the barkes of trees, and such beasts as never man tasted of their flesh before."

## ACT II.

### (1) SCENE II.—

*For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,  
By duty ruminated.]*

"Thereupon every man did set forward this marriage; hoping thereby that this lady *Octavia*, having an excellent grace, wisdom and honesty, loyned unto so rare a beauty, when she were with *Antonius* (he loving her as so worthy a lady deserveth) she should be a good meane to keepe good love and amity betwixt her brother and him. So when *Cæsar* and he had made the match between them, they both went to *ROME* about this marriage, although it was against the law, that a widow should be married within

ten moneths after her husbands death. Howbeit the Senate dispensed with the law, and so the marriage proceeded accordingly."

### (2) SCENE II.—

*— to the air; which, but for vacancy,  
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,  
And made a gap in nature.]*

"The manner how he fell in love with her was this. *Antonius* going to make war with the *PARTHIANS*, sent to command *Cleopatra* to appeare personally before him when he came into *CILICIA*, to answer unto such accusations as

## ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

were laid against her, being this: that she had aided *Cassius* and *Brutus* in their war against him. The messenger sent unto *Cleopatra* to make this summons unto her, was called *Dellius*; who when he had thoroughly considered her beauty, the excellent grace and sweetness of her tongue, he nothing mistrusted that *Antonius* would do any hurt to so noble a Lady, but rather assured himself, that within few daies she should be in great favour with him. Therupon he did her great honor, and perswaded her to come into *CILICIA*, as honourably furnished as she could possible; and bad her not to be afraid at all of *Antonius*, for he was a more courteous Lord, then any that she had ever seene. *Cleopatra* on the other side beleiving *Dellius* words, and guessing by the former access and credit she had with *Julius Caesar* and *C. Pompey* (the son of *Pompey* the Great) only for her beauty, she began to have good hope that she might more easily win *Antonius*. For *Caesar* and *Pompey* knew her when she was but a young thing, and knew not then what the world meant. but now she went to *Antonius* at the age when a womans beauty is at the prime, and she also of best iudgement. So she furnished her selfe with a world of gifts, store of gold & silver, and of riches and other sumptuous ornaments, as is credible enough she might bring from so great a house, and from so wealthy & robe a realme as *EGYPT* was. But yet she caried nothing with her wherein she trusted more then in her selfe, and in the charmes and enchantment of her passing beauty and grace. Therefore when she was sent unto by diverse letters, both from *Antonius* himselfe, and also from his friends, she made so light of it, and mocked *Antonius* so much, that she disdaind to set forward otherwise, but to take her barge in the river of *Cydnus*; the poepe whereof was of gold, the sailes of purple, and the oares of silver, which kept stroke in rowing after the sound of the musicks of flutes, howboyes, cithernes, vials, and such other instruments as they played upon in the barge. And now for the person of her selfe, she was layed under a pavilion of cloth of gold of tissue, apparolled and attired like the goddess *Venus*, commonly drawne in picture: and harid by her, on either hand of her, pretie faire boyes apparolled as Painters do set forth god *Cyprius*, with little fans in their hands, with the which they fanned wind upon her. Her Ladies and Gentlewomen also, the fairest of them were apparolled like the Nymphes *Nereides* (which are the Myrmaides of the waters) & like the *Graces*; some steering the helme, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderfull passing sweet savour of perfumes, that perfumed the wharfes side, posterod with innumerable multitudes of people. Some of them followed the barge all along the river side: others also ranne out of the city to see her coming in. So that in the end, there ranne such multitudes of people one after another to see her, that *Antonius* was left post alone in the market place, in his Imperiall seate to give audience: and there went a rumour in the peoples mouthes, that the goddess *Venus* was come to play with the god *Bacchus* for the generall good of all *ASIA*. When *Cleopatra* landed, *Antonius* sent to invite her to supper to him. But she sent him worde againe, he should do better rather to come and suppe with her, *Antonius* therefore to show himselfe courteous unto her at her arrival, was contented to obey her, and went to supper to her: where he found such passing sumptuous fare, that no tongue can expresse it."

### (3) SCENE III.—

— and his quills err  
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds.]

"With *Antonius* there was a soothsayer or astronomer of *EGYPT*, that could cast a figure and judge of mens nativites, to tell them what should happen to them. He, either to please *Cleopatra*, or else for that he founde it so by his art, told *Antonius* plainly that his fortune (which of itselfe was excellent good and very great) was altogether bleamished and obscured by *Caesars* fortune: and therefore he counselled him utterly to leave his company, and to get him as farre from him as he could. For thy *Demon*, said he, (that is to say, the good anngell and spirit that kepeth

thee) is affraid of his: and being coragious and high when he is alone, becommeth fearful and timorous when he cometh neare unto the other. Howsoever it was, the events ensuing proved the *EGYPTIAN* words true: for it is said, that as often as they two drew out for pastime, who should have any thing, or whether they plaid at dices, *Antonius* always lost. Oftentimes when they were disposed to see cock-fight, or quails that were taught to fight one with another, *Caesars* cocks or quails did ever overcome. The which spited *Antonius* in his mind, although he made no outward shew of it: and therefore he beleevd the *EGYPTIAN* the better. In fine, he recommended the affaires of his house unto *Caesar*, and went out of *ITALY* with *Octavia* his wife, whom he caried into *GREECE* after he had had a daughter by her."

### (4) SCENE V.—

'Twas merry when  
Y'on wagger'd on your angling; &c.]

"But to reckon up all the foolish sports they made, reveling in this sort, it were too fond a part of me, and therefore I will onely tell you one among the rest. On a time he went to angle for fish, and when he could take none, he was as angrie as could be, because *Cleopatra* stood by. Wherefore he secretly commanded the fishermen, that when he cast in his line, they should straight dive under the water, and put a fish on his hook which they had taken before: and so snatched up his angling rod, & brought up a fish twice or thrise. *Cleopatra* found it straight, yet she seemd not to see it, but wondered at his excellent fishing: but when she was alone by her selfe among her owne people, she told them how it was, & bad them the next morning to be on the water to see the fishing. A number of people came to the haven, and got into the fisher boates to see this fishing. *Antonius* then throw in his line, and *Cleopatra* straight commanded one of her men to dive under water before *Antonius* mon, & to put some old salt-fish upon his bait, like unto those that are brought out of the country of *PONT*. When he had hung the fish on his hook, *Antonius* thinking he had taken a fish indeed, snatched up his line presently. Then they all fell a laughing. *Cleopatra* laughing also, said unto him: Leave us (my Lord) *EGYPTIANS* (which dwell in the country of *PHARUS* and *CANOBUS*) your angling rod: this is not thy profession, thou must hunt after conquering of Realmes and countries."

(5) SCENE VII.—*They take the flow o' the Nile.*] It has been suggested that Shakespeare derived his information on this subject from Philemon's translation of Pliny's Natural History, 1601:—"How high it [the Nile] riseth, is knowne by markes and measures taken of certain pits. The ordinary height of it is sixteen cubites. Under that gage the waters overflow not at all. Above that stint, there are a let and hindrance by reason that the later it is ere they bee fallen and downe againe. By these the seed-time is much of it spent, for that the earth is too wet. By the other there is none at all, by reason that the ground is drie and thirstie. The provence taketh good keepe and reckoning of both, the one as well as the other. For when it is no higher then 12 cubites, it findeth extreame famine: yea, and at 13 feeleth hunger still; 14 cubites comforte their heart, 15 bids them take no care, but 16 affordeth them plentie and delicious dainties. So soone as any part of the land is freed from the water, straight waies it is sowed."

### (6) SCENE VII.—

— Repent that e'er thy tongue  
Hath so betray'd thine act: &c.]

"*Sextus Pompeius* at that time kept in *SICILIA*, and so made many an invade into *ITALY* with a great number of pinnaces and other private shippes, of the which were Captaines two notable pirates, *Menas* and *Mencrates*, who so scoured all the sea thereabouts, that none durst peepe out with a saile. Furthermore, *Sextus Pompeius* had dealt very friendly with *Antonius*, for he had courteously re-

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ceived his mother when she fled out of ITALY with *Fulvia*: and therefore they thought good to make peace with him. So they met all three together by the mount of *Misena*, upon a hill that runneth farre into the sea: *Pompey* having his shippes riding hard by at anchor, and *Antonius* and *Cæsar* their armies upon the shore side, directly over against him. Now, after they had agreed that *Sertius Pompeius* should have *SICILE* and *SARDINIA*, with this condition, that he should ridde the sea of all thieves and pirates, and make it safe for passengers, and withall, that he should send a certaine of wheat to *ROME*: one of them did feast another, and drew cuts who should begin. It was *Pompeius* chance to invite them first. Whereupon *Antonius* asked him: And where shall we suppe? There, said *Pompey*; and shewed him his Admirall gallie which had sixe bankes of oares: That (said he) is my fathers

house they have left me. He spake it to taunt *Antonius*, because he had his fathers house, that was *Pompey* the Great. So he cast ankers enow into the sea, to make his gally fast, and then built a bridge of wood to convey them to his galley, from the head of mount *Misena*: and there he welcomed them, and made them great cheare. Now in the midst of the feast, when they fell to be merry with *Antonius* love unto *Cleopatra*, *Menas* the pirate came to *Pompey*, and whispering in his eare, said unto him: Shall I cut the cables of the ankers, & make thee Lord not only of *SICILE* & *SARDINIA*, but of the whole Empire of *ROME* besides? *Pompey* having paused a while upon it, at length answered him: Thou shouldst have done it, and never have told it me; but now we must content us with that we have: as for my selfe, I was never taught to breake my faith, nor to be counted a traitor."

## ACT III.

### (1) SCENE VI.—

— she  
*In the habitments of the voiceless Isis  
That day appear'd.*

"But the greatest cause of their malice unto him, was for the division of lands he made among his children in the city of *ALEXANDRIA*. And to confesse a troth, it was too arrogant and insolent a part, and done (as a man would say) in derision and contempt of the *ROMAINES*. For he assembled all the people in the shew place, where young men do exercise themselves, and there upon a high tribunall silvered, he set two chaires of gold, the one for himself, and the other for *Cleopatra*, and lower chaires for his children, then he openly published before the assembly, that first of all he did establish *Cleopatra* Queene of *EGYPT*, of *CYPRUS*, of *LYDIA*, and of the lower *SYRIA*; and at that time also *Cæsarion* king of the same Realmes. This *Cæsarion* was supposed to be the son of *Iulius Cæsar*, who had left *Cleopatra* great with child. Secondly, he called the sons he had by her, the kings of kings, and gave *Alexander* for his portion, *ARMENIA*, *MEDIA*, and *PARTHIA*, when he had conquered the country; and unto *Ptolemy* for his portion, *PHENICIA*, *SYRIA*, and *CICILIA*. And therewithall he brought out *Alexander* in a long gowne after the fashion of the *MEDES* with a high coyntank hat on his head, narrow in the top, as the kings of the *MEDES* and *ARMENIANS* do use to wear them: & *Ptolemy* apparelled in a cloake after the *MACEDONIAN* manner, with slippers on his feet and a broad hat, with a royall band or diademe. Such was the apperill and old attire of the ancient kings and successors of *Alexander* the Great. So after his sons had done their humble duties, and kissed their father and mother, presently a company of *ARMENIAN* soultiers set there of purpose, compassed the one about, and a like company of *MACEDONIANS* the other. Now for *Cleopatra*, she did not onely weare at that time (but at all other times also when she came abroad) the apperill of the gorgeous *Isis*, and so gave audience unto all her subjects, as a new *Isis*."

### (2) SCENE VI.—

— whereon, I begg'd  
*His pardon for returne.*

"There his wife *Octavia* that came out of *GRECE* with him, besought him to send her unto her brother, the which he did. *Octavia* at that time was great with child, and moreover had a second daughter by him, and yet she put her self in journey, and met with her brother *Octavius Cæsar* by the way, who brought his two chiefe friends, *Mæcenas* and

*Agrippa* with him. She tooke them aside, and with all the instance she could possible, intreated them they would not suffer her that was the happiest woman of the world, to become now the most wretched & unfortunatest creature of all other. For now, said she, every mans eyes do gaze on me, that am the sister of one of the Emperours, and wife of the other. And if the worst counsel take place (which the gods forbid) and that they grow to warres: for your selves, it is uncertaine to which of them two the gods have assigned the victorie or overthrow. But for me, on which side soever the victory fall, my state can be but most miserable still."

### (3) SCENE VII.—

— do you mintoight  
*This sword and these my wounds?*

"Now as he was setting his men in order of battell, there was a Captaine, a valiant man, that had served *Antonius* in many battels and conflicts, and had all his body hacked and out: who, as *Antonius* passed by him, cried out unto him, and said: O noble Emperour, how cometh it to passe that you trust to these vile brittle ships? What, do you mistrust these wounds of mine, and this sword? let the *EGYPTIANS* and *PHOENICIANS* fight by sea, and set us on the maine land, where we use to conquer, or to be skaine on our foete. *Antonius* passed by him and said never a word, but onely beckoned to him with his hand and head, as though he willed him to be of good courage, although indeed he had no great courage himselfe. For when the masters of the galleys and pilots would have let their smiles alone, he made them clap them on; saying to colour y<sup>e</sup> matter withal, that not one of his enemies should scape."

### (4) SCENE XI.—

— Fortune knows

*We scorn her most when most she offers blows.]*

"There *Antonius* shewed plainly, that he had not onely lost the courage and heart of an Emperour, out also of a valiant man; and that he was not his owne man (proving that true which an old man spake in mirth, That the soule of a lover lived in another bodie, and not in his owne;) he was so carried away with the vaine love of this woman, as if he had bene glued unto her, and that she could not have removed without moving of him also. For when he saw *Cleopatras* ship under saile, he forgot, forsook, and betrayed them that fought for him, and embarked upon a galley with five bankes of oares, to follow her that had already begun to overthrow him, and would in the end be

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his utter destruction. When she knew his galley a farre off, she lift up a signe in the poope of her ship; and so *Antonius* comming to it, was pluckt up where *Cleopatra* was: howbeit he saw her not at his first comming, nor she him, but went and sate downe alone in the prow of his ship, and said never a word, clapping his head betwene both his hands. In the meane time came certaine light brigantines of *Cæsars*, that followed him hard. So *Antonius* straight turned the prow of his ship, and presently put the rest to flight, saving one *Eurycles* a *LAEDÆMONIAN*, that followed him neare, and pressed upon him with great courage, shaking a dart in his hand over the prow, as though he would have throwne it unto *Antonius*. *Antonius* seeing him, came to the fore-castell of his ship, and asked him what he was that durst follow *Antonius* so neare? I am, answered he, *Eurycles* the son of *Lachares*, who through *Cæsars* good fortune seeketh to revenge the death of my father. This *Lachares* was condemned of felonie, and beheaded by *Antonius*. But yet *Eurycles* durst not venture upon *Antonius* ship, but set upon the other Admirall galley (for there were two:) and fell upon him with such a blow of his brassen spurre that was so heavy and bigge, that he turned her round, and tooke her, with another that was loden with very rich stufte and carriage. After *Eurycles* had left *Antonius*, he turned againe to his place, and sate downe, speaking never a word, as he did before: and so lived three dayes alone, without speaking to any man. But when he arrived at the head of *Tenarus*, there *Cleopatraes* women first brought *Antonius* and *Cleopatra* to speake together, and afterwards to sup and lie together. Then began there againe a great number of merchants ships to gather about them, and some of their friends that had escaped

from this overthrow, who brought newes, that his army by sea was overthrowne, but that they thought the army by land was yet whole."

(5) SCENE XIII.—*Hence with thy stripes, begone!* "Furthermore, *Cæsar* would not grant unto *Antonius* requests: but for *Cleopatra*, he made her answer, that he would deny her nothing reasonable, so that she would either put *Antonius* to death, or drive him out of her country. Therewithal he sent *Thyrens* one of his men unto her, a very wise and discreet man: who bringing letters of credite from a young Lord unto a noble Ladie, and that besides greatly liked her beauty, might easily by his eloquence have perswaded her. He was longer in talke with her then any man else was, and the Queene her selfe also did him great honour: insomuch as he made *Antonius* jealous of him. Whereupon *Antonius* caused him to be taken and well favouredly whipped, and so sent him unto *Cæsar*: and bad him tell him, that he made him angry with him, because he shewed himselfe proud and disdainfull towards him; and now specially, when he was easie to be angered, by reason of his present misery. To be short, if this mislike thee (said he) thou hast *Hipparchus* one of my enfranchised bondmen with thee: hang him if thou wilt, or whippe him at thy pleasure, that we may cry quittance. From henceforth *Cleopatra*, to cleare her selfe of the suspicion he had of her, made more of him than ever she did. For first of all, where she did solemnise the day of her birth very meanely and sparingly, fit for her present misfortune, she now in contrary manner did keepe it with such solemnity, that she exceeded all measure of sumptuousnes and magnificence: so that the guests that were bidden to the feasts, and came pough, went away rich."

## ACT IV.

### (1) SCENE VIII.—

*I'll give thee, friend,  
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.]*

"Then he came againe to the pallace, greatly boasting of this victory, and sweetly kissed *Cleopatra*, armed as he was when he came from the fight, recommending one of his men of armes unto her, that had valiantly fought in this skirmish. *Cleopatra* to reward his manlinesse, gave him an armor and head peece of cleane gold: howbeit the man at armes whom he had received this rich gift, stole away by night and went to *Cæsar*. *Antonius* sent againe to challenge *Cæsar*, to fight with him hande to hande. *Cæsar* answered him, That he had many other waies to dye then so. Then *Antonius* seeing there was no way more honorable for him to dye, then fighting valiantly, he determined to set up his rest, both by sea and land. So being at supper (as is reported) he commaunded his officers and household servants that waited on him at his boord, that they should fill his cuppes full, and make as much of him as they could: for said he, you know not whether you shall do so much for me to morrow or not, or whether you shall serve another maister: and it may be you shall see me no more, but a dead bodie. This notwithstanding, perceiving that his friends and men fell a weeping to heare him say so: to save that he had spoken, he added this more unto it that he would leade them to battell, where he thought rather safely to returne with victory, then valiantly to die with honour. Further more the selfe same night within a litle of midnight, when all the city was quiet, full of feare and sorrow, thinking what would be the issue and end of this warre, it is said, that sodainly they heard a marvellous sweet harmony of sundry sorts of instruments of musike, with the crie of a multitude of people, as they had been dauncing, and had sung as they use in *Bacchus* feastes."

### (2) SCENE XIV.—*Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish.]*

To the instances of a similar thought, which are given in the *Variorum*, may be added the following, from a curious black-letter volume, entitled "A most pleasant Prospect into the Gardon of Naturall Contemnation, to behold the Naturall Causes of all Kind of Meteora: to. &c. by W. Fulke, Doctor of Divinitie. 1602." "Flying Dragons, or as Englishmen call them, fire-Drakes, be caused on this manner. Whens certayne quantitie of vapors are gathered together on a heap being very neere compact, and as it were hard tempered together, this lump of vapors ascending to y<sup>e</sup> region of cold, is forcibly beaten backe, which violence of moving is sufficient to kindle it (although some men wil have it to be caused between 2 cloudes, a hote and a cold) then the highest part which was climbing upward, being by reason more subtil and thin, appeareth as the Dragon's neck, smoking, for y<sup>t</sup> it was lately in the repulse bowed or made crooked, to represent the Dragon's belly. The last part by y<sup>e</sup> same repulse, turned upward, maketh the tayle, both appearing smaller, for y<sup>t</sup> it is further off, and also for that the cold bindeth it. This Dragon being thus caused, flieth along in y<sup>e</sup> ayre, and sometime turneth to and fro, if it meet with a cold cloud to beat it back, to y<sup>e</sup> great terror of them that beholdet, of whome some call it a fire Drake: some say it is the Devill himselfe, and so make report to other. More than 47 yeeres agoe, on May day, when many young folke went abroad early in the morning, I remember, by sixe of the clocke in the forenoone, there was newes came to London, that the Devill, the same morning, was seene flying over the Temmes: afterward came word, that hee lighted at Stratford, and was there taken and set in the Stockes, and that though he would have dissembled the matter, by turning himselfe into the likeness of a man, yet was hee knowne well y<sup>e</sup>nough by his cloven feete. I knew some then living, that went to see him, and returning,

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affirmed, that hee was indeede scene flying in the ayre, but was not taken prisoner. I remember also, that some wished he had bene shot at with Gunnes or shafts, as hee flew over the Tennes. Thus doe ignorant men fudge of these things that they know not. As for this Divell, I suppose it was a flying Dragon, whereof wee speake, verie fearfull to looke upon, as though hee had life, because hee moveth, whereas hee is nothing else but cloudes and smoake, so mightie is God, that hee can feare his enemies with these and such like operations, whereof some examples may bee found in holy Scripture."

### (3) SCENE XV.—

— a Roman by a Roman  
*Valiantly vanquish'd.*]

"Then she being afraid of his furie, fled into the tombe which he had caused to be made, and there she locked the doores unto her, & shut all the springs of the lockes with great bolts, and in the meane time sent unto *Antonius* to tell him, that she was dead. *Antonius* believing it, said unto himselfe: What doest thou looke for further, *Antonius*, with spittfull fortune hath taken from thee the only joy thou hadst, for whom thou yet reservedst thy life? When he had said these words, he went into a chamber & unarmed himself, & being naked, said thus: O *Cleopatra*, it grieveth me not that I have lost thy company, for I will not be long from thee: but I am sorry, that having bene so great a Captaine & Emperour, I am indeede condemned to be judged of lowe courage and noble mind then a woman. Now he had a man of his called *Krus*, whom he loved and trusted much, and whom he had long before caused to sweare unto him, that he should kill him when he did command him: and then he willed him to keepe his promise. His man drawing his sword, lift it up as though he had ment to have stricken his master: but turning his head at one side, he thrust his sword into himselfe, and fell downe dead at his masters foote. Then said *Antonius* O noble *Krus*, I thanks thee for this, and it is valiantly done of thee, to shew me what I should do, to my selfe, which thou couldest not doe for me. Therewithall he tooke his sword, and thrust it into his belly, and so fell downe upon a little bed. The wound he had, killed him not presently, for the blood stinted a little when he was

laide: and when he came somewhat to himselfe againe, he prayed them that were about him, to dispatch him. But they all fled out of the chamber, and left him crying out tormenting himselfe: untill at the last there came a Secretarie unto him (called *Diomedes*) who was commanded to bring him into the tomb or monument where *Cleopatra* was. When he heard that she was alive, he very earnestly prayed his men to carie his body thither, and so he was caried in his mens armes into the entry of the monument. Notwithstanding, *Cleopatra* would not open the gates, but came to the high windowes, and cast out certaine chaines and ropes, in the which *Antonius* was trussed: and *Cleopatra* her owne selfe, with two women onely, which she had suffered to come with her into these monuments, trised *Antonius* up. They that were present to behold it, said they never saw so pitifull a sight. For they plucked up poore *Antonius* all bloudie as he was, and drawing on with pangs of death: who holding up his hands to *Cleopatra*, raised up himselfe as well as he could. It was a hard thing for these women to doe, to lift him up: but *Cleopatra* stooping down with her head, putting too all her strength to her uttermost power, did lift him up with much ado, and never let go her hold, with the helpe of the women beneath that had her be of good courage, & were as sorry to see her labour so, as she her selfe. So when she had gotten him in after that sort, and laid him on a bed, she rent her garments upon him, clapping her breast, and scratching her face and stomacke. Then she dried up his blood that had bewrayed his face, & called him her Lord, her husband, & Emperour, forgetting her own misery and calamity, for the pity and compassion she took of him. *Antonius* made her coasse her lamenting, & called for wine, either because he was a thirst, or else for that he thought thereby to hasten his death. When he had drunke, he earnestly prayed her, and perswaded her, that she would seeke to save her life, if she could possible, without reproch & dishonour. and that chiefly she should trust *Procureus* above any man else about *Cæsar*. And as for himselfe, that she should not lament nor sorrow for the miserable change of his fortune at the end of his daies. but rather that she should thinke him the more fortunate, for the former triumphes and honors he had received; considering that while he lived, he was the noblest & greatest Prince of the world; and that now he was overcome, not cowardly, but valiantly, a ROMANE by another ROMANE."

## ACT V.

### (1) SCENE II —

*Cleopatra,*  
*Not what you have resolv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,*  
*But was i' the roll of conquest.]*

"At length, she gave him a briebe and memorivall of all the ready mony and treasure she had. But by chance there stood one *Nelencus* by, one of her Treasurers, who to some, a good-servant, came straight to *Cæsar* to disprove *Cleopatra*, that she had not set in all, but kept many things back of purpose. *Cleopatra* was in such a rage with him, that she flew upon him, and tooke him by the haire of the head, and boxed him well favourably. *Cæsar* fell a laughing & parted the fray. Alas, said she, O *Cæsar*! is not this a great shame and reproch, that thou having vouchsafed to take the paines to come unto me, and done me this honor, poore wretch, & caltife creature, brought into this pitifull and miserable state: and that mine owne servants should come now to accuse me: though it may be I have reserved some jewels and trifles meet for women, but not for me (poore soule) to set out my selfe withall, but meaning to give some pretie presents and gifts unto *Octavius* and *Livia*, that they making means and intercession for me to thee, thou mightest yet extend thy

favour and mercy upon me. *Cæsar* was glad to heare her say so, perswading himselfe thereby that she had yet a desire to save her life. So he made her answer, that he did not only give her that to dispose of at her pleasure, which she had kept back, but further promised to use her more honourably and bountifully, then she would thinke for. and so he took his leave of her, supposing he had deceived her, but indeed he was deceived himselfe."

### (2) SCENE II.—

*It is well done, and fitting for a princess*  
*Descended of so many royal knays.]*

"There was a yong Gentleman *Cornelius Dolabella*, that was one of *Cæsars* very great familiars, and besides did beare no ill will unto *Cleopatra*. He sent her word secretly (as she had requested him) that *Cæsar* determined to take his iourney through SYRIA, & that within three daies he would send her away before with her children. When this was told *Cleopatra*, she requested *Cæsar* that it would please him to suffer her to offer the last oblations of the dead, unto the soule of *Antonius*. This being granted her, she was caried to the place where his tombe

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was, and thus falling downe on her knees, embracing the tombe with her women, the teares running downe her cheeks, she began to speak in this sort: O my deare Lord *Antonius*, it is not long sithence I buried thee here, being a free woman: & now I offer unto thee the funerall sprinklings and oblations, being a captive and prisoner; and yet I am forbidden and kept from tearing and murdering this captive body of mine with blowes, which they carefully guard and keepe, onely to triumph of thee: looke therefore henceforth for no other honors, offerings, nor sacrifices from me: for these are the last which *Cleopatra* can give thee, sith now they carie her away. Whilst we lived together, nothing could sever our companies: but now at our death, I feare me they will make us change our countries. For as thou being a *ROMAIN*, hast bene buried in *ÆGYPT*: even so wretched creature I an *ÆGYPTIAN*, shall be buried in *ITALY*, which shall beall the good that I have received by thy country. If therefore the gods where thou art now have any power & authority, sith our gods here have forsaken us, suffer not thy true friend and lover to be caried away alive, that in me they triumph of thee: but receive me with thee, and let me be buried in one selfe tombe with thee. For though my griefes and miseries be infinit, yet none hath grieved me more, nor that I could lesse beare withall, then this small time which I have bene driven to live alone without thee. Then having ended these rolefull plants, and crowned the tombe with garlands & sundry nosegayes, and marvellous lovingly embraced the same, she commanded they should prepare her bath; and when she had bathed and washed herselfe, she fell to her meate, and was sumptuously served. Now

whilst she was at dinner, there came a countrieman and brought her a basket. The souldiers that warded at the gates, asked him straight what he had in his basket. He opened his basket, and tooke out the leaves that covered the figs, and shewed them that they were figs he brought. They all of them marvelled to see so goodly figges. The countrieman laughed to heare them, and bid them take some if they would. They beleevd he told them truly, and so had him carie them in. After *Cleopatra* had dined, she sent a certaine table written and sealed unto *Cæsar*, and commanded them all to go out of the tombes where she was, but the two women; then she shut the doores to her. *Cæsar* when he received this table, and began to reade her lamentation and petition, requesting him that he would let her be buried with *Antonius*, found straight what she meant, and thought to have gone thither himselfe: howbeit, he sent one before in all hast that might be, to see what it was. Her death was very sodaine: for those whom *Cæsar* sent unto her, ran thither in all hast possible, and found the souldiers standing at the gate, mistrusting nothing, nor understanding of her death. But when they had opened the doores, they found *Cleopatra* stark dead, laid upon a bed of gold, attired and arrayed in her myall robes, and one of her two women, which was called *Iras*, dead at her foot: and her other woman (called *Charmion*) half dead, & trembling, trimming the Diademe which *Cleopatra* wore upon her head. One of the souldiers seeing her, angrily said unto her: Is that well done *Charmion*? Very well, said she againe, and meete for a Princess descended from the race of so many noble Kings: she said no more, but fel down dead hard by the bed.<sup>17</sup>

## CRITICAL OPINIONS ON ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

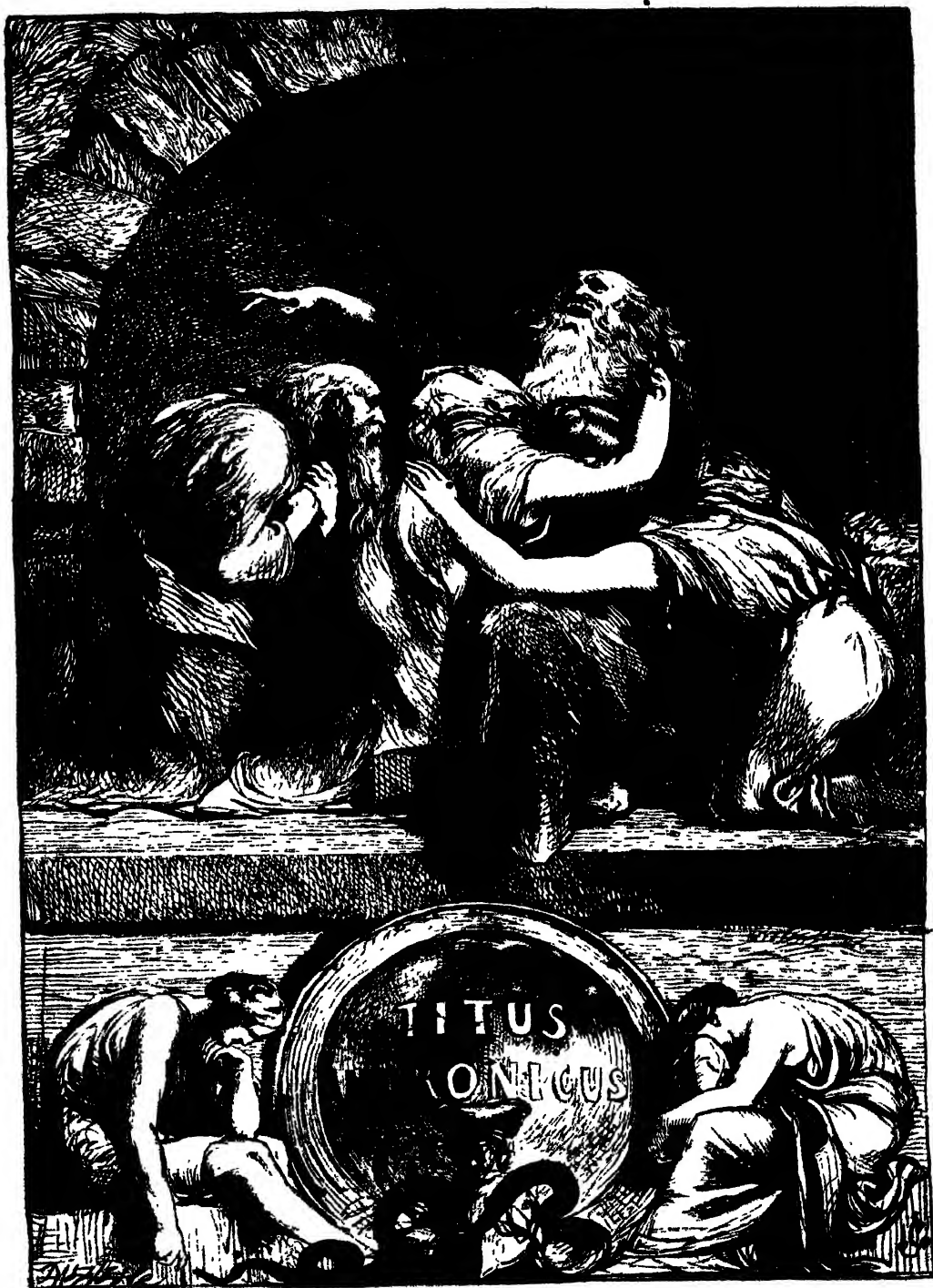
“‘ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA,’ may, in some measure, be considered as a continuation of ‘Julius Cæsar’: the two principal characters of Antony and Augustus are equally sustained in both pieces. ‘Antony and Cleopatra’ is a play of great extent; the progress is less simple than in ‘Julius Cæsar.’ The fulness and variety of political and warlike events, to which the union of the three divisions of the Roman world under one master necessarily gave rise, were perhaps too great to admit of being clearly exhibited in one dramatic picture. In this consists the great difficulty of the historical drama:—it must be a crowded extract, and a living development of history;—the difficulty, however, has generally been successfully overcome by Shakspeare. But now many things, which are transacted in the background, are here merely alluded to, in a manner which supposes an intimate acquaintance with the history; but a work of art should contain, within itself, everything necessary for its being fully understood. Many persons of historical importance are merely introduced in passing; the preparatory and concurring circumstances are not sufficiently collected into masses to avoid distracting our attention. The principal personages, however, are most emphatically distinguished by lineament and colouring, and powerfully arrest the imagination. In Antony we observe a mixture of great qualities, weaknesses, and vices; violent ambition and ebullitions of magnanimity; we see him now sinking into luxurious enjoyment, and then nobly ashamed of his own aberrations,—manning himself to resolutions not unworthy of himself, which are always shipwrecked against the seductions of an artful woman. It is Hercules in the chains of Omphale, drawn from the fabulous heroic ages into history, and invested with the Roman costume. The seductive arts of Cleopatra are in no respect veiled over; she is an ambiguous being made up of royal pride, female vanity, luxury, inconstancy, and true attachment. Although the mutual passion of herself and Antony is without moral dignity, it still excites our sympathy as an insurmountable fascination:—they seem formed for each other, and Cleopatra is as remarkable for her seductive charms, as Antony for the splendour of his deeds. As they die for each other, we forgive them for having lived for each other. The open and lavish character of Antony is admirably contrasted with the heartless littleness of Octavius, whom Shakspeare seems to have completely seen through, without allowing himself to be led astray by the fortune and the fame of Augustus.”—SCHLEGEL.

“The highest praise, or rather form of praise, of this play which I can offer in my own mind, is the doubt which the perusal always occasions in me, whether the ‘Antony and Cleopatra’ is not, in all exhibitions of a giant power in its strength and vigour of maturity, a formidable rival of ‘Macbeth,’ ‘Lear,’ ‘Hamlet,’ and ‘Othello.’ *Felicitèr audax* is the motto for its style, comparatively with that of Shakspeare’s other works, even as it is the general motto of all his works compared with those of other poets. Be it remembered, too, that this happy valiancy of style is but the representative and result of all the material excellencies so expressed.

“This play should be perused in mental contrast with ‘Romeo and Juliet,’—as the love of passion and appetite opposed to the love of affection and instinct. But the art displayed in the character of Cleopatra is profound; in this, especially,—that the sense of criminality in her passion is lessened by our insight into its depth and energy, at the very moment that we cannot but perceive that the passion itself springs out of the habitual craving of a licentious nature, and that it is supported and reinforced by voluntary stimulus and sought-for associations, instead of blossoming out of spontaneous emotion.

“Of all Shakspeare’s historical plays, ‘Antony and Cleopatra’ is by far the most wonderful. There is not one in which he has followed history so minutely, and yet there are few in which he impresses the notion of angelic strength so much,—perhaps none in which he impresses it more strongly. This is greatly owing to the manner in which the fiery force is sustained throughout, and to the numerous momentary flashes of nature counteracting the historic abstraction. As a wonderful specimen of the way in which Shakspeare lives up to the very end of this play, read the last part of the concluding scene; and if you would feel the judgment as well as the genius of Shakspeare in your heart’s core, compare this astonishing drama with Dryden’s ‘All for Love.’”—COLERIDGE.









## TITUS ANDRONICUS.

THAT Shakspeare had some share in the composition of this revolting tragedy, the fact of its appearance in the list of pieces ascribed to him by Meres, and its insertion by Heminge and Condell in the folio collection of 1623, forbids us to doubt. He may, in the dawning of his dramatic career, have written a few of the speeches, and have imparted vigour and more rhythmical freedom to others; he may have been instrumental also in putting the piece upon the stage of the company to which he then belonged; but that he had any hand in the story, or in its barbarous characters and incidents, we look upon as in the highest degree improbable. Upon this point, indeed, all his editors, from Rowe to Dyce, with the exception of Capell, Collier, and Knight, appear to be of one mind.

“On what principle the editors of the first complete edition of our poet’s plays admitted this [*Titus Andronicus*] into their volume cannot now be ascertained. The most probable reason that can be assigned, is, that he wrote a few lines in it, or gave some assistance to the author in revising it, or in some other way aided him in bringing it forward on the stage. The tradition mentioned by Ravenscroft in the time of King James II. warrants us in making one or other of these suppositions. ‘I have been told’ (says he in his preface to an alteration of this play published in 1687) ‘by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally his, but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master touches to one or two of the principal parts or characters.’

\* \* \* \* \*

“To enter into a long disquisition to prove this piece not to have been written by Shakspeare, would be an idle waste of time. To those who are not conversant with his writings, if particular passages were examined, more words would be necessary than the subject is worth; those who are well acquainted with his works, cannot entertain a doubt on the question. I will, however, mention one mode by which it may be easily ascertained. Let the reader only peruse a few lines of *Appius and Virginia*, *Tancred and Gismund*, *The Battle of Alcazár*, *Jeronimo*, *Selimus Emperor of the Turks*, *The Wounds of Civil War*, *The Wars of Cyrus*, *Lochrine*, *Arden of Feversham*, *King Edward I.*, *The Spanish Tragedy*, *Solyman and Perseda*, *King Leir*, the old *King John*, or any other of the pieces that were exhibited before the time of Shakspeare, and he will at once perceive that *Titus Andronicus* was coined in the same mint.”—MALONE.

Langbaine, in his *Account of English Dramatic Poets*, 1691, says this tragedy “was first printed, 4to. Lond. 1594;” and as the Stationers’ Registers show an entry made by John Danter, Feb. 6th, 1593-4, of “A booke entitled a neble Roman Historie of Tytus Andronicus,” he

# TITUS ANDRONICUS.

is probably correct, though the only quarto editions at present known are of 1600 and 1611. Of its origin and date of production we know but little. When registering his claim to the "Historye of Tytus Andronicus," Danter coupled with it "the ballad thereof," and this ballad, which will be found among the Comments at the end of the piece, was at one time supposed to be the basis of the drama. It is now a moot point whether the play was founded on the ballad, or the ballad on the play. The story of Titus, however, must have been popular. It is mentioned in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*; and there is an allusion to it in the comedy called, "A Knack to know a Knave," 1594. Moreover, from a memorandum in Henslowe's Diary, which records the acting of a drama, entitled "*Titus and Andronicus*," Jan. 23, 1593-4, there appears to have been another play on the subject. Is it to this piece, or to the "Titus Andronicus" attributed to Shakespeare, that Ben Jonson refers in the Induction to his "Bartholomew Fair"?—"He that will swear, JERONIMO or ANDRONICUS, are the best plays yet, shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these five-and-twenty or thirty years. Though it be an ignorance, it is a virtuous and staid ignorance; and next to truth, a confirmed error does well."

## Persons Represented.

**SATURNINUS**, Son to the late Emperor of Rome,  
*afterwards Emperor.*

**BARBIANUS**, Brother to Saturninus.

**TITUS ANDRONICUS**, a noble Roman.

**MARCUS ANDRONICUS**, Brother to Titus.

**LUCIUS**,

**QUINTUS**,

**MARTIUS**,

**MUTIUS**,

**YOUNG LUCIUS**, a Boy, Son to Lucius.

**PUBLIUS**, Son to Marcus the Tribune.

**ÆMILIUS**, a noble Roman

**ALARBUS**,

**DENETHIUS**,

**CHIRON**,

**AARON**, a Moor.

A Captain.

A Tribune.

A Messenger.

A Clown.

Romans.

Goths.

**TAMORA**, Queen of the Goths.

**LAVINIA**, Daughter to Titus Andronicus.

A Nurse.

A black Child.

*Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

SCENE,—ROME. and the Country near it.



## ACT. I.

SCENE I.—Rome. *Before the Capitol.*

*The Tomb of the Andronici appearing. Enter the Tribunes and Senators, aloft; and then enter, below, SATURNINUS and his Followers from one side, and BASSIANUS and his Followers from the other, with drum and colours.*

SAT. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,  
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;  
And, countrymen, my loving followers,  
Plead my successive title with your swords:  
I am his\* first-born son, that was the last

(\* ) First folio, *I was the.*

That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;  
Then let my father's honours live in me,  
Nor wrong mine age<sup>a</sup> with this indignity.

BASS. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of  
my right,—

If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,  
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,  
Keep, then, this passage to the Capitol;  
And suffer not dishonour to approach  
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,  
To justice, continence,<sup>b</sup> and nobility:  
But let desert in pure election shine;  
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

*Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, aloft, with the crown.*

MARC. Princes,—that strive by factions and  
by friends

Ambitiously for rule and empery,—  
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we  
stand

A special party, have, by common voice,  
In election for the Roman empery,  
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius  
For many good and great deserts to Rome:  
A nobler man, a braver warrior,  
Lives not this day within the city walls.  
He by the senate is accited<sup>c</sup> home,  
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;  
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,  
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.  
Ten years are spent since first he undertook  
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms  
Our enemies' pride: five times he hath return'd  
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons  
In coffins from the field;  
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,  
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,  
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.  
Let us entreat,—by honour of his name,  
Whom worthily you would have now succeed,  
And in the Capitol and senate's right,  
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—  
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;  
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,  
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

SAT. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my  
thoughts!

BASS. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy<sup>d</sup>

In thy uprightness and integrity,  
And so I love and honour thee and thine,  
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,  
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,  
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,  
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;  
And to my fortunes and the people's favour  
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exit the Followers of BASSIANUS.*]

SAT. Friends, that have been thus forward in  
my right,

I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;  
And to the love and favour of my country  
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exit the Followers of SATURNINUS.*]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,  
As I am confident and kind to thee.—  
Open the gates<sup>e</sup> and let me in.

BASS. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*Flourish.* SATURNINUS and BASSIANUS  
go up into the Capitol.

*Enter a Captain, and others.*

CAP. Romans, make way: the good Andronicus,  
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,  
Successful in the battles that he fights,  
With honour and with fortune is return'd  
From where<sup>f</sup> he circumscribed with his sword,  
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

[*Drums and trumpets sound, and then enter  
MARTIUS and MUTIUS. After them two  
Men bearing a coffin covered with black:  
then LUCIUS and QUINTUS. After them  
TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA, the  
Queen of Goths, with ALABRUS, DEMETRIUS,  
CHIRON, AARON the Moor, and other Goths,  
prisoners, Soldiers and People following.  
The Bearers set down the coffin, and TITUS  
speaks.*]

TIT. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning  
weeds!

Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd his<sup>g</sup> freight,  
Returns with precious lading to the bay  
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,  
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,  
To re-salute his country with his tears,—  
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—

(<sup>b</sup>) First folio, *whence*.

<sup>a</sup> Nor wrong mine age.—] My claim by seniority.  
<sup>b</sup> — continence.—] That is, temperance. So in "Macbeth."  
Act IV. Sc. 3,—

" — the king-becoming grace,  
As justice, verily, temperance," &c.

<sup>c</sup> — accited.—] Summoned.

<sup>d</sup> — affy.—] Confide

<sup>e</sup> Open the gates.—] Capell prints—"Open the gates, tribunes," &c. Mr. Collier's annotator suggests,—"*Open the brass gates,*" &c.

<sup>f</sup> — his freight.—] "His" is here used for the impersonal pronoun, *it*

Thou great defender of this Capitol,  
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!—  
Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,  
Half of the number that king Priam had,  
Behold the poor remains, alive and dead!  
These that survive, let Rome reward with love;  
These that I bring unto their latest home,  
With burial amongst their ancestors:  
Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.

Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,  
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,  
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?  
Make way to lay them by their brethren.—<sup>a</sup>

[*They open the tomb.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,  
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!  
O, sacred receptacle of my joys,  
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,  
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,  
That thou wilt never render to me more!

LUC. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,

That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,  
*Ad manes fratrum*, sacrifice his flesh,  
Before this earthy<sup>\*</sup> prison of their bones;  
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,  
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.<sup>b</sup>

TIT. I give him you,—the noblest that survives,  
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

TAM. Stay, Roman brethren!—Gracious conqueror,

Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,  
A mother's tears in passion for her son:  
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,  
O, think my sons to be as dear to me!  
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome  
To beautify thy triumphs and return,  
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke;  
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,  
For valiant doings in their country's cause?  
O, if to fight for king and commonweal  
Were piety in thine, it is in these!  
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:  
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?  
Draw near them, then, in being merciful:  
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.  
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

TIT. Patient<sup>c</sup> yourself, madam, and pardon me.  
These are their<sup>†</sup> brethren, whom you Goths  
beheld

Alive and dead; and for their brethren slain  
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:  
To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,  
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

LUC. Away with him! and make a fire  
straight;—

And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,  
Let's hew his limbs till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and  
MUTIUS, with ALARBUS.*]

TAM. O cruel, irreligious piety!

CHI. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

DEMET. Oppose not<sup>\*</sup> Scythia to ambitious  
Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive  
To tremble under Titus' threatening looks.  
Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,  
The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of  
Troy

With opportunity of sharp revenge  
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his<sup>d</sup> tent,  
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,  
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen)  
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

*Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and  
MUTIUS, with their swords bloody.*

LUC. See, lord and father, how we have  
perform'd

Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,  
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,  
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.  
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,  
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

TIT. Let it be so; and let Andronicus  
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Flourish of trumpets, and they lay the  
coffin<sup>e</sup> in the tomb.*]

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;  
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in  
rest,

Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!  
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,  
Here grow no damned grudges;<sup>f</sup> here are no  
storms,

No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:  
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

(\*) First folio, *earthly*.

(†) First folio, *this*.

<sup>a</sup> — brethren.] To be pronounced as a trisyllable.

<sup>b</sup> Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.] The ancients, it need hardly be observed, held belief that the spirits of the un-buried dead importuned their relatives and friends to obtain funeral rites.

<sup>c</sup> — Patient yourself.—] Stevens, among other examples of this verb, cites the following from King Edward I. 1299,—

"Patient your highness, 'tis but mother's love."

(\*) First folio, *me*.

<sup>d</sup> — *in his tent*.—] Conceiving this to be an allusion to Polynestor's death, as related in the *Hæcuba* of Euripides, Theobald reads, "in her tent."

<sup>e</sup> — *the coffin*.—] So the quartos. The folio, 1632, has, "the coffin;" but compare the stage direction on the entrance of Titus Andronicus.

<sup>f</sup> — *grudges*.] *Murmurs of discontent.*



*Enter LAVINIA.*

LAV. In peace and honour live lord Titus long:  
My noble lord and father, live in fame!  
Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears  
I render for my brethren's obsequies:  
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy

600

Shed on the earth for thy return to Rome.  
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,  
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud!

TIT. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly  
reserv'd

The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!—  
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,  
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

*Enter, below, MARCUS ANDRONICUS and Tribunes; re-enter SATURNINUS and BASSIANUS, attended.*

MARC. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,  
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

TIT. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother  
MARCUS.

MARC. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,

You that survive, and you that sleep in fame!  
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,  
That in your country's service drew your swords;  
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,  
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,  
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.—  
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,  
Whose friend in justice thou hast over been,  
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,  
This palliament of white and spotless hue,  
And name thee in election for the empire,  
With these our late deceased emperor's sons:  
Be *candidatus*, then, and put it on,  
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

TIT. A better head her glorious body fits  
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness.  
What<sup>a</sup> should I don this robe and trouble you?  
Be chosen with proclamations to-day,  
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,  
And set abroad<sup>c</sup> new business for you all?  
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,  
And led my country's strength successfully,  
And buried one-and-twenty valiant sons,  
Knights in field, slain manfully in arms,  
In right and service of their noble country:  
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,  
But not a sceptre to control the world.  
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

MARC. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask<sup>d</sup> the  
empire. [tell?

SAT. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou  
TIT. Patience, prince Saturninus.

SAT. Romans, do me right;—  
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them not  
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.—  
Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,  
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts!

LUC. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good  
That poble-minded Titus means to thee!

TIT. Content thee, prince, I will restore to  
thee  
The people's hearts, and wean them from them-  
selves.

BASS. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,  
But honour thee, and will do till I die:  
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,  
I will most thankful be; and thanks to men  
Of noble minds is honourable meed.

TIT. People of Rome, and noble tribunes  
here,

I ask your voices and your suffrages:  
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

TRIBUNES. To gratify the good Andronicus,  
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,  
The people will accept whom he admits.

TIT. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I  
make,

That you create your emperor's eldest son,  
Lord Saturnine, whose virtues will, I hope,  
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,  
And ripen justice in this commonweal:  
Then, if you will elect by my advice,  
Crown him, and say, *Long live our emperor!*  
MARC. With voices and applause of every sort,  
Patricians, and plebeians, we create  
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor;  
And say, *Long live our emperor, Saturnine!*

[A long flourish.]

SAT. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done  
To us in our election this day,  
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,  
And will with deeds requito thy gentleness:  
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance  
Thy name and honourable family,  
Lavinia will I make my empress,  
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,  
And in the sacred Pantheon<sup>f</sup> her espouse:  
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

TIT. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this  
match

I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:  
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—  
King and commander of our commonweal,  
The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate  
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;  
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:  
Receive them, then, the tribute that I owe,  
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy<sup>g</sup> feet.

SAT. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!

(\*) First folio, *my*.

remarks, somewhat too much of the *hysteron proteron*. We  
might, without much violence, read,—

"Ask, Titus, and thou shalt obtain the empire."

• — thy friends, —] A correction from the folio of 1664; the  
prior copies having *friend*.

<sup>f</sup> — empress, —] To be read as a trisyllable.

<sup>g</sup> — Pantheon, —] From the second folio; the earlier editions  
printing, *Pathan*.

<sup>a</sup> And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.—]

— "ultima semper  
Expectanda dies homini; dicique beatus  
Ante obitum nemo, supremæque funera, debet."

<sup>b</sup> What should I don, &c.] It is customary in cases like the pre-  
sent to print "What" as an exclamation, "What I should I don—"  
&c. though it is often only equivalent to, *For What; or to, Why.*  
<sup>c</sup> And set abroad.—] The folio of 1664 has, "set abroad," &c.  
and the substitution is adopted by Mr. Collier's annotator.

<sup>d</sup> — thou shalt obtain and ask.—] There is here, as Stevens



How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts,  
Rome shall record; and when I do forget  
The least of these unspeakable deserts,  
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

TIT. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor; [To TAMORA.]

To him that, for your honour and your state,  
Will use you nobly and your followers.

SAT. [Aside.] A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue

That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—  
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance:  
Though chance of war hath wrought this change  
of cheer,

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:  
Princely shall be thy usage every way.

Rest on my word, and let not discontent ●

Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts you  
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—  
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

LAV. Not I, my lord, with true nobility  
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

SAT. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let  
us go:

Ransomless here we set our prisoners free.

Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and  
drum.

[Flourish. SATURNINUS courts TAMORA  
in dumb show.]

BASS. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is  
mine. [Seizing LAVINIA.]

TIT. How, sir! are you in earnest, then, my  
lord?

BASS. Ay, noble Titus, and resolv'd withal  
To do myself this reason and this right.

MARC. *Sum cuique* is our Roman justice:  
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

LUC. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius  
live.

TIT. Traitors, avaunt!—Where is the emperor's  
guard?—

Treason, my lord!—Lavinia is surpris'd! \*

SAT. Surpris'd! by whom? \*

BASS. By him that justly may  
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[Exit BASSIANUS and MARCUS, with  
LAVINIA.]

MUT. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,  
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[Exit LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.]

TIT. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her  
back.

MUT. My lord, you pass not here.

TIT. What, villain boy! barr'st me my way  
in Rome? [Stabbing MUTIUS.]

MUT. Help, Lucius, help! [Dies.]

Re-enter LUCIUS.

LUC. My lord, you are unjust; and, more  
than so,

In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

TIT. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;  
My sons would never so dishonour me:

Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

LUC. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,  
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [Exit.]

SAT. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,  
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:

I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;

Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,

Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.

Was there none else in Rome to make a stale<sup>c</sup>

But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,

Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,  
That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

TIT. O, monstrous! what reproachful words are  
these?

SAT. But go thy ways; go, give that changing  
piece

To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:

A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;

One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,

To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

TIT. These words are razors to my wounded  
heart.

SAT. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of  
Goths,—

That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,  
Do'st overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,—

If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,

Behold I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,

And will create thee empress<sup>d</sup> of Rome.

Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my  
choice?

And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—

Sith priest and holy water are so near,

And tapers burn so bright, and everything

In readiness for Hymenæus stand,—

I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,

Or climb my palace, till from forth this place

I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

TAM. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I  
swear,

If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,

\* — surpris'd! Seiz'd unawares.

b — the emperor needs her not.—] In the old copies this  
line is preceded by the following stage direction:—

Enter alight the Emperor, with Tamora, and her two sons, and  
Anton the Moor.

c Was there none else in Rome to make a stale.—] So the  
second folio, except that it adds "to" to the end of the line; the  
earlier authorities all read,—"Was none in Rome to make a  
stale." &c.

d — empress.—] See note (c), p. 661.

She will a handmaid be to his desires,  
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

SAT. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon.—Lords,  
accompany  
Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,  
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,  
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:  
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt SAT., attended; TAMORA, DEMETRIUS,  
CHIRON; AARON, and Goths.*]

TIT. I am not bid<sup>a</sup> to wait upon this bride:—  
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,  
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

*Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and  
MARTIUS.*

MARC. O, Titus, see! O, see what thou hast  
done!

In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

TIT. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,—  
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed  
That hath dishonour'd all our family;  
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

LUC. But let us give him burial as becomes:  
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

TIT. Traitors, away! he rests not in this  
tomb:—

This monument five hundred years hath stood,  
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:  
Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors  
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:—  
Bury him where you can; he comes not here.

MARC. My lord, this is impiety in you:  
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him,  
He must be buried with his brethren.

QUINT., MART. And shall, or him we will  
accompany.

TIT. *And shall!* What villain was it spake that  
word?

QUINT. He that would vouch 't in any place  
but here.

TIT. What! would you bury him in my despite?

MARC. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee  
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

TIT. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my  
crest,

And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast  
wounded:

My foes I do repute you every one;  
So, trouble me no more, but get you gone.

MART. He is not with<sup>b</sup> himself; let us with-  
draw.

QUINT. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.  
[*MARCUS and the Sons of TITUS kneel.*]

MARC. Brother, for in that name doth nature  
plead,—

QUINT. Father, and in that name doth nature  
speak,—

TIT. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will  
speed.

MARC. Renowned Titus, more than half my  
soul,—

LUC. Dear father, soul and substance of us  
all,—

MARC. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter  
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,  
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman,—be not barbarous:

The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax  
That slew himself; and wise<sup>c</sup> Laertes' son

Did graciously plead for his funerals:<sup>d</sup>  
Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy joy,  
Be barr'd his entrance here.

TIT. Rise, Marcus, rise:—  
The dismall<sup>e</sup> 'st day is this that e'er I saw,  
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!—

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*They put MUTIUS in the tomb.*]

LUC. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with  
thy friends,

Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

ALL. [*Kneeling.*] No man shed tears for noble  
Mutius;

He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

MARC. My lord,—to step out of those dreary<sup>f</sup>  
dumps,—

How comes it that the subtle queen of Goths

Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

TIT. I know not, Marcus; but I know it is;

Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell:

Is she not, then, beholden to the man

That brought her for this high good turn so far?

MAR.<sup>g</sup> Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

*Flourish. Re-enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS,  
CHIRON, and AARON from one side;  
from the other, BASSIANUS and LAVINIA,  
with others.*

SAT. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize!  
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride!<sup>h</sup>

<sup>a</sup> I am not bid—] See note (c), p. 406, Vol. I.

<sup>b</sup> He is not with himself;] "Equivalent to the modern phrase,—  
He is beside himself." The folio reads,—"He is not himself."

— and wise Laertes' son

Did graciously plead for his funerals:]

There is here an obvious reference to an incident in the *Ajæx* of

(\*) First folio omits, *wise.*

(†) First folio, *sudden.*

Sophocles: and if, as Stevens asserts, there were no translation  
of that piece extant in the time of Shakespeare, we may reason-  
ably infer that "Titus Andronicus" was written by some one  
acquainted with the Greek tragedies in their original language.

<sup>d</sup> MAR.] This line is only in the folio, and there, the prefix  
having been omitted, it reads as a portion of the preceding speech.

BASS. And you of yours, my lord! I say no more,

Nor wish no less; and so, I take my leave.

SAT. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,

Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

BASS. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own.

My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?

But let the laws of Rome determine all;

Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.

SAT. 'T is good, sir: you are very short with us; if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

BASS. My lord, what I have done, as best may,

Answer I must, and shall do with my life.

Only thus much I give your grace to know,—

By all the duties that I owe to Rome,

This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,

Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd;

That, in the rescue of Lavinia,

With his own hand did slay his youngest son,

In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath

To be controll'd in that he frankly gave.

Receive him, then, to favour, Saturnine,

That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,

A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

TIT. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds:

'T is thou and those that have dishonour'd me.

Rome, and the righteous heavens, be my judge,

How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!

TAM. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora

Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,

Then hear me speak indifferently for all;

And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

SAT. What, madam! be dishonour'd openly.

And basely put it up without revenge?

TAM. Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome forfend

I should be author to dishonour you!

But on mine honour dare I undertake

For good lord Titus' innocency in all;

Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs:

Then, at my suit, look graciously on him:

Loose not so noble a friend on vain suppose.

Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—

[Aside to SAT.] My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last;

Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:

You are but newly planted in your throne;

Lest, then, the people, and putricians too,

Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,

And so supplant you\* for ingratitude,

(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,)

Yield at entreats; and then let me alone:

I'll find a day to massacre them all,

And raze their faction and their family,

The cruel father and his traitorous sons,

To whom I sued for my dear son's life;

And make them know, what 't is to let a queen

Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.—

[Aloud.] Come, come, sweet emperor;—come, Andronicus,—

Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart

That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

SAT. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd.

TIT. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord:

These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

TAM. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,

A Roman now adopted happily,

And must advise the emperor for his good.

This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—

And let it be mine honour, good my lord,

That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—

For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd

My word and promise to the emperor,

That you will be more mild and tractable.—

And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia,—

By my advice, all humbled on your knees,

You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

LUC.\* We do; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,

That what we did was mildly as we might,

Tend'ring our sister's honour and our own.

MARC. That, on mine honour, here I do protest.

SAT. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—

TAM. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends:

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;

I will not be denied: sweet heart, look back.

SAT. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,

And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,

I do remit these young men's heinous faults:

Stand up.\*—Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,

I found a friend; and, sure as death, I swore,

I would not part a bachelor from the priest.

Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,\*

You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.—

This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

TIT. To-morrow, an it please your majesty,

To hunt the panther and the hart with me,

With horn and hound, we'll give your grace bon-jour.

SAT. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [Exeunt.]

(\*) First folio, *no*.

(\*) First folio, *See*.

\* Stand up.—] Probably, as Pope surmised, a stage direction *no*y.



## ACT. II.

SCENE I.—Rome. *Before the Palace.*

*Enter AARON.*

AARON. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,  
Safe out of Fortune's shot; and sits aloft,  
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash;

Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.  
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,  
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,  
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,

(*First folio, about.*)

And overlooks the highest peering hills ;  
So Tamora.  
Upon her wit<sup>a</sup> doth earthly honour wait,  
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.  
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,  
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,  
And mount her pitch, whorſt thou in triumph  
long

Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,  
And faster bound to Aaron's charming<sup>b</sup> eyes  
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.  
Away with slavish weeds and servile<sup>c</sup> thoughts !  
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,  
To wait upon this new-made empress.  
To wait, said I ? to wanton with this queen,  
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,†  
This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,  
And see his shipwreck, and his commonweal's.—  
Holla ! what stoffm is this ?

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, braving.\**

DEMET. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit  
wants edge,

And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd ;  
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

CHI. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all ;  
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.

'T is not the difference of a year or two  
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate :  
I am as able and as fit as thou,

To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace ;  
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,  
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

AARON. [*Aside.*] Clubs, clubs !<sup>d</sup> these lovers  
will not keep the peace.

DEMET. Why, boy, although our mother, un-  
advis'd,

Gave you a dancing rapier by your side,  
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends ?  
Go to ; have your lath glu'd within your sheath,  
Till you know better how to handle it.

CHI. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill, I  
have,

Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

DEMET. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave ?

[*They draw.*]

(\*) First folio, *idle*.

(†) First folio, *groom*.

[*Up in her wit.*] For "wit," Warburton reads, — *will*, and is followed by Mr. Collier's annotator.

<sup>b</sup> — charming eyes. — He is adverting, not to the beauty of his eyes, but to the quality of *fascination* which the eye was once supposed to possess. See note (b), p. 714, Vol. II.

<sup>c</sup> — braving ] *Blustering, Hectoring.*

<sup>d</sup> Clubs, clubs ! See note (b), p. 168, Vol. II.

<sup>e</sup> She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd ;  
She is a woman ; therefore may be won ; ]

AARON. [*Advancing.*] Why, how now, lords !  
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,  
And maintain such a quarrel openly ?  
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge :  
I would not for a million of gold  
The cause were known to them it most concerns ;  
Nor would your noble mother for much more  
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.  
For shame, put up.

DEMET. Not I, till I have sheath'd<sup>e</sup>  
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,  
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,  
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

CHI. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolv'd,—  
Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy  
tongue,

And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

AARON. Away, I say !—  
Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,  
This petty\* brabble will undo us all !—  
Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous  
It is to jet† upon a prince's right ?

What, is Lavinia, then, become so loose,  
Or Bassianus so degenerate,  
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd  
Without controlment, justice, or revenge ?  
Young lords, beware ! an should the empress  
know

This discord's ground, the music would not please.

CHI. I care not, I, knew she and all the world :  
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

DEMET. Youngling, learn thou to make some  
meaner choice :

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

AARON. Why, are ye mad ? or know ye not,  
in Rome,

How furious and impatient they be,  
And cannot brook competitors in love ?  
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths  
By this device.

CHI. Aaron, a thousand deaths would I pro-  
pose,  
To achieve her whom I ‡ love.

AARON. To achieve her !—how ?

DEMET. Why mak'st thou it so strange ?

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd ;

She is a woman, therefore may be won ;\*

She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.

What, man ! more water glideth by the mill  
Than wots the miller of ;† and easy it is

(\*) First folio, *pretty*.

(†) First folio, *set*.

(‡) First folio inserts, *do*.

These lines, slightly varied, occur in the First Part of "Henry VI." Act V. Sc. 3.

"She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd ;

She is a woman, therefore to be won ;"

from which coincidence Ritson conjectured that the author of the present play was also author of the original "Henry VI."

† — more water glideth by the mill, &c.] A north-country proverb,—"Much water runs by the mill that the miller wots not of."

Of a cut loaf to steal a shive,\* we know:  
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,  
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

AARON. [*Aside.*] Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

DEMET. Then why should he despair that knows to court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?  
What, hast not thou full often struck a doe,  
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

AARON. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch or so

Would serve your turns.

CHI. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

DEMET. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

AARON. Would you had hit it too!  
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.

Why, hark ye, hark ye,—and are you such fools  
To square for this? would it offend you, then,  
That both should speed?\*

CHI. Faith, not me.

DEMET. Nor me, so I were one.

AARON. For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar.

'Tis policy and stratagem must do  
That you affect; and so must you resolve  
That what you cannot as you would achieve  
You must perforce accomplish as you may.  
Take this of me,—Lucrece was not more chaste  
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.

A speedier course than\* lingering languishment  
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.

My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;  
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:  
The forest walks are wide and spacious;  
And many unfrequented plots there are,  
Fitted by kind<sup>d</sup> for rape and villany:  
Single you thither, then, this dainty doe,  
And strike her home by force, if not by words:  
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.

Come, come, our empress, with her sacred<sup>e</sup> wit,  
To villany and vengeance consecrate,  
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;  
And she shall file our engines with advice,

\*That will not suffer you to square yourselves,  
But to your wishes' height advance you both.  
The emperor's court is like the house of Fame,

The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of  
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull:  
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take  
your turns;

There serve your lusts, shadow'd from heaven's eye,  
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

CHI. Thy compassed lad, smells of no cowardice.

DEMET. Sit you out nefas, till I find the stream\*  
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these<sup>f</sup> fits,  
Per Styga, per manes vehor. [*Exeunt*

## SCENE II.—A Forest near Rome.

*Enter* TITUS ANDRONICUS, MARCUS, LUCIUS,  
QUINTUS and MARTIUS, with Hunters, &c.

TIT. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,<sup>g</sup>

The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:  
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,  
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,  
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,  
That all the court may echo with the noise.  
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,  
To attend the emperor's person carefully:  
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,  
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

*Horns wind a peal; then enter SATURNINUS,  
TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, DEMETRIUS,  
CHIRON, and Attendants.*

TIT. Many good morrows to your majesty;—  
Madam, to you as many and as good:—  
I promised your grace a huppter's peal.

SAT. And you have rung it lustily, my lords;  
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

BASS. Lavinia, how say you?

LAV. I say no;  
I have been broad<sup>h</sup> awake two hours and more.

SAT. Come on, then; horse and chariots let us  
have,

And to our sport. Madam, now shall ye see  
Our Roman hunting. [*To TAMORA.*

(\*) Old text, *this*. Corrected by Rowe.

— and easy it is  
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive.—]

Another northern proverb,—"It is safe taking a shive [*slice*] of a cut loaf."

<sup>b</sup> Would you had hit it too! An allusion to the ancient ballad quoted in "Love's Labour's Lost," Act IV. Sc. 1,—"Canst thou not hit it?" See note (c), p. 70, Vol. I.

<sup>c</sup> That both should speed? These words, though indispensable to the sense, are omitted in the folio.

<sup>d</sup> — kind—] Measure.

<sup>e</sup> — sacred wit,—] Accursed wit, say the commentators: rather, perhaps, devoted, dedicated wit. See note (c), p. 423.

<sup>f</sup> — and grey,—] Hammer prints, "and gay," &c.; and Mr.

(\*) First folio, *streamers*. (†) First folio, *their*.  
(‡) First folio omits, *broad*.

Collier's annotator, not content with borrowing this suggestion, turns the whole speech into rhyme, thus,—

"The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gay,  
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are wide;  
Uncouple here and let us make a bay,  
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,  
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's round,  
That all the court may echo with the sound.  
Sons, let it be your charge, and so will I,  
To attend the emperor's person carefully:  
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,  
But dawning day brought comfort and delight."



MARC.  
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,  
And climb the highest promontory top.

TIT. And I have horse will follow where the  
game  
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

DEMET. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse  
nor bound;  
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.

[*Exeunt.*]

To bury so much gold under a tree,  
And never after to inherit it.  
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly  
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,  
Which, cunningly effected, will beget  
A very excellent piece of villany.  
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,  
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.  
[*Hides the gold.*]

• SCENE III.—*A desert part of the Forest.*

*Enter AARON, with a bag of gold.*

AARON. He that had wit would think that I  
had none,

*Enter TAMORA.*

TAM. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou  
sad,  
When everything doth make a gleeful boast?  
The birds chant melody on every bush;

The snake lies rolled\* in the cheerful sun;  
 The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,  
 And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:  
 Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,  
 And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,  
 Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,  
 As if a double hunt were heard at once,  
 Let us sit down and mark their yelping noise;  
 And,—after conflict such as was supposed  
 The wand'ring prince and Dido once enjoy'd,  
 When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,  
 And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—  
 We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,  
 Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;  
 While hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds  
 Be unto us as is a nurse's song  
 Of lullaby,<sup>(1)</sup> to bring her babe asleep.

AARON. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,

Saturn is dominator over mine:  
 What signifies my deadly-standing eye,  
 My silence and my cloudy melancholy,  
 My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls  
 Even as an adder when she doth unroll  
 To do some fatal execution?  
 No, madam, these are no venereal signs:  
 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,  
 Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.  
 Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul,  
 Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,—

This is the day of doom for Bassianus;  
 His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day;  
 Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,  
 And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.  
 Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,  
 And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.—  
 Now question me no more,—we are cypid;  
 Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,  
 Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

TAM. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

AARON. No more, great empress,—Bassianus comes:  
 Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons  
 To back thy quarrels,\* whatsoe'er they be. [*Exit.*]

*Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.*

BASS. Whom have we here? Rome's royal empress,  
 Unfurnish'd of her t'well-beseeming troop?

(\*) Old text, *quarrels* (t) First folio, *our*.

\* —rolled—] Mr. Collier's annotator reads, *coiled*; but see Aaron's following speech,—

"Even as an adder when she doth unroll," &c.

• —drive—] Mr. Collier's annotator proposes, *dine*, &c.; but

Or is it Dian, habited like her,  
 Who hath abandoned her holy groves,  
 To see the general hunting in this forest?

TAM. Saucy controller of our private steps!  
 Had I the power that some say Dian had,  
 Thy temples should be planted presently  
 With horns, as was Actæon's; and the god  
 Should drive<sup>b</sup> upon thy new-transformed  
 Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

LAV. Under your patience, gentle empress,  
 'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;  
 And to be doubted that your Moor and you  
 Are singled forth to try experiments:  
 Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!  
 'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

BASS. Believe me, queen, your swarthy Cimmerian

Doth make your honour of his body's hue,  
 Spotted, detested, and abominable.  
 Why are you sequester'd from all your train,  
 Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,  
 And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,  
 Accompanied but\* with a barbarous Moor,  
 If foul desire had not conducted you?

LAV. And, being intercepted in your sport,  
 Great reason that my noble lord be rated  
 For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,  
 And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love;  
 This valley fits the purpose passing well.

BASS. The king, my brother, shall have note<sup>t</sup> of this.

LAV. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long;

Good king, to be so mightily abus'd!

TAM. Why have I patience to endure all this?

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.*

DEMET. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother!

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

TAM. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?

These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place:—  
 A barren detested vale, you see, it is;  
 The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,  
 O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe:  
 Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,  
 Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven:—  
 And when they show'd me this abhorred pit,  
 They told me here, at dead time of the night,

(\*) The first folio omits, *but*.

(t) Old text, *noticer*. Corrected by Theobald.

"drive," meaning to *rush pell-mell*, is more energetic and expressive.

c Why have I patience—] So the second folio; the previous editions read,—"Why I dare," &c.



A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,  
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,\*  
Would make such fearful and confused cries,  
As any mortal body, hearing it,  
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.  
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,  
But straight they told me they would bind me here  
Unto the body of a dismal yew,  
And leave me to this miserable death.  
And then they call'd me foul adulteress,  
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms  
That ever ear did hear to such effect:  
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,  
This vengeance on me had they executed.  
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,  
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

DEMET. This is a witness that I am thy son.

CHI. And this for me, struck home to show my strength.

[*They stab BASSIANUS, who dies.*]

LAV. Ay, come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora!

For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

TAM. Give me thy poniard;—you shall know, my boys,

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

DEMET. Stay, madam; here is more belongs to her;

First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw:  
This minion stood upon<sup>b</sup> her chastity,  
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,  
And, with that painted hope,<sup>c</sup> braves your mightiness:

And shall she carry this unto her grave?

CHI. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.  
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,  
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

TAM. But when ye have the honey ye<sup>d</sup> desire,  
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

CHI. I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.—

Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy  
That nice preserved honesty of yours.

LAV. Oh, Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face—

TAM. I will not hear her speak; away with her!

LAV. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

DEMET. Listen, fair madam; let it be your glory

To see her tears, but be your heart to them  
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

LAV. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?

O, do not learn<sup>d</sup> her wrath,—she taught it thee:  
The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble;

Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—  
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;  
Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.

[*To CHIRON.*]

CHI. What! wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard?

LAV. 'Tis true, the raven doth not hatch a lark,

Yet have I heard,—O, could I find it now!—  
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure  
To have his princely paws<sup>e</sup> pa'd all away.  
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,  
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:  
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,  
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

TAM. I know not what it means:—away with her!

LAV. O, let me teach thee! For my father's sake,

That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

TAM. Had'st thou in person ne'er offended me,  
Even for his sake am I pitiless.—

Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,  
To save your brother from the sacrifice;  
But fierce Andronicus would not relent:  
Therefore, away with her, and use her as you will;  
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

LAV. O, Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,  
And with thine own hands kill me in this place!  
For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long;  
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

TAM. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let me go.

LAV. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:  
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,  
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,  
Where never man's eye may behold my body!  
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

TAM. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:

No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

(\*) Old text, *we*.

a — urchins.—] *Hedgehogs.*

b — stood upon.—] *Pinned herself, or pressed upon; so in Armin's Nest of Ninnies, 1608,—“This jest made them laugh more, and the rather that shee stood upon her marriage, and diadened all the gallants there.”* See.

c — painted hope.—] *Fallacious reliance or trust.* But the

line has suffered mutilation, and we ought possibly to read.—

“And with that painted hope, she braves your mightiness.”

d — learn.—] *Learn* is here used for *teach*.

e — paws.—] Mr. Collier's annotator suggests *claws*, and but that the author in this line appears to “affect the letter,” we should have thought *claws* the genuine word.



DEMET. Away! for thou hast stay'd us here  
too long.

LAV. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly  
creature!

The blot and enemy to our general name!  
Confusion fall—

CHI. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth.—Bring  
thou her husband:

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[*Exeunt CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, the former  
dragging off LAVINIA, and the latter the  
body of BASSIANUS.*]

TAM. Farewell, my sons; see that you make  
her sure:—

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,  
Till all the Andronici be made away.

Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,  
And let my spleenful sons this trull devour. [*Exit.*]

#### SCENE IV.—*The same.*

*Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.*

AARON. Come on, my lords, the better foot  
before:

Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit  
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

QUINT. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

MART. And mine, I promise you; were't not  
for shame,

Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

QUINT. What, art thou fallen?—What subtle  
hole is this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briers,  
Upon whose leaves lie drops of new-shed blood,

As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?  
A very fatal place it seems to me,—  
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

MART. O, brother, with the dismall'st object  
" hurt,\*

That ever eye with sight made heart lament!

AARON. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to  
find them here,

That he thereby may give† a likely guess,  
How these were they that made away his brother.  
[*Exit.*]

MART. Why dost not comfort me and help me  
out

From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

QUINT. I am surpris'd with an uncouth\* fear;  
A chilling sweat o'erruns my trembling joints;  
My heart suspects more than my eye can see.

MART. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,  
Aaron and thou look down into this den,  
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

QUINT. Aaron is gone, and my compassionate  
heart

Will not permit mine eyes once to behold  
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:

O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now  
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

MART. Lord Bassianus lies embred here,  
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,  
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

QUINT. If it be dark, how dost thou know 't is  
he?

MART. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear  
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole; (2)  
Which, like a taper in some monument,  
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy ‡ cheeks,  
And shows the ragged entrails of the pit:  
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,  
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.  
O, brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—  
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—  
Out of this full-devouring receptacle,  
As hateful as Coeytus' § misty mouth.

QUINT. Reach me thy hand, that I may help  
thee out;

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,  
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb  
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.  
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

MART. Nor I no strength to climb without thy  
help.

QUINT. Thy hand once more; I will not loose  
again,

Till thou art here aloft, or I below:

Thou canst not come to me,—I come to thee.

[*Falls in.*]

*Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.*

SAT. Along with me:—I'll see what hole is  
here,

And what he is that now is leap'd into it.—  
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend  
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

MART. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;  
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,  
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

SAT. My brother dead! I know thou dost but  
jest:

He and his lady both are at the lodge,  
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;  
'T is not an hour since I left him there.

MART. We know not where you left him all  
alive,

But out, alas! here have we found him dead.

*Enter TAMORA, ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.*

TAM. Where is my lord the king?

SAT. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing  
grief.

TAM. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

SAT. Now to the bottom dost thou search my  
wound;

Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

TAM. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,  
[*Giving a letter.*]

The complot of this timeless tragedy;  
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold  
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

SAT. [*Reads.*]

*An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—  
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 't is we mean,—  
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;  
Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward  
Among the nettles at the elder-tree,  
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,  
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.  
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.*

O, Tamora, was ever heard the like?

This is the pit, and this the elder-tree:

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntaman out,  
That should have murder'd Bassianus herer

AARON. My gracious lord, here is the bag of  
gold. [*Showing it.*]

SAT. [*To TITUS.*] Two of thy whelps, fell curs  
of bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life.—

(\*) First folio omits, *Andr.*

(†) First folio, *carthy.*

(‡) First folio, *Andr.*

(§) First folio, *Coitus.*

\* — uncouth—] *Unknown.*

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;  
There let them bide until we have devis'd  
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

TAM. What, are they in this pit? O, wondrous thing!

How easily murder is discovered!

TIT. High emperor, upon my feeble knee,  
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,  
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,—  
Accursed, if the fault\* be prov'd in them—

SAT. If it be prov'd! you see it is apparent.—  
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

TAM. Andronicus himself did take it up.

TIT. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail;  
For, by my father's reverend tomb, I vow  
They shall be ready at your highness' will,  
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

SAT. Thou shalt not bail them: see thou follow me.—

Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:

Let them not speak a word.—the guilt is plain;  
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,  
That end upon them should be executed.

TAM. Andronicus, I will entreat the king:  
Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough.

TIT. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk  
with them. [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE V.—Another part of the Forest.

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA,  
her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.

DEMET. So now go tell, an if thy tongue can  
speak,

Who 't was that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee.

CHI. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning  
so,

An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.

DEMET. See, how with signs and tokens she can  
scrawl.†

CHI. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy  
hands.

DEMET. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands  
to wash;

And so, let's leave her to her silent walks.

CHI. An 't were my cause,\* I should go hang  
myself.

DEMET. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit  
the cord. [Exeunt DEMET. and CHI.]

(\*) Old text, *faulds*.

(†) First folio, *scowls*.

\* — my cause,—] The modern alteration is, "my case;" but we have some doubts as to the necessity of the change.

† Which that sweet tongue hath made,—] A mutilated line.

Enter MARCUS, from hunting.

MARC. Who is this,—my niece,—that flies  
away so fast?—

Cousin, a word; where is your husband?—

If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,

That I may slumber in eternal sleep!

Speak, gentle niece,—what stern ungentle hands

Have lopp'd and hew'd, and made thy body bare

Of her two branches,—those sweet ornaments,

Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep  
in,

And might not gain so great a happiness

As have\* thy love? Why dost not speak to me?—

Alas, a crimson river of warm blood.

Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,

Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,

Coming and going with thy honey breath.

But sure some Tereus hath deflower'd thee,

And, lest thou shouldst detect him,† cut thy  
tongue.

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!

And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—

As from a conduit with three‡ issuing spouts,—

Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face

Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.

Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 't is so?

O, that I knew thy heart, and knew the beast,

That I might rail at him to ease my mind!

Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,

Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.

Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,

And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:•

But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;

A craftier Tereus hast thou met,§

And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,

That could have better sew'd than Philomel.

O, had the monster seen those lily hands

Tremble like aspen-leaves upon a lute,•

And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,

He would not, then, have touch'd them for his life!

Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony

Which that sweet tongue hath made,•

He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,

As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.

Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;

For such a sight will blind a father's eye:

One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;

What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?

Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:

O, could our mourning ease thy misery!

[Exeunt.]

(\*) Old text, *halfe*. Corrected by Theobald.

(†) Old text, *them*. Corrected by Rowe.

(‡) Old text, *the*. Corrected by Hamner.

(§) This folio adds, *withall*.



### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

*Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS bound, passing on to the place of execution; TITUS going before, pleading.*

**TIT.** Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!  
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent  
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;  
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;  
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;  
And for these bitter tears, which now you see  
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;  
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,

Whose souls are not corrupted, as 't is thought.  
For two-and-twenty sons I never wept,  
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.  
For these, tribunes,\* in the dust I write

*[Casting himself down]*

My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears:  
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;  
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

*[Exit Senators, Tribunes, and Prisoners.]*

O, earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,  
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,<sup>†</sup>  
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:  
In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still;

\* For these, tribunes. † The metrical deficiency in this line is supplied in the second folio by a repetition of the word "these."

"For these, these tribunes," &c.

Melone thought it more likely some epithet of respect was given to the tribunes, and accordingly he printed, —

(\*) Old text, *ruines*. Corrected by Hammer.

"For these, good tribunes," &c.

But query, —

"For these, O, tribunes," &c.†

In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,  
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,  
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

*Enter LUCIUS, with his sword drawn.*

O, reverend tribunes! O, gentle, aged men!  
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;  
And let me say, that never wept before,  
My tears are now prevailing orators!

LUC. O, noble father, you lament in vain;  
The tribunes hear you\* not; no man is by;  
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

TIT. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead—  
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you!

LUC. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

TIT. Why, 'tis no matter, man; if they did hear,  
They would not mark me; or, if they did mark,  
They would not pity me; yet plead I must,  
And bootless unto them:

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones,<sup>a</sup>  
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,  
Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,  
For that they will not intercept my tale:  
When I do weep, they, humbly at my feet,  
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;  
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,  
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.

A stone is as soft wax,—tribunes more hard than stones;

A stone is silent, and offendeth not;—

And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.—

[*Rises.*]

But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

LUC. To rescue my two brothers from their death:  
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd  
My everlasting doom of banishment.

TIT. O, happy man! they have befriended thee.  
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive  
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?  
Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey  
But me and mine: how happy art thou, then,  
From these devourers to be banished!—  
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

*Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA.*

MARC. Titus, prepare thy aged† eyes to weep:  
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break:  
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

(\*) First folio omits, *yo*

(†) First folio, *noble*.

<sup>a</sup> — to the stones, &c.] The lection of the earliest quarto, the folio has, —

"Why 'tis no matter man, if they did hear\*  
They would not mark me. oh if they did hear\*  
They would not pity me.  
Therefore I tell my sorrows bootless to the stones."

TIT. Will it consume me? let me see it, then.  
MARC. This was thy daughter.

TIT. Why, Marcus, so she is.  
LUC. Ay me! this object kills me!

TIT. Faint-hearted boy, arise and look upon her.—

Speak, Lavinia,<sup>b</sup> what accursed hand  
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?  
What fool hath added water to the sea?  
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?  
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,  
And now, like Nilus, it disdained bounds.—  
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too:  
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;  
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;  
In bootless prayer have they been held up,  
And they have serv'd me to effectless use:  
Now all the service I require of them  
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—  
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;  
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

LUC. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

MARC. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,  
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence  
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,  
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung  
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

LUC. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

MARC. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,

Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer  
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

TIT. It was my deer; and he that wounded her  
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:

For now I stand as one upon a rock,  
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,  
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,  
Expecting ever when some envious surge  
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sons are gone;  
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;  
And here my brother, weeping at my woes:  
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn  
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—

Had I but seen thy picture in this plight  
It would have maddened me: what shall I do  
Now I behold thy lively<sup>c</sup> body so?

Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears;  
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee;  
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death

<sup>b</sup> Speak, Lavinia, &c.] The second folio reads, and perhaps correctly,—

"Speak, my Lavinia," &c.

<sup>c</sup> — lively body.—] That is, "living body." So in Massinger's 'Fatal Dowry,' Act II. Sc. 1,—

"That his dear father might interment have,  
See, ~~thou~~ <sup>his</sup> son enter'd a ~~living~~ grave!"

Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.—  
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!  
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears  
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew  
Upon a gather'd lily almost withered.

MARC. Perchance, she weeps because they  
kill'd her husband;

Perchance, because she knows them\* innocent.

TIT. If they did kill thy husband, then be  
joyful,

Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—

No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;

Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—

Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips,  
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:  
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,  
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,  
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks  
How they are stain'd like<sup>a</sup> meadows yet not dry,  
With miry slime left on them by a flood?

And in the fountain shall we gaze so long  
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,  
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?

Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?

Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows  
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?

What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,  
Plot some device of further miseries

To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

LUC. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at  
your grief,

See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

MARC. Patience, dear niece.—Good Titus, dry  
thine eyes.

TIT. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot  
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine.

For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

LUC. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

TIT. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her  
signs:

Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say

That to her brother which I said to thee:

His napkin, with his<sup>b</sup> true tears all bewet,

Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.

O, what a sympathy of woe is this.—

As far from help as limbo<sup>c</sup> is from bliss!

*Enter AARON.*

AARON. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor  
Sends thee this word,—that if thou love thy sons,  
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,  
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,

(\*) First folio, *idem*.

<sup>a</sup> — like meadows—] Old copies, "in meadows," & c. Cor-  
rected by Rowe.

<sup>b</sup> — his true tears—] From the fourth folio; prior editions *all*

And send it to the king: he for the same  
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;  
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

TIT. O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron!  
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,  
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?  
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor my hand;  
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

LUC. Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine,  
That hath thrown down so many enemies,  
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:  
My youth can better spare my blood than you,  
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

MARC. Which of your hands hath not defended  
Rome,

And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,  
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?<sup>d</sup>

O, none of both but are of high desert:  
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve  
To ransom my two nephews from their death,  
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

AARON. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go  
along,

For fear they die before their pardon come.

MARC. My hand shall go.

LUC. By heaven, it shall not go!

TIT. Sirs, strive no more; such wither'd herbs  
as these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

LUC. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy  
son,

Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

MARC. And for our father's sake and mother's  
care,

Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

TIT. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

LUC. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

MARC. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS and MARCUS.*]

TIT. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them  
both:

Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

AARON. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,  
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:—

[*Aside.*] But I'll deceive you in another sort,  
And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass.

[*He cuts off TITUS's hand.*]

*Re-enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.*

TIT. Now, stay your strife: what shall be, is  
despatch'd:

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:

have,—

"— her true tears," &c.

<sup>c</sup> — limbo—] See note (\*), p. 696, Vol. II.

<sup>d</sup> — castle! ] *Helms.*



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Tell him it was a hand that warded him  
From thousand dangers: bid him bury it;  
More hath it merited,—that let it have.  
As for my sons, say I account of them  
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;  
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

AARON. I go, Andronicus; and, for thy hand,  
Look by-and-by to have thy sons with thee:—  
[*Aside.*] Their heads I mean. O, how this villany  
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!  
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,  
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*]

TIT. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,  
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:  
If any power pities wretched tears,  
To that I call!—What, wilt thou kneel with me?

[*To LAVINIA.*]

Do, then, dear heart, for heaven shall hear our  
prayers,  
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,

And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,  
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

MARC. O, brother, speak with possibilities,  
And do not break into these deep extremes.

TIT. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?  
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

MARC. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

TIT. If there were reason for these miseries,  
Then into limits could I bind my woes:  
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'er-  
flow?

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,  
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?  
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?  
I am the sea; hark how her sighs do blow!  
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:  
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;  
Then must my earth with her continual tears  
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:  
For why<sup>b</sup> my bowels cannot hide her woes.

<sup>a</sup> — hark how her sighs do blow! A correction in the second folio: former copies all reading, *flow*.

<sup>b</sup> For why—] *Because.*



But like a drunkard must I vomit them.  
Then give me leave ; for losers will have leave  
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

*Enter a Messenger with two heads\* and a hand.*

MESS. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid  
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.  
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,  
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back ;—  
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd,  
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,  
More than remembrance of my father's death.

[*Exit.*]

MARC. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,  
And be my heart an ever-burning hell !  
These miseries are more than may be borne.  
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal ;  
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

LUC. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a  
wound,

And yet detested life not shrink thereat !  
That ever death should let life bear his name.  
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe !

[*LAVINIA kisses TITUS.*]

MARC. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless  
As frozen water to a starved snake.

TIT. When will this fearful slumber have an  
end ?

MARC. Now farewell flattery : die Andronicus ;  
Thou dost not slumber : see, thy two sons' heads ;  
Thy warlike hand ; thy mangled daughter here ;  
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear\* sight  
Struck pale and bloodless ; and thy brother, I,  
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.  
Ah, now no more will I control thy\* griefs :  
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand  
Gnawing with thy teeth ; and be this dismal sight  
The closing up of our most wretched eyes :  
Now is e time to storm ; why art thou still ?

TIT. Ha, ha, ha !

MARC. Why dost thou laugh ? it fits not with  
this hour.

TIT. Why, I have not another tear to shed :  
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,  
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,  
And make them blind with tributary tears :  
Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave ?  
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,  
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss  
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again

(\*) Old text, *my*. Corrected by Theobald.

\* — dear sight—] See note (d), p. 449, Vol. I., and note (6), p. 398, of the present volume.

† Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things.] So the f. folio, except that by inadvertence it has *And* at the beginning of the line. The quartos read.—

“ And Lavinia thou shalt be employed in these arms.” &c.

Even in their throats that have committed them.  
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—

You heavy people, circle me about,  
That I may turn me to each one of you,  
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.—  
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head,  
And in this hand the other will I bear.—  
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things.†  
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy  
teeth.—

As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight ;  
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay :  
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there ;  
And, if you love me, as I think you do,  
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.*]

LUC. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,—  
The woefullest man that ever liv'd in Rome :  
Farewell, proud Rome ; till Lucius come again,  
He leaves\* his pledges, dearer than his life :  
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister :  
O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been !  
But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives  
But in oblivion and hateful griefs.  
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,  
And make proud Saturnine and his empress  
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.  
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,  
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Titus's House. A  
Banquet set out.*

*Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and YOUNG  
LUCIUS, a Boy.*

TIT. So, so ; now sit : and look you eat no more  
Than will preserve just so much strength in us  
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.  
Marcus, unknot that sorrow-wreathen knot ;  
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,  
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief  
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine  
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast ;  
And† when my heart, all mad with misery,  
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,  
Then thus I thump it down.—  
Thou map of woe,‡ that thus dost talk in signs !

[*To LAVINIA.*]

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,

(\*) Old text, *loves*. Corrected by Rowe.

(†) Old text, *who*. Corrected by Rowe.

§ SCENE II.—] This scene is first given in the folio of 1623.  
¶ Thou map of woe,—] Compare, “ Richard II.” Act V. Sc. 1.—

“ Thou map of honour.” &c.

Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.  
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;  
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,  
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;  
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall  
May run into that sink, and, soaking in,  
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

MARC. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay

Such violent hands upon her tender life.

TIT. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.

What violent hands can she lay on her life?

Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands:—

To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,

How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?

O, huddle not the theme, to talk of hands,

Lest we remember still that we have none.—

Fie, fie, how frantiely I square my talk.—

As if we should forget we had no hands,

If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—

Come, let's fall to: and, gentle girl, eat this:—

Here is no drink!—Hark, Marcus, what she says:—

I can interpret all her martyr'd signs:—

She says she drinks no other drink but tears,

Brew'd with her sorrow, mesh'd upon her cheeks:—

Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;

In thy dumb action will I be as perfect

As begging hermits in their holy prayers:

Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,

Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,

But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,

And, by still practice, learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments:

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

MARC. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,  
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

TIT. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[MARCUS strikes the dish with a knife.

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

MARC. At that that I have kill'd, my lord,—  
a fly.

TIT. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;

Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:

A deed of death, done on the innocent,

Becomes not Titus' brother: get thee gone;

I see thou art not for my company.

MARC. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

TIT. But? how if that fly had a father and mother?

How would he hang his slender gilded wings,

And buzz lamenting doings in the air!

Poor harmless fly!

That, with his pretty buzzing melody,

Came here to make us merry! and thou hast kill'd him.

MARC. Pardon me, sir; it was a black ill-favour'd fly.

Like to the empress' Moor: therefore I kill'd him.

TIT. O, O, O!

Then pardon me for reproaching thee,

For thou hast done a charitable deed.

Give me thy knife, I will insult on him,

Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor

Come hither purposely to poison me.—

There 's for thyself, and that 's for Tamora.—

Ah, sirrah!

Yet, I think we are not brought so low,

But that, between us, we can kill a fly,

That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor,

MARC. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,

He takes false shadows for true substances.

TIT. Come, take away.—Javinia, go with me:

I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee

Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—

Come, boy, and go with me: thy sight is young,

And thou shalt read when mine begins to dazzle.

[Exeunt.]

a — thy knife? b — are cloy'd—] "Thy" is from the second folio. So the second folio; the first omits "are."

(\*) First folio, begins





## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Rome. *Before Titus's House.*

*Enter TITUS and MARCUS: then enter YOUNG LUCIUS, running, with his books under his arm, and LAVINIA running after him.*

BOY. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia Follows me everywhere, I know not why:— Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!— Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

MARC. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thy aunt.

TIT. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

BOY. Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.

MARC. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

TIT. Fear her not, Lucius:—somewhat doth she mean:—

See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee: Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ay, boy, Cornelia never with more care Read to her sons than she hath read to thee, Sweet poetry and Tully's Orator.

MAR.<sup>a</sup> Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

BOY. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess, Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her: For I have heard my grandsire say full oft, Extremity of griefs would make men mad; And I have read that Hecuba of Troy Ran mad through sorrow: that made me to fear; Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did, And would not, but in fury, fright my youth: Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,— Causeless, perhaps.—But pardon me, sweet aunt: And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go, I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

MARC. Lucius, I will.

[LAVINIA turns over the books which LUCIUS has let fall.]

TIT. How now, Lavinia!—Marcus, what means this?

Some book there is that she desires to see.— Which is it, girl, of these?—Open them, boy. But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd: Come, and take choice of all my library, And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—

What book? <sup>b</sup>

Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

MARC. I think she means that there was more than one

Confederate in the fact;—ay, more there was; Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

TIT. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

BOY. Grandsire, 't is Ovid's Metamorphoses; My mother gave it me.

MARC. For love of her that's gone, Perhaps, she cull'd it from among the rest.

TIT. Soft! see how<sup>c</sup> busily she turns the leaves! Help her: what would she find?—Lavinia, shall I read?

This is the tragic tale of Philomel, And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape; And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

MARC. See, brother, see! note how she quotes<sup>d</sup> the leaves:

TIT. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl,

Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was?

Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?— See, see!—Ay, such a place there is where we did hunt,

(O, had we never, never hunted there!)

Pattern'd by that the poet here describes, By nature made for murders and for rapes.

MARC. O, why should nature build so foul a den,

Unless the gods delight in tragedies?

TIT. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but friends,—

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:

Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,

That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

MARC. Sit down, sweet niece;—brother, sit down by me.—

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,

Inspire me that I may this treason find!—

My lord, look here; look here, Lavinia.

This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,

This, after me, when<sup>e</sup> I have writ my name,

Without the help of any hand at all.

[He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with his feet and mouth.]

Curs'd be that heart that forc'd us to this shift!—

Write thou, good niece, and here display, at last,

What God will have discover'd for revenge.

Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain.

That we may know the traitors and the truth!

[She takes the staff in her mouth, and, guiding it with her stumps, writes.]

TIT. Oh, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?—

Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.

MARC. What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

TIT. *Magni Dominatoꝝ poli,*

*Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?*

MARC. Oh, calm thee, gentle lord; although I know

There is enough written upon this earth

To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,

And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.

My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;

And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;

And swear with me, as with the woful fere,<sup>f</sup>

And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,

Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—

That we will prosecute, by good advice,

Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,

And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

TIT. 'Tis sure enough, as you knew how;

But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware;

<sup>a</sup> MAR.] In the old editions, the prefix having been omitted, this reads as a part of the foregoing speech.

<sup>b</sup> What book? The words, "What book?" are not found in the quartos.

<sup>c</sup> Soft! see how busily—] So Rowe, the ancient copies reading.

<sup>d</sup> Soft, so busily, &c.

<sup>e</sup> — quotes—] *Scams, notes, observes.*

<sup>f</sup> — when—] An add<sup>n</sup> in the second folio.

<sup>g</sup> — fere.—] "Fere," *fere*, or *phere*, is a word of frequent occurrence in our old authors, and means *companion, husband or wife*.

The dam will wake, an if she wind\* you once :  
 She's with the lion deeply still in league,  
 And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,  
 And when he sleeps will she do what she list.  
 You are a young huntsman, Marcus ; let it alone ;  
 And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,  
 And with a gad of steel will write these words,  
 And lay it by : the angry northern wind  
 Will blow these sands like Sibyls' leaves abroad,  
 And where's your lesson then ?—Boy, what say  
 you ?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if were a man,  
 Their mother's bed chamber should not be safe,  
 For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

MAUC. Ay, that's my boy ! thy father hath  
 full oft

For his ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, ungle, so will I, an if I live.

TIT. Come, go with me into mine armoury ;  
 Lucius, I'll fit thee ; and withal, my boy  
 Shall carry from me to the empress' sons  
 Presents that I intend to send them both :  
 Come, come ; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou  
 not ?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms,  
 grandsire.

TIT. No, boy, not so ; I'll teach thee another  
 course.—

Lavinia, come.—Marcus, look to my house  
 Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court ;  
 Ay, marry, will we, sir : and we'll be waited on.  
 [Exeunt TITUS, LAVINIA, and Boy.]

MARC. O, heavens, can you hear a good man  
 groan,  
 And not relent, or not compassion him ?—  
 Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,  
 That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,  
 Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield ;  
 But yet so just, that he will not revenge :—  
 Revenge, ye\* heavens, for old Andronicus ! [Exit.]

## SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS from one  
 side ; from the other YOUNG LUCIUS and an  
 Attendant, with a bundle of weapons, and  
 verses written upon them.*

CHI. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius ;  
 He hath some message to deliver us.

(\*) Old text, *the*.

\* — *If she wind you once* :] *Scent* you. The ordinary printing of  
 this,—

"The dam will wake, and if she wind you once,  
 She's with the lion," &c.

appears to be destructive of the sense.

AARON. Ay, some mad message from his mad  
 grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,  
 I greet your honours from Andronicus ;—

[*Aside.*] And pray the Roman gods confound you  
 both !

DEMET. Gramercy, lovely Lucius : what's the  
 news ?

Boy. [*Aside.*] That you are both decipher'd,  
 that's the news,<sup>b</sup>

For villains mark'd with rape.—May it please  
 you,

My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me  
 The goodliest weapons of his armoury,  
 To gratify your honourable youth,  
 The hope of Rome ; for so he bade me say ;  
 And so I do, and with his gifts present  
 Your lordships, that,<sup>c</sup> whenever you have need,<sup>d</sup>  
 You may be armed and appointed well :  
 And so I leave you both :—[*Aside.*] like bloody  
 villains. [Exeunt Boy and Attendant.]

DEMET. What's here ? A scroll ; and written  
 round about ?—

Let's see :—

[*Reads.*] *Integer vitæ scelerisque purus,  
 Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.*

CHI. O, 't is a verse in Horace ; I know it well :  
 I read it in the grammar long ago.

AARON. Ay, just—a verse in Horace ;—right,  
 you have it.—

[*Aside.*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass !  
 Here's no sound jest !<sup>e</sup> the old man hath found  
 their guilt,

And sends them\* weapons wrapp'd about with lines,  
 That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.  
 But were our witty empress well a-foot.  
 She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.  
 But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—  
 And now, young lords, was 't not a happy star  
 Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,  
 Captives, to be advanced to this height ?  
 It did me good, before the palace gate,  
 To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

DEMET. But me more good, to see so great a  
 lord

Basely insinuate and send us gifts.

AARON. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius ?  
 Did you not use his daughter very friendly ?

DEMET. I would we had a thousand Roman  
 dames

At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

CHI. A charitable wish, and full of love.

(\*) First folio, *the*.

b — that's the news,—] This line and the prefix, "*Boy*," are  
 omitted in the folio 1623

c — that,—] In the old editions "that" is accidentally omitted.

d Here's no sound jest !] An ironical turn of expression, common  
 enough in old times.

AARON. Here lacks but your mother for to say Amen.

CHI. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

DEMET. Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods

For our beloved mother in her pains.

AARON. [*Aside.*] Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over. [*Trumpets sound.*]

DEMET. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

CHI. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

DEMET. Soft! who comes here?

*Enter a Nurse with a blackmoor Child in her arms.*

NURSE. Good morrow, lords; O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

AARON. Well, more or less,\* or ne'er a whit at all, Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

NURSE. O, gentle Aaron, we are all undone! Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

AARON. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!

What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

NURSE. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,—

Our empress's shame, and stately Rome's disgrace!—She is deliver'd, lords,—she is deliver'd.

AARON. To whom?

NURSE. I mean, she is brought a-bed.

AARON. Well, God give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

NURSE. A devil.

AARON. Why, then she is the devil's dam; a joyful issue.

NURSE. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad

Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.

The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,

And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

AARON. Zounds,<sup>b</sup> ye whore! is black so base a hue?

Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

DEMET. Villain, what hast thou done?

AARON. That which thou canst not undo.

CHI. Thou hast undone our mother.

AARON. Villain, I have done thy mother.<sup>c</sup>

DEMET. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!

Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

CHI. It shall not live.

AARON. It shall not die.

NURSE. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

AARON. What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I

Do execution on my flesh and blood.

DEMET. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:—

Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon despatch it.

AARON. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

[*Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws his sword.*]

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,

That shone so brightly when this boy was got,

He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point

That touches this my first-born son and heir!

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,

With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,

Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what! ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!

Ye white-lim'd\* walls! ye ale-house painted signs!

Coal-black is better than another hue,

In that it scorns to bear another hue:

For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,

Although she lave them hourly in the flood.

Tell the empress from me, I am of age

To keep mine own,—excuse it how she can.

DEMET. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

AARON. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself,—

The vigour and the picture of my youth:

This before all the world do I prefer;

This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,

Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

DEMET. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

CHI. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

NURSE. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

CHI. I blush to think upon this ignomy.<sup>†</sup>

AARON. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:

Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing The close enacts and counsels of the heart!

Here's a young lad fram'd of another leet:<sup>d</sup>

Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,

As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*

He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed

Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;

And from that womb where you imprison'd were,

He is enfranchised and come to light:

\* Well, more or less.—] See note (a), p. 423, Vol. I.

<sup>b</sup> Zounds.—] The folio 1623 has, "Out," &c.

<sup>c</sup> — thy mother.] This line is not found in the folio

(\*) Old text, white-lim'd.

(†) *mallo, ignominia.*

<sup>d</sup> — another leet:] Another complexion or hue.

Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,  
Although my seal be stamped in his face.

NURSE. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

DEMET. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,  
And we will all subscribe to thy advice:  
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

AARON. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.  
My son and I will have the wind of you:  
Keep there; now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit.*]

DEMET. How many women saw this child of his?

AARON. Why, so, brave lords! when we join in  
loague,

I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor,  
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,  
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—  
But say, again, how many saw the child?

NURSE. Cornelia the midwife and myself,  
And no one else but the deliver'd empress.

AARON. The empress, the midwife, and yourself:—

Two may keep counsel when the third's away:—  
Go to the empress, tell her this I said:—

[*He stabs her. She screams and dies.*]

Weke, weke!—so cries a pig prepared to the spit.

DEMET. What mean'st thou, Aaron? wherefore  
didst thou this?

AARON. O, lord, sir, 't is a deed of policy;  
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,—  
A long-tongued babbling gossip? No, lords, no:  
And now be it known to you my full intent.  
Not far, one Multeus,\* my countryman,  
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;  
His child is like to her, fair as you are:  
Go pack<sup>b</sup> with him, and give the mother gold,  
And tell them both the circumstance of all,  
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,  
And be received for the emperor's heir,  
And substituted in the place of mine,  
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;  
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.  
Hark ye, lords; ye see I have given her physio,

[*Pointing to the Nurse.*]

And you must needs bestow her funeral;  
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms;  
This done, see that you take no longer days,  
But send the midwife presently to me.  
The midwife and the nurse well made away,  
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

CHR. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air  
with secrets.

DEMET. For this care of Tamora,  
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHRION, bearing off the dead Nurse.*]

AARON. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow  
flies;

There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,  
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—  
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you  
hence;

For it is you that puts us to our shifts:  
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,  
And feed<sup>c</sup> on curds and whey, and suck the goat,  
And cabin in a cave, and bring you up  
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*]

### SCENE III.—*The same. A Public Place.*

*Enter TITUS, bearing arrows with letters on them,  
MARCUS, PUBLIUS, YOUNG LUCIUS, and other  
Gentlemen with bows.*

TIT. Come, Marcus, come:—kinsmen, this is  
the way.—

Sir boy, now<sup>d</sup> let me see your archery;  
Look ye draw home enough, and 't is there  
straight.— [Marcus,

*Terras Astra reliquit*; be you remember'd,  
She's gone, she's fled.—Sirs, take you to your  
tools.—

You, cousins, shall go sound the ocean,  
And cast your nets. Haply, you may catch<sup>e</sup> her  
in the sea:

Yet there's as little justice as at land:—  
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do 't;  
'T is you must dig with mattock and with spade,  
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth;  
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,  
I pray you, deliver him this petition;  
Tell him it is for justice and for aid,  
And that it comes from old Andronicus,  
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—  
Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable  
What time I threw the people's suffrages  
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—  
Go, get you gone, and pray be careful all,  
And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd;  
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her  
hence;

And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

MARC. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,  
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

(\*) First folio, *And.*

\* Not far, one Multeus, &c.] Rowe reads,—"Not far one Multeus lives," &c., and Mr. Stevens proposed,—"Not far one *Muley* lives," &c.; but, as Mr. Dyce remarks, "*Multeus* his wife" may be equivalent to "*Multeus*'s wife."

<sup>b</sup> Go pack with him.—] Go scheme, consplot, conspire with him.

<sup>c</sup> And feed.—] Hammer prints, "And feast," &c.

<sup>d</sup> Sir boy, now.—] "Now," omitted in all the earlier copies, was first added in the folio of 1632.



PUB. Therefore, my lords, it highly us concerns,  
By day and night to attend him carefully;  
And feed his humour kindly as we may,  
Till time beget some careful remedy.

MARC. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.  
Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war  
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,  
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

TIT. Publius, how now! how now, my masters!  
What, have you met with her?

PUB. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you  
word,

If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall:  
Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,  
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,  
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

TIT. He doth me wrong to feed me with  
delays.

I'll dive into the burning lake below,  
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—  
MARCUS, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,  
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size;  
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,  
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can  
bear:

And sith there's no justice in earth nor hell,  
We will solicit heaven, and move the gods  
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.—  
Come, to this gear.—You are a good archer,  
Marcus. [*He gives them the arrows.*]

*Ad Jovem*, that's for you;—here, *ad Apollinem*:—  
*Ad Martem*, that's for myself;—

Here, boy, to *Pallas*;—here, to *Mercury*:—

To *Saturn*,\* Caius, not to *Saturnine*; .

You were as good to shoot against the wind.—

To it, boy.—Marcus, loose when I bid.—

Of my word, I have written to effect; .

There's not a god left unsolicited.

MARC. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the  
court:

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

TIT. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O,  
well said,\* Lucius!

Good boy, in *Virgo's* lap! give it *Pallas*.

MARC. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;

Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

TIT. Ha, ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou  
done?

See, see! thou hast shot off one of *Taurus*'  
horns.

\* — well said,—] A common expression, as we have seen, to  
signify well done.

\* Old text, *To Saturnine, to Caius.*





MARC. This was the sport, my lord: when  
 Publius shot,  
 The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock,  
 That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court;  
 And who should find them but the empress' villain?  
 She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not  
 choose  
 But give them to his master for a present.  
 TIT. Why, there it goes: God give his lord-  
 ship joy!

*Enter the Clown, with a basket, and two pigeons  
 in it.*

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is  
 come.—  
 Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?  
 Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?  
 CLOWN. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says that  
 he hath taken them down again, for the man must  
 not be hanged till the next week.

(\*) First folio, *your*.

— what says Jupiter?

CLOWN. Ho! the gibbet-maker!

The humour of this, such as it is, consists in the Clown's

TIT. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?  
 CLOWN. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter:  
 I never drank with him in all my life.  
 TIT. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?  
 CLOWN. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.  
 TIT. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?  
 CLOWN. From heaven! alas, sir, I never came  
 there. God forbid I should be so bold to press to  
 heaven in my young days! Why, I am going  
 with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs,<sup>b</sup> to take up  
 a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the  
 imperial's men.

MARC. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to  
 serve for your oration; and let him deliver the  
 pigeons to the emperor from you.

TIT. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the  
 emperor with a grace?

CLOWN. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say  
 grace in all my life.

TIT. Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado,  
 But give your pigeons to the emperor:  
 By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.

mistaking "Jupiter," as hurriedly pronounced by Titus, for  
 Gibbet, and not, as Steevens supposed, for *Jew Peter*.  
<sup>b</sup> — tribunal plebs, —] A purposed corruption, probably, as  
 Hamper conjectured, for *tribune plebs*.

Hold, hold; meanwhile, here's money for thy charges.—

Give me pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

CLOWN. Ay, sir.

TIT. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

CLOWN. I warrant you, sir, let me alone.

TIT. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.—

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration, For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:— And when thou hast given it the emperor, Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

CLOWN. God be with you, sir; I will. [Exit.

TIT. Come, Marcus, let us go.—Publius, follow me. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE IV.—Before the Palace.

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, Lords, and others; SATURNINUS with the arrows in his hand that TITUS shot.

SAT. Why, lords, what wrongs are these! was ever seen

An emperor in Rome thus overborne, Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt? My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods, However these disturbers of our peace Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,

But even with law, against the wilful sons Of old Andronicus. And what an if His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,— Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,<sup>a</sup> His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness? And now he writes to heaven for his redress: See, here's, to *Jove*, and this, to *Mercury*, This, to *Apollo*; this, to the god of war:— Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome! What's this, but libelling against the senate,

<sup>a</sup> — as do—] These words are an addition by Rowe, the line in the old text reading imperfectly,—

“My lords, you know the mighty gods.”

<sup>b</sup> — His wrecks,—] Capell, and Mr. Collier's annotator, read, *wrecks*.

— I have touch'd thee to the quick, Thy life-blood out.]

*Touch'd* means *pricked*. I have *loosed* thy life-blood out; but as she refers, it would appear, to some plot between her paramour and her, against the life of Lucius, we ought, perhaps, to point the line thus:—

“Thy life-blood out, if Aaron now be wise.”

<sup>d</sup> — and a couple of pigeons here.] Mr. Collier's annotator presents this and the poor Clown's subsequent speech in rhyme as the following out:—

And blazoning our injustice everywhere?

A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?

As who would say, in Rome no justice were.

But if I live, his feigned ecstasies

Shall be no shelter to these outrages;

But he and his shall know that Justice lives

In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,

He'll so awake, as she in fury shall

Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

TAM. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,

Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,

Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,

The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,

Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his heart;

And rather comfort his distressed plight,

Than prosecute the meanest or the best

For these contempts.—[Aside.] Why thus it shall become

High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:

But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,

Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,

Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow! wouldst thou speak with us?

CLOWN. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be emperial.

TAM. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

CLOWN. 'T is he.—God and saint Stephen give you good den. I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here.<sup>d</sup>

[SATURNINUS reads the letter.

SAT. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

CLOWN. How much money must I have?

TAM. Come, sirrah, you must be hanged.

CLOWN. Hanged! by'r lady then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [Exit, guarded.

SAT. Despightful and intolerable wrongs!

Shall I endure this monstrous villany?

I know from whence this same device proceeds:

May this be borne,—as if his traitorous sons,

That died by law for murder of our brother,

Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully:—

(\*) Old copies, *As*.

“God and Saint Stephen

Give you good even

I have brought you a letter,

And a couple of pigeons for want of a better.”

“Hang'd! By'r lady then, friend,

I have brought my neck to a fair end.”

And this, which almost equals the memorable couplet, by the same authority, in “Henry VI” Part II. Act II. Sc. 3.—

“My staff! here nobis... my staff!

To think I have should keep it, makes me laugh.”—

Mr. Collier has the barbarity to impute to Shakespeare!

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair ;  
Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege :-  
For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughter-man ;  
Sly frantic wretch, that help'st to make me great,  
Thy hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

*Enter ÆMILIUS.*

What news with thee, Æmilius ?

ÆMIL. Arm, my lords,—Rome never had more cause !

The Goths have gather'd head, and with a power  
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,  
They hither march amain, under conduct  
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus ;  
Who threatens, in course of this revenge, to do  
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

SAT. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths ?  
These tidings nip me ; and I hang the head  
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with  
storms :

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach :  
"Tis he the common people love so much !  
Myself hath often heard them say,"  
(When I have walked like a private man)  
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,  
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their  
emperor. [strong?

TAM. Why should you fear ? is not your city

SAT. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius—  
And will revolt from me to succour him.

TAM. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy  
name.

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it ?

\* Myself hath often heard them say.—] A mutilated line,  
which Theobald rendered whole by printing,—“ Myself have  
often overheard,” &c., and Mr. Collier's annotator would perfect  
by reading,—“ Myself hath very often heard,” &c.

† — be our ambassador ;] The quartos have,—

“ Goe thou before so be our Embassadour,” &c.

The folio adds,—

The eagle suffers little birds to sing,

And is not careful what they mean thereby,  
Knowing that with the shadow of his wing\*

He can at pleasure stint their melody :  
Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.  
Then cheer thy spirit : for know, thou emperor,  
I will enchant the old Andronicus,  
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,  
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep ;  
Whenas the one is wounded with the bait,  
The other rotted with delicious feed.

SAT. But he will not entreat his son for us.

TAM. If Tamora entreat him, then he will ;  
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear  
With golden promises, that, were his heart  
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,  
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—  
Go thou before ; be our ambassador ;

[To ÆMILIUS.

Say that the emperor requests a parley  
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,  
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.”

SAT. Æmilius, do this message honourably :  
And if he stand on † hostage for his safety,  
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

ÆMIL. Your bidding shall I do effectually.

[Exit.

TAM. Now will I to that old Andronicus,  
And temper him with all the art I have,  
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.  
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,  
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

SAT. Then go successantly, and plead to ‡ him.

[Exeunt.

(\*) Old text, *wings*.

(†) Old text, *in*.

(‡) First folio, *for*.

“ Goe thou before so our Embassadour,” &c.

\* — the old Andronicus.] A line found only in the 4to. 1600.

‡ — successantly.—] Rowe prints, *successfully*, and Capell  
who is followed here by Mr. Collier's annotator, *incessantly*.





## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*Plains near Rome.*

*Flourish. Enter LUCIUS, and an Army of Goths, with drum and colours.*

LUC. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,  
I have received letters from great Rome,  
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,  
And how desirous of our sight they are.  
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,  
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;  
And wherein Rome hath done you any scath,  
Let him make treble satisfaction.

1 GOTH. Brave slip, sprung from the great  
Andronicus,  
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;  
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds,  
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,  
Be bold in us; we'll follow where thou lead'st,—  
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day, .

Led by their master to the flower'd fields,—  
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

•GOTHS. And, as he saith, so say we all with  
him.

LUC. I humbly thank him, and I thank you  
all.—  
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

*Enter a Goth, leading AARON with his Child in  
his arms.*

2 GOTH. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I  
stray'd,  
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;  
And, as I earnestly did fix mine eye  
Upon the wasted building, suddenly

•GOTHS.] The prefix being omitted in the earlier copies, this line forms part of the preceding speech there.



I heard a child cry underneath a wall.  
I made unto the noise ; when soon I heard  
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse :—  
*Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam !*  
*Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,*  
*Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,*  
*Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor :*  
*But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,*  
*They never do beget a coal-black calf.*  
*Peace, villain, peace !—even thus he rates the*  
*“babe,—*

*For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth,*  
*Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,*  
*Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.*  
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,  
Surpris'd him suddenly, and brought him hither,  
To use as you think needful of the man.

LUC. O, worthy Goth, this is the incarnate  
devil  
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand ;  
This is the pearl<sup>a</sup> that pleas'd your empress' eye !  
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—  
Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey  
This growing image of thy fiend-like face ?  
Why dost not speak ? what, deaf ? not a word ?—

A halter, soldiers ! hang him on this tree,  
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

AARON. Touch not the boy,—he is of royal  
blood.

LUC. Too like the sire for ever being good. —  
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl,—  
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.—  
Get me a ladder !<sup>b</sup>

[*A ladder brought, which AARON is made  
to ascend.*

AARON. Lucius, save the child,  
And bear it from me to the empress.  
If thou do this, I'll show thee wond'rous things,  
That highly may advantage thee to hear :  
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,  
I'll speak no more but—vengeance rot you all !

LUC. Say on ; and if it please me which thou  
speak'st,  
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourished.

AARON. And if it please thee ! why, assure  
thee, Lucius,

'T will vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak ;  
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,  
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,  
Complots of mischief, treason, villainies

<sup>a</sup> *This is the pearl—*] An allusion of the old proverb,—“A  
to ask man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye.”

<sup>b</sup> *Get me a ladder !*] These words are erroneously given to  
Aaron in the old copies.



Rathful to hear, yet piteously perform'd :  
And this shall all be buried by my death,  
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

LUC. Tell on thy mind ; I say thy child shall live.

AARON. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

LUC. Who should I swear by ? thou believ'st no god ;

That granted, how canst thou believe an oath ?

AARON. What if I do not ? as, indeed, I do not :  
Yet, for I know thou art religious,  
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,  
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,  
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,  
Therefore I urge thy oaths for that I know  
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,  
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,  
To that I'll urge him :—therefore thou shalt vow

By that same god, what god soe'er it be,  
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,—  
To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up :  
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

LUC. Even by my god I swear to thee I will.

AARON. First know, thou, I begot him on the empress.

LUC. O, most insatiate, luxurious woman !

AARON. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity

To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.

'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus ;  
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her.

And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

LUC. O, detestable villain ! call'st thou that trimming ?

AARON. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd ;

And 't was trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

LUC. O, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

AARON. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them:

That coddling spirit had they from their mother,  
As sure a card as ever won the set:

That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,  
As true a dog as ever fought at head.—

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.

I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,  
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:

I wrote the letter that thy father found,  
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,  
Confederate with the queen and her two sons:

And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,  
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?

I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;

And, when I had it, drow myself apart,  
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.

I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,  
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;

Behold his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,  
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:

And when I told the empress of this sport,  
She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,

And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

1 GOTH. What, canst thou say all this, and never blush?

AARON. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

LUC. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

AARON. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day,—and yet I think  
Few come within the compass of my curse,—

Wherein I did not some notorious ill:

As kill a man, or else devise his death;

Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;

Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;

Set deadly enmity between two friends;

Make poor men's cattle break their necks;\*

Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,

And bid the owners quench them with their tears.

Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,

And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,†

Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;

And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,

Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,  
*Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.*

That, I have done a thousand dreadful things

As willingly as one would kill a fly;

And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,

But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

LUC. Bring down the devil, for he must not die  
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

AARON. If there be devils, would I were a  
devil,

To live and burn in everlasting fire,

So I might have your company in hell,

But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

LUC. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak  
no more.

*Enter a Goth.*

3 GOTH. My lord, there is a messenger from  
Rome

Desires to be admitted to your presence.

LUC. Let him come near.

*Enter ÆMILIUS.*

Welcome, Æmilius: what's the news from Rome?

ÆMIL. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the  
Goths,

The Roman emperor greets you all by me;

And, for he understands you are in arms,

He craves a parley at your father's house,

Willing you to demand your hostages,

And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

1 GOTH. What says our general?

LUC. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges  
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,

And we will come.—March! away!

*[Flourish. Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—Rome. *Before Titus's House.*

*Enter TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON, disguised.*

TAM. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,  
I will encounter with Andronicus,

And say I am Revenge, sent from below

To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.

Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,

To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;

Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,

And work confusion on his enemies.

*[They knock. Enter TITUS above.]*

TIT. Who doth molest my contemplation?

Is it your trick to make me open the door,

That so my sad decrees may fly away,

(\*) First folio, *few*.

(†) Old text, *doors*.

\* Make poor men's cattle break their necks; Malone proposed to supply the omission in this line by adding,—and *die*: Mr. Dyce,

by reading,—"*they and break their necks*;" and Mr. Collier's annotator by,—"*oftimes break their necks*."

† *[Enter Titus above.]* The old copies have, "*They knock and Titus opens his study door*."

And all my study be to no effect?  
You are deceiv'd; for what I mean to do  
See here in bloody lines I have set down;  
And what is written shall be executed.

TAM. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.\*

TIT. No, not a word: how can I grace my talk,  
Wanting a hand to give it action?

Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.

• TAM. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk  
with me.

TIT. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:  
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crim-  
son lines;

Witness these trenches made by grief and care;

Witness the tiring day and heavy night;

Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well

For our proud empress, mighty Tamora.

Is not thy coming for my other hand?

TAM. Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora;  
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend.

I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom,

To cease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,

By working wreakful vengeance on thy\* foes.

Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;

Confer with me of murder and of death.

There's not a hollow cave or lurking place,

No vast obscurity or misty vale,

Where bloody Murder or detested Rape

Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;

And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,—

Revenge,—which makes the foul offenders quake.

TIT. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to  
me

To be a torment to mine enemies?

TAM. I am: therefore come down, and welcome  
me.

TIT. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.

Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stands!

Now give some surance that thou art Revenge,—

Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels;

And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,

And whirl along with thee about the globes;

Provide thee two proper patfryes,† black as jet,

To hale thy vongeful waggon swift away,

And find out murderers‡ in their guilty caves:§

And when thy car is loaden with their heads,

I will dismount, and by the waggon-wheel

Trot, like a servile footman, all day long,

Even from Hyperion's<sup>b</sup> rising in the east

Until his very downfall in the sea:

And day by day I'll do this heavy task,

So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

TAM. These are my ministers, and come with  
me.

TIT. Are they\* thy ministers? what are they  
call'd?

TAM. Rapine and Murder; therefore called so,  
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

TIT. Good lord, how like the empress' sons they  
are!

And you, the empress! but we worldly men

Have miserable, mad-mistaking eyes.

O, sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee;

And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,

I will embrace thee in it by and by. [*Exit above.*]

TAM. This closing with him fits his lunacy:

Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,

Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches;

For now he firmly takes me for Revenge,

And, being credulous in this mad thought,

I'll make him send for Lucius, his son;

And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,

I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,

To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,

Or, at the least, make them his enemies.—

See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

*Enter Titus.*

TIT. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:

Welcome, dread Fury, to my woeful house:—

Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too:—

How like the empress and her sons you are!

Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:—

Could not all hell afford you such a devil?—

For well I wot the empress never wags

But in her company there is a Moor;

And, would you represent our queen aright,

It were convenient you had such a devil:

But welcome, as you are. What shall we do? \*

TAM. What wouldst thou have us do, Andro-  
nicus?

DEMET. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with  
him.

CHR. Show me a villain that hath done a rape, \*  
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

TAM. Show me a thousand, that have done thee  
wrong,

And I will be revenged on them all.

TIT. Look round about the wicked streets of  
Rome,

And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,

Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.—

Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap —

To find another that is like to thee,

Good Rapine, stab him; he's a ravisher.—

Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court

(\*) First folio, *my*.

(†) Old text, *murder*.

(‡) First folio inserts, *as*.

(§) Old text, *caves*.

• Titus, I am come to talk with thee.] Query,—“I am here

<sup>b</sup> Hyperion's.—] So the second folio; the quarto read, “*Erebus*,” and the first folio has, “*Ep*.”

\* Are they thy ministers? A correction of the second folio; the previous copies having, “Are thou,” &c.



There is a queen attended by a Moor;  
Well mayst thou know her by thy own proportion,  
For up and down\* she doth resemble thee.  
I pray thee, do on them some violent death:  
They have been violent to me and mine.

TAM. Well hast thou lessop'd us; this shall we do.

But would it please thee, good Andronicus,  
To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valorant son,  
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,  
And bid him come and banquet at thy house;  
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,  
I will bring in the empress and her sons,  
The emperor himself, and all thy foes,  
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,  
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.  
What says Andronicus to this device?

TIT. Marcus! my brother! 'tis sad Titus calls.

*Enter MARCUS.*

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius,  
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths,  
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him  
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;  
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are.  
Tell him the emperor and the empress too,  
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.  
This do thou for my love; and so let him,  
As he regards his aged father's life.

MARC. This will I do, and soon return again.

[*Exit.*]

TAM. Now will I hence about thy business,  
And take my ministers along with me.

TIT. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,

Or else I'll call my brother back again,  
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

TAM. [*Aside to them.*] What say you, boys?  
Will you abide<sup>b</sup> with him,

Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,  
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?  
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,  
And tarry with him till I turn again.

TIT. [*Aside.*] I know them all, though they  
suppose me mad;

And will o'erreach them in their own devices.—  
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam.

DEMETR. Madam, depart at pleasure; leave us  
here.

TAM. Farewell, Andronicus; Revenge now goes  
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

TIT. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge,  
farewell. [*Exit TAMORA.*]

CHI. Tell us, old man, how shall we be em-  
ploy'd?

TIT. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—  
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

*Enter PUBLIUS and others.*

PUB. What is your will?

TIT. Know you these two?

PUB. The empress' sons,  
I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

TIT. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much  
deceiv'd,—

The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name;  
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius:—  
Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them.—  
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,  
And now I find it; therefore bind them sure,  
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.<sup>d</sup> [*Exit.*]

[PUBLIUS, &c., lay hold on CHIRON  
and DEMETRIUS.]

CHI. Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.

PUB. And therefore do we what we are com-  
manded.—

Stop close their mouths; let them not speak a  
word.

Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast.

*Re-enter TITUS, with LAVINIA, he bearing a knife  
and she a basin.*

TIT. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are  
bound.—

Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;  
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—

O, villains, Chiron and Demetrius!

Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with  
mud;

This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.

You kill'd her husband; and for that vile fault

Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,

My hand cut off, and made a merry jest,

Both her sweet hands, her tongue; and that more  
dear

Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,

Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.<sup>e</sup>

What would you say, if I should let you speak?

Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.

Hark, wretches! how I mean to martyr you.

\* — up and down—] That is, thoroughly, exactly, altogether;  
see note (b), p. 13, Vol. I.

<sup>b</sup> What say you, boys? will you abide with him.—] The early  
copies have, "will you abide with him," but the self-evident cor-  
rection, "abide," though attributed by Mr. Collier to his annotator

as a novelty, is found in most editions of the last century.

<sup>c</sup> I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.] The conjunction, omitted  
in the old copies, was first restored by Theobald.

<sup>d</sup> And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.] A line not  
printed in the folio, 1623.



This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;  
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,  
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,  
For testimony of her foul proceedings:  
And see the ambush of our friends be strong;  
I fear the emperor means no good to us.

AARON. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,  
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth  
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

LUC. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!—  
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.

[*Exit* Goths, with AARON. *Flourish without.*]

The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

*Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with ÆMILIUS, Tribunes, Senators, and others.*

SAT. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?

LUC. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

MARC. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle;

These quarrels must be quietly debated.  
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus  
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,  
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:  
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places. \*

SAT. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound. The company sit down at table.*]

*Enter TITUS, dressed like a cook, LAVINIA, with a veil over her face, YOUNG LUCIUS, and others. TITUS places the dishes on the table.*

TIT. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;

\* Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;  
And welcome, all! Although the cheer be poor,  
'T will fill your stomachs, please you eat of it.

SAT. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

TIT. Because I would be sure to have all well,  
To entertain your highness and your empress. \*

SAT. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

TIT. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.—

- My lord the emperor, resolve me this:

- Was it well done of rash Virginus  
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,  
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflow'r'd?

SAT. It was, Andronicus.

TIT. Your reason, mighty lord?

SAT. Because the girl should not survive her shame,

And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

TIT. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;

A pattern-precident, and lively warrant,

For me, most wretched, to perform the like:—

Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee:

[*He kills LAVINIA.*]

And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die!

SAT. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

TIT. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.

I am as woeful as Virginus was,

And have a thousand times more cause than he

To do this outrage;—and it is now done. \*

SAT. What, was she ravish'd? tell, who did the deed?

TIT. Will't please you eat?—will't please your highness feed?

TAM. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus? \*

TIT. Not I; 't was Chiron and Demetrius:

They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue;

And they, 't was they, that did her all this wrong.

SAT. Go fetch them hither to us presently.

TIT. Why, there they are, both baked in that pie,

Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,

Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'T is true, 't is true, witness my knife's sharp point!

[*Kills TAMORA.*]

SAT. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed!

[*Kills TITUS.*]

LUC. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?  
There's need for meed, death for a deadly deed!

[*Kills SATURNINUS. A great tumult. The People disperse in terror. LUCIUS, MARCUS, and their Partisans ascend the steps of Titus's House.*]

MARC. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,

By uproars sever'd, like a flight of fowl  
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,

O, let me teach you how to knit again

This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,

These broken limbs again into one body;

Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself; \*

And she whom mighty kingdoms court'ay to,

Like a forlorn and desperate eastaway,

Do shameful execution on herself.

But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,

\* — and it is now done.] A line not found in the folio.

\* — thine only daughter thus!] The reading of the 4to. 1600; later editions omitting, "she."

\* Lest Rome, &c.] This line, beginning, "Lest Rome," &c. in

the old copies, has the prefix, "Roman Lord," in the quarto, and in the folio, "Gods." Stevens observes that, as the speech proceeds in a uniform tenor, the whole probably belongs to Marcus, and to him in its entirety we assign it.

Grave witnesses of true experience,  
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—  
Speak, Rome's dear friend, [*To Lucius.*] as erst  
our ancestor,

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse  
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear  
The story of that baleful-burning night,  
When subtle Greeks surpris'd king Priam's Troy,—  
Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,  
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in  
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—  
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel,  
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,  
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,  
And break my very utterance, even in the time  
When it should move you to attend me most.  
Lending your kind\* commiseration,  
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale,  
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

LUC. Then,† noble auditory, be it known to you,  
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius  
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;  
And they it was that ravished our sister:  
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;  
Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd  
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out,  
And sent her enemies unto the grave.  
Lastly, myself, unkindly banished,  
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,  
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;  
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,  
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:  
And I am the\* turn'd-forth, be it known to you,  
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood,  
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,  
Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.  
Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I!  
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,  
That my report is just and full of truth.  
But, soft! methinks I do digress too much,  
Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me,  
For, when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

MARC. Now is my turn to speak: behold this child,—

[*Pointing to the Child in the arms of an Attendant.*]

Of this was Tamora delivered;  
The issue of an irreligious Moor,  
Chief architect and plotter of these woes.  
The villain is alive in Titus' house,  
Damn'd<sup>b</sup> as he is, to witness this is true.  
Now judge what cause<sup>‡</sup> had Titus to revenge

These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,  
Or more than any living man could bear.  
Now you have heard the truth, what say you,  
Romans?

Have we done aught amiss,—show us wherein,  
And, from the place where you behold us now,  
The poor remainder of Andronici  
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,  
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,  
And make a mutual closure of our house.  
Speak, Romans, speak! and if you say we shall,  
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall!

ÆMIL. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,

And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,  
Lucius our emperor; for well I know  
The common voice do cry, *It shall be so!*

ROMANS. Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor!<sup>1</sup>

MARC. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house,  
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,  
To be adjudg'd some direful-slaughtering death,  
As punishment for his most wicked life.

[*To Attendants, who go into the house.*]

ROMANS. Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!

LUC. Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern so,  
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!  
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,  
For nature puts me to a heavy task;  
Stand all aloof;—but, uncle, draw you near,  
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.—  
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale-cold lips,

[*Kisses Titus.*]

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd<sup>2</sup> face,  
The last true duties of thy noble son!

MARC. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,  
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:  
O, were the sum of these that I should pay,  
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

LUC. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn  
of us

To melt in showers. Thy grandsire lov'd thee well:<sup>3</sup>  
Many a time he'danc'd thee on his knee,  
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;  
Many a matter hath he told to thee,  
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;  
In that respect, then, like a loving child,  
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring;  
Because kind nature doth require it so:  
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:  
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;  
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

(\*) First folio inserts, *and*. (†) First folio, *this*.

(‡) Old text, *cause*.

<sup>1</sup> And I am the turn'd-forth, &c.] So the quarto; the folio has,—

"And I am turned forth," &c.

<sup>2</sup> Damn'd as he is, &c.] Theobald's emendation; the old text having, "And as he is."

(\*) Old text, *blood-stains*.

<sup>1</sup> ROMANS. Lucius! I hail, Rome's royal emperor!] This and the subsequent line,

"Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!"

are in the old copies ascribed to Marcus; but surely in error.

Boy. O, grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart  
Would I were dead, so you did live again!—  
O, lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping!  
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

*Re-enter Attendants, with AARON.*

1 ROMAN. You sad Andronici, have done with woes:  
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,  
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

LUC. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;  
There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food:  
If any one relieves or pities him,  
For the offence he dies. This is our doom.  
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

AARON. O, why should wrath be mute, and  
fury dumb?

\* No mournful bell—] Query, 'No solemn bell,' &c.?

I am no baby, I, that with base prayers  
I should repent the evils I have done:  
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did  
Would I perform, if I might have my will:  
If one good deed in all my life I did,  
I do repent it from my very soul.

LUC. Some loving friends convey the emperor  
hence,

And give him burial in his father's grave.  
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith  
Be closed in our household's monument:  
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,  
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,  
No mournful \* bell shall ring her burial;  
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey:  
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity,  
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.  
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,  
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:  
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,  
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. (1) [*Exeunt.*



# ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

## ACT II.

### (1) SCENE III.—

*Be unto us as a nurse's song  
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.]*

Douce, in his "Illustrations of Shakspeare," has an interesting note on the burden *lullaby*.

"It would be a hopeless task to trace the origin of the northern verb to *lull*, which means to *sing gently*; but it is evidently connected with the Greek *λαλέω*, *laqueo*, or *λάλη*, the sound made by the beach at sea. Thus much is certain, that the Roman nurses used the word *lalla* to quiet their children, and that they feigned a deity called *Lallus*, whom they invoked on that occasion; the *lullaby* or tune itself was called by the same name. As *lallare* meant to *sing lalla*, to *lull* might in like manner denote the singing of the nurse's lullaby to induce the child to sleep. Thus in an ancient carol composed in the fifteenth century, and preserved among the Sloane MSS. No. 2593 :

"The song a slepe wth her *lullabye*  
heie dere sone our sayvours."

"In another old ballad, printed by Mr. Ritson in his *Ancient Songs*, p. 198, the burden is 'lully, lully, lullaby, lullyhy, sweete baby,' &c.; from which it seems probable that *lullaby* is only a comparatively modern contraction of *lully baby*, the first word being the legitimate offspring of the Roman *lalla*. In another of these pieces, still more ancient, and printed in the same collection, we have 'lullay, lullow, lully, *benny*, lulla baw baw.'

"The Welsh appear to have been famous for their lullaby songs. Jones, in his *Arte and science of preserving bodie and soule*, 1579, 4to., says:—'The best nurses, but especially the trim and skillful Welch women, doe use to sing some preaty sonets, wherwith their copious tong is plentifully stoored of divers pretie tunes and pleasaunt ditties, that the children disquieted might be brought to reate: but translated never so well, they want their grace in English, for lacke of proper words: so that I will omit them, as I wishe they would theyr lascivious *Dymes*, wanton *Lullers*, and amorous *Englins*.'

"Mr. White, in reviewing his opinion of the etymology of *good-by*, will perhaps incline to think it a contraction, when properly writtten *good b'ye*, of *God be with you*, and not 'may your house prosper!'

"To add to the stock of our old lullaby songs, two are here subjoined. The first is from a pageant of *The slaughter of the innocents*, acted at Coventry in the reign of Henry the Eighth, by the taylor and shearers of that city, and most obligingly communicated by Mr. Sharpe. The other is from the curious volume of songs mentioned before in p. 262. Both exhibit the simplicity of ancient manners:—

"Lully, lulla, thou littell tyme childe,  
By by lully lullay,  
Lully lullay thou littell tyme child,  
By by lully lullay.

'O sisters too, how may we do,  
For to preserve this day  
This pore, onyng, for whom we do sing  
By by lully lullay.

'Herod the king, in his raging,  
Chargid he hath this day;  
His men of might, in his owne sight,  
All yonge children to slay.

"That wo is me, pore child for thee,  
And ever morne and say;  
For thi parting, nether say nor sing,  
By by lully lullay.'

"By by lullaby  
Rockyd I my chyld  
In a dre late as I lay  
Me thought I hard a mavedyn say  
And spak thes wordys mylde,  
My lyll sone with the I play  
And ever she song by lullay  
Thus rockyd she hyr chyld  
By by lullabi,  
Rockid I my child by by.  
Then merveld I ryght sore of thys  
A mayde to have a chyld I wys,  
By by lullay.  
Thus rockyd she her chyld  
By by lullaby, rockyd I my chyld."

(2) SCENE IV.—*A precious ring, that lightens all the hole* ] The gem supposed to possess a property of emitting native light was called a *carbuncle*, and is frequently mentioned in early books; thus, in "The Gestis Romanorum," b. vi :—"He further beheld and saw a *carbuncle* in the hall that lighted all the house." So also in Lydgate's "Description of King Prims's Palace," l. ii. :—

"And for most chiefe all derkeness to confound,  
A *carbuncle* was set as kynne of stones all,  
To recomferte and gladden all the hall.  
And to enlumine in the blacke night  
With the freshe of his ruddy light."

And so Drayton, in "The Muses' Elysium":—

"Is that admir'd mighty stone,  
The *carbuncle* that's named,  
Which from it such a flaming light  
And radiance eyereth,  
That in the very darkest night  
The eye to it directeth."

But the best illustration of the passage we have met with occurs in a letter from Boyle, containing "Observations on a Diamond that shines in the dark :—" "Though Vortmannus was not an eye-witness of what he relates, that the King of Pegu had a true Carbuncle of thit bigness and splendour, that it shined very gloriously in the dark; and though Garcias ab Horta, the Indian Vice-Roy's physician, speaks of another carbuncle only on the report of one that he discoursed with; yet as we are not sure that these men that gave themselves out to be eye-witnesses, speak true, yet they may have done so for aught we know to the contrary. . . . I must not omit that some virtual questioning me the other day at Whitehall, and meeting amongst them an ingenious Dutch gentleman whose father was long ambassador for the Netherlands in England, I learned of him that he is acquainted with a person who was admiral of the Dutch in the East Indies, and who assured this gentleman Monsieur Boreel, that ~~when he returned~~ from thence, he brought back with him into Holland a stone which though it looked but like a pale dull diamond, yet it was a real carbuncle; and did without rubbing shine so much, that when the admiral had occasion to open a chest which he kept under deck in a dark place where it was forbidden to bring candles for fear of mischance, as soon as he opened the trunk, the stone would by its native light shine so as to illustrate a great part of it."—*Boyle's Works*, Vol. II. p. 2.

ACT V.

(1) SCENE III.—

*Then, afterwards, to order well the state,  
That like events may ne'er its ruinsate.]*

The following is the ballad registered by Danton when he entered the "History of Titus Andronicus" on the Stationers' Rolls. It is extracted from Percy's "Reliques of Antient Poetry," Vol. I. :—

"TITUS ANDRONICUS'S COMPLAINT.

"You noble minds and famous martiall wights,  
That in defence of native country fights,  
Give ear to me, that ten yeeres fought for Rome,  
Yet reapst disgrace at my returning home.

"In Rome I lived in fame full threescore yeeres,  
My name beloved was of all my peeres;  
Full five and twenty vallant sonnes I had,  
Whose forward vertues made their father glad.

"For when Rome's foes their warlike forces bent,  
Against them stille my sonnes and I were sent;  
Against the Goths full ten yeeres weary warre  
We spent, receiving many a bloody scarre.

"Just two and twenty of my sonnes were slaine  
Before we did returne to Rome againe:  
Of five and twenty sonnes, I brought but three  
Alive the stately towers of Rome to see.

"When wars were done I conquest home did bring,  
And did present my prisoners to the King.  
The Queene of Goths, her son, and oke a Moore,  
Which did such murders, like was nere before.

"The emperour did make this queene his wife,  
Which bred in Rome debate and deadly strife;  
The Moore, with her two sonnes did growe so proud,  
That none like them in Rome might be allowed.

"The Moore soe pleased this new-made empress' eie,  
That she consented to him secretlye  
For to abuse her husbands marriage bed,  
And soe in time a blackamore she bred.

"Then she, whose thoughts to murder were inclined,  
Consented with the Moore of bloody minde  
Against myself, my kin, and all my friends,  
In cruell sort to bring them to their endes.

"Soe when in age I thought to live in peace,  
Both care and griefe began then to increase:  
Amongst my sonnes I had one daughter bright,  
Which joy'd, and pleased best my aged sight:

"My deare Lavinia was betrothed than  
To Cæsar's sonne, a young and noble man:  
Who in a hunting by the emperours wife  
And her two sonnes, bereaved was of life.

"He being slaine was cast in cruel wise  
Into a darksome den from light of skies:  
The cruell Moore did come that way as then  
With my three sonnes, who fell into the den.

"The Moore then fetcht the emperour with speed,  
For to accuse them of that murderous deed;  
And when my sonnes within the den were found,  
In wrongfull prison they were cast and bound.

"But now, behold! what wounded most my mind,  
The empresses two sonnes of savage kind  
My daughter ravished without remorse,  
And took away her honour, quite perforce.

"When they had tasted of so sweet a flawre,  
Fearing this sweete should shortly turne to soure,  
They cutt her tongue, whereby she could not tell  
How that dishonour unto her befell.

"Then both her hands they basely cutt off quite,  
Whereby their wickednesse she could not write;  
Nor with her needle on her sampler sowe  
The bloudye workers of her dirfull woe.

"My brother Marcus found her in the wood,  
Staining the grasse ground with purple blood,  
That trickled from her stumpe, and bloudie armes;  
Noe tongue at all she had to tell her harmes.

"But when I sawe her in that woefull case,  
With teares of blood I wet mine aged face;  
For my Lavinia I lamented more,  
Than for my two and twenty sonnes before.

"When as I sawe she could not write nor speake,  
With griefe mine aged heart began to breake;  
We spread an heape of sand upon the ground,  
Whereby those bloudy tyrants out we found.

"For with a staffe without the help of hand  
She writt these wordes upon the plat of sand.  
'The lustfull sonnes of the proud emperesse  
Are doers of this hateful wickednesse.'

"I tore the milk-white haire from off mine head,  
I curst the houre, wherein I first was bred,  
I wisht this hand, that fought for countrie's fame,  
In cradle rockt, had first been stroken lame.

"The Moore delighting still in villainy,  
Did say, to sett my sonnes from prison free  
I should unto the king my right hand give,  
And then my three imprisoned sonnes should live.

"The Moore I caused to strike it off with speede,  
Whereat I grieved not to see it bleed,  
But for my sonnes would willingly impart,  
And for their ransom send my bleeding heart.

"But as my life did linger thus in paine,  
They sent to me my bootlesse hand againe,  
And therewithal the heades of my three sonnes,  
Which filld my dying heart with fresher moanes.

"Then past reliefe I upp and downe did goe,  
And with my teares writ in the dust my woe:  
I shot my arrowes towards heaven his,  
And for revenge to hell did often crye.

"The empress then, thinking that I was mad,  
Like furies she and both her sonnes were clad,  
(She nam'd Revenge, and Rape and Murder they)  
To undermine and heare what I would say.

"I fed their foolish vaines a certaine space,  
Untill my friends did find a secret place,  
Where both her sonnes unto a post were bound,  
And just revenge in cruell sort was found.

"I cutt their throates, my daughter held the pen  
Betwixt her stumpe, wherein the blood it ran:  
And then I ground their bones to powder small,  
And made a paste for pyes straight therewithall.

"Then with their fleshe I made two mighty pyes,  
And at a banquet servd in stately wise:  
Before the emperesse sat this loathsome meat;  
So of her sonnes own flesh she well did eat.

"Myself, bereav'd my daughter then of life,  
The empress then I slew with bloudy knife.  
And stabbd the emperour immediatlie  
And then myself: even soe did Titus die.

"Then this revenge against the Moor was found,  
Alive they sett him halfe into the ground,  
Whereas he stood untill such time he starv'd,  
And soe God send all murderers may be serv'd."

## CRITICAL OPINIONS ON TITUS ANDRONICUS.

"ALL the editors and critics agree with Mr. Theobald in supposing this play spurious. I see no reason for differing from them; for the colour of the style is wholly different from that of the other plays, and there is an attempt at regular versification, and artificial closes, not always inelegant, yet seldom pleasing. The barbarity of the spectacles, and the general massacre, which are here exhibited, can scarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience; yet we are told by Jonson, that they were not only borne, but praised. That Shakespeare wrote any part, though Theobald declares it incontestable, I see no reason for believing.

"The testimony produced at the beginning of this play, by which it is ascribed to Shakespeare, is by no means equal to the argument against its authenticity, arising from the total difference of conduct, language, and sentiments, by which it stands apart from all the rest. Meres had probably no other evidence than that of a title-page, which, though in our time it be sufficient, was then of no great authority; for all the plays which were rejected by the first collectors of Shakespeare's works, and admitted in later editions, and again rejected by the critical editors, had Shakespeare's name on the title, as we must suppose, by the fraudulence of the printers, who, while there were yet no gazettes, nor advertisements, nor any means of circulating literary intelligence, could usurp at pleasure any celebrated name. Nor had Shakespeare any interest in detecting the imposture, as none of his fame or profit was produced by the press.

"The chronology of this play does not prove it not to be Shakespeare's. If it had been written twenty-five years in 1614, it might have been written when Shakespeare was twenty-five years old. When he left Warwickshire, I know not; but at the age of twenty-five it was rather too late to ~~fix for deer-stealing~~.

"Ravenscroft, who in the reign of Charles II. revised this play, and restored it to the stage, tells us in his preface, from a theatrical tradition, I suppose, which in his time might be of sufficient authority, that this play was touched in different parts by Shakespeare, but written by some other poet. I do not find Shakespeare's touches very discernible."—JOHNSON.



## CRITICAL OPINIONS.

"In the course of the notes on this performance, I have pointed out a passage or two which, in my opinion, sufficiently prove it to have been the work of one who was acquainted both with Greek and Roman literature. It is likewise deficient in such internal marks as distinguish the tragedies of Shakspeare from those of other writers; I mean, that it presents no struggles to introduce the vein of humour so constantly interwoven with the business of his serious dramas. It can neither boast of his striking excellencies, nor his acknowledged defects; for it offers not a single interesting situation, a natural character, or a string of quibbles from first to last. That Shakspeare should have written without commanding our attention, moving our passions, or sporting with words, appears to me as improbable, as that he should have studiously avoided dissyllable and trisyllable terminations in this play, and in no other.

"Let it likewise be remembered that this piece was not published with the name of Shakspeare till after his death. The quarto in 1611 is anonymous.

"Could the use of particular terms employed in no other of his pieces be admitted as an argument that he was not its author, more than one of these might be found; among which is *palliamēt* for *robe*, a Latinism which I have not met with elsewhere in any English writer, whether ancient or modern; though it must have originated from the mint of a scholar. I may add, that 'Titus Andronicus' will be found on examination to contain a greater number of classical allusions, &c. than are scattered over all the rest of the performances on which the seal of Shakspeare is indubitably fixed—Not to write any more *about and about* this suspected *thing*, let me observe that the glitter of a few passages in it has perhaps misled the judgment of those who ought to have known, that both sentiment and description are more easily produced than the interesting fabrick of a tragedy. Without these advantages many plays have succeeded; and many have failed, in which they have been dealt about with the most lavish profusion. It does not follow, that he who can carve a frieze with minuteness, elegance, and ease, has a conception equal to the extent, propriety, and grandeur of a temple."—STEVENS.





# O T H E L L O.

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In the Registers of the Stationers, under the date, October 6th, 1621, is the following memorandum:—

“Tho. Walkely] Entered for his, to wit, under the handes of Sir George Buck and of the  
Wardens: The Tragedie of Othello, the Moore of Venice.”

This entry was made by Walkley, preparatory to the publication of his quarto edition of the play which appeared some time in the next year, and was entitled:—“The Tragedy of Othello, The Moore of Venice. As it hath bene diverse times acted at the Globe, and at the Black-Friers, by his Maiesties Servants. Written by William Shakespeare. London, Printed by N. O. for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his shop at the Eagle and Child, in Brittans Burse, 1622.” The next quarto copy appeared in 1630, seven years after the publication of the first folio: the title-page varies from that of the quarto of 1622 only in the imprint which reads:—“by A. M. for Richard Hawkins,” &c.

Upon the supposition that a passage in Act III. Sc. 4,—

“—— the hearts of old gave hands;  
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts,”—

was a satirical allusion to the creation of the new order of Baronets by James I. in 1611, Malone at first assigned the composition of “Othello” to that year; he subsequently attributed it to 1604, because, as he remarks, “we know it to have been acted in that year;” but he has given no evidence in support of his assertion. Modern research, however, has supplied this evidence. In the “Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court,” edited by Mr. P. Cunningham for the Shakespeare Society, there is an entry, beginning November 1st, 1604, and terminating October 31st, 1605, from which it appears that the King’s Players performed the play of *The Moor of Venis* at the Banqueting-house at Whitehall on the 1st of November (*Hallamas Day*), 1604. Mr. Collier, indeed, cites an extract from “Egerton Papers,” to show that “Othello” was acted for the entertainment of Queen Eliz at the residence of Lord Ellesmere (then Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal), at Harefield, on the 6th of August, 1602; but the suspicion long entertained that the Shakespearian documents in that collection are modern fabrications having now deepened almost into certainty, the extract in question is of no historical value. The earliest authentic record of the performance of “Othello,” then, is that in the *Accounts of the Revels*. Six years later, we

# OTHELLO.

know from an interesting diary first pointed out by Sir Frederic Madden (see Note (4), p. 689, Vol. I.), that the play was acted at the Globe on the 30th of April, 1610. And upon the authority of Vertue's MS. we find that it retained its popularity in 1613, early in which year it was acted at the Court.

The story upon which this tragedy is founded is a novel in Cinthio's *Hecatommiti*, *Parte Prima, Deca Terza, Novella 7*, bearing the following explanatory title:—" *Un capitano Moro piglia per mogliera una cittadina Venetiana: un suo alferi l'accusa di adulterio al marito; cerca che l'alferi uccida colui ch'egli credea l'adultero: il capitano uccide la moglie, è accusato dall' alferi, non confessa il Moro, ma essendovi chiari inditii è bandito; e lo scelerato alferi, credendo nuocere ad altri, procaccia a se la morte miseramente.*" There is a French translation of Cinthio's novels by Gabriel Chappuys, Paris, 1584; but no English one of a date as early as the age of Shakespeare has come down to us.

"The time of this play may be ascertained from the following circumstances. Selymus the Second formed his design against Cyprus in 1569, and took it in 1571. This was the only attempt the Turks ever made upon that island after it came into the hands of the Venetians, (which was in the year 1473,) wherefore the time must fall in with some part of that interval. We learn from the play that there was a junction of the Turkish fleet at Rhodes, in order for the invasion of Cyprus, that it first came sailing towards Cyprus, then went to Rhodes, there met another squadron, and then resumed its way to Cyprus. These are real historical facts, which happened when Mustapha Selymus's general attacked Cyprus in May, 1570, which therefore is the true period of this performance. See Knolles's *History of the Turks*, p. 838, 846, 867."—REED.

DUKE of VENICE.

BRABANTIO, a Senator.

Other Senators.

GRATIANO, Brother to Brabantio.

LUDOVICO, Kinsman to Brabantio.

OTHELLO, a noble Moor in the service of the Venetian State.

CASSIO, his Lieutenant.

IAGO, his Ancient.

RODERIGO, a Venetian Gentleman.

MONTANO, Othello's Predecessor in the Government of Cyprus.

Clown, Servant to Othello

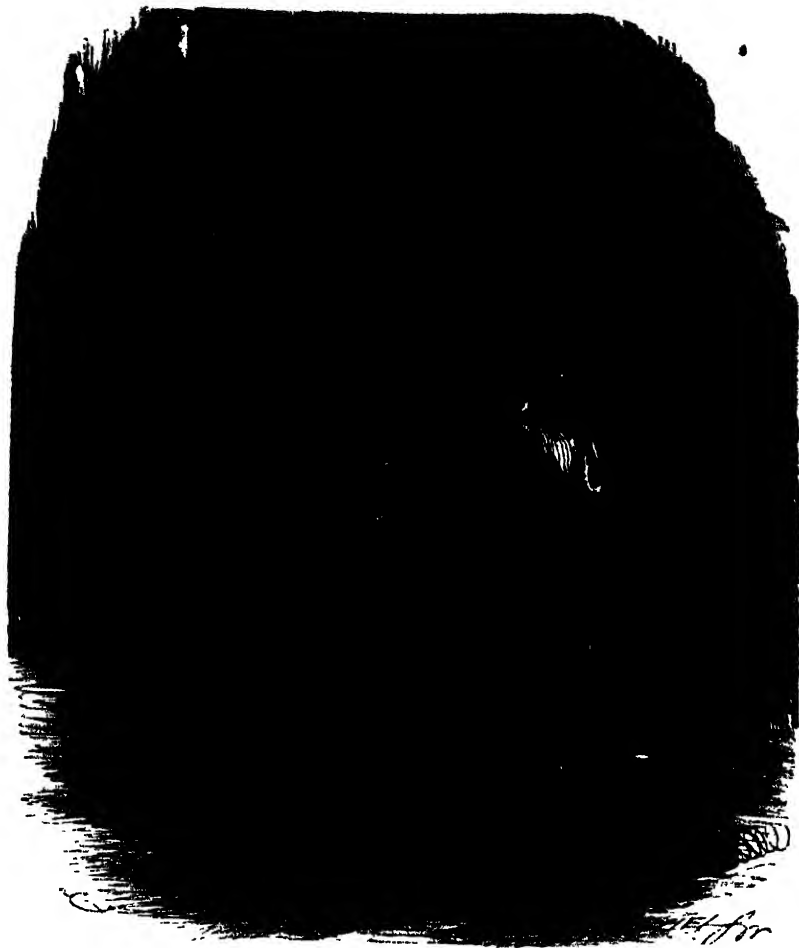
DESDEMONA, Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello.

EMILIA, Wife to Iago.

BIANCA, Mistress to Cassio.

Sailor, Messengers, Herald, Officers, Gentlemen, Musicians, and Attendants.

SCENE,—The first Act in VENICE; during the rest of the play, at a Sea-port in CYPRUS.



## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.*

ROD. Tush!\* never tell me; I take it much  
unkindly  
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse  
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of  
this,—

IAGO. 'S blood,† but you 'll not hear me;—  
If ever I did dream of such a matter,  
Abhor me.

ROD. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in  
thy hate.

IAGO. Despise me, if I do not. Three great  
ones of the city,  
In\*personal suit to make me his lieutenant,  
Off-capp'd\* to him;—and, by the faith of man,  
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:—  
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,  
Evades them with a bombast circumstance,  
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war,  
And, in conclusion,  
Nonsuits my mediators; for, *Certes*, says he, "  
*I have already chose my officer.*  
And what was he?

(\*) First folio omits, *Tush.* (†) First folio omits, *'S blood.*

\* And, in conclusion,—] This hemistich is not found in the  
folio 1622.

(\*) The quarto, *O/S capt.*

Forsooth, a great<sup>1</sup> arithmetician,  
 One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,\*  
 A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;<sup>2</sup>  
 That never set a squadron in the field,  
 Nor the division of a battle<sup>3</sup> knows  
 More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoric,  
 Wherein the tongued<sup>4</sup> consults can propose  
 As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,  
 In all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election:  
 And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof  
 At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds  
 Christian<sup>5</sup> and heathen,—must be be-lee'd<sup>6</sup> and  
 calm'd

By debtor-and-creditor:<sup>7</sup> this counter-caster,  
 He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,  
 And I, (God† bless the mark!) his Moorship's  
 ancient!

ROD. By heaven, I rather would have been his  
 hangman.

IAGO. Why, there's no remedy; 't is the curse  
 of service,

Preferment goes by lotter and affection,  
 And not by old gradation, where each second  
 Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge  
 yourself,

Whether I in any just term am affin'd<sup>8</sup>  
 To love the Moor.

ROD. I would not follow him, then.

IAGO. O, sir, content you;

I follow him to serve my turn upon him:  
 We cannot all be masters, nor all masters  
 Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark  
 Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,<sup>9</sup>  
 That, doting on his own obsequious<sup>10</sup> bondage,

Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,  
 For nought but provender; and, when he's old,  
 cashier'd:

Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are,  
 Who, trimm'd in forms and visages<sup>11</sup> of duty,  
 Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;  
 And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,  
 Do well thrive by them, and, when they have  
 lin'd their coats, [sout;

Do themselves homage: these fellows have some  
 And such a one do I profess myself. For, sir,

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,  
 Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:

In following him, I follow but myself;  
 Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,

But seeming so, for my peculiar end:  
 For when my outward action doth demonstrate

The native act and figure of my heart  
 In compliment extern, 't is not long after

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve  
 For daws to peck at. I am not what I am.

ROD. What a full<sup>12</sup> fortune does the thicklip<sup>13</sup>  
 owe,

If he can carry 't thus!

IAGO. Call up her father,  
 Rouse him:—make after him, poison his delight,  
 Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,  
 And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,  
 Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,  
 Yet throw such chances<sup>14</sup> of vexation on 't,  
 As it may lose some colour.

ROD. Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.

IAGO. Do; with like timorous accent, and  
 dire yell

(\*) First folio, *Christen'd*.

(†) First folio omits, *God*.

\* — a Florentine.—] Are we quite assured Iago means by this expression merely that Cassio was a native of Florence? The system of book-keeping called *Italian Book keeping* came, as is well known, originally from Florence, and he may not improbably use "Florentine," as he employs "arithmetician," "debtor-and-creditor," and "counter-caster," in a derogatory sense to denote the mercantile origin and training which he chooses to attribute to his rival.

<sup>1</sup> A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife.—] This line has perplexed the commentators not a little. Tyrwhitt's conjecture that "wife" was a misprint of *life*, and that the allusion is to the judgment denounced in the Gospel against those of whom *all men speak well*, was in high favour at one time, but has long been disregarded; the impression now is that Iago refers to a reproach, which he subsequently speaks of, that Cassio was on the point of marrying the courtesan Bianca. To this it is objected, and the objection seems unanswerable, that there is no reason for supposing Cassio had ever seen Bianca until they met in Cyprus. We doubt, indeed, the possibility of eliciting a satisfactory meaning from the line as it stands, and, in despair of doing so, have sometimes thought the poet must have written,—

"A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife."

That is, *in a fair wife*, a fellow by habit of reckoning debased almost into a market-woman. In old was commonly used for *into*; we even still employ it, as in the expression to *fall in love*. Compare, too, "Troilus and Cressida," Act III. Sc. 2,—

"Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock,—a stride and a stand, ruminates, like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning."

<sup>2</sup> — of a battle.—] Of an army. So in "Henry V." (Chorus) Act IV.—

"Each battle sees the other's unnumber'd face"

And in Richard III., Act V. Sc. 3,—

— we will follow  
 In the; *an battle*.

<sup>3</sup> — the tongued consults.—] So the folio and the quarto 1630, the quarto of 1622 has, "tonged." The former, as Boswell observes, agrees better with the words "mere prattle," &c.; but "tonged" may have sprung from the common adage, *Cedant arma togæ*, and is equally appropriate.

<sup>4</sup> — must be be-lee'd.—] The quarto 1622 has, "must be led," &c.; this and the imperfect measure of the line in other copies might lead us to suspect the author wrote, "must be lee'd and calm'd," &c.

<sup>5</sup> — debtor-and-creditor:—] The title of certain old treatises upon commercial book-keeping. So in "Cymbeline," Act V. Sc. 4,— "You have no true debtor-and-creditor but it."

<sup>6</sup> — in any just term am affin'd.—] By any moral obligation am bound, &c.

<sup>7</sup> — knave.—] "Knave" carries no opprobrious meaning here: it is simply servitor.

<sup>8</sup> — obsequious bondage.—] That is, obedient, submissive, thrall-dom.

<sup>9</sup> Who, trimm'd in forms and viasages of duty.—] With, dress'd in shapes and masks of duty, &c. Mr. Collier proposes to read,—

"— in forms and usages of duty."

which the expression "trimm'd" negatives at once.

<sup>12</sup> What a full fortune.—] The folio has "fall" for "full," a reading Mr. Knight prefers, although in "Cymbeline," Act V. Sc. 4, we find,—

"Our pleasure his full fortune doth confesse;"

In "Antony and Cleopatra," Act IV. Sc. 13,— "full fortune'd Cæsar;" and in D'Avenant's "Law against Lovers," Act III. Sc. 1,— "She has a full fortune."

<sup>14</sup> — chances of vexation.—] Crosses, or casualties; the quartos read, "changes."



As when (by night and negligence) the fire  
Is spied\* in populous cities.

ROD. What, ho! Brabantio! Signior Brabantio, ho! [thieves!]

IAGO. Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves!  
Look to your house, your daughter, and your  
bags!  
Thieves! thieves!

BRABANTIO *appears above, at a window.*

BRA. What is the reason of this terrible  
summons?

What is the matter there?

ROD. Signior, is all your family within?

IAGO. Are your doors lock'd?

BRA. Why, wherefore ask you this?

IAGO. Zounds,\* sir, you're robb'd; for shame,  
put on your gown;

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your  
soul;

Even now, now, very now, an old black ram

Is tapping your white ewe. Arise, arise!  
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,  
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.  
Arise! I say.

BRA. What, have you lost your wits?

ROD. Most reverend signior, do you know my  
voice?

BRA. Not I; what are you?

ROD. My name is Roderigo.

BRA. The worse welcome  
I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors:  
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say  
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in  
madness,

(Being full of supper and distempering draughts,) Upon malicious bravery,\* dost thou come  
To start my quiet.

ROD. Sir, sir, sir,—

BRA. But thou must needs be sure,  
My spirit† and my place have in them‡ power  
To make this bitter to thee.

ROD. Patience, good sir.

(\*) First folio omits, *Zounds*.

As when (by night and negligence) the fire  
is spied, &c.]

(\*) First folio, *knave's*.

(†) First folio, *thine*.

(‡) First folio, *spirits*.

That is, when the ~~fire~~ caused by night and negligence. But query  
as Warburton suggested, did the poet write,—"Is spread," &c.?



BRA. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;

My house is not a grange.\*

ROD. Most grave Brabantio, In simple and pure soul I come to you.

IAGO. Zounds,\* sir, you are one of those that will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service, and you think we are ruffians,\* you'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse; you'll have your nephews neigh to you; you'll have couisers for cousins, and gennets for Germans.

BRA. What profane wretch art thou?

IAGO. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now† making the beast with two backs.

BRA. Thou art a villain.

IAGO. You are—a senator.

BRA. This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo.

ROD. Sir, I will answer any thing. But, I beseech you,

If 't be your pleasure and most wise consent (As partly I find it is) that your fair daughter, At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night, Transported,‡ with no worse nor better guard But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier, To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,— If this be known to you, and your allowance, We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs; But, if you know not this, my manners tell me We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe That, from the sense§ of all civility, I thus would play and trifle with your reverence: Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,— I say again, hath made a gross revolt; Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes, In an extravagant\* and wheeling† stranger Of here and everywhere. Straight satisfy yourself:‡ If she be in her chamber or your house, Let loose on me the justice of the state For thus deluding you.

BRA. Strike on the tindet, ho!

Give me a taper!—call up all my people!—

This accident is not unlike my dream:

Belief of it oppresses me already.—

Light, I say! light! [Exit from above.]

IAGO. Farewell; for I must leave you:

It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place, To be produc'd\* (as, if I stay, I shall) Against the Moor: for, I do know, the state,— However this may gall him with some check,— Cannot with safety cast him; for he's embark'd With such loud reason to the Cyprus' wars, Which even now stand in act, that, for their souls, Another of his fathom they have none To lead their business: in which regard, Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,† Yet, for necessity of present life, I must show out a flag and sign of love. Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,

Lead to the Sagittary‡ the raised search; And there will I be with him. So, farewell.

[Exit

Enter, below, BRABANTIO, and Servants with torches.

BRA. It is too true an evil: gone she is! And what 's to come of my despised time Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo, Where didst thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!— With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a father!—

How didst thou know 't was she?—O, she deceives me

Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more tapers;

Raise all my kindred.—Are they married, think you?

ROD. Truly, I think they are.

BRA. O, heaven!—How got she out?—O, treason of the blood!—

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds

By what you see them act.—Are there not charms

By which the property of youth and maidhood May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo, Of some such thing?

ROD. Yea, sir, I have indeed.

BRA. Call up my brother.—O, would you had had her!—

Some one way, some another.—Do you know Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

(\*) First folio omits, *Zounds*.

(†) First folio omits, *now*.

(\*) First folio, *produced*.

(†) First folio, *opines*.

— this is Venice;  
My house is not a grange.]

Grange, Warton remarks, is strictly and properly the farm of a monastery. But in Lincolnshire, and in other northern counties, they call every lone house, or farm which stands solitary, a *grange*. What Brabantio means, then, is,—I am in a populous city, not in a place where robbery can be easily committed.

— ruffians,—] Here *ruffian* is employed in its secondary sense of *robster*, *swash-buckler*, and the like, though its primary meaning undoubtedly was, *pander*; the *gennet*, "elenc," the Italian, "romano."

c Transported,—] That is, *transported herself*. Capell, however, inserts *BE* before *transported*.

d — from the sense—] *Contrary*, or *opposed to the sense*, &c.

e — extravagant—] *Fagabond*.

f — wheeling—] Mr. Collier's annotator proposes, *wheeling*, we should much prefer to read,—

"— an extravagant and wheeling stranger  
Of here and everywhere."

g Straight satisfy yourself.] This line and the sixteen preceding lines are not in the quarto 1622.

ROD. I think I can discover him, if you please  
To get good guard, and go along with me.

BRA. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll  
call;

I may command at most:—Get weapons, ho!  
And raise some special officers of night.\*—  
On, good Roderigo;—I'll deserve your pains.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Street.*

*Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants with torches.*

IAGO. Though in the trade of war I have slain  
men,  
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience,  
To do no contriv'd murder: I lack iniquity  
Sometime to do me service. Nine or ten times  
I had thought to have yer'k'd him here under the  
ribs.

OTH. 'Tis better as it is.

IAGO. Nay, but he prated,  
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms  
Against your honour,  
That, with the little godliness I have,  
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir,  
Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,  
That the magnifico is much belov'd;  
And hath, in his<sup>a</sup> effect, a voice potential  
As double as the duke's: he will divorce you;  
Or put upon you what restraint and<sup>†</sup> grievance  
The law (with all his might to enforce it on)  
Will give him cable.

OTH. Let him do his spite:  
My services, which I have done the signiory,  
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to  
know,—

Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,  
I shall promulgate.—I fetch my life and being  
From men of royal siege; and my demerits<sup>b</sup>  
May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune<sup>c</sup>  
As this that I have reach'd: for know, Iago,  
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,  
I would not my unhoused free condition  
Put into circumscription and confine,

(\*) First folio, *might*.

(†) First folio, *or*

<sup>a</sup> — his *effect*.—] *His* is employed for the then scarce known  
*etc.*, and refers to *voice*.

<sup>b</sup> — and my demerits  
May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune  
As this that I have reach'd:]

*Demerits* now signifies only *ill desert*; in Shakespeare's day it was  
used indiscriminately for good or ill deserving. In the present  
instance it is apparently employed in the good sense, for Othello  
could hardly mean that his blemishes might stand without con-  
cealment beside the dignity he had achieved. The import we  
take to be,—my services when revealed (*unbonneted*), may *aspire*  
*or lay claim to* (may speak to) as proud a fortune as this which I

For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights  
come yond? [*friends:*]

IAGO. Those are the raised father and his  
You were best go in.

OTH. Not I; I must be found  
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,  
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

IAGO. By Janus, I think no.

*Enter CASSIO, and certain Officers with torches.*

OTH. The servants of the duke! and my  
lieutenant!—

The goodness of the night upon you, friends!  
What is the news?

CAS. The duke does greet you, general;  
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,  
Even on the instant.

OTH. What is the matter, think you?

CAS. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:  
It is a business of some heat: the galleys  
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers  
This very night at one another's heels;  
And many of the consuls, rais'd and met,  
Are at the duke's already. You have been hotly  
call'd for;

When, being not at your lodging to be found,  
The senate hath sent about three several quests  
To search you out.

OTH. 'Tis well I am found by you.  
I will but spend a word here in the house,  
And go with you. [*Exit.*]

CAS. Ancient, what makes he here?

IAGO. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land-  
carack;\*

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

CAS. I do not understand.

IAGO. He's married.

CAS. To who?

*Re-enter OTHELLO.*

IAGO. Marry, is—Come, captain, will you go?

OTH. Have with you.

CAS. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

have attained. Mr Fusell, however, has given another explana-  
tion, founded on the fact that at Venice the *bonnet* has always  
been a badge of patrician honours.—I am *bonneted* or superior in  
rank, and were it not so, such are my demerits, that, *unbonneted*,  
without the addition of patrician or senatorial dignity, they may  
speak to as proud a fortune, &c. But here, too, it is indispensable  
for the integrity of the passage that "*speak to*" be understood in  
the sense just mentioned of *aspire*, or *lay claim to*.

<sup>c</sup> — a land-carack.) A *carack* was a ship of large burthen, like  
the Spanish galleon; but the compound in the text appears to  
have been a dissolute expression, the meaning of which may be  
gathered from the following:—

"Here *his Lord Friggus* has<sup>d</sup> ferried by Cheron,  
He bords her: a service a hot and a rare one."

<sup>d</sup> Verses prefixed to *Corydon's Crudities*



**IAGO.** It is Brabantio :—general, be advis'd ;  
He comes to—~~his~~ intent.

*Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers with torches.*

**OTH.** Holla ! stand there !  
**ROD.** Signior, it is the Moör.

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**BRA.** Down with him, thief !  
[*They draw on both sides.*]

**IAGO.** You, Roderigo ! come, sir, I am for you.

**OTH.** Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.—  
Good signior, you shall more command with years  
Than with your weapons.

BRA. O, thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd  
my daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;  
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,  
If she in chains of magic were not bound,\*  
Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,  
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd  
The wealthy curled darlings<sup>b</sup> of our nation.  
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,  
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom  
Of such a thing as thou,—to fear, not to delight.  
Judge me the world, if 't is not gross in sense  
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;  
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals  
That waken<sup>c</sup> motion:—I'll have 't disputed  
(1); (2)

'T is probable, and palpable to thinking.  
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee<sup>d</sup>  
For an abuser of the world, a practiser  
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.—  
Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,  
Subdue him at his peril.

OTH. Hold your hands!  
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:  
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it  
Without a prompter.—Where<sup>e</sup> will you that I go  
To answer this your charge?

BRA. To prison; till fit time  
Of law, and course of direct session,  
Call thee to answer.

OTH. What if I† do obey?  
How may the duke be therewith satisfied,  
Whose messengers are here about my side,  
Upon some present business of the state,  
To bring me to him?

1 OFF. 'T is true, most worthy signior,  
The duke's in council, and your noble self,  
I am sure is sent for.

BRA. How! the duke in council  
In this time of the night!—Bring him away:  
Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,  
Or any of my brothers of the state,  
Cannot but feel this wrong as 't were their own;  
For if such actions may have passage free,  
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be

[*Exeunt.*]

(\*) First folio, *Whether*.

(†) First folio omits, *I*.

\* If she in chains of magic were not bound.—] A line not found in the quarto 1622.

<sup>b</sup> — curled darlings.—] "Curled" was an epithet characteristic of gentility. Thus D'Avenant, in "The Just Italian," Act III. Sc. 1.—

"— the cur'd and silken Nobles of the Town."

The folio reads, "darlings."

<sup>c</sup> That waken motion.—] So Hamner; the original having, "That weakens motion." &c. The upholders of the old reading contend that Brabantio's accusation is that the Moor, by magical devices and the administering of drugs or minerals, had weakened those natural impulses of youth and maidenhood in his daughter, which, uncontrolled, would have inclined to those of her own elime, complexion, and degree; but this is expressly contradicted by what he has himself just said.—

SCENE III.—*The same. A Council Chamber.*

*The Duke, and Senators, sitting; Officers attending.*

DUKE. There is no composition in these news  
That gives them credit.

1 SEN. Indeed, they are disproportioned;  
My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.

DUKE. And mine, a hundred forty.

2 SEN. And mine, two hundred:  
But though they jump not on a just account,—  
As in these cases, where the aim<sup>e</sup> reports,  
'T is oft with difference,—yet do they all confirm  
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

DUKE. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment  
I do not so secure<sup>f</sup> me in the error,  
But the main article I do approve  
In fearful sense.

SAILOR. [*Without.*] What ho! what ho!  
what ho!

1 OFF. A messenger from the galleys.

*Enter a Sailor.*

DUKE. Now, what's the business?  
SAIL. The Turkish preparation makes for  
Rhodes:

So was I bid report here to the state,  
By signior Angelo.

DUKE. How say you by this change?

1 SEN. This cannot be,  
By no assay of reason; 't is a pageant,  
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider  
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;  
And let ourselves again but understand,  
That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes  
So may he with more facile question bear it,<sup>g</sup>  
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,  
But altogether lacks the abilities  
That Rhodes is dress'd in;—if we make thought of  
this,

We must not think the Turk is so unskilful,  
To leave that latest which concerns him first,

" — a maid so tender, fair and happy,  
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd  
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation."

We therefore readily accept the easy emendation Hamner offers. Brabantio's grievance, it is plain, was not that Othello had, by charms and medicines, abated the motions of Desdemona's sense, but that he had aroused and stimulated them.

<sup>d</sup> — and do attach thee.—] The passage beginning,—"I judge me the world," to the above words inclusive, is not in the quarto 1622.

<sup>e</sup> — where the aim reports.—] To aim is to conjecture or surmise. I do not so secure me in the error.—] I do not so over-confidently build on the discrepancy, but that, &c.

<sup>g</sup> So may he with more facile question bear it.—] The remainder of the speech after this line, is found only in the folio 1623 and the quarto 1634.



Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,  
To wake and wage a danger profitless.

DUKE. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for  
Rhodes.

1 OFF. Herp is more news.

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,  
Steering with due course toward the isle of  
Rhodes,

Have there enjoined them with an after fleet.

1 SEN. Ay, so I thought.—How many, as  
you guess?

MESS. Of thirty sail: and now they do re-stem  
Their backward course, bearing with frank  
appearance

Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano,  
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,  
With his free duty, recommends you thus,  
And prays you to believe him.

\* — to believe him ] Capell suggested, "to relieve him," and  
Mr. Collier's annotator follows suit.

DUKE. 'Tis certain, then, for Cyprus.—  
Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?

1 SEN. He's now in Florence.

DUKE. Write from us to him, post-post-  
haste despatch.

1 SEN. Here comes Brabantio and the valiant  
Moor.

*Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO,  
and Officers.*

DUKE. Valiant Othello, we must straight em-  
ploy you

Against the general enemy Ottoman.—(3)

I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior:

[*To BRABANTIO.*

We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

BRA. So did I yours. Good day, your grace, pardon  
me;

Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,  
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the  
general care

Take hold on me; for my particular grief  
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature



That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,  
And it is still itself.

DUKE. Why, what's the matter?

BRA. My daughter! O, my daughter!

DUKE and SEN. Dead?

BRA. Ay, to me;

She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted  
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;  
For nature so preposterously to err,  
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,  
Sans witchcraft could not.

DUKE. Whoe'er he be that, in this foul proceeding,

Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,  
And you of her, the bloody book of law  
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,  
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son  
Stood in your action.

BRA. Humbly I thank your grace.  
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,

Your special mandate, for the state-affairs,  
Hath hither brought.

DUKE and SEN. We are very sorry for't.

DUKE. What, in your own part, can you say to this?

[To OTHELLO.]

BRA. Nothing, but this is so.

OTH. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,  
My very noble and approv'd good masters,—  
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,  
It is most true; true, I have married her;

The very head and front of my offending  
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,

And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;  
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,  
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd  
Their dearest action in the tented field;  
And little of this great world can I speak,  
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;  
And therefore little shall I grace my cause  
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious

patience,

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver  
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty magic,—  
For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,—

I won his daughter.

BRA. A maiden never bold;  
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion  
Blush'd at herself: And she,—in spite of nature,  
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—  
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!  
It is a judgment main'd\* and most imperfect,  
That will confess perfection so could win  
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven  
To find out practices of cunning hell,  
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,  
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,  
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,  
He wrought upon her.

\* Their dearest action.—] See note (b), p. 328.

(\*) First folio, main d.

DUKE. To vouch this, is no proof,  
Without more wider and more overt test  
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods  
Of modern seeming do prove against him.\*

I SEN. But, Othello, speak:  
Did you by indirect and forced courses  
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?  
Or came it by request, and such fair question  
As soul to soul affordeth?

OTH. I do beseech you,  
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,  
And let her speak of me before her father:  
If you do find me foul in her report,  
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,<sup>b</sup>  
Not only take away, but let your sentence  
Even fall upon my life.

DUKE. Fetch Desdemona hither.

OTH. Ancient, conduct them; you best know  
the place.—

[*Exeunt IAGO and Attendants.*]

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven  
I do confess the vices of my blood,  
So justly to your grave ears I'll present  
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,  
And she in mine.

DUKE. Say it, Othello.

OTH. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;  
Still question'd me the story of my life,  
From year to year,—the battles,\* sieges, fortunes,†  
That I have pass'd.  
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,  
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.  
Wherein I spake‡ of most disastrous chances;  
Of moving accidents by flood and field;  
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent- deadly  
breach;  
Of being taken by the insolent foe  
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,  
And portance in my travels§ history:  
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads¶  
touch heaven,  
It was my hint to speak,—such was the\*\*  
process;—  
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow\* beneath their shoulders.(4) This 'to  
hear<sup>d</sup>

Would Desdemona seriously incline:  
But still the house affairs would draw her thence; ††  
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,  
Sh<sup>d</sup> come again, and with a greedy ear  
Devour up my discourse:—which I observing,

Took once a pliant hour, and found good means  
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart  
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,<sup>a</sup>  
But not intently: \* I did consent;  
And often did beguile her of her tears,  
When I did speak of some distressful stroke  
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,  
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs: †  
She swore,—in faith, 't was strange, 't was passing  
strange;

'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful:—  
She wish'd she had not heard it;—yet she wish'd  
That heaven had made her such a man;—she  
thank'd me;

And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,  
I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:—  
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;  
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.  
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd;—  
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

[*Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.*]

DUKE. I think this tale would win my daughter  
too.—

Good Brabantio,  
Take up this mangled matter at the best:  
Men do their broken weapons rather use  
Than their bare hands.

BRA. I pray you, hear her speak;  
If she confess that she was half the wooer,  
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame  
Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle mistress:  
Do you perceive in all this noble company  
Where most you owe obedience?

DES. My noble father,  
I do perceive here a divided duty:  
To you, I am bound for life and education;  
My life and education both do learn me  
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty,—  
I am hitherto your daughter: but here's my  
husband;

And so much duty as my mother show'd  
To you, preferring you before her father,  
So much I challenge that I may profess  
Due to the Moor, my lord.

BRA. God be with you!—I have done.—  
Pleace it your grace, on to the state affairs;—  
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.—  
Come hither, Moor:

(\*) First folio, *instinctively*.

(†) First folio, *hence*.

one preceding.

<sup>b</sup> The trust, the office, I do hold of you.—] This line is not found in the earlier quarto.

<sup>c</sup> Do grow beneath—] The folio reads, "Grow beneath," &c.

<sup>d</sup> This to hear—] In the folio, "These things to hear," &c.

\*—do prove against him.] In the folio, the prefix "Duke" having been inadvertently omitted, this speech forms part of the



I here do give thee that with all my heart,  
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart\*  
I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,  
I am glad at soul I have no other child ;  
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,  
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

DUKE. Let me speak like yourself ;<sup>b</sup> and lay a  
sentence,

\* Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart—] A line  
wanting in the earlier quarto.

Which, as a guise, or step, may help these lovers  
Into your favour.\*

*When remedies are past, the griefs are ended  
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended,  
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone  
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.  
What cannot be preserv'd, when Fortune takes.  
Patience her injury a mockery makes.*

(\*) First folio omits the words, *Into your favour*.

<sup>b</sup> Let me speak like yourself.] He perhaps means, sentimentally



*The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the thief;*

*He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.*

BNA. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile,  
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.  
He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears  
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;  
But he hears both the sentence and the sorrow,  
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.  
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,  
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:  
But words are words; I never yet did hear  
That the bruise'd heart was pierced through the ear.—<sup>a</sup>

I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

DUKE. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus:—Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you; and though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a<sup>b</sup> sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you: you must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

OTII. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,  
Hath made the flinty and steel couch<sup>†</sup> of war  
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize<sup>b</sup>  
A natural and prompt alacrity  
I find in hardness; and do undertake  
These<sup>‡</sup> present wars against the Ottomites.  
Most humbly, therefore, bending to your state,  
I crave fit disposition for my wife;  
Due reference of place and exhibition;  
With such accommodation and besort  
As levels with her breeding.

DUKE. If you please,  
Be't at her father's.<sup>a</sup>

BNA. I'll not have it so.

OTII. Nor I.

DES. Nor I: I would not there reside,<sup>d</sup>  
To put my father in impatient thoughts  
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,  
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear;

(\*) First folio inserts, *more.* (†) First folio, *Couch.*  
(‡) Old text, *This.*

<sup>a</sup> That the bruise'd heart was pierced through the ear.—[Following Warburton, some editors read *piece'd*; but Brabantio is quoting a phrase of the age. Thus Spenser:—

"Her words  
Which passing through the eares would pierce the heart"  
*The Faerie Queene*, II IV C 8, Stanza xxvi

So also Drayton, in the *Barons's Wars*, Stanza xxxvi:—

"Are not your hearts yet pierced through your Ears?"

<sup>b</sup> agnize.—] *Acknowledge.*

If you please,  
Be't at her father's.]

The folio has,—"Why at her Father's?"

<sup>d</sup> Nor I, I would not there reside, &c.] In the folio,—"Nor would I there reside." &c.

— my heart's subdu'd  
Even to the very quality of my lord:]

<sup>a</sup> *Quality* here means *preference*. "I am so much enamoured of  
(558)

And let me find a charter in your voice,  
To assist my simpleness.

DUKE. What would you, Desdemona?

DES. That I did love the Moor to live with him,  
My downright violence and storm<sup>a</sup> of fortunes  
May trumpet to the world: my heart's subdu'd  
Even to the very quality of my lord:<sup>a</sup>  
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;  
And to his honours and his valiant parts  
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.  
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,  
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,  
The rites for which<sup>†</sup> I love him are bereft me,  
And I a heavy interim shall support  
By his dear<sup>‡</sup> absence. Let me go with him.

OTII. Let her have your voice.<sup>a</sup>

Vouch with me, heaven. I therefore beg it not,  
To please the palate of my appetite;  
Nor to comply with heat (the young affects  
In me<sup>‡</sup> defunct) and proper satisfaction;  
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:  
And heaven defend your good souls, that you think  
I will your serious and great business scant  
For<sup>§</sup> she is with me: no, when light-wing'd toys  
Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dulness  
My speculative and offic'd instruments,<sup>b</sup>  
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,  
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,  
And all indign and base adversities  
Make head against my estimation!

DUKE. Be it as you shall privately determine,  
Either for her stay or going: the affair cries haste,  
And speed must answer it.

I SEV. You must away to-night.<sup>1</sup>

OTII. With all my heart.

DUKE. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet  
again.—

Othello, leave some officer behind,  
And he shall on your commission bring to you;  
With<sup>||</sup> such things else of quality and respect  
As doth import you.

OTII. So please your grace, my ancient,  
A man he is of honesty and trust,

(\*) Quarto 1622, *scorne.*

(†) Old text, *my.*

(‡) First folio, *why.*

(§) First folio, *When.*

(||) First folio, *And.*

Othello, that I am even willing to endure all the inconvenience to a military life, and to attend him to the war. <sup>a</sup> MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — dear absence.] See note (8), p. 598.

<sup>2</sup> Let her have your voice.] The folio insertion; that of the quarto 1662 is,—

"Your voices lords: beseech you let her will  
Have a free way."

<sup>3</sup> My speculative and offic'd instruments.—] By "speculative and offic'd instruments" he probably means, *the organs of sight and action.*

<sup>4</sup> You must away to-night.] In the quarto, "You must hence to-night," which words are given to the Duke, and the dialogue proceeds as follows.—

"Des. To-night my lord?

Des. This night.

Oth. With all my heart."

To his conveyance I assign my wife,  
With what else needful your good grace shall think  
To be sent after me.

DUKE. Let it be so.—

Good night to every one.—And, noble signior,

[To BRABANTIO.]

If virtue no delighted<sup>a</sup> beauty lack,  
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

1 SEN. Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

BRA. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see;<sup>b</sup>

She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt DUKE, Senators, Officers, &c.*]

OTH. My life upon her faith!—Honest Iago,  
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:  
I pray thee, let thy wife attend on her;  
And bring them after in the best advantage.—  
Come, Desdemona, I have but an hour  
Of love, of worldly matter, and direction,  
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.*]

ROD. Iago,—

IAGO. What say'st thou, noble heart?

ROD. What will I do, think'st thou?

IAGO. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

ROD. I will incontinently drown myself.

IAGO. If thou dost, I shall never love thee  
after. Why, thou silly gentleman!

ROD. It is silliness to live when to live is  
torment; and then have we a prescription to die,  
when death is our physician.

IAGO. O, villainous! I have looked upon the  
world for four times seven years; and since I  
could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury,  
I never found man that knew how to love himself.  
Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the  
love of a Guinea-hen, I would change my humanity  
with a baboon.

ROD. What should I do? I confess it is my  
shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to  
amend it.

IAGO. *Virtue!* a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we  
are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to  
the which our wills are gardeners: so that if we  
will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and  
weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of  
herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it  
sterile with idleness, or manured with industry;  
why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies  
in our wills. If the balance<sup>c</sup> of our lives had not  
one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality,

the blood and baseness of our natures would con-  
duct us to most preposterous conclusions: but we  
have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal  
stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this,  
that you call love, to be a sect or scion.

ROD. It cannot be.

IAGO. It is merely a lust of the blood and a  
permission of the will. Come, be a man: drown  
thyself! drown cats and blind puppies. I have  
professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to  
thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness.  
I could never better stead thee than now. Put  
money in thy purse; follow thou the wars; defeat  
thy favour<sup>d</sup> with an usurped beard; I say, put  
money in thy purse. It cannot be that Des-  
demona should long continue her love to the Moor,<sup>e</sup>  
—put money in thy purse,—nor he his to her: it  
was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see  
an answerable sequestration;—put but money in  
thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their  
wills:—fill thy purse with money: the food that to  
him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him  
shortly as bitter as coloquintida.<sup>f</sup> She must change  
for youth: when she is sated with his body, she  
will find the error of her choice; she must have  
change, she must:—therefore put money in thy  
purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a  
more delicate way than drowning. Make all the  
money thou canst: if sanctimony and a frail vow,  
betwixt an erring barbarian and a super-subtle  
Venetian, be not too hard for my wit, and all the  
tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make  
money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean  
out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in  
compassing thy joy, than to be drowned and go  
without her.

ROD. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend  
on the issue?

IAGO. Thou art sure of me;—go, make money:  
—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again  
and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted,  
thine hath no less reason; let us be conjunctive  
in our revenge against him. If thou canst cuckold  
him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport.  
There are many events in the womb of time, which  
will be delivered. Traverse! go; provide thy  
money. We will have more of this to-morrow.  
Adieu.

ROD. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

IAGO. At my lodging.

ROD. I'll be with thee betimes.

IAGO. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

(\*) First folio, *bratne*.

<sup>a</sup> — no delighted beauty lack.—] "Delighted" is here used for  
delighting; the passive participle for the active.

<sup>b</sup> — If thou hast eyes to see:] The 1622 quarto reads, we think  
preferably,—"have a quick eye to see." &c.

<sup>c</sup> — defeat thy favour with an usurped beard.] Change, or dis-  
figure thy countenance by putting on a spurious beard.

<sup>d</sup> It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to  
the Moor.—] In the folio, "It cannot be long that Desdemona  
should continue." &c.

<sup>e</sup> — she must have change, she must:] These words are not in  
the folio.

(\*) First folio omits, *a*

ROD. What say you?

IAGO. No more of drowning, do you hear?

ROD. I am changed: I'll go sell all my land.\*

IAGO. Go to; farewell! put money enough in  
your purse. [Exit RODERIGO.]

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;  
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,  
If I would time expend with such a snipe,  
But for my sport and profit.—I hate the Moor;  
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets  
He\* has done my office: I know not if 't be true;  
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,  
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;  
The better shall my purpose work on him.

(\*) First folio, *She*.

\* I'll go sell all my land ] The folio abbreviates the foregoing dialogue thus,—

Cassio's a proper man: let me see now;—

To get his place, and to plume up my will,

A\* double knavery,—How, how?—Let's see:—

After some time, to abuse Othello's ear†

That he is too familiar with his wife:—

He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,

To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.

The Moor is of a free and open nature,

That thinks men honest that but seem to be so;

And will as tenderly be led by the nose

As asses are.

I have 't;—it is engender'd:—hell and night

Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's

light.

[Exit.]

(\*) First folio, *In*.

(†) First folio, *ears*.

† Do you hear, Roderigo?  
Rod. He sell all my Land.

[Exit.]





## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—A Sea-port Town in Cyprus.

*Enter MONTANO and Two Gentlemen.*

Mox. What from the cape can you discern  
at sea?

1 GENT. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought  
flood;

I cannot, 'twixt the heaven\* and the main,  
Descry a sail.

Mox. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at  
land;

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:  
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,  
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,  
Can hold the mortise? What shall we hear  
of this?

2 GENT. A segregation of the Turkish fleet:  
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,

The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds;  
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous  
mane,

Seems to cast water on the burning bear,  
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:  
I never did like molestation view  
On the enchafed flood.

Mox. If that the Turkish fleet  
Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they're drown'd;  
It is impossible they\* bear it out.

*Enter a Third Gentleman.*

3 GENT. News, lads! our wars are done.  
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,  
That their designment halts: a noble ship of  
Venice

(\*) Quarto 1622, *have*.

(\*) First folio, *do*.

Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance  
On most part of their fleet.

MON. How! is this true?

3 GENT. The ship is here put in;  
A Veronesa, Michael Cassio,  
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,  
Is come on shore: the Moor himself at sea,  
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

MON. I am glad on't; 't is a worthy governor.

3 GENT. But this same Cassio,—though he  
speak of comfort  
Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,  
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were  
parted

With foul and violent tempest.

MON. Pray heavens he be;  
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands  
Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side,—ho!  
As well to see the vessel that's come in,  
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,  
Even till we make the main and the aerial blue,  
An indistinct regard.\*

3 GENT. Come, let's do so;  
For every minute is expectancy  
Of more arrivance.\*

*Enter CASSIO.*

CAS. Thanks, you the valiant of this warlike  
isle,<sup>b</sup>  
That so approve the Moor! O, let the heavens  
Give him defence against the elements,  
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

MON. Is he well shipp'd?

CAS. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot  
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;  
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,  
Stand in bold cure.

[Without.] A sail, a sail, a sail!

*Enter a Fourth Gentleman.\**

CAS. What noise?

4 GENT. The town is empty; on the brow o'  
the sea  
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—*A sail!*

(\*) First folio, *Arrivance*.

a Even *that* we make the main and the aerial blue,  
An indistinct regard]

Omitted in the earlier quarto  
b Thanks, you the valiant of this warlike isle, &c.] The first  
quarto has, "Thanks to the valiant of this worthy isle," &c.; the  
second quarto, "Thanks to the valiant of this isle," &c.; the  
folio, "Thanks you, the valiant of the warlike isle," &c.

c Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,—] "Hopes,"  
here, are *expectations* or *presentiments*. See note (b), page 840.

d And in the essential vigour of creation  
Does tere the ingener—]

The quartos read, "Does *bear* all excellency [and excellence],"

CAS. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

[*Guns without.*

2 GENT. They do discharge their shot of  
courtesy:

Our friends, at least.

CAS. I pray you, sir, go forth,  
And give us truth who 't is that is arriv'd.

2 GENT. I shall.

[*Exit.*

MON. But, good lieutenant, is your general  
wiv'd?

CAS. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid  
That paragon's description and wild fame;  
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,  
And in the essential vesture of creation  
Does tire the ingener.—<sup>d</sup>

*Re-enter Second Gentleman.*

HOW now? who has put in?

2 GENT. 'T is one Iago, ancient to the general.

CAS. He has had most favourable and happy  
speed:

Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,  
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—  
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,—  
As having sense of beauty, do omit  
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by  
The divine Desdemona.

MON. What is she?

CAS. She that I spake of, our great captain's  
captain,

Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;  
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts  
A so'night's speed.—Great Jove, Othello guard,  
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,  
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,  
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,  
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,  
And bring all Cyprus comfort!—O, behold,

*Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODRIGO,  
and Attendants.*

The riches of the ship is come on shore!  
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.—  
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,

(\*) First folio, *enclog*.

the folio has, "Do's tyre the *Ingener*." By "ingener" is meant,  
perhaps, the painter or artist. Blackmore, as Mr. Singer has re-  
marked, in his *Discourse on the English Stage*, 1644, speaking of  
painting, mentions "the stupendous works of your great *ingi-  
ners*." Ingenuer, or ingener, was, however, a term for any inge-  
nious person; and from a passage in "Certain Edicts from a  
Parliament in Eutopia, written by the Lady Southwell:"—"Item,  
that no Lady shall court her looking-glasse, past one houre in a  
day, unless she profess to be an *Ingenuer*," it might be thought in  
the present instance to signify what is now called a *modiste*, or  
deviser of new fashions in female apparel.

\* And bring all Cyprus comfort!—] These words are omitted  
in the folio.

Before, behind thee, and on every hand,  
Enwheel thee round!

DES. I thank you, valiant Cassio.  
What tidings can you tell me\* of my lord?

CAS. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught  
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

DES. O, but I fear,—How lost you company?

CAS. The great contention of the† sea and skies  
Parted our fellowship:—but hark! a sail!

[Cry without, A sail! a sail! Then guns heard.]

2 GENT. They give their greeting to the citadel;  
This likewise is a friend.

CAS. See for the news.—

[Exit Gentleman.]

Good ancient, you are welcome;—welcome,  
mistress:— [To EMILIA.]

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,  
That I extend my manners; 't is my breeding  
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

[Kissing her.]

IAGO. Sir,‡ would she give you so much of her  
lips

As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,  
You'd have enough.

DES. Alas, she has no speech.

IAGO. In faith, too much;  
I find it still, when I have list§ to sleep:  
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,  
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,  
And chides with thinking.

EMIL. You have little cause to say so.

IAGO. Come on, come on; you are pictures out  
of doors,||

Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,  
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,  
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in  
your beds.\*

DES. O, fy upon thee, slanderer!

IAGO. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk,  
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

EMIL. You shall not write my praise.

IAGO. No, let me not.

DES. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou  
shouldst praise me?

IAGO. O, gentle lady, do not put me to 't;  
For I am nothing, if not critical.¶

DES. Come on, assay—There's one gone to  
the harbour?

(\*) First folio omits, *me*.

(†) First folio, *For*.

(‡) First folio omits, *the*.

(§) First folio, *leaves*.

(||) First folio, *doors*.

— and housewives, &c.] Putterham, in "The Arte of English Poetrie," has something resembling this: "— we limit the comely part of a woman to consist in three points, that is to be a shrew in the kitchen, a saint in the church, an angel at the board, and an ape in the bed." &c.

\* — critical.] *Cynical, censorious*.  
— her blackness fit.] The quarto 1622 reads,—"her blackness fit," perhaps for the better. See note (c), p. 70, Vol. I.

¶ — did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself] Did confidently provoke the accusation of malice itself. To "put on" in the sense of to incite, to provoke, occurs also in "Macbeth,"

IAGO. Ay, madam.

DES. I am not merry; but I do beguile  
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—  
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

IAGO. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention  
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize,—  
It plucks out brains and all: but my Muse  
labours,

And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise,—fairness and wit,  
The one's for use, the other useth it.

DES. Well praise'd! How if she be black and  
witty?

IAGO. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,  
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.\*

DES. Worse and worse.

EMIL. How if fair and foolish?

IAGO. She never yet was foolish that was fair;  
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

DES. These are old fond paradoxes, to make  
fools laugh i' the alchouse.† What miserable praise  
hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?

IAGO. There's none so foul, and foolish there—  
unto,

But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

DES. O, heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the  
worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow  
on a deserving woman indeed,—one that, in the  
authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch  
of very malice itself?‡

IAGO. She that was ever fair, and never proud;  
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;  
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;  
Fled from her wish, and yet said,—*Now I may*;  
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,  
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;  
She that in wisdom never was so frail,  
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail; §  
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her  
mind;

See suitors following, and not look behind; ¶

She was a wight, if ever such wights were,—

DES. To do what?

IAGO. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

DES. O, most lame and impotent conclusion!—  
Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy  
husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most  
profane and liberal‡ counsellor? §

Act IV. Sc 3,—

" — the powers above  
Put on their instruments."

Shakespeare may have been thinking on a passage in Oocland's  
*Elizabetha*, 1582,—

" Sicut ab Invidia laudem decusque pararet."

\* To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail.] That is, says  
Stevens, to exchange a delicacy for coarser fare.

† See suitors following, and not look behind;] This line is want-  
ing in the earlier quarto.

‡ — liberal—] *Liberalious*.

§ — counsellor!] Theobald's prints, "—counselor."



CAS. He speaks home, madam : you may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.

LAGO. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm : ay, well said,—whisper : with as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do ; I will gyve<sup>a</sup> thee in thine own courtship. You say true ! 'tis so, indeed : if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three

fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir<sup>b</sup> in. Very good ! well kissed ! an excellent courtesy ! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips ? would, they were clyster-pipes for your sake !—[*Trumpet without.*] The Moor ! I know his trumpet.

CAS. 'T is truly so.

DES. Let's meet him, and receive him.

CAS. Lo, where he comes !

<sup>a</sup> gyve—] Shackles fetter

<sup>b</sup> — the sir—] The courtier, or gallant

*Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.*

OTH. O, my fair warrior!<sup>a</sup>

DES. My dear Othello!

OTH. It gives me wonder great as my content,  
To see you here before me. O, my soul's joy!  
If after every tempest come such calms,  
May the winds blow till they have waken'd  
death!

And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,  
Olympus-high, and duck again as low  
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,  
'T were now to be most happy: for, I fear,  
My soul hath her content so absolute,  
That not another comfort like to this  
Succeeds in unknown fate.

DES. The heavens forbid  
But that our loves and comforts should increase,  
Even as our days do grow!

OTH. Amen to that, sweet powers!—  
I cannot speak enough of this content;  
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:  
And this, and this, the greatest discords be

*[Kissing her.]*

That e'er our hearts shall make!

IAGO. *[Aside.]* O, you are well tun'd now!  
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music.  
As honest as I am.

OTH. Come, let us to the castle.—  
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are  
drown'd.

How does my old acquaintance of this isle?—  
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus:  
I have found great love amongst them. O, my  
sweet,

I prattle out of fashion, and I dote  
In mine own comforts.—I prythee, good Iago,  
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers:  
Bring thou the master to the citadel;  
He is a good one, and his worthiness  
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,  
Once more well met at Cyprus.

*[Exeunt OTH. DES. and Attend.]*

IAGO. Do thou meet me presently at the har-  
bour. Come hither.\* If thou be'st valiant,—as,  
they say, base men being in love have then a  
nobility in their natures more than is native to  
them,—list me. The lieutenant-to-night watches

on the court of guard:—first, I must tell thee  
this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

ROD. With him! why, 't is not possible.

IAGO. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be  
instructed. Mark me with what violence she first  
loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her  
fantastical lies: and will she love him still for  
prating?<sup>†</sup> No, yet thy discreet heart think it. Her  
eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have  
to look on the devil? When the blood is made  
dull with the act of sport, there should be,—again<sup>‡</sup>  
to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite,—  
loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners,  
and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in:  
now, for want of these required conveniences, her  
delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to  
heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor;  
very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her  
to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted,—  
as it is a most pregnant and unforced position,—  
who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune  
as Cassio does?—a knave very voluble;<sup>§</sup> no  
further conscionable than in putting on the mere  
form of civil and humane seeming, for the better  
compassing<sup>¶</sup> of his salt and most hidden-loose  
affection? why, none; why, none: a slipper and  
subtle knave; a finder of occasions; that has an  
eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though  
true advantage never present itself: a devilish  
knave! Besides, the knave is handsome, young,  
and hath all those requisites in him that folly  
and green minds look after: a pestilent-complete  
knave; and the woman hath found him already.

ROD. I cannot believe that in her; she is full  
of most blessed condition.<sup>¶</sup>

IAGO. Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks  
is made of grapes: if she had been blessed, she  
would never have loved the Moor: blessed pudding!  
Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his  
hand? didst not mark that?

ROD. Yes, that I did; but that was but  
courtesy.

IAGO. Jeachery, by this hand! an index and  
obscure<sup>¶</sup> prologue to the history of lust and foul  
thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that  
their breaths embrac'd together. Villanous  
thoughts, Roderigo! When these mutualities<sup>§</sup> so  
marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master  
and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion.

(\*) First folio, *thither*.

<sup>a</sup> O, my fair warrior! "This phrase was introduced by our  
copiers of the French *Sonnefteers*. Ronsard frequently calls his  
mistresses *guerrieres*, and Southern, his imitator, is not less pro-  
digal of the same appellation. Thus, in his fifth Sonnet,—

'And, my warrior, my light shines in thy fayre eyes.'

Again in his sixth Sonnet he uses it twice,—

'I am not, my cruel warrior, the Thebain,' &c.

VOL. III.

(\*) First folio, *To love him still*, &c.  
(†) First folio, *compass*

(†) First folio, *a game*.  
(§) First folio, *mutualities*.

I came not, my warrior, of the blood Liddal, &c."

STEVENS.

<sup>b</sup> — set down the pegs—] Pope causelessly changed this to  
"—let down the pegs," &c.  
<sup>c</sup> — voluble,] Not fluent in speech, as the word now imports,  
but *Artle*, inconstant.  
<sup>d</sup> — condition ] *Tyke*, disposition, qualities of mind.  
<sup>e</sup> — obscure prologue—] *Quay*, "obscure prologue—"



Fish!—But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you:—Cassio knows you not:—I'll not be far from you: do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course\* you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

ROD. Well.

IAGO. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in cholour, and haply\* may strike at you: provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause those of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification<sup>c</sup> shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

ROD. I will do this, if I\* can bring it to any opportunity.

IAGO. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farwell.

ROD. Adieu.

[*Exit.*]

IAGO. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;

That she loves him, 't is apt, and of great credit:

The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,—

Is of a constant-loving, noble nature;

And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona

A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too;

Not out of absolute lust,—though peradventure

I stand accountant for as great a sin,—

But partly led to diet my revenge,

For that I do suspect the lusty Moor

Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof

Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;

And nothing can or shall content my soul,

Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife;

Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor

At least into a jealousy so strong

That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—

If this poor trash<sup>d</sup> of Venice, whom I trash<sup>e</sup>;

For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,

I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;

Abuse him to the Moor in the rank† garb,—

For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;—

(\*) First folio, *if you*.

(†) First folio, *right*.

a — *what other* course.—] Mr. Collier credits his annotator with the pluration of "course" to *cause*, but "cause" is the reading of the 1623 quarto. \* a

b — and haply may strike at you. &c.] The quartos read,—

"— and haply with his trustiness may strike at you," &c.

c — whose qualification.—] *Whose temperment, crass.*

d If this poor trash of Venice.—] The 1623 quarto reads,—

"If this poore trash of Venice, whom I crush," &c.

The folio 1623 and the quarto 1630 have,—

"If this poore Trash of Venice, whom I trace," &c.

Warburton prints, "break of Venice" for trash of Venice, an

Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,  
For making him egregiously an ass,  
And practising upon his peace and quiet  
Even to madness. 'T is here, but yet confus'd:  
Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.—A Street.

*Enter a Herald, with a proclamation; People following.*

HER. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction\* leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial:—so much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices† are open; and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Heaven† bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello!

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.—A Hall in the Castle.

*Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.*

OTH. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:

Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,  
Not to out-sport discretion.

CAS. Iago hath direction what to do;  
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye  
Will I look to't.

OTH. Iago is most honest.

Michael, good night: to-morrow with your earliest  
Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love,—

The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;

[*Aside to DESDEMONA.*]

That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.—  
Good night. [*Exeunt OTH. DES. and Attend.*]

(\*) First folio, *addition*.

(†) First folio omits, *He*

emendation to which we cannot subscribe, although persuaded that "trash of Venice" is a vitiation of what the poet wrote.

e — whom I trash.—] The folio has "— trace;" but "trash," signifying to clog or impede, is surely the genuine word. See note (†), p. 8.

† All offices are open.] The apartments in a great establishment, where the refreshments were prepared or distributed, were anciently known as *offices*; thus, as quoted by Malone, in "Timon of Athens," Act II. Sc. 2,—

"When all our offices have been oppress'd  
With riotous feasters."

*Enter IAGO.*

CAS. Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.

IAGO. Not this hour, lieutenant; 't is not yet ten o' the clock. Our general cast\* us thus early for the love of his Desdemona; who let us not therefore blame: he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for Jove.

CAS. She's a most exquisite lady.

IAGO. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

CAS. Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate creature.

IAGO. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of\* provocation.

CAS. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

IAGO. And when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love?

CAS. She is, indeed, perfection.

IAGO. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.

CAS. Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking; I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

IAGO. O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.

CAS. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

IAGO. What, man! 't is a night of revells: the gallants desire it.

CAS. Where are they?

IAGO. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

CAS. I'll do't; but it dislikes me. *[Exit.*

IAGO. If I can fasten but one cup upon him, With that which he hath drunk to-night already, He'll be as full of quarrel and offence As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool Roderigo,

Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side out, To\* Desdemona hath to-night carous'd Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch: Three lads† of Cyprus,—noble-swelling spirits, That hold their honours in a wary distance, The very elements of this warlike isle,— Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,

And they watch too. Now! 'mongst this flock of drunkards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action That may offend the isle:—but here they come: If consequence do but approve my dream,\* My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

*Re-enter CASSIO, followed by MONTANO, Gentlemen, and Servants with wine.*

CAS. 'Fore God,\* they have given me a rouse already.

MONT. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

IAGO. Some wine, ho!

*[Sings.] And let me the canakin clink, clink;  
And let me the canakin clink:*

*A soldier's a man;*

*O, man's life's but a span;*

*Why, then, let a soldier drink.*

Some wine, boys!

CAS. 'Fore God,\* an excellent song.

IAGO. I learned it in England, where indeed they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,— Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

CAS. Is your Englishman so expert† in his drinking?

IAGO. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander, a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.‡

CAS. To the health of our general!

MONT. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

IAGO. O, sweet England!

*King Stephen was ‡ a worthy peer,*

*His breeches cost him but a crown;*

*He held them sixpence all too dear,*

*With that he call'd the tailor down.*

*• He was a wight of high renown,*

*And thou art but of low degree:*

*• 'Tis pride that pulls the country down,*

*Then § take thine || auld clack about thee.‡*

Some wine, ho!

CAS. Why this is a more exquisite song than the other.

IAGO. Will you hear 't again?

CAS. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things.—Well,—God's \*

(\*) First folio, *to*.

(†) First folio, *else*.

- cast us—] *Dismissed us*.

(\*) First folio, *Benew*.

(†) First folio, *exquisite*.

(‡) First folio *imports, and*.

(§) First folio, *and*.

(||) First folio, *thy*.



above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved."

IAGO. It's true, good lieutenant.

CAS. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved. \*

IAGO. And so do I too, lieutenant.

CAS. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs. —Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left:—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and I speak well enough.

ALL. Excellent well.

CAS. Why, very well, then: you must not think, then, that I am drunk. [*Exit.*]

MON. To the platform, masters: come, let's set the watch.

IAGO. You see this fellow that is gone before;—He is a soldier fit to stand by Caesar And give direction: and do but see his vice: 'Tis to his virtue, a just equinox, The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him. I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,

\* —and there be souls must not be saved.] This clause is omitted in the 1622 quarto.

He'll watch the horologe a double set,

If drink rock not his cradle.]

He'll not sleep whil' the hands course twice round the clock. In

CG8

On some odd time of his infirmity, Will shake this island.

MON. But is he often thus?

IAGO. 'Tis evermore the \* prologue to his sleep: He'll watch the horologe a double set,<sup>b</sup> If drink rock not his cradle.

MON. It were well

The general were put in mind of it, Perhaps he sees it not; or his good nature Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio, And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

*Enter RODERIGO.*

IAGO. [*Aside to him.*] How now, Roderigo? I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.

[*Exit RODERIGO.*]

MON. And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor Should hazard such a place as his own second With one of an ingraft infirmity: It were an honest action to say so To the Moor.

IAGO. Not I, for this fair island: I do love Cassio well, and would do much To cure him of this evil.—But, hark! what noise? [*Cry without,—Help! help!*]

(\*) First folio, *his*.

other words, for twenty-four hours, unless he have drink.

<sup>b</sup> *Cry without,—Help! help!* This stage direction is found only in the quartos.

*Re-enter CASSIO, pursuing RODERIGO.*

CAS. You rogue! you rascal!

MON. What's the matter, lieutenant?

CAS. A knave teach me my duty!

I'll beat the knave into a twiggén bottle.

ROD. Beat me!

CAS. Dost thou prate, rogue?

[*Striking RODERIGO.*]

MON. Nay, good lieutenant;

[*Staying him.*]

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

CAS. Let me go, sir.

Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

MON. Come, come, you're drunk.

CAS. Drunk! [*They fight.\**]

IAGO. Away, I say! go out, and cry—*a mutiny!*

[*Aside to RON. who goes out.*]

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen;—

Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir.—\*

Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch, indeed!

[*Bell rings.*]

Who's that which rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!

The town will rise: God's will,† lieutenant, hold!

You will be sham'd‡ for ever.

*Re-enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.*

OTH. What is the matter here?

MON. Zounds,§ I bleed still! I am hurt to the death.— [*He faints.\**]

OTH. Hold, for your lives!

IAGO. Hold, ho! Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—gentlemen.—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?\*

Hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for shame!

OTH. Why, how now, ho! from whence miseth this?

Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that

Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,

Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion—

Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the isle

From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters?—

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,

Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

(\*) First folio omits, *etc.*

(†) First folio, *Fie, he.*

(‡) First folio omits, *Zounds.*

\* *They fight!* The folio omits this direction.

† *He faints.* This direction is only given in the quarto of 1630. The folio instead of it adds to Montano's speech, not as a stage direction, the words, "He dies."

‡ — *all sense of place and duty!* The old copies, by mistake transpose the words, "sense of place," and read, "place of sense," &c.

§ — *peevish odds;*] *Headstrong, or perverse quarrel.*

IAGO. I do not know:—friends all but now, even now,

In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom

Dovesting them for bed; and then, but now

(As if some planet had unwitting men)

Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,

In opposition bloody. I cannot speak

Any beginning to this peevish\* odds;

And would in action glorious I had lost

Those legs that brought me to a part of it!

OTH. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

CAS. I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.

OTH. Worthy Montano, you were wont\* to civil;

The gravity and stillness of your youth

The world hath noted, and your name is great

In mouths of wisest censure: what's the matter,

That you unlace your reputation thus.

And spend your rich opinion\* for the name

Of a night-brawler? give me answer to't.

MON. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger:

Your officer, Iago, can inform you,—

While I spare speech, which something now offends me,—

Of all that I do know: nor know I aught

By me that's said or done amiss this night;

Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,

And to defend ourselves it be a sin

When violence assails us.

OTH. Now, by heaven,

My blood begins my safer guides to rule;

And passion, having my best judgment collied,†

Assays to lead the way! If I once stir,

Or do but lift this arm, the best of you

Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know

How this foul rout began, who set it on;

And he that is approv'd in this offence,

Though he had twin'd with me, both at a birth,

Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,

Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,

To manage private and domestic quarrel,

In night, and on the court and guard of safety!‡

\*Tis monstrous.—Iago, who began't?

MON. If, partially affind,§ or leagu'd† in office,

Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,

Thou art no soldier.

IAGO. Touch me not so near:

I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,

Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;

Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth

(\*) First folio inserts, *to.*

(†) Old copies, *leagues.*

— *squander your valued estimation* [— *collied*,—] *To colly means, literally, to blacken, to smut, and figuratively, to darken or obscure.* The expression in the text occurs in Ben Jonson's "Poetaster," Act IV. Sc. 2,—"Not thou hast not *collied* thy face enough, stinkard."

‡ — *on the court and guard of safety!* Such is the lection of the old copies; the usual reading, however, is that proposed by Theobald,—"the court of guard and safety."

§ *If, partially affind,*—] *If, being bound by partiality.*

Shall nothing wrong him.—This it is, general:  
Montano and myself being in speech,  
There comes a fellow crying out for help;  
And Cassio following him with determin'd sword,  
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman  
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause;  
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,  
Lest by his clamour (as it so fell out)  
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,  
Outran my purpose; and I return'd the rather  
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,  
And Cassio high in oath; which, till to-night,  
I ne'er might say before. When I came back,  
(For this was brief) I found them close together,  
At blow and thrust; even as again they were  
When you yourself did part them.  
More of this matter cannot I report:—  
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:—  
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—  
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—  
Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, receiv'd  
From him that fled some strange indignity,  
Which patience could not pass.

OTH. I know, Iago.  
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,  
Making it light to Cassio.—Cassio, I love thee;  
But never more be officer of mine.—

*Re-enter DESDEMONA attended.*

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up!—  
I'll make thee an example.

DES. What 's the matter?

OTH. All 's well now, sweeting:—  
Come away to bed.—Sir, for your hurts,  
Myself will be your surgeon: lead him off.

[*To MONTANO, who is led off.*]

Iago, look with care about the town,  
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—  
Come, Desdemona: 't is the soldiers' life  
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exeunt all except IAGO and CASSIO.*]

IAGO. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

CAS. Ay, past all surgery.

IAGO. Marry, heaven forbid!

CAS. Reputation, reputation reputation! O, I  
have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal  
part of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My  
reputation, Iago, my reputation!

IAGO. As I am an honest man, I\* thought you  
had received some bodily wound; there is more

sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an  
idle and most false imposition; oft got without  
merit, and lost without deserving: you have lost no  
reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such  
a loser. What, man! there are\* ways to recover  
the general again: you are but now cast in his  
mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice;  
even so as one would beat his offenceless dog to  
affright<sup>b</sup> an imperious lion: sue to him again, and  
he's yours.

CAS. I will rather sue to be despised, than to  
deceive so good a commander with so slight, so  
drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk?  
and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear?  
and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?<sup>c</sup>—O,  
thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name  
to be known by, let us call thee devil!

IAGO. What was he that you followed with your  
sword? What had he done to you?

CAS. I know not.

IAGO. Is 't possible?

CAS. I remember a mass of things, but nothing  
distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O,  
God,† that men should put an enemy in their  
mouths to steal away their brains! that we should,  
with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform  
ourselves into beasts!

IAGO. Why, but you are now well enough:  
how came you thus recovered?

CAS. It hath pleased the devil Drunkenness, to  
give place to the devil Wrath: one unperfectness  
shows me another, to make me frankly despise  
myself.

IAGO. Come, you are too severe a moralist: as  
the time, the place, and the condition of this  
country stands, I could heartily wish this had not  
befallen: but, since it is as it is, mend it for your  
own good.

CAS. I will ask him for my place again.—he  
shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many  
mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them  
all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool,  
and presently a beast! O, strange!—Every in-  
ordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a  
devil.

IAGO. Come, come, good wine is a good  
familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no  
more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think  
you think I love you.

CAS. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

IAGO. You, or any man living may be drunk at  
some‡ time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do.

(\*) First folio inserts, *And.*

\* All's well now, sweeting.] In the folio, Desdemona's question  
and the response run thus:—

"Des. What is the matter (Deere?)

Otho. All's well, sweeting."

‡ —to affright an imperious lion.†] Should we not read,—"to

(\*) First folio inserts, *more.*

(†) First folio omits, *God.*

(‡) First folio, *a time.*

appears an imperious lion?†

‡ Drunk! and speak parrot? and squabble! swagger? swear?  
and discourse fustian with one's own shadow!—] This is all want-  
ing in the 1622 *qua to.*



Our general's wife is now the general;—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation,—mark,—and denotement\* of her parts and graces:—confess yourself freely to her; importune her help to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter, and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

CAS. You advise me well.

IAGO. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

CAS. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here.†

IAGO. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

CAS. Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit CASSIO.*]

IAGO. And what's he, then, that says I play the villain?

When this advice is free I give and honest, Probal\* to thinking, and, indeed, the course To win the Moor again? For 't is most easy The inclining Desdemona to subdue In any honest suit: she's fram'd as fruitful As the free elements. And then for her To win the Moor,—were't\* to renounce his baptism,

All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,— His soul is so enfetter'd to her love, That she may make, unmake, do what she list, Even as her appetite shall play the god With his weak function. How am I, then, a villain

To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,

(\*) Old text, *devotement*. Corrected by Theobald.

(†) First folio omits, *here*.

\* Probal—] This contraction of *probable* is, as far as we know,

(\*) 'twas folio,

without example.

Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!  
 When devils will the blackest sins put on,\*  
 They do suggest<sup>b</sup> at first with heavenly shows,  
 As I do now: for whiles this honest fool  
 Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,\*  
 And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,  
 I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—  
 That she repeals him for her body's lust;  
 And by how much she strives to do him good,  
 She shall undo her credit with the Moor.  
 So will I turn her virtue into pitch;  
 And out of her own goodness make the net  
 That shall enmesh them all.—

*Enter RODRIGO.*

How now, Roderigo!

ROD. I do follow here in the chase, not like a  
 hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry.  
 My money is almost spent: I have been to-night  
 exceedingly well cudgelled; and I think the issue  
 will be—I shall have so much experience for my  
 pains;\* and so, with no money at all, and a little  
 more wit, return again to Venice.

(\*) First folio, *fortune*.

a — put on,— *Instigate, provoke.*  
 b — suggest— *Tempt, induce*

IAGO. How poor are they that have not  
 patience!

What wound did ever heal but by degrees?  
 Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witch-  
 craft;

And wit depends on dilatory time.  
 Does 't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,  
 And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd  
 Cassio.

Though other things grow fair against the sun,  
 Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe.  
 Content thyself awhile.—By the mass,\* 't is  
 morning;

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.—  
 Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:  
 Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:  
 Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit ROD.*] Two things are  
 to be done,—

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress,  
 I'll set her on;  
 Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,  
 And bring him jump when he may Cassio find  
 Soliciting his wife:—ay, that's the way;  
 Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*]

(\*) First folio, *In truth*.

(†) Old text, *achile*. Corrected by Theobald.

— for my pains.] The 1623 quarto adds,—"as that com-  
 &c





### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. Before the Castle.*

*Enter CASSIO, and some Musicians.*

Cas. Masters, play here,—I will content your pains,—  
Something that's brief; and bid good-morrow,  
general. [*Music.*]

*Enter Clown.*

Clow. Why, masters, have your instruments  
been in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?  
1 Mus. How, sir, how!

Clow. Are these, I pray you, wind-instruments?

1 Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clow. O, thereby hangs a tale.

1 Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clow. Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument  
that I know. But, masters, here's money for  
you; and the general so likes your music, that  
he desires you, of all loves,\* to make no more  
noise with it.

1 Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clow. If you have any music that may not be  
heard, to't again: but, as they say, to hear music  
the general does not greatly care.

1 Mus. We have none such, sir.

\* — of all loves,—) An old adjuration found in "The Merry  
Wives of Windsor," Act II. Sc. 2; and in "A Midsummer  
VOL. III.

Night's Dream," Act II. Sc. 2; and which the folio reading, "for  
love's sake," well explains.



CLO. Then put up your pipe in your bag, for I'll away: go; vanish into air; away!

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

CAS. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

CLO. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

CAS. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quill. There's a poor piece of gold for thee: if thou seest a woman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there's one Cassio ontreats her a little favour of speech: wilt thou do this?

CLO. She is stirring, sir: if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her.

CAS. Do, good my friend. [*Exit Clown.*]

*Enter IAGO.*

In happy time, Iago.

IAGO. You have not been a-bed, then?

CAS. Why, no; the day had broke before we parted. I have made bold, Iago, to send in to your wife: my suit to her is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona procure me some access.

IAGO. I'll send her to you presently; And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor out of the way, that your converse and business may be more free.

CAS. I humbly thank you for't. [*Exit IAGO.*]

I never knew

A Florentine more kind and honest.\*

*Enter EMILIA.*

EMIL. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry for your displeasure; but all will sure be well. The general and his wife are talking of it, And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moor replies, That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus, And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisdom He might not but refuse you; but he protests he loves you, And needs no other suitor but his likings, To take the safest occasion by the front To bring you in again.

CAS. Yet, I beseech you,— If you think fit, or that it may be done,— Give me advantage of some brief discourse With Desdemona alone.

\* Dost thou hear, my honest friend? So the quartos, the folio reads, "Dost thou hear me, some honest friend?"

b — that attends the general's wife, &c.] This is according to the quartos, the folio has, "that attends the General," &c.

c Do, good my friend.] The folio omits this hemistich.

d — I never knew

A Florentine more kind and honest.]

EMIL.

Pray you, come in;

I will bestow you where you shall have time To speak your bosom freely.

CAS.

I am much bound to you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

*Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.*

OTH. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot; And, by him, do my duties to the senate: That done,—I will be walking on the works,— Repair there to me.

IAGO.

Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

OTH. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see't?

GENT. We'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Garden of the Castle.

*Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.*

DES. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do All my abilities in thy behalf.

EMIL. Good madam, do; I warrant it grieves my husband,

As if the cause were his.

DES. O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio,

But I will have my lord and you again As friendly as you were.

CAS.

Bounteous madam, Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio, He's never any thing but your true servant.

DES. I know't.—I thank you. You do love my lord:

You have known him long; and be you well assur'd

He shall in strangeness stand no farther off Than in a politic distance.

CAS.

Ay, but, lady, That policy may either last so long, Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet, Or breed itself so out of circumstance,\*

(\*) First folio, *circumstances*.

As Iago from various passages is known to be a Venetian, and in the play, Cassio is supposed to mean that he never experienced more kindness and honesty even in one of his own countrymen.

\* To take the safest occasion by the front—] A line not found in the folio.



That, I being absent, and my place supplied,  
My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here,  
I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,  
If I do vow a friendship I'll perform it  
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;  
I'll watch<sup>a</sup> him tame, and talk him out of patience;  
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift,  
I'll intermingle every thing he does  
With Cassio's suit: therefore be merry, Cassio.  
For thy solicitor shall rather die  
Than give thy cause away.

Emil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease,  
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well; do your discretion. [*Exit* CASSIO.]

*Enter* Othello<sup>a</sup> and Iago.

IAGO. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

IAGO. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not  
what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

IAGO. Cassio, my lord! No, sure, I cannot  
think it,

That he would steal away so guilty-like,  
Seeing you<sup>a</sup> coming.

Oth. I do believe 't was he.

Des. How now, my lord!

I have been talking with a suitor here,<sup>a</sup>  
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my  
lord,

<sup>a</sup> I'll watch him tame,—] See note <sup>a</sup>, p. 663, Vol. I.

(<sup>a</sup>) First folio, *your*.

If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his  
car  
A stranger to thy thoughts.

IAGO. I do beseech you,—  
Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,  
(As I confess it is my nature's plague  
To spy into abuses, and oft\* my jealousy  
Shapes faults that are not,)—that your wisdom  
From one that so imperfectly conceits,  
Would take no notice; nor build yourself a  
trouble

Out of his scattering and unsure observance:—  
It were not\* for your quiet nor your good,  
Nor for my manhood, honesty, and wisdom,  
To let you know my thoughts.

OTH. What dost thou mean?

IAGO. Good name in man and woman, dear my  
lord,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls:  
Who steals my purse steals trash; 't is something—  
nothing; \* [thousands;  
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to  
But he that filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed. (1)

OTH. By heaven,† I'll know thy thoughts!

IAGO. You cannot, if my heart were in your  
hand;

Nor shall not, whilst 't is in my custody.

OTH. Ha!

IAGO. O, beware, my lord, of Jealousy;  
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock  
The meat it feeds on: that cuckold lives in bliss  
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;  
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,  
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet soundly\*  
loves!

OTH. O, misery!

IAGO. Poor and content is rich, and rich  
enough;

But riches fineless is as poor as winter,†  
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:—

(\*) First folio, of.

(†) First folio omits. By heaven.

\*—'t is something-nothing;] This is invariably printed, "something, nothing," but "something-nothing" appears to have been one of those compound epithets to which our old writers were so partial, and of which the plays before us afford very many more examples than have ever been noted. The precise meaning of the phrase it is not easy to determine, the only instance of its use we have met with being the following—"Before this news was stale came a tale of fresher manner to countermand it with certain news of a something nothing, and a priest that was neither dead nor alive, but suspended between both."—*A Watch Dog to Spare Providence*, &c. &c. 4to. 1664. It appears, however, to have been nearly equivalent to the expression, *neither here nor there*.

O, beware, my lord, of Jealousy;  
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock  
The meat it feeds on.]

For "mock" of all the old copies, Hamner printed *make*; and the question what is the meat that Jealousy feeds on has never yet been settled. Some affirm it to be Love; some, Deedemona; some, *passion* *antipassia*. Strange that it should have occurred to no

Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend  
From jealousy!

OTH. Why, why is this?

Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy;  
To follow still the changes of the moon  
With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in doubt,  
Is once\* to be resolv'd. Exchange me for a goat,  
When I shall turn the business of my soul  
To such exsufficate\* and blown† surmises,  
Matching thy inference. 'T is not to make me  
jealous,

To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,  
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;‡  
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:  
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw  
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;  
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago;  
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;  
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—  
Away at once with love or jealousy!

IAGO. I am glad of this; for now I shall have  
reason

To show the love and duty that I bear you  
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,  
Receive it from me:—I speak not yet of proof.  
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;  
Wear your eyes thus,—not jealous nor secure:  
I would not have your free and noble nature,  
Out of self-bounty, be abus'd; look to't:  
I know our country disposition well;  
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks  
They dare not show their husbands; their best  
conscience

Is not to leav't undone, but keep't unknown.

OTH. Dost thou say so?

IAGO. She did deceive her father, marrying you;  
And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks,  
She lov'd them most.

OTH. And so she did.

IAGO. Why, go to, then;  
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,  
To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak,—

(\*) First folio omits, once

(†) First folio, blown.

(‡) First folio omits, well.

(§) First folio, eyes.

one that the meat the monster mocks (1 *i. scoffs, gibes, or ridicules*), while he feeds on it, may be his credulous victim,—that thrice-wretched mortal,—

"Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet soundly loves."

—soundly loves:] So the folio, in support of which Mr. Dyce quotes from "Henry V." Act V. Sc. 2,—"*O, fair Katherine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart.*" &c. The quartos have,—"*suspects, yet strongly loves.*" and a few modern editions read, "*fondly loves.*"

But riches fineless is as poor as winter.—] *Riches fineless*, are treasures endless, unnumbered. Shakespeare before in this play uses "*riches*" as a singular,—

"The riches of the ship is come on shore."

—exsufficate.] This word in the old copies spelt *exsufficate*, Dr. Richardson considers, not improbably, "a misprint for *exsufflate*, i. e. *blow*, or *blow*, puffed out, and consequently, exaggerated, extravagant." &c.

To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak.—] The technical term to seal, which has been before explained, would lead us to suspect the poet wrote,—"close as *hamb's*."

He thought 't was witchcraft :—but I am much to blame ;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,  
For too much loving you.

OTH. I am bound to thee for ever.

IAGO. I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

OTH. Not a jot, not a jot.

IAGO. I' faith,\* I fear it has.

I hope you will consider what is spoke  
Comes from my† love ;—but I do see you're mov'd :—

I am to pray you not to strain my speech  
To grosser issues nor to larger reach,  
Than to suspicion.

OTH. I will not.

IAGO. Should you do so, my lord,  
My speech should fall into such vile success  
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my  
worthy friend :—

My lord, I see you're mov'd.

OTH. No, not much mov'd :—  
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

IAGO. Long live she so ! and long live you to  
think so !

OTH. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—

IAGO. Ay, there's the point :—as,—to be bold  
with you,—

Not to affect many proposed matches  
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,  
Whereto we see in all things nature tends :—

Foh ! one may smell in such, a will most rank,  
Foul disproportions, thoughts unnatural,—

But, pardon me ; I do not in position  
Distinctly speak of her ; though I may fear  
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,  
May fall to match you with her country forms,  
And happily repent.

OTH. Farewell, farewell :—  
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more ;†  
Set on thy wife to observe.—Leave me, Iago.

IAGO. My lord, I take my leave. [Going.]

OTH. Why did I marry ?—This honest crea-  
ture, doubtless,

Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

IAGO. [Returning.] My lord, I would I might  
entreat your honour

To scan this thing no farther ; leave it to time :

Although 't is fit that Cassio have his place,—

For, sure, he fills it up with great ability.—

Yet, if you please to hold\* him off awhile,

You shall by that perceive him and his means :

Note, if your lady strain his entertainment\*

With any strong or vehement importunity ;

Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,

Let me be thought too busy in my fears,—

As worthy cause I have to fear I am,—

And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

OTH. Fear not my government.

IAGO. I once more take my leave. [Exit.]

OTH. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,  
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit  
Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,\*  
Though that her jesses<sup>d</sup> were my dear heart-  
strings,

I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,

Tc prey at fortune.\* Haply, for I am black,

And have not those soft parts of conversation

That chamberers have ; or, for I am declin'd

Into the vale of years,—yet that's not much ;—

She's gone ; I am abus'd ; and my relief

Must be to loathe her. O, curse of marriage,

That we can call these delicate creatures ours,

And not their appetites ! I had rather be a toad,

And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,

Than keep a corner in the thing I love,

For others' uses. Yet, 't is the plague of† great  
ones ;

Prerogativ'd are they less than the base ;

'T is destiny unshunnable, like death :

Even then this forked plague<sup>f</sup> is fated to us

When we do quicken. Desdemona comes :

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself !—

I'll not believe 't.

Re-enter DESDEMONA, and EMILIA.

DES. How now, my dear Othello !  
Your dinner, and the generous islanders  
By you invited, do attend your presence.

(\*) First folio, *Trust me*.

(†) First folio, *your*.

\* As my thoughts aim not at.] The reading of the quartos : the folio has,—“ which my thoughts aim'd not ”

† — his entertainment.] His *re-entertainment*. “ *Entertainment* was the military term for the admission of soldiers.”—JOHNSON.

c — haggard.] In falconry, this term was often applied to a wild, unreclaimed hawk, one accustomed to seek its own prey

d — jesses—] Short strings attached to the foot of the hawk ; which the falconer twisted round his hand in holding her.

e I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind, To prey at fortune.]

“ The falconers always let fly the hawk against the wind ; if she flies with the wind behind her, she seldom returns. If therefore a hawk was for any reason to be dismissed, she was let down the wind, and from that time shifted for herself and preyed at fortune.”—JOHNSON.

(\*) First folio omits, *Mid*.

(†) First folio, *to*.

f — forked plague—] Malone quotes an Epigram of Sir John Harrington which very happily illustrates this expression :—

“ Actæon guiltless unawares espying  
Naked Diana bathing in her bowre,  
Was plagu'd with hornes ; his dogs did him devour ;  
Wherefore take heed, ye that are curious, prying,  
With some such forked plague you be got written,  
And in your foreheads see your faults be written.”

g — Desdemona comes : If she be false, O, then, heaven mocks itself !—] So the quartos ; in the folio we have,—

“ — Looks where she comes  
If she be false, O, then speak'd itself.”

OTH. I am to blame.

DES. Why do you speak so faintly?<sup>a</sup>  
Are you not well?

OTH. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

DES. Why, that 's with watching; 't will away again:

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour  
It will be well.

OTH. Your napkin is too little;  
[*He puts the handkerchief from him; and it drops.*]

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

DES. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exeunt OTH. and DES.*]

EMIL. I am glad I have found this napkin:  
This was her first remembrance<sup>b</sup> from the Moor:  
My wayward husband hath a hundred times  
Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,—  
For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it,—  
That she reserves it evermore about her,  
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,<sup>c</sup>  
And give 't Iago; what he will do with it,  
Heaven knows, not I;  
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

*Re-enter IAGO.*

IAGO. How now! what do you here alone?

EMIL. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

IAGO. A thing for me!<sup>d</sup>—it is a common thing—

EMIL. Ha!

IAGO. To have a foolish wife.

EMIL. O, is that all? What will you give me now

For that same handkerchief?

IAGO. What handkerchief?

EMIL. *What handkerchief?*

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;  
That which so often you did bid me steal.

IAGO. Hast stolen it from her?

EMIL. No, faith; \* she let it drop by negligence,

And, to the advantage, I, being here, took 't up.  
Look, here it is.

(\*) First folio, *but*

<sup>a</sup> Why do you speak so faintly? The quarto reads,—"Why is your speech so faint?"

<sup>b</sup>—remembrance—] That is, *memorial* or *forget-me-not*.  
<sup>c</sup>—I'll have the work ta'en out,—] *Taken out* means *copied*.  
Thus in the preface to Philemon Holland's translation of Pliny, 1616: "Nicophanes (a famous painter) gave his mind wholly to antique pictures, partly to exemplify and take out their patterns." &c. See also in Middleton's play of "Women beware of Women," Act I. Sc. 1.—

"—she intends

To take out other works in a new sampler."

<sup>d</sup> A thing for me!—] The folio reads,—"You have a thing for me!" &c.

IAGO. A good wench; give it me.

EMIL. What will you do with 't, that you have been so earnest

To have me filch it?

IAGO. [*Snatching it.*] Why, what's that to you?

EMIL. If it be not for some purpose of import,  
Giv 't me again; poor lady! she'll run mad  
When she shall lack it.

IAGO. Be not acknowledg'd on 't: I have use for it.  
Go, leave me. [*Exit EMILIA.*]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,  
And let him find it. Trifles light as air  
Are to the jealous confirmations strong  
As proofs of holy writ: this may do something.  
The Moor already changes with my poison:—  
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,<sup>e</sup>  
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,  
But, with a little act upon the blood,  
Barn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:—  
Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,<sup>(2)</sup>  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,  
Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep  
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

*Re-enter OTHELLO.*

OTH. Ha! ha! false to me?

IAGO. Why, how now, general! no more of that.

OTH. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack:—

I swear 't is better to be much abus'd  
Than but to know 't a little.

IAGO. How now, my lord!

OTH. What sense had I of \* her stol'n hours of lust?

I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:  
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;<sup>f</sup>  
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:  
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,  
Let him not know 't, and he's not robb'd at all.

IAGO. I am sorry to hear this.

OTH. I had been happy, if the general camp,

(\*) First folio, *is*.

<sup>e</sup> Be not acknowledg'd on 't:—] The quarto 1622 has,—"Be not you known on 't." "Acknowledg'd" is a word far from unusual with our early authors. See the notes ad. in the *Variations*, 1824.

<sup>f</sup> The Moor already changes with my poison:—

*Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,—]*

The repetition of *poison* here is so inelegant that we may well suspect the word in one line was caught by the compositor's eye from the other, but it is hard to say in which the corruption lies.  
I slept the next night well, was free and merry:—] So both the quartos. The folio reads,—

"I slept the next night well, *fell* well, was free and merry."

Pioners\* and all, had tasted her sweet body,  
 So I had nothing known. O, now, for ever  
 Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!  
 Farewell the plumed troops, and the big wars,  
 That make ambition virtue? O, farewell!  
 Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,  
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,<sup>(3)</sup>  
 The royal banner, and all quality.  
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!  
 And, O, you mortal engines, whose rude throats  
 The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,  
 Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

IAGO. Is't possible?—My lord,—

OTH. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a  
 whore.—

Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof:

[Seizing him by the throat.

Or, by the worth of man's<sup>b</sup> eternal soul,  
 Thou hadst been better have been horn a dog  
 Than answer my wak'd wrath!

IAGO. Is't come to this?

OTH. Make me to see 't; or, at the least, so  
 prove it,

That the probation bear no hinge nor loop  
 To hang a doubt on, or woe upon thy life!

IAGO. My noble lord,—

OTH. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,  
 Never pray more; abandon all remorse;<sup>c</sup>  
 On horror's head horrors accumulate;  
 Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;  
 For nothing canst thou to damnation add,  
 Greater than that!

IAGO. O, grace! O, heaven forgive me!  
 Are you a man? have you a soul or sense?—  
 God be wi' you; take mine office.—O, wretched  
 fool,

That liv'st\* to make thine honesty a vice!—  
 O, monstrous world! Take note, take note, O,  
 world,

To be direct and honest is not safe.—  
 I thank you for this profit; and from hence  
 I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

OTH. Nay, stay:—thou shouldst be honest.

IAGO. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,  
 And loses that it works for.

OTH. By the world,  
 I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;  
 I think that thou art just, and think thou art not!  
 I'll have some proof: her† name, that was as fresh  
 As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black

As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,  
 Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,  
 I'll not endure it.—Would I were satisfied!

IAGO. I see, sir,\* you are eaten up with passion:  
 I do repent me that I put it to you.  
 You would be satisfied?

OTH. Would I, nay, I will.

IAGO. And may: but how? how satisfied, my  
 lord?

Would you the supervisor† grossly gape on,—  
 Behold her tupp'd!‡

OTH. Death and damnation! O!

IAGO. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,  
 To bring them to that prospect: damn them then,  
 If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster  
 More than their own? What then? how then?  
 What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?

It is impossible you should see this,  
 Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,  
 As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross  
 As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,  
 If imputation and strong circumstances,—  
 Which lead directly to the door of truth,—  
 Will give you satisfaction, you may have't.

OTH. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

IAGO. I do not like the office:

But, sith I'm enter'd in this cause so far,—  
 Prick'd to't by foolish honesty and love,—  
 I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;  
 And, being troubled with a raging tooth,  
 I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,  
 That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs:  
 One of this kind is Cassio:

In sleep I heard him say.—*Sweet Desdemona,*  
*Let us be wary, let us hide our loves.*

And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,  
 Cry,—*O, sweet creature!* and§ then kiss me hard,  
 As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,  
 That grew upon my lips; then|| laid his leg  
 Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd;¶ and then  
 Cried,\*\* *Cursed fate that gave thee to the Moor!*

OTH. O, monstrous! monstrous!

IAGO. Nay, this was but his dream.

OTH. But this denoted a foregone conclusion,  
 'T is a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

IAGO. And this may help to thicken other  
 proofs,

That do demonstrate thinly.

OTH. I'll tear her all to pieces.

\* \* First folio, *lov'st*.

(†) First folio, *my*.

\* Pioners.—] The "pioners" or *pioneers* were of old the degraded soldiers. So in "The Laws and Ordinances of War," 1640, quoted by Grose,—"If a trooper shall loose his horse or hackney, or a footman any part of his arms, by negligence or lawdness, by dice or cards; he or they shall remain in quality of *pioners*, or scavengers, till they be furnished with as good as were lost, at their own charge."

<sup>b</sup> — of man's eternal soul.—] The folio reads, with much

(\*) First folio omits, *sir*.

(†) First folio, *supervision*.

(‡) Old text, *tupp'd* and *lopt*.

(§) First folio omits, *and*.

(||) First folio omits, *then*.

(¶) First folio, *sigh and kiss*.

(\*\*) First folio, *Cry*.

less force,—

"— of mine eternal soul," &c.

<sup>c</sup> — abandon *all* <sup>§</sup> *once*] All pity, all tenderness of feeling.



IAGO. Nay, but<sup>a</sup> be wise; yet we see nothing done;  
 She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—  
 Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief  
 Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?

OTH. I gave her such a one; 't was my first gift.

IAGO. I know not that: but such a handkerchief

(I am sure it was your wife's) did I to-day  
 See Cassio wipe his beard with.

OTH. If it be that,—

IAGO. If it be that, or any that<sup>b</sup> was hers,  
 It speaks against her with the other proofs.

OTH. O, that the slave had forty thousand  
 lives,—

One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!

(<sup>a</sup>) First folio, *yet*.

(<sup>b</sup>) Old text, *th*. Corrected by Malone.

Now do I see 't is true.—Look here, Iago;  
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:  
'T is gone!—

Arise, black Vengeance, from the hollow hell!<sup>\*</sup>  
Yield up, O Love, thy crown and hearted throne,  
To tyrannous Hate! Swell, bosom, with thy  
fraught,

For 't is of aspics' tongues!

IAGO. Yet be content.

OTH. O, blood, blood, blood!

IAGO. Patience, I say; your mind perhaps<sup>\*</sup> may  
change.

OTH. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,  
Whose icy current and compulsive course  
Ne'er feels<sup>†</sup> retiring ebb, but keeps due on  
To the Propontic and the Hellespont;  
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,  
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,  
Till that a capable and wide revenge  
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond marble heaven,  
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*Kneels.*]  
I here engage my words.

IAGO. Do not rise yet.— [*Kneels.*]

Witness, you ever-burning lights above,  
You elements that clip us round about,  
Witness, that here Iago doth give up  
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,  
To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him command,  
And to obey shall be in me remorse,  
What bloody business ever!

OTH. I greet thy love,  
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance  
bounteous,  
And will upon the instant put thee to 't:  
Within these three days let me hear thee say  
That Cassio's not alive.

IAGO. My friend is dead: 't is done at your  
request;

But let her live.

OTH. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her! ‡  
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw.  
To furnish me with some swift means of death  
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

IAGO. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—*The same. Before the Castle.*

*Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.*

DES. Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant  
Cassio lies?

CLO. I dare not say he lies any where.

DES. Why, man?

CLO. He is a soldier; and for one<sup>\*</sup> to say a  
soldier lies, is<sup>†</sup> stabbing.

DES. Go to: where lodges he?

CLO. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you  
where I lie.

DES. Can anything be made of this?

CLO. I know not where he lodges; and for  
me to devise a lodging, and say he lies here or  
he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

DES. Can you inquire him out, and be edified  
by report?

CLO. I will catechize the world for him; that  
is, make questions, and by them answer.

DES. Seek him, bid him come hither; tell  
him I have moved my lord on his behalf, and  
hope all will be well.

CLO. To do this is within the compass of man's  
wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [*Exit.*]

DES. Where should I lose that ‡ handkerchief,  
Emilia?

EMIL. I know not, madam.

DES. Believe me, I had rather have lost my  
purse

Full of crusadoes:<sup>(4)</sup> and, but my noble Moor  
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness  
As jealous creatures are, it were enough  
To put him to ill thinking.

EMIL. Is he not jealous?

DES. Who, he? I think the sun where he was  
born  
Drew all such humours from him.

EMIL. Look, where he comes.

DES. I will not leave him now, till Cassio  
Be call'd to him.

*Enter OTHELLO.*

How is 't with you, my lord?

OTH. Well, my good lady; — [*Aside.*] O, hard-  
ness to dissemble! —

How do you, Desdemona?

DES. Well, my good lord.

OTH. Give me your hand: this hand is moist,  
my lady.

DES. It yet<sup>§</sup> has felt no age nor known no  
sorrow.

OTH. This argues fruitfulness and liberal  
heart: —

Hot, hot, and moist: this hand of yours requires  
A sequester from liberty, fasting<sup>§</sup> and prayer,  
Much castigation, exercise devout;

(\*) First folio omits, perhaps. (†) First folio, keeps.  
(‡) First folio repeats, damn her.

(\*) First folio, me. (†) First folio, 'tis.  
(‡) First folio, 'tis. (§) First folio omits, yet.

\* — the hollow hell! ‡ The quartos, which are here generally

followed, have, " — thy hollow cell!"



For here's a young, and sweating devil here,  
That commonly rebels. 'T is a good hand,  
A frank one.

DES. You may, indeed, say so ;  
For 't was that hand that gave away my heart.

OTH. A liberal hand: the hearts of old gave  
hands ;

But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts. (5)

DES. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your  
promise.

OTH. What promise, chuck ?

DES. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak  
with you.

OTH. I have a salt and sorry rhoun offends me ;  
Lend me thy handkerchief.

DES. Here, my lord.

OTH. That which I gave you.

DES. I have it not about me.

OTH. Not ?

DES. No, indeed, my lord.

OTH. That is a fault.

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give :  
She was a charmer,\* and could almost read  
The thoughts of people: she told her, while she  
kept it,

'T would make her amiable, and subdue my father  
Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,  
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye  
Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should  
hunt

After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me ;  
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,  
To give it her. I did so: and take heed on't ;  
Make it a darling like your precious eye ;  
To lose 't or give 't away were such perdition  
As nothing else could match.

DES. Is 't possible ?

OTH. 'T is true: there's magic in the web of it :  
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world  
The sun to course two hundred compasses,  
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work ;  
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk ;  
And it was dy'd in mummy which the skilful  
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

DES. Indeed! is 't true ?

OTH. Most veritable; therefore look to 't well.

DES. Then would to God† that I had never  
seen 't !

OTH. Ha! wherefore ?

DES. Why do you speak so startlingly and rash ?

OTH. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is't out of  
the way ?

DES. Heaven† bless us !

OTH. Say you ?

DES. It is not lost; but what an if it were ?

OTH. How !

DES. I say, it is not lost.

OTH. Fetch't, let me see't.

DES. Why, so I can, sir,\* but I will not now.

This is a trick to put me from my suit :

Pray you, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

OTH. Fetch me the handkerchief: my mind  
misgives.

DES. Come, come ;

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

OTH. The handkerchief !

DES. I pray, talk me of Cassio.

OTH. The handkerchief !

DES. A man that all his time  
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,  
Shar'd dangers with you,—

OTH. The handkerchief !

DES. In sooth, you are to blame.

OTH. Away! (6)

[Exit.

EMIL. Is not this man jealous ?

DES. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief ;  
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

EMIL. 'T is not a year or two shows us a man :  
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food ;  
They eat us hungrily, and when they are full  
They belch us.—Look you,—Cassio and my  
husband.

*Enter CASSIO and IAGO.*

IAGO. There is no other way: 't is she must  
do't :

And, lo, the happiness! go and impórtune her.

DES. How now, good Cassio! what's the news  
with you ?

CAS. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you,  
That by your virtuous means I may again  
Exist, and be a member of his love  
Whom I, with all the office of my heart,  
Entirely honour. I would not be delay'd :  
If my offence be of such mortal kind,  
That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,  
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,  
Can ransom me into his love again,  
But to know so must be my benefit ;  
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content.  
And shut myself up in some other course,  
To fortune's alms.

DES. Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio!

My advocacy is not now in tune ;

(\*) First folio, *loathed*.

(†) First folio, *Heaven*.

(‡) First folio omits, *Heaven*

\* — a charmer,— An enchanter:—as; one who worked by spells  
and charms.

(\*) First folio omits, *etc*.

b DES. I pray, talk me of Cassio.

OTH. The handkerchief!

These two speeches are omitted in the folio.

My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,  
Were he in favour as in humour alter'd.  
So help me every spirit sanctified,  
As I have spoken for you all my best,  
And stood within the blank of his displeasure  
For my free speech! You must a while be patient:  
What I can do I will; and more I will  
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

IAGO. Is my lord angry?

EMIL. He went hence but now,  
And certainly in strange unquietness.

IAGO. Can he be angry? I have seen the  
cannon,

When it hath blown his ranks into the air,  
And, like the devil, from his very arm,  
Puff'd his own brother;—and can he be angry? \*  
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him;  
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

DES. I prythee, do so.—[Exit IAGO.] Some-  
thing, sure, of state,—

Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice  
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—  
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and in such cases  
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,  
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;  
For let our finger ache, and it induces  
Our other healthful members even to a sense  
Of pain. Nay, we must think men are not gods,  
Nor of them look for such observancy  
As fits the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Emilia,  
I was (unhandsome warrior as I am)  
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;  
But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,  
And he's indicted falsely.

EMIL. Pray heaven it be state-matters, as you  
think,  
And no conception nor no jealous toy  
Concerning you.

DES. Alas, the day, I never gave him cause!

EMIL. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;  
They are not ever jealous for the cause,  
But jealous for they're jealous: it is a monster,  
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

DES. Heaven keep that† monster from Othello's  
mind!

EMIL. Lady, amen!

DES. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk here-  
about:

If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,  
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

CAS. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[Exit DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

Enter BIANCA.

BIAN. Save you, friend Cassio!

CAS. What make you from home?  
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?  
I'faith,\* sweet love, I was coming to your house.

BIAN. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.  
What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?  
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,  
More tedious than the dial eight score times?  
O, weary reckoning!

CAS. Pardon me, Bianca;  
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;  
But I shall, in a more continue<sup>a</sup> time,  
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,  
[Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief.]  
Take me this work out.

BIAN. O, Cassio, whence came this?  
This is some token from a newer friend:  
To the felt absence now I feel a cause.  
Is't come to this? Well, well.

CAS. Go to, woman!  
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,  
From whence you have them. You are jealous  
now  
That this is from some mistress some remem-  
brance:  
No, in good troth, Bianca.

BIAN. Why, whose is it?

CAS. I know not neither: I found it in my  
chamber.

I like the work well: ere it be demanded, \*  
(As like enough it will) I'd have it copied:  
Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

BIAN. Leave you! wherefore?

CAS. I do attend here on the general;  
And think it no addition, nor my wish,  
To have him see me woman'd.

BIAN. Why,† I pray you?

CAS. Not that I love you not.

BIAN. But that you do not love me.  
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;  
And say if I shall see you soon at night.

CAS. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,  
For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.

BIAN. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd.  
[Exit.

(\*) First folio, *to be angry?*

(†) First folio, *she*.

(\*) First folio, *I indeed*.

a — a more continue<sup>a</sup> time, —] That is, Johnson says, a time less

interrupted. The quarto 1622 has, "A more convenient time."



## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same. Before the Castle.*

*Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.*

IAGO. Will you think so?

OTH.

IAGO.

To kiss in private?

*Think so, Iago!*

What,

OTH.

An unauthoriz'd kiss.

IAGO. Or to be naked with her friend in bed  
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?

OTH. Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm!  
It is hypocrisy against the devil:  
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,

The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

IAGO. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip : But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

OTH. What then ?

IAGO. Why then 'tis hers, my lord ; and, being hers,

She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

OTH. She is protectress of her honour too : May she give that ?

IAGO. Her honour is an essence that's not seen ; They have it very oft that have it not :

But, for the handkerchief,—

OTH. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it :—

Thou saidst,—O, it comes o'er my memory, As doth the raven o'er the infectious house, Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.

IAGO. Ay, what of that ?

OTH. That's not so good now.

IAGO. What, if I had said I had seen him do you wrong ?

Or heard him say,—as knaves be such abroad, Who having, by their own importunate suit, Or voluntary dotage of some mistress, Convinced, or supplied them, cannot choose But they must blab,—

OTH. Hath he said any thing ?

IAGO. Ho hath, my lord ; but be you well assur'd,

No more than he'll unswear.

OTH. What hath he said ?

IAGO. Faith,\* that he did,—I know not what he did.

OTH. What ? what ?

IAGO. Lie—

OTH. With her ?

IAGO. With her ;—on her ;—what you will.

OTH. *Lie with her ! lie on her !*—We say lie on her, when they belie her : Lie with her ! that's fulsome.—Handkerchief,—confessions,—handkerchief !—To confess, and be hanged for his labour.—First, to be hanged, and then to confess.—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion, without some instruction. It is not words that shake me thus :—Pish !—Noses, ears, and lips :—Is't possible ?—Confess !—Handkerchief !—O, devil !<sup>(d)</sup> [*Falls in a trance.*]

IAGO. Work on,

My medicine, work ! Thus credulous fools are caught ;

And many worthy and chaste dames even thus, All guiltless, meet reproach.—What, ho ! my lord ! My lord, I say ! Othello !

*Enter Cassio.*

How now, Cassio !

CAS. What is the matter ?

IAGO. My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy : This is his second fit ; he had one yesterday.\*

CAS. Rub him about the temples.

IAGO. No, forbear :\*

The lethargy must have his quiet course ; If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs : Do you withdraw yourself a little while, He will recover straight : when he is gone, I would on great occasion speak with you.—

[*Exit Cassio.*]

How is it, general ? have you not hurt your head ?

OTH. Dost thou mock me ?

IAGO. I mock you ! no,\* by heaven : Would you would bear your fortune like a man !

OTH. A horned man's a monster and a beast.

IAGO. There's many a beast, then, in a populous city,

And many a civil monster.

OTH. Did he confess it ?

IAGO. Good sir, be a man :

Think every bearded fellow that's but yok'd May draw with you : there's millions now alive That nightly lie in those unproper<sup>b</sup> beds, Which they dare swear peculiar ; your case is better.

O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock, To lip a wanton in a secure couch, And to suppose her chaste ! No, let me know : And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

OTH. O, thou art wise : 'tis certain.

IAGO. Stand you awhile apart ;

Confine yourself but in a patient list.

Whilst you were here, o'erwhelmed with your grief,—

A passion most unsuiting<sup>†</sup> such a man,—

Cassio came hither : I shifted him away,

And laid good 'squire upon your ecstasy ; Bade him anon return, and here speak with me ; The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourself, And mark the floors, the gibes, and notable scorn<sup>s</sup>,

That dwell in every region of his face ;

For I will make him tell the tale anew,—

Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when

He hath, and is again to cope your wife ;

I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience ;

Or I shall say you are all-in-all in spleen, :

And nothing of a man.

(\*) First folio, *why*.

(\*) First folio, *not*.

(†) First folio, *resulting*.

\* No, forbear :] These words are not in the folio.

b — improper—] *Common.*



OTH. Dost thou hear, Iago ?  
I will be found most cunning in my patience ;  
But—dost thou hear ?—most bloody.

IAGO. That's not amiss :  
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw ?

[OTHELLO retires.

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,  
A housewife that, by selling her desires,  
Buys herself bread and clothes : it is a creature  
That dotes on Cassio,—as 'tis the strumpet's  
plague,

To beguile many and be beguil'd by one :—  
He, when he hears of her, cannot restrain  
From the excess of laughter :—here he comes :—  
As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad ;  
And his unbookish\* jealousy must construe\*

Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,  
Quite in the wrong.—

*Re-enter CASSIO.*

How do you now,\* lieutenant ?

CAS. The worser, that you give me the addition  
Whose want even kills me.

IAGO. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure  
on't.

Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's dower,  
[*Speaking lower.*

How quickly should you speed !

CAS. Alas, poor caitiff !

OTH. [*Aside.*] Look, how he laughs already !

(\*) First folio, *construes*.

(\*) First folio omits.

\* — unbookish *jealousy*—] *Ignorant jealousy*

IAGO. I never knew woman love man so.

CAS. Alas, poor rogue! I think, i'faith,\* she loves me.

OTH. [*Aside.*] Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

IAGO. Do you hear, Cassio?

OTH. [*Aside.*] Now he importunes him to tell it o'er:—go to; well said, well said.

IAGO. She gives it out, that you shall marry her:

Do you intend it?

CAS. Ha, ha, ha!

OTH. [*Aside.*] Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?

CAS. I marry her!†—what, a customer!‡ Pr'ythee bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome.—Ha, ha, ha!

OTH. [*Aside.*] So, so, so, so:—they laugh that win.

IAGO. Faith,‡ the cry goes that you shall§ marry her.

CAS. Pr'ythee, say true.

IAGO. I am a very villain else.

OTH. [*Aside.*] Have you scored me? Well.

CAS. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

OTH. [*Aside.*] Iago beckons|| me; now he begins the story.

CAS. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes the bauble, and falls me thus about my neck,—

OTH. [*Aside.*] Crying, O, dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture imports it.

CAS. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales¶ and pulls me:—ha, ha, ha!—

OTH. [*Aside.*] Now he tells how she plucked him to my chamber. O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.

CAS. Well, I must leave her company.

IAGO. Before me! look, where she comes.

CAS. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.

*Enter BIANCA.*

—What do you mean by this haunting of me?

BIAN. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief

you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work!—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work! There,—give it your hobby-horse:‡ wheresoever you find it, I'll take out no work on't.

CAS. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now! how now!

OTH. [*Aside.*] By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

BIAN. An\* you'll come to supper to-night you may; an\* you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [*Exit.*]

IAGO. After her, after her.

CAS. Faith,† I must; she'll rail in the streets else.

IAGO. Will you sup there?

CAS. Faith,‡ I intend so.

IAGO. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

CAS. Pr'ythee, come; will you?

IAGO. Go to; say no more. [*Exit CASSIO.*]

OTH. [*Advancing.*] How shall I murder him, Iago?

IAGO. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

OTH. O, Iago!

IAGO. And did you see the handkerchief?

OTH. Was that mine?

IAGO. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

OTH. I would have him nine years a-killing.—A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

IAGO. Nay, you must forget that.

OTH. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live: no, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand.—O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

IAGO. Nay, that's not your way.

OTH. Hang her! I do but say what she is:—so delicate with her needle!—an admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!

IAGO. She's the worse for all this.

OTH. O, a thousand-thousand times:‡—and then, of so gentle a condition!

(\*) First folio, *indeed*.

(†) First folio, *Why*.

(‡) First folio, *becomes*.

(+) First folio omits, *her*.

(§) First folio omits, *shall*.

(||) First folio, *shakes*.

\* — a customer!|| This was a cant term for a loose woman. So in "All's Well That Ends Well," Act V. Sc. 2,—

"I think thee now some common customer."

† Have you scored me?|| "Scored" for branded, unless the word is a misprint. The quartos have *stor'd*; the folio, *score'd*.

‡ — hobby-horse:‡ Another by-word for an abandoned woman.

IAGO. Ay, too gentle.

OTH. Nay, that's certain :—but yet the pity of it, Iago !—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago !

IAGO. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend ; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

OTH. I will chop her into messes :—cuckold me !

IAGO. O, 'tis foul in her.

OTH. With mine officer !

IAGO. That's fouler.

OTH. Get me some poison, Iago ; this night :—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again :—this night, Iago.

IAGO. Do it not with poison ; strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

OTH. Good, good : the justice of it pleases ; very good !

IAGO. And, for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker : you shall hear more by midnight.

[A trumpet without.

OTH. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same ?

IAGO. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico,

Come from the duke ; and, see, your wife is with him.\*

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.

LOD. Save you, worthy general !

OTH. With all my heart, sir.

LOD. The duke and\* senators of Venice greet you.

[Gives him a packet.

OTH. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[Opens the packet, and reads.

DES. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico ?

IAGO. I am very glad to see you, signior ; Welcome to Cyprus.

LOD. I thank you. How does lieutenant Cassio ?

IAGO. Lives, sir.

DES. Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord

An unkind breach ; but you shall make all well.\*

OTH. Are you sure of that ?

DES. My lord ?

OTH. [Reads.] *This fail you not to do, as you will—*

(\*) First folio inserts, *she*.

\* Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico, Come from the duke ; and see, your wife is with him.]

We prefer here the location of the quartet. The folio has,—

LOD. He did not call : he's busy in the paper. Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio ?

DES. A most unhappy one ; I would do much To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

OTH. Fire and brimstone !

DES. My lord ?

OTH. Are you wise ?

DES. What, is he angry ?

LOD. May be the letter mov'd him ; For, as I think, they do command him home, Deputing Cassio in his government.

DES. Trust me, I am glad on 't.

OTH. Indeed ?

DES. My lord ?

OTH. I am glad to see you mad.

DES. Why, sweet Othello ?

OTH. Devil ! [Striking her.

DES. I have not deserv'd this.

LOD. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,

Though I should swear I saw 't : 't is very much ; Make her amends ; she weeps.

OTH. O, devil, devil !

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears, Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.— Out of my sight !

DES. I will not stay to offend you. [Going

LOD. Truly, an\* obedient lady :—

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

OTH. Mistress !

DES. My lord ?

OTH. What would you with her, sir ?

LOD. Who, I, my lord ?

OTH. Ay ; you did wish that I would make her turn :

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on, And turn again ; and she can weep, sir,—weep ! And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient !— Very obedient.—Proceed you in your tears.— Concerning this, sir,—O, well-painted passion !— I am commanded home.—Get you away ; I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate, And will return to Venice.—Hence, avaunt !

[Exit DESDEMONA.

Cassio shall have my place. And,—sir, to-night, I do entreat that we may sup together :

You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkeys ! [Exit.

LOD. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate

Call all-in-all sufficient ?—Is this the nature Whom passion could not shake ? whose solid virtue

(\*) First folio omits, *an*.

\* I warrant something from Venice, 'Tis Lodovico this, comes from the Duke. See, your wife with him." &c.



The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,  
Could neither graze nor pierce?

IAGO. He is much chang'd.

LOD. Are his wits safe? is he not light of  
brain?

IAGO. He's—that he is: I may not breathe  
my censure.

What he might be,—if, what he might, he is  
not,—

I would to heaven he were!

LOD. What, strike his wife!

IAGO. Faith, that was not so well; yet would  
I knew

That stroke would prove the worst.

LOD. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,  
And new-create this\* fault?

IAGO. Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me to speak

What I have seen and known. You shall observe  
him;

And his own courses will denote him so.

That I may save my speech: do but go after,  
And mark how he continues.

LOD. I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.*

OTH. You have seen nothing, then?

EMIL. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

OTH. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she to-  
gether.

EMIL. But then I saw no harm, and then I  
heard

Each syllable that breath made up between them.

OTH. What, did they never whisper?

EMIL. Never, my lord.

OTH. Nor send you oft o' the way?

EMIL. Never.

OTH. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask,  
nor nothing?

EMIL. Never, my lord.

OTH. That's strange.

EMIL. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,  
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,  
Remove your thought,—it doth abuse your bosom.  
If any wretch have put this in your head,  
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!  
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,  
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives  
Is foul as slander.

(\*) First folio, *his*.



OTH. Bid her come hither:—go.—

[Exit EMILIA.]

She says enough;—yet she's a simple bawd  
That cannot say as much. 'This is a subtle whore,  
A closet-lock-and-key of villanous secrets:  
And yet she'll kneel and pray; I have seen her  
do't.

*Enter DESDEMONA with EMILIA.*

DES. My lord, what is your will?

OTH. Pray you, chuck, come hither.

DES. What is your pleasure?

OTH. Let me see your eyes;

Look in my face.

DES. What horrible fancy's this?

OTH. Some of your function, mistress;

[To EMILIA.]

Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;

Cough, or cry *hem*, if any body come:

Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, despatch!

[Exit EMILIA.]

DES. Upon my knees, what doth your speech  
import?

I understand a fury in your words,

But not the words.\*

OTH. Why, what art thou?

DES. Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal  
wife.

OTH. Come, swear it, damn thyself;

Least, being like one of heaven, the devils them-  
selves

Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-  
damn'd,—

Swear—thou art honest.

DES. Heaven doth truly know it.

OTH. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as  
hell.

DES. To whom, my lord? with whom? how am  
I false?

OTH. Ah, Desdemona!—away! away! away!

DES. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you  
weep?

Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?

If haply you my father do suspect

An instrument of this your calling back,

Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,  
Why,\* I have lost him too.

OTH. Had it pleas'd heaven

To try me with affliction; had he<sup>†</sup> rain'd

All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head;

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;

Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;

I should have found in some place of my soul

A drop of patience: but, alas, to make me

The fixed figure of the time, for Scorn

To point his slow and moving finger at!—<sup>‡</sup>

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:

But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,

Where either I must live, or bear no life,—

The fountain from the which my current runs,

Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!

Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads

To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion  
there,

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin!—

Ay, there,<sup>§</sup> look grim as hell!

DES. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

OTH. O, ay; as summer flies are in the  
shambles,

That quicken even with blowing. O, thou weed,

Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,

That the sense aches at thee,—would thou hadst  
ne'er been born!

DES. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

OTH. Was this fair paper, this most goodly  
book,

Made to write whore upon?—*What committed!*

*Committed!* O, thou public commoner!

I should make very forges of my cheeks,

That would to cinders burn up modesty,

Did I but speak thy deeds.—*What committed!*

Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;

The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,

Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,

And will not hear it.—*What committed!*—

Impudent strumpet!

DES. By heaven, you do me wrong!

OTH. Are not you a strumpet?

DES. No, as I am a Christian!

If to preserve this vessel for my lord

From any other foul unlawful touch,

Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

\* But not the words.] The folio omits this hemistich.

The fixed figure of the time, for Scorn  
To point his slow and moving finger at!—]

We adopt in this much discussed passage an emendation proposed by the Rev. J. Hunter, which involves only the transposition of the particles "for" and "of," and affords an excellent sense. The text of the folio is,—

"The fixed figure for the time of scorn,  
To point his slow and moving finger at."

That of the quartos,—

"A fixed figure, for the time of scorn,  
To point his slow unmoving finger at. . . oh, oh," &c.

(\*) First folio omits, *Why*.

(†) First folio, *they*.

(‡) Old text, *I hear*. Corrected by Theobald.

except that the second quarto reads "*finger*" for "*Angers*." Mr. Collier's annotator, availing himself of the obvious alteration *hand* for "*time*," which Rowe first made, and the equally obvious suggestion of Mason,—*slowly moving finger at*—presents us with the following, which Mr. Collier says "we may reasonably believe to have been what the poet wrote,"—

"A fixed figure, for the hand of scorn  
To point his slowly moving finger at."

c Impudent strumpet!] These words are omitted in the folio.



OTH. What, not a whore?

DES. No, as I shall be sav'd!

OTH. Is't possible?

DES. O, heaven forgive us!

OTH. I cry your mercy, then;  
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,  
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,  
That have the office opposite to St. Peter,  
And keep the gate of hell!

*Re-enter EMILIA.*

You! you! ay, you!  
We have done our course; there's money for  
your pains:  
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.

[*Exit.*]

EMIL. Alas, what does this gentleman con-  
ceive?—

How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

DES. Faith, half asleep.

• EMIL. Good madam, what's the matter with  
my lord?

DES. With who?

EMIL. Why, with my lord, madam.

DES. Who is thy lord?

EMIL. He that is yours, sweet lady.

DES. I have none: do not talk to me, Emilia;  
I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,

But what should go by water. Pr'ythee, to-night  
Lay on my bod my wedding sheets,—remember;—  
And call thy husband hither.

EMIL. Here's a change, indeed!

[*Exit.*]

DES. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.  
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick  
The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse?\*

*Re-enter EMILIA, with IAGO.*

IAGO. What is your pleasure, madam? How  
is't with you?

DES. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young  
babes,

Do it with gentle means and easy tasks:

He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,  
I am a child to chiding.

IAGO. What's the matter, lady?

• EMIL. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bowhor'd her,  
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,  
As true hearts cannot bear.†

DES. Am I that name, Iago?

IAGO. What's come, fair lady?

DES. Such as she said my lord did say I was.

EMIL. He call'd her *whore*: a beggar in his  
drink,

Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.

(\*) First folio, *least misuses*.

(†) First folio, *That true heart cannot bear it*.



IAGO. Why did he so ?

DES. I do not know ; I am sure I am none such.

IAGO. Do not weep, do not weep :—alas the day !

EMIL. Hath she forsook so many noble matches,  
Her father, and her country, and her friends,  
To be called whore ? would it not make one weep ?

DES. It is my wretched fortune.

IAGO. Beshrew him for't !  
How comes this trick upon him ?

DES. Nay, heaven doth know.

EMIL. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,  
Some busy and insinuating rogue,  
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,  
Have not devis'd this slander ; I'll be hang'd else.

IAGO. Fie, there is no such man ; it is impossible.

DES. If any such there be, heaven pardon him !

EMIL. A halter pardon him ! and hell gnaw his bones !

Why should he call her whore ? who keeps her company ?

What place ? what time ? what form ? what likelihood ?

The Moor's abus'd by some most villanous knave,  
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow :—  
O, heaven, that such companions\* thou'dst unfold,

And put in every honest hand a whip,  
To lash the rascals naked through the world  
Even from the east to the west !

IAGO. Speak within door.

EMIL. O, fie upon them ! Some such squire he  
was [Aside to IAGO.

That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,  
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

IAGO. You are a fool ; go to. [Aside to EMILIA.

DES. Alas, Iago !

What shall I do to win my lord again ?  
Good friend, go to him ; for, by this light of  
heaven,

I know not how I lost him. \* Here I kneel :—  
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,  
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed ;  
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,  
Delighted them in\* any other form ;  
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,  
And ever will,—though he do shake me off  
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,  
Comfort forswear me ! Unkindness may do much ;  
And his unkindness may defeat my life.  
But never tant my love. I cannot say *whore*—  
It does abhor me now I speak the word ;  
To do the act that might the addition earn,  
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

(\*) First folio, *or*.

\* — companions—] Companion was often used in Shakespeare's time as a term of contempt, in the same sense that we now employ *fellow*. So in "Henry IV." Part II. Act II. Sc. 4.—  
"I swear you, scurvy companion," and again in "The Merry

Wives of Windsor," Act III. Sc. 1.—"This same scall, scurvy coggng coo

IAGO. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;  
The business of the state does him offence,  
And he does chide with you.\*

DES. If 't were no other!—

IAGO. It is but so, I warrant.  
[*Trumpets without.*]

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!  
The messengers of Venice stay the meat.  
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.  
[*Exit DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*]

*Enter RODRIGO.*

How now, Rodrigo!

ROD. I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

IAGO. What in the contrary?

ROD. Every day thou daff'st me with some device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it; nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

IAGO. Will you hear me, Rodrigo?

ROD. Faith,\* I have heard too much; for† your words and performances are no kin together.

IAGO. You charge me most unjustly.

ROD. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona would half have corrupted a votarist: you have told me she hath received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance; but I find none.

IAGO. Well; go to; very well.

ROD. *Very well! go to!* I cannot go to, man, nor 'tis not very well: nay, I think it is scurvy; and begin to find myself fobbed‡ in it.

IAGO. Very well.

ROD. I tell you, 'tis not *very well*. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

IAGO. You have said now.

ROD. Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

IAGO. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy

hand, Rodrigo: thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

ROD. It hath not appeared.

IAGO. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Rodrigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show it; if thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

ROD. Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?

IAGO. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depurate Cassio in Othello's place.

ROD. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

IAGO. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

ROD. How do you mean, removing him?

IAGO. Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place,—knocking out his brains.

ROD. And that you would have me to do?

IAGO. Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry,<sup>b</sup> and thither will I go to him:—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune,—if you will watch his going thence,—which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one,—you may take him at your pleasure: I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

ROD. I will hear further reason for this.

IAGO. And you shall; be satisfied. [*Exit.*]

### SCENE III.—*Another Room in the Castle.*

*Enter OTHELLO, IODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants.*

LOD. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

OTH. O, pardon me; 'twill do me good<sup>c</sup> to walk.

(\*) First folio omits, *Faith*.

(†) First folio, *and*.

(‡) Old text, *sept*.

<sup>a</sup> And he does chide with you.] The folio omits these words.

<sup>b</sup> — a harlotry.—] So in "Romeo and Juliet," Act IV. Sc. 2,—"A peevish self-willed harlotry;" and again in "Henry IV." Part I. Act III. Sc. 1,<sup>c</sup> have the same expression.

LOD. Madam, good night; I humbly thank  
your ladyship.

DES. Your honour is most welcome.

OTIL. Will you walk, sir?—  
O,—Desdemona,—

DES. My lord?

OTIL. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be  
returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there;  
look it be done.

DES. I will, my lord.

[*Exeunt* OTHELLO, IODOVICO, and Attendants.]

EMIL. How goes it now? he looks gentler  
than he did.

DES. He says he will return incontinent;  
And hath commanded me to go to bed,  
And bade me to dismiss you.\*

EMIL. Dismiss me!

DES. It was his bidding; therefore, good  
Emilia,

Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:

We must not now displease him.

EMIL. I would you had never seen him!

DES. So would not I; my love doth so approve  
him,

That even his stubbornness, his cheeks, his frowns,—  
Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in  
them.\*

EMIL. I have laid those sheets you bade me on  
the bed.

DES. All's one.—Good faith,\* how foolish are  
our minds!—

If I do die before thee,† pr'ythee, shroud me  
In one of these same sheets.

EMIL. Come, come, you talk.

DES. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:  
She was in love; and he she lov'd prov'd mad;  
And did forsake her: she had a song of *Willow*,  
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,  
And she died singing it: that song to-night  
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,<sup>b</sup>  
But to go hang my head all at one side,  
And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, despatch.

EMIL. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

DES. No, unpin me here.—

This Iodovico is a proper man.

EMIL. A very handsome man.

DES. He speaks well.

EMIL. I know a lady in Venice would have  
walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his  
nether lip.

DES. [*Singing.*] *The poor soul sat sighing† by  
a sycamore tree,  
Sing all a green willow;*

*Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,  
Sing willow, willow, willow;  
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd  
her moans;  
Sing willow, willow, willow;  
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the  
stones;—*

Lay by these:—

*Sing willow, willow, willow;*

Pr'ythee, bide thee; he'll come anon:—

*Sing all a green willow must be my  
garland.*

*Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—*

Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is't that  
knocks?

EMIL. It is the wind.

DES. *I call'd my love, false love; but what  
said he then?*

*Sing willow, willow, willow;*

*If I court no women, you'll couch with mo  
nun.—(2)*

S. get thee gone; good-night. Mine eye do  
itch;

Doth that bode weeping?

EMIL. 'Tis neither here nor there.

DES. I have heard it said so.—O, these men,  
these men!

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—  
That there be women do abuse their husbands  
In such gross kind?

EMIL. There be some such, no question.

DES. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the  
world?

EMIL. Why, would not you?

DES. No, by this heavenly light!

EMIL. Nor I neither by this heavenly light;

I might do't as well i' the dark.

DES. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the  
world?

EMIL. The world's a huge thing: 't is a great  
price

For a small vice.

DES. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

EMIL. In troth, I think I should; and undo't,  
when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a  
thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn,  
nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty  
exhibition; but, for all the whole world,—why, who  
would not make her husband a cuckold to make him  
a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

(\*) First folio, *Father*.

(†) First folio omits, *there*.

(‡) First folio, *singing*.

\* — in them.] These words are not in the folio.

<sup>b</sup> I have much to do,—] These words and what follows down to "Hark! who is't that knocks?" are not in the quarto of 1622.

Des. Beahrew me, if I would do such a wrong  
For the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the  
world; and, having the world for your labour, 't is  
a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly  
make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the van-  
tage, as would store the world they play'd for.  
But I do think it is their husbands' faults  
If wives do fall: say that they slack their duties,  
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;  
Or else break out in pceivish jealousies,  
Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike us,  
Or scant our former having in despite;  
Why, we have galla; and though we have some  
grace,

Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know  
Their wives have sense like 'them: they see, and  
smell,

And have their palates both for sweet and  
sour,

As husbands have. What is it that they do  
When they change us for others? Is it sport?  
I think it is: and doth affection breed it?  
I think it doth: is't frailty that thus errs?  
It is so too:—and have not we affections,  
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?  
Then let them use us well; else let them know,  
The illa we do, their illa instruct us so.

Des. Good-night, good-night: heaven me such  
uses send,

Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend!

[*Exeunt.*]

— *heaven me such uses send.*—] The quarto, 1622, has "usage" for "uses" "it may be doubted whether either is the poet's word





## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*The same. A Street.*

*Enter IAGO and RODRIGO.*

IAGO. Here, stand behind this bulk;\* straight  
will he come:

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home.  
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow:  
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,  
And fix most firm thy resolution.

ROD. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

IAGO. Here, at thy hand; be bold, and take  
thy stand. [*Retires to a little distance.*]

ROD. I have no great devotion to the deed;  
And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons:—  
'T is but a man gone:—forth, my sword; he dies!  
[*Goes to his stand.*]

IAGO. I have rubb'd this young quat\* almost to  
the sense,  
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,  
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,

(\*) First 'olio, *Barks.*

\* I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense.—A  
'quat' means a pimple or sore; and "to the sense" is to the quick.



Every way makes my gain : live Roderigo,  
 He calls me to a restitution large  
 Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him,  
 As gifts to Desdemona ;  
 It must not be : if Cassio do remain,  
 He hath a daily beauty in his life  
 That makes me ugly : and, besides, the Moor  
 May unfold me to him ; there stand I in much  
 peril :  
 No, he must die :—but, so, I hear\* him coming.

*Enter CASSIO.*

ROD. I know his gait, 't is he :—Villain, thou diest !

*[Rushes from his post, and makes a pass at CASSIO.]*

CAS. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,  
 But that my coat is better than thou know'st :  
 I will make proof of thine.

*[Draws, and wounds RODERIGO.]*

ROD. O, I am slain !

*[IAGO rushes from his post, cuts CASSIO behind in the leg, and exit.]*

CAS. I am maim'd for ever :—Help, ho ! murder ! murder ! *[Falls.]*

(\*) First folio, *heard.*

\* And your unblest fate hies.—] The reading of the folio and the quarto of 1630; in the first quarto the text is,—  
 "And your fate hies apace," &c.  
 — no passage? That is, no passengers.

*Enter OTHELLO, at a distance.*

OTH. The voice of Cassio :—Iago keeps his word.

ROD. O, villain that I am !

OTH. 'T is even so.

CAS. O, help ! ho ! light ! a surgeon !

OTH. 'T is he ;—O, brave Iago, honest and just,

That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong !  
 Thou teachest me,—Minion, your dear lies dead,  
 And your unblest fate hies.\*—Strumpet, I come !  
 Forth\* of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are  
 blotted ;

Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be  
 spotted. *[Exit.]*

*Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO, at a distance.*

CAS. What, ho ! no watch ? no passage ?  
 murder ! murder !

GRA. 'T is some mischance ; the voice is very  
 direful.

CAS. O, help !

LOD. Hark !

ROD. O, wretched villain !

LOD. Two or three groan ;—it is a heavy night :\*

(\*) First folio, *For.*

\* — it is a heavy night :] A heavy night is a thick cloudy night, as Johnson observed. The folio has,—"T is heavy night."



These may be counterfeits ; let 's think 't unsafe  
To come in to the cry without more help.

ROD. No body come ? then shall I bleed to  
death.

LOD. Hark ! \*

GRA. Here 's one comes in his shirt, with light  
and weapons.

*Re-enter IAGO, with a light.*

IAGO. Who 's there ? whose noise is this that  
cries on murder ? \*

LOD. We do not know.

IAGO. Did\* not you hear a cry ?

CAS. Here, here ! for heaven's sake, help me !

IAGO. What 's the matter ?

GRA. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

LOD. The same, indeed ; a very valiant fellow.

IAGO. What are you here that cry so grievously ?

CAS. Iago ? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains !  
Give me some help.

IAGO. O, me, lieutenant ! what villains have  
done this ?

CAS. I think that one of them is hereabout,  
And cannot make away.

IAGO. O, treacherous villains !—  
What are you there ? come in, and give some help.

[*To LODOVICO and GRATIANO.*]

ROD. O, help me there !

CAS. That 's one of them.

IAGO. O, murderous slave ! O, villain !

[*Stabs RODERIGO.*]

ROD. O, damn'd Iago ! O, inhuman dog !—

\* IAGO. Kill men i' the dark !—Where be these  
bloody thieves ?—

How silent is this town !—Ho ! murder ! murder !—  
What may you be ? are you of good or evil ?

LOD. As you shall prove us, praise us.

IAGO. Signior Lodovico ?

LOD. He, sir.

IAGO. I cry you mercy. Here 's Cassio hurt  
by villains.

GRA. Cassio !

IAGO. How, is 't, brother ?

CAS. My leg is cut i' the two.

IAGO. Marry, heaven forbid !—

\* Light, gentlemen ;—I 'll bind it with my shirt.

*Enter BIANCA.*

BIAN. What is the matter, ho ? who is 't that  
cried ? \*

IAGO. Who is 't that cried ?

BIAN. O, my dear Cassio ! my sweet Cassio !  
O, Cassio ! Cassio ! Cassio !

IAGO. O, notable strumpet !—Cassio, may you  
suspect

Who they should be that have thus mangled you ?  
CAS. No.

GRA. I am sorry to find you thus : I have  
been to seek you.

IAGO. Lend me a garter :—so.—O, for a chaip,  
To bear him easily hence !

BIAN. Alas, he faints !—O, Cassio ! Cassio !  
Cassio !

IAGO. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash  
To be a party in this injury.—

Patience awhile, good Cassio.—Come, come ;

Lend me a light.—Know we this face or no ?

Alas ! my friend and my dear countryman,  
Roderigo ? no :—yes, sure ; O, heaven ! \* Roderigo.

GRA. What, of Venice ?

\* IAGO. Even he, sir : did you know him ?

GRA. Know him ! ay.

IAGO. Signior Gratiano ? I cry your gentle  
pardon ;

These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,  
That so neglected you.

GRA. I am glad to see you.

IAGO. How do you, Cassio ?—O, a chair, a  
chair !

GRA. Roderigo !

IAGO. He, he, 't is he :—O, that 's well said ;

—the chair :— [*A chair brought in.*]

Some good man bear him carefully from hence ;

I 'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mis-  
tress, [*To BIANCA.*]

Save you your labour.—He that lies alain here,  
Cassio,

Was my dear friend : what malice was between you ?

CAS. None in the world ; nor do I know the man.

IAGO. [*To BIAN.*] What, look you pale ?—O  
bear him out o' the air.—

[*CASSIO and ROD. are borne off.*]

Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mis-  
tress ?—

Do you perceive the gastness of her eye ?—

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon :—

Behold her well ; I pray you look upon her ;

Do you see, gentlemen ? nay, guiltiness will speak,

Though tongues were out of use.

*Enter EMILIA.*

EMIL. 'Las, what 's the matter ? what is the  
matter, husband ?

IAGO. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark

(\*) First folio, *D<sub>1</sub>*.

(\*) First folio, in place of *O, heaven, has, For 'tis.*

\* By Roderigo, and fellows that are soap'd :  
He's almost slain, and Roderigo\* dead.

EMIL. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

IAGO. This is the fruits of whoring.—Pr'ythee,  
Emilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night :—

What, do you shake at that?

BIAN. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore  
shake not.

IAGO. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.

EMIL. Fie,† fie upon thee, strumpet!

BIAN. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest  
As you that thus abuse me.

EMIL. As I? foh!‡ fie upon thee!

IAGO. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio  
dress'd.—

Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.—

Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.—

Will you go on afore?—This is the night

[*Aside.*

That either makes me or fordoes me quite.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Bedchamber in the Castle: DES-  
DEMONA in bed asleep. A light burning.*

*Enter OTHELLO.*

\* OTH. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,\*—

Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—

It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;

Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,

And smooth as monumental alabaster.

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.

Put out the light, and then——put out the light!†

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,

I can again thy former light restore,

Should I repent me:—but once put out thy light,

Thou cunning'st pattern of excell'g nature,

I know not where is that Promethean heat

That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd  
thy rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again,

It needs must wither:—I'll smell it§ on the tree.—

[*Kissing her.*

O, balmy breath, that dost almost persuade

Justice to break her sword!—One more, one  
more:—

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,

And love thee after.—One more, and that's the  
last:

So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,  
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly;  
It strikes where it doth love.—She wakes.

DES. Who's there? Othello?

OTH. Ay, Deademona.

DES. Will you come to bed, my lord?

OTH. Have you pray'd to-night, Deademon?

DES. Ay, my lord.

OTH. If you bethink yourself of any crime

Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,  
Solicit for it straight.

DES. Alack, my lord, what may you mean by  
that?

OTH. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:  
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;

No,—heaven forbid!—I would not kill thy soul.

DES. Talk you of killing?

OTH. Ay, I do.

DES. Then heaven

Have mercy on me!

OTH. Amen, with all my heart!

DES. If you say so,\* I hope you will not kill me.

OTH. Hum!

DES. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal  
then,

When your eyes roll so: why I should fear I know  
not,

Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear.

OTH. Think on thy sins.

DES. They are loves I bear to you.

OTH. Ay, and for that thou diest.

DES. That death's unnatural that kills, for  
loving.—

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:

These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,

They do not point on me.

OTH. Peace, and be still!

DES. I will so. What's the matter?

OTH. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd and  
gave thee,

Thou gav'st to Cassio.

DES. No, by my life and soul!

Send for the man, and ask him.

OTH. Sweet soul, take heed.

Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.

DES. Ay, but not yet to die.

OTH. Yes,† presently;  
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;

For to deny each article with oath,

(\*) First folio inserts, *guide*.

(†) First folio omits, *foh!*

(‡) First folio, *Oh*.

(§) First folio, *there*.

(\*) First folio omits, *so*.

(†) First folio omits, *Yes*.

\* It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—] "Othello, full of horror at the cruel action which he is about to perpetrate, seems at this instant to be seeking his justification, from representing to himself the cause, i. e. the greatness of the provocation he had

received."—STEVENS.

† Put out the light, and then——put out the light! This regulation of the line, which certainly imparts to it a spirit and beauty we miss in the old punctuation, was suggested both by Upton and Warburton, and is now very generally adopted.



Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception  
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

DES. Then Lord\* have mercy on me!

OTH. I say, amen!

DES. And have you mercy too!—I never did  
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio  
But with such general warranty of heaven  
As I might love; I never gave him token.

OTH. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in 's  
hand!

O, perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,  
And mak'st me call what I intend to do,  
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:

I saw the handkerchief.

DES.

He found it, then;  
I never gave it him:—send for him hither;  
Let him confess a truth.

OTH.

He hath confess'd.  
DES. What, my lord?

OTH. That he hath—us'd thee.

DES.

How? unlawfully

(\*) First folio, O H.

OTH. Ay.

DES. He will not say so.

OTH. No, his mouth is stopp'd;

Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.

DES. O, my fear interprets!—what, is he dead?

OTH. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge

Had stomach for them all.

DES. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone!

OTH. Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my face?

DES. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!

OTH. Down, strumpet!

DES. Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night!

OTH. Nay, if you strive,—

DES. But half an hour!

OTH. Being done,

There is no pause.

DES. But while I say one prayer!

OTH. It is too late. [*Smother's her.*]

EMIL. [*Without.*] My lord! my lord! what ho! my lord! my lord!

OTH. What noise is this?—Not dead? not yet quite dead?

I that am cruel am yet merciful:

I would not have thee linger in thy pain:—

So, so.

EMIL. [*Without.*] What ho! my lord! my lord!

OTH. Who's there?

EMIL. [*Without.*] O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you! [*dead.*—

OTH. Yes:—'t is Emilia;—by and by.—She's

\*T is like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;

\* The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?

Still as the grave.—Shall she come in? were't good?—

I think she stirs again:—no.—What's best to do?

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:

My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife!

O, insupportable! O, heavy hour!

Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse

Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe

Should yawn at alteration.

EMIL. [*Without.*] I do beseech you that I may speak with you,

O, good my lord!

OTH. I had forgot thee:—O, come in, Emilia:—

Soft,—by and by:—let me the curtains draw.—

Where art thou? [*Unlocks the door.*]

*Enter EMILIA.*

What's the matter with thee now?

EMIL. O, my good lord, yonder's foul murder done!

OTH. What, now?

EMIL. But now, my lord!

OTH. It is the very error of the moon;

She comes more nearer earth than she was wont,  
And makes men mad.

EMIL. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian

Call'd Roderigo.

OTH. Roderigo kill'd!

And Cassio kill'd!

EMIL. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

OTH. Not Cassio kill'd! then murder's out of tune,

And sweet revenge grows harsh.

DES. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

EMIL. Alas, what cry is that?

OTH. That! what?

EMIL. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.—

Help! help, ho! help!—O, lady, speak again!

Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!

DES. A guiltless death I die.

EMIL. O, who hath done this deed?

DES. Nobody: I myself. Farewell:

Commend me to my kind lord: O, farewell!

[*Dies.*]

OTH. Why, how should she be murder'd?

EMIL. Alas, who knows?

OTH. You heard\* her say herself, it was not I.

EMIL. She said so: I must needs report the truth.

OTH. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell!

\*T was I that kill'd her.

EMIL. O, the more angel she,

And you the blacker devil!

OTH. She turn'd to folly,\* and she was a whore.

EMIL. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

OTH. She was false as water.

EMIL. Thou art rash as fire, to say

That she was false; O, she was heavenly true!

OTH. Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else.

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,

But that I did proceed upon just grounds

To this extremity! Thy husband knew it all.

EMIL. My husband!

OTH. Thy husband.

EMIL. That she was false to wedlock?

OTH. Ay, with Cassio. Nay,† had she been true,

If heaven would make me such another world

Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,

I'd not have sold her for it.

EMIL. My husband!

OTH. Ay, 't was he that told me† first:

\* First folio, *Did*.

to folly,—] That is, to *emulations*.

(\*) First folio *heav'n*

(†) First folio omits, *Nay*.

(‡) *He* & folio inserts, *on her*.

An honest man he is, and hates the shame  
That sticks on filthy deeds.

EMIL. My husband!

OTH. What needs this iteration, woman? I say  
thy husband.

EMIL. O, mistress, villany hath made mocks  
with love!

My husband say that\* she was false?

OTH. He, woman;

I say thy husband: dost understand the word?

My friend, thy husband, honest-honest Iago.

EMIL. If he say so, may his pernicious soul  
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart:  
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

OTH. Ha!

EMIL. Do thy worst;

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,  
Than thou wast worthy her.

OTH. Peace! you were best.

EMIL. Thou hast not half that power to do me  
harm,

As I have to be hurt. O, gull! O, dolt!

As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—

I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,  
Though I lost twenty lives.—Help! help! ho!  
help!

The Moor hath kill'd my mistress! Murder!  
murder!

*Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, and IAGO.*

MON. What is the matter?—How now, gen-  
eral!

EMIL. O, are you come, Iago? you have done  
well,

That men must lay their murders on your neck.

GRA. What is the matter?

EMIL. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a  
man:

He says thou toldst him that his wife was false:  
I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain:  
Speak, for my heart is full.

IAGO. I told him what I thought; and told no  
more

Than what he found himself was apt and true.

EMIL. But did you ever tell him she was false?

IAGO. I did.

EMIL. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie:

Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie!

She false with Cassio!—did you say with Cassio?

IAGO. With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm  
your tongue.\*

EMIL. I will not charm my tongue; I am  
bound to speak:

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed,—

ALL. O, heavens forfend!

EMIL. And your reports have set the murders  
on.

OTH. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, in-  
deed.

GRA. 'T is a strange<sup>b</sup> truth.

MON. O, monstrous act!

EMIL. Villany, villany, villany!

I think upon't,—I think I smell't;—O, vil-  
lany!

I thought so then;—I'll kill myself for grief:—  
O villany, villany!

IAGO. What, are you mad? I charge you, get  
you home.

EMIL. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to  
speak:

'T is proper I obey him, but not now.—

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

OTH. O! O! O! [*Falling on the bed.*]

EMIL. Nay, lay thee down and roar;

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,

That e'er did lift up eye.

OTH. O, she was foul!— [*Rising.*]

I scarce did know you, uncle. There lies your  
niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly  
stopp'd:

I know this act shows horrible and grim.

GRA. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's  
dead:

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief  
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,  
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,  
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,  
And fall to reprobation.<sup>d</sup>

OTH. 'T is pitiful; but yet Iago knows,  
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame  
A thousand times committed: Cassio confess'd it:  
And she did gratify his amorous works  
With that recognizance and pledge of love  
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand:  
It was a handkerchief, an antique token  
My father gave my mother.

(\*) First folio omits, *that*.

\* — charm your tongue.] A familiar expression in the poet's  
day, meaning restraint, or put a spell upon your tongue. So in  
"Henry VI." Part III. Act V. Sc. 6,—"Peace, wilful boy, or I  
will charm your tongue." See also additional examples of the  
phrase in the *Variorum ad i.*

<sup>b</sup> — a strange truth.] "Strange" is one of the many words  
which have lost weight and emphasis since Shakespeare's time.  
With us, it imports no more than *unusual*, *not customary*, &c.;  
but when Desdemona spoke of the Moor's adventures as

"strange," she meant they were *wonderful*, *incredible*; and it is  
in this deeper sense of the word that Gratiano employs it here.

<sup>c</sup> I thought so then;—] "That is, at the instant when she  
gave Desdemona's handkerchief to Iago; for even then Emilia  
appears to have suspected it was sought after for no honest pur-  
pose, and therefore asks her husband—

"What will you do with it?" &c.—STEEVENSON.

<sup>d</sup> And fall to reprobation.] So the quartos; the folio has,—  
"And fall to reprobance."

EMIL. O, God! O, heavenly God!\*

IAGO. Zounds,† hold your peace!

EMIL. 'Twill out, 'twill out!—I hold my peace, sir? no;‡

No, I will speak as liberal as the north!\*

Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,

All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak!

IAGO. Be wise, and get you home.

EMIL. I will not.

[IAGO offers to stab EMILIA.

GRA.

Fie!

Your sword upon a woman?

EMIL. O, thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of

I found by fortune, and did give my husband;

For often with a solemn earnestness,—

More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,—

He begg'd of me to steal 't.

IAGO. Villanous whore!

EMIL. She give it Cassio! no, alas, I found it, And I did give't my husband.

IAGO. Filth, thou liest!

EMIL. By heaven, I do not! I do not, gentlemen!—

O, murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool Do with so good a wife?

[IAGO stabs EMILIA, and then runs out.

OTH. Are there no stones in heaven,

But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!

GRA. The woman falls! sure, he hath kill'd his wife!

EMIL. Ay, ay:—O, lay me by my mistress' side!

GRA. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

MON. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,

Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:

Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,

But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain,

For 'tis a damned slave.

[Exeunt MONTANO and GRATIANO.

OTH. I am not valiant neither,

But every puny whipster gets my sword.—

But why should honour outlive honesty?

Let it go all.

EMIL. What did thy song bode, lady?

Hark! canst thou hear me? I will play the swan, And die in music;—*Willow, willow, willow.*—

[Singing.

Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor;

So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;

So speaking as I think, I die,\*—I die! [Dies.

OTH. I have another weapon in this chamber,

It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper;—

O, here it is.—Uncle, I must come forth.

GRA. [Without.] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

OTH. Look in upon me, then, and speak with me,

Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

GRA. What is the matter?

OTH. Behold! I have a weapon;

A better never did itself sustain

Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,

That, with this little arm and this good sword,

I have made my way through more impediments

Than twenty times your stop;—but, O, vain boast!

Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.—

Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;—

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,

And very soon-mark of my utmost sail.

Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;

Man but a rush<sup>b</sup> against Othello's breast,

And he retires:—where should Othello go?—

Now, how dost thou look now? O, ill-starr'd wench!

Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,

This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,

And fiends will snatch at it!—Cold, cold, my girl!

Even like thy chastity.—

O, curs'd, curs'd slave!—Whip me, ye devils,

From the possession of this heavenly sight!

Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!

Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!

O, Desdemona! dead, Desdemona! dead! O, O!

Enter IODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO carried in a chair, and Officers, with IAGO, prisoner.

LOD. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

OTH. That's he that was Othello;—here I am.

LOD. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

OTH. I look down towards his feet;—“but that's a fable.—

(\*) First folio, *Oh Heaven! oh heavenly powers*

(†) First folio, *Come.*

(‡) First folio omits, *hold my, and sir? no!*

(§) First folio omits, *ye.*

\* *No, I will speak as liberal as the north.* Thus the folio; the quarto of 1623 reads,—

“I'll be in speaking liberal as the north.”

And that of 1630 has,—

VOL. III.

(\*) First folio, *alas*

(†) First folio, *was.*

“I'll be in speaking liberal as the north.”

<sup>b</sup> *Man but a rush against Othello's breast.*—] This is an allusion to the mock tournaments in which the combatants were armed with *rushes* in place of spears.

<sup>c</sup> — *towards his feet.*—] “To see if, according to the common opinion, his feet be clay.”—JONSON.



If that thou be'st a devil I cannot kill thee.

[OTHELLO wounds IAGO.

LOD. Wrench his sword from him.

IAGO. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.

OTH. I am not sorry neither; I'd have thee live;  
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

LOD. O, thou Othello, that wert\* once so good,

Fall'n in the practice\* of a damned\* slave,  
What shall be said to thee?

OTH.

Why, any thing.

An honourable murderer, if you will;  
For nought did I † in ha\*, but all in honour.

LOD. This wretch hath part confess'd his villany:  
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

(\*) First folio was.

(\*) First folio, *curst*.

(†) First folio, *I did*.

OTH. Ay.

CAS. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

OTH. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.

Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,  
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

IAGO. Demand me nothing: what you know,  
you know:

From this time forth I never will speak word.

LOD. What, not to pray?

GRA. Torments will ope your lips.

OTH. Well, thou dost best.

LOD. Sir, you shall understand what hath be-  
fall'n,

Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter,  
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;  
And here another: the one of them imports  
The death of Cassio to be undertook  
By Roderigo.

OTH. O, villain!

CAS. Most heathenish and most gross!

LOD. Now here's another discontented paper,  
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,  
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;  
But that, belike, Iago in the interim  
Came in and satisfied him.

OTH. O, thou pernicious caitiff!—  
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief  
That was my wife's?

CAS. I found it in my chamber;  
And he himself confess'd\* but even now,  
That there he dropp'd it for a special purpose,  
Which wrought to his desire.

OTH. O, fool! fool! fool!

CAS. There is besides, in Roderigo's letter,—  
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him  
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came  
That I was cast: and even but now he spake,  
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,  
Iago set him on.

LOD. You must forsake this room, and go with  
us;

Your power and your command is taken off,  
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—  
If there be any cunning cruelty,

(\* First folio inserts, *it*

That can torment him much and hold him long,  
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,  
Till that the nature of your fault be known  
To the Venetian state.—Come, bring away.

OTH. Soft you! a word or two before you go.  
I have done the state some service,<sup>(1)</sup> and they  
know't;—

No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,  
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,  
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,  
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you  
speak

Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well;  
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,  
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,  
Like the base Indian,<sup>(2)</sup> threw a pearl away,  
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdu'd  
eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,  
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees  
Their mol'cinable gum. Set you down this;  
And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,  
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk  
Beat a Venetian and traduc'd the state,  
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,  
And smote him—thus. [*Stabs himself.*]

LOD. O, bloody period!

GRA. All that is spoke is marr'd.

OTH. I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee;—no way  
but this, [*Falling upon DESDEMONA.*]  
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [*Dies.*]

CAS. This did I fear, but thought he had no  
weapon;

For he was great of heart.

LOD. [*To IAGO.*] O, Spartan dog,  
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!  
Look on the tragic loading of this bod;  
This is thy work:—the object poisons sight;—  
Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,  
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,  
For they succeed on you.—To you, lord governor,  
Remains the censure of this hellish villain;  
The time, the place, the torture;—O, enforce it!  
Myself will straight aboard; and to the state,  
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [*Exeunt*





## ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

### ACT I.

(1) SCENE I.—*Lead to the Sagittary.*] By the *Sagittary*, Mr. Knight says, was meant the "residence at the arsenal of the commanding officers of the navy and army of the republic. The figure of an archer with his drawn bow, over the gates, still indicates the place." Others, however, conceive Iago to mean only some house of resort which bore this sign.

In Lydgate's *Auncient Historie*, &c. 1555, quoted by Steevens, is found a very circumstantial description of the *Sagittary* :—

"And with hym Guydo sayth that he hadde  
A wonder archer of syght meruelous,  
Of founne and shap in maner monstuous.  
For lyke myne auctour as I reherce can,  
Fro the navel upwarde he was man,  
And lower downe lyke a horse yshaped.  
And thlike parte that after man was naked,  
Of skynne was black and rough as any bere  
Covered with here fro coide him fur to were,  
Pagyng foule and horrible of syght,  
Whose eyen twain were sparkeling as bright  
As is a furnele with his rede levne,  
Or the lightnyng that falleth from ye heaven;  
Dreadful of loke, and rede as fyre of chere,  
And, as I reade, he was a goode archer;  
And with his bowe both at even and morowe  
Upon Grekes he wrought muche sorowe,  
And gasted them with many hydous loke.  
So sterne he was that many of them quoke."

(2) SCENE II.—*'T'U have't disputed on.*] This is an allusion to the manner in which causes were debated by the judges according to the custom of Venice formerly, and it affords one of many proofs that before writing "*Othello*," Shakespeare had attentively perused Lowenar's translation of "*The Commonwealth and Government of Venice*," written by the Cardinal Gaspar Contarino, &c. 1699. From this work he obtained his information concerning those "officers of night" whom Brabantio directs to be summoned; his knowledge of the *Arsenal*; as well as several particular expressions, such as *Mine eares enlained*; *doe their countrie service*; *experience the mistrust of all things*; *serve the turne*; *their countrie custome*; and others which he has modified and transplanted into the piece. The following is Contarino's account of the way criminal questions were *disputed on* before judgment could be obtained, in the ancient legal courts of Venice :—

"The Councell being assembled, the Advocator plaith the parte of a bitter accuser, straying the uttermost invention of his wittes against the offender, first obiecting unto him the offence, confirming the same with witness, and then strengthening his objection with probabilities

and likelihoodes of conjecture: having ended his speech, the advocate of the offender pleadeth in the Clyentes behalfe: After which if any of the Advocators will speake afresh, before the Iudges give sentence, he hath libertie so to do: likewise the Lawyers of the defendant have leave to aunswere and to confute, if they can, the opposed arguments. And so of eyther side the cause is debated and tossed to and fro, till eyther the offender or the Advocator whose turne it is to speake, doth declare that he hath no more to say, which done, the offender and his advocates are commanded out of the Court, and the Advocators are shutte into a roome apart with the Iudges and their Secretaries, not any one else being suffred to be there. The Advocators first doe make a motion unto the Iudges of punishing the offender, demanding their opinions whether they thinke him worthy of punishment or no, not naming or appointing any one certayne kinde of punishment, which custome was (in a manner) observed by the Athenians: for in *Athenes* the Iudges gave two sentences, in the first eyther condemning or absolving the prisoner. If in the first hee were condemned, then was the manner of his punishment determined of in the second, as out of *Platoes Apologie of Socrates* may plainly bee perceived, the very like order of judgement is that in manner which we do use: first (as I say) the Advocators make a motion unto the Iudges of punishing the offender. Then the Iudges go unto their suffrages, for by suffrages among the Venetians all things are determined. Three pots are brought forth, by the one of which the offender is condemned: by the other he is absolved in maner without any correction, & by the third are known the opinion of those, which doe seeme yet to doubt whether course is to be taken: the first or condemnation is white, the second of absolution greene, the third of doubtfulness redde. Every of the Iudges, whether the cause be *disputed of* by the forty (as usually it is) or els that the senate be consulted with (which seldom happeneth) & that only in great and waigty causes, or whether it be by the Advocators reported over to the great councell, which is most seldome, and never but in matters exceedingly enormous, to the ende to have his suffrage undiscovered, letteth fall into whether of these three pots he pleaseth a litle linnen ball: which being done, the presidents of the councell doe number the balles, and if more then the half be in favour of the prisoners liberty, he is presently pronounced free, and the request of the Advocators relected. But if more then the half of those bals, be found in the pot of condemnation, he is presently condemned: if neither of both exceeds the half, but that the greater part of the Iudges put their suffrages into the pot of doubtfulness: then his cause is deferred over til another day, & to the better discussion of the Iudges."

## ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

### (3) SCENE III.—

*Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you  
Against the general enemy Ottoman.*

The circumstances originating the siege of Nicosia, "the chief and richest citie of all the Island," and the ultimate conquest of Cyprus by the Turks (for there was no "segregation of the Turkish fleet" as the play supposes) are thus related by Knolles in his *Histories of the Turkes*.—

"Selymus (the second) now at peace with all the world (a thing of the Turkes not much desired) began to thinke of workes of charitie: and proposing to build a magnificent temple at Hadrianople for his owne sepulture, with a monastere, a colledge, and an almshouse (as had his father, and other his ancestors before him at Prusa and Constantinople, led therunto with a vaine and superstitious devotion) was troubled with nothing more, than how to endue the same with lands and revenues sufficient for the maintenance of so great a charge: For that the Manometan kings, are by their superstition prohibited to convert any lands or possessions to such holy uses, other than such as they have with their own sword won from the enemies of their religion, which they may (as they are persuaded) as a most acceptable sacrifice, offer to their great prophet: which devillish persuasion, serveth as a spur to prick forward every of those ambitious princes to addo something to their empire. This his devout purpose once knowne, wanted not the furtherance of many ripe heads, devising some one thing, some another, as they thought best fitted his humour. But amongst many things to him presented, none pleased him so well, as the plot laid for the taking of the rich island of Cyprus from the Venetians: a conquest of itselfe sufficient, both for the eternizing of his name, and performance of his owne charitable works intended; with a large overplus, for the supplying of whatsoever wanted in his fathers like devout works at Constantinople. But that which moved him most of all, was the glorie of such a conquest, which as his flatterers bare him in hand, might make him equal with any his predecessors; who in the beginning of their reign, had usually done or attempted some notable thing against the Christians. Selymus presently commanded preparation to be made both by sea and land, for the performance of his resolution. Which was not so covertly carried in the Turkes court, but that it was discovered by M. Antonius Barbaras the Venetian embassadour, and not without cause suspected by the Venetian merchants, whom the barbarous Turkes began now to cut short in their trafficke, looking big upon them, as men suddenly changed, and evill entreating them with hard speeches, the undoubted signes of greater troubles to ensue. These things and such like as were then done at Constantinople, being by letters sent in post from the embassadour, made knowne at Venice, brought a generall heavynesse upon the citie: for why that under, standing and provident state, warned by their former harmes, of all others most dread the Turkes forces.

"In the meane time the Senatours meeting oftentimes in counsell, were divided in opinions concerning the chief matter they consulted upon: some there were, that thought it not good to wage warre against such an invincible enemy, nor to trust upon a vaine and idle hope, neither to commit all unto the hazard of such fortune as was unto them in that warre by the enemy propounded: they alledged that it were better to depart with Cyprus, so that they might quietly enjoy the rest, rather than to enter into armes. Others were of a contrary opinion, as that the island was by force of armes to be defended: saying that nothing could be more dishonourable, than without fight to depart with so notable a part of their Seigniorie; neither anything more commendable, than to prove all things for defence of their honour: neither would the proud Turkes with whom no assured league could be made (as they said) hold themselves content with this yielding up of the island, by entreating of them and giving them way, become more insolent: and when they had taken Cyprus from them, would also seek after Crete and Corcyra, & so yielding them one thing after

another, spoile themselves of all together. The matter thus debated to an end, it was in the end resolved upon, to take up armes in defence of their honour, and by plaines force to withstand the Turkes.

"The greater the danger was now feared from the angry Turkes, the more careful were the Venetians of their state. Wherefore they forthwith sent messengers with letters unto the Governours of Cyprus, charging them with all carefulnes and diligence to make themselves ready to withstand the Turkes, and to raise what power they were able in the island, not omitting any thing that might concern the good of the state: and at the same time made choice of their most valiant and expert captains both by sea and land, unto whom they committed the defence of their dispersed Seigniorie, with the leading of their forces.

"Selymus thoroughly furnished with all things necessary for the invasion of Cyprus, in the beginning of Februarie sent a great power both of horse and foot into Epyrus to forgo the Venetian territory. About the middle of Aprill following he sent Piali Bassa with four score gallees, and thirtie gallies to keep the Venetians from sending aid into Cyprus. He took his course to Zenos, an island of the Venetians, to have taken it from them. Piali here landing his forces, sought both by faire means & foule to have persuaded the inhabitants to have yielded up their towne; but when he could get nothing of them but foule words againe, he began by force to assault the same. Two daies the towne was valiantly both assaulted and defended, but at length the Turkes perceiving how little they prevailed, and that the defendants were resolutely set downe for the defence of themselves and their cuntry; shamefully gave over the assault, and abandoning the island directed their course towards Cyprus. For Mustapha, author of that expedition, had before appointed Piali Bassa at a time prefixed, to meet him at the Rhodes, and that he that came first should turne for the other, that so they might together saile into Cyprus.

"All being now in readinesse, and a most royal gallie of wonderful greatness & beautie by the appointment of Selymus prepared for the great Bassa the General: he together with Haly Bassa and the rest of the fleet, departed from Constantinople, the six and twentieth of May, and at the Rhodes met with Piali as he had before appointed. The whole fleet at that time consisted of two hundred gallees, amongst whom were diverse gallies, and small men of warre with diverse other vessels prepared for the transportation of horses: with this fleet Mustapha kept on his course for Cyprus. They of the island in the meane time carefully attending the enemies coming from their watch towers first discovered their fleet at the west end of the island not far from Paphos: from whence the Turkes turning upon the right hand, and passing the promontorie Curio, now called Dol Le Gate, landed diverse of their men, who burnt and spoiled certaine villages, and with such spoile and prisoners as they had taken returned againe unto the fleet. which holding on their former course came at length to a place called Salines (of the abundance of salt there made) where they knew was best landing, and there in an open road came to an anchor, where the Bassas without any resistance upon a plaine shoare landed their army."

### (4) SCENE III.—

*The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders.*

In this passage the poet had probably in his mind the marvellous account which Raleigh has given in his *Discoverie of Guiana*, 1596, of the Amazons, the cannibals, and the "Nation of people, whose heads appear not above their shoulders:" or was thinking of Pliny's description of the "Anthrophagi":—

"Above these are other Scythians called Anthropophagi, where is a country named Abaramon, within a certain vale of the mountain Imana, wherein are found savage and wild men, living and supervising usually among

## ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

the brute beasts, who have their feet growing backward, and turned behind the calves of their legs, howbeit they run most swiftly. The former Anthropophagi or eaters of mans flesh whom we have placed above the north pole, take daies journey by land above the river Borysthenes, used to drinke out of the skulls of mans heads, and to wear the scapes, haire and all, in steed of mandellions or stomachers before their breasts. . . . Beyond the Scelopodes westward, there are there be without heads standing upon their neckes who carrie eies in their shoulders."—PLINUS'S *Natural Historie*. Book vii. ch. 2.

(5) SCENE III.—*The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida.*] It is a question not easily settled whether by "locusts"

Shakespeare referred to the insect, which is said to be considered a great delicacy at Tonquin, or to the fruit of the locust-tree: "That viscous substance which the pod of the locust contains, is perhaps, of all others, the most luscious. From its likeness to honey, its consistency and flavour, the locust is called the honey-tree also."—HENLEY.

*Coloquintida*, says Parkinson in his *Theatre of Plants*, "runneth with his branches upon the ground as a gourd or cowcumber doth. The fruit is small and round as a ball, green at the first on the outside, and afterwards growing to be of a browne yellow, which shell is as hard as a pom-pion or gourd; and is usually pared away while it is greene, the substance under it being white, very light, spongie or loose, and of an extreame bitter taste, almost indurable, and provoking loathing or casting in many that taste it."—PARKINSON'S *Theatre of Plants*, Tribe II. ch. 3.

## ACT II.

(1) SCENE III.—*Why, he drinks you with facility, your Dane dead drunk, he sweats not to overthrow your Alman; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.*] The Englishman's potentiality in pottins, was a common topic of satire with our old writers. In Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "The Captain," Act III. Sc. 2, Lodovico asks—

'Are the Englishmen  
Such stubborn drinkers?'

And Pisco answers,—

'Not a leak at sea  
Can suck more liquor: you shall have their children  
Christen'd in mull'd sack, and, at five years old,  
Able to knock a Dane down. Take an Englishman,  
And cry *St George!* and give him but a tasher,  
And you shall have him upon even terms  
Defy a hoghead.'

Peacock in his *Complete Gentleman*, 1622, p. 193, has a section entitled "Drinking the Plague of our English Gentry," in which he remarks:—"Within these fiftie or three-score yeares it was a rare thing with us to see a drunken man, our nation carrying the name of the most sober and temperate of any other in the world. But since we had to doe in the quarrell of the Netherlands, about the time of Sir John Norris his first being there, the custom of drinking and pledging healthes was brought over into England; wherein let the Dutch be their own judges, if we equall them not; yea I think rather excell them."

To the same effect, Heywood, in the "*Philocottontists*, or the Drunkard opened, dissected, and anatomized," 4to. London, 1635, tells us that—"There is now profest an eighth liberal art of science called *Art Bibendi*, i.e. the Art of Drinking. The students or professors thereof call a greene garland or painted boope hang'd out a *College*: a signe where there is lodging, man's meate, and horse meate; an *Inne of Chere*, an *Hall* or an *Hostie* where nothing is sold but ale and tobacco, a *Grammar Schoole*; a red or blew lattice (the usual designation of an ale-house) that they terme a *Free Schoole* for all comers. The bookes which they study and whose leaves they do often turne over are for the most part three of the old translation and three of the new. Those of the old translation:—1. The *Intemur*; 2. the *Blacke Jacke*; 3. the *quart pot rid'd*, or

*thorrendell*. Those of the new be these 1. the *juggs*; 2. the *beakes*; 3. the *doubt* or *single can* or *black pot*," &c. See also Nash's *Purrie Pennelesse* (1592), on *The Arte Bibendi*; Barnaby Rich's *Irish Hubbub*, 1618; and Harington's *Nugae Antiquae*, l. p. 348.

(2) SCENE III.—

*Then take thine auld cloak about thee*]

The ballad whence the stanzas sung by Iago are taken is printed as follows in Capell's *School of Shakespeare*; it will be found also in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*.

"TAKE THY OLD CLOAK ABOUT THEE.

"This winters weather waxeth cold  
And frost doth freeze on everie hill  
And Borras blowes his blasts so bold,  
That all our cattell are like to spill,  
Bell, my wife, who loves no strife,  
She said unto me quethle,  
Rise up, and save cow Crumbocks life,  
Man, put thine old cloak about thee

He.

"O Bell, why dost thou fyte and scorne?  
Thou kenst my cloak is very thin;  
It is soe bare and overworne,  
A cricke he theron cannot run;  
Then he now longer borrowes nor lend,  
For once he new apperell he send,  
To-morrow he to towne will spend,  
For hee has a new cloake about mee

She.

"Cow Crumbocke is a very good cowe,  
Shee has beene always true to the paille,  
Still has heipt us to butter and cheesse I tro v,  
And other things she will not fayle  
I wold be loth to see her pine,  
Good husband, counsell take of mee,  
It is not for us to goe so sing,  
Then take thine old cloak about thee.

He.

"My cloak it was a very good cloake,  
It hath beene always true to the weare,  
But now it is not worth a groat:  
I have had it four-and-forty yeare

• *Spill*. To spill; to come to harm.

## ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

Sometime it was of cloth in grains,  
 'Tis now but a sigh-cloth,\* as you may see,  
 It will neither hold out winds nor rains;  
 He have a new cloak about mee

Sms.

"It is four and forty years agoe  
 Since th' one of us the other did ken:  
 And we have had betwixt us twoe  
 Of children either nine or ten  
 Wee have brought them up to women and men  
 In the feare of God I trow they bee;  
 And why wilt thou thyselfe miken I  
 Man, take thine old cloaks about thee.

Hz.

"O Bell, my wife, why dost thou floute!  
 Now is now, and then was then.  
 Seeke now all the world throughout,  
 Thou kenst not clowns from gentlemen.  
 They are clad in blacke, greene, yellowe, or gray,  
 See far above their own degree"

Once in my life he do as they,  
 For he have a new cloak about mee.

Sms.

"King Stephen was a worthy peere,  
 His breeches cost him but a crowne;  
 He held them sixpence all his daies,  
 Therefore he calld the taylor Lowe.  
 He was a wight of high renowne,  
 And thoue but of a low degree;  
 His pride that putt the countrie downe,  
 Then take thine old cloaks about thee.

Hz.

"Hell, my wife she loves not strife,  
 Yet she will lead me if she can;  
 And oft, to live a quiet life,  
 I am forced to yield, though I'm good man.  
 It's not for a man with a woman to thraepe,\*  
 Unless he first give oer the plea:  
 Where I began wee now mun leave,  
 And take mine old cloaks about mee."

## ACT III.

### (1) SCENE III.—

*But he that filches from me my good name,  
 Robs me of that which not enriches him,  
 And makes me poor indeed.]*

Mr. Halliwell in his *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 190, ed. 8vo., cites the subjoined lines from a MS. entitled "The Newe Metamorphosis, or a Feast of Fancie, or Poeticall Legends, written by J. M. Gent, 1600," as proof that "Othello" must have been produced before that year —

"The highwayman that robs one of his purse  
 Is not soe bad, nay, these are ten times worse!  
 For these doe rob men of their precious name,  
 And in exchange give oblique and shame"

But the reflection is sufficiently trite, and in both instances, as in many others where it occurs, was probably founded on the following passages. —

"Is not that *Treasure* which before all other, is most regarded of honest persons, the good *Fame* of Man and Woman, lost through whoredom!" — *Homily* XI. pt. 2.

"Now here consider that St. Paul numbred a Scolder, Brawler, or a Picker of Quarrels, among *Thieves* and Idolaters, and many Times there cometh less Hurt of a Thiefe than of a railing tongue. For the one taketh away a Man's good name, the other taketh but his *Riches*, which is of much less Value and Estimation, than is his good name." — *Homily* XII. pt. 1.

### (2) SCENE III.—*Not poppy, nor mandragora*]

"The herb Mandragoras some writers call Circeum: two or three roots it hath of a fleshie substance running downe into the earth almost a cubit, and a fruit or apple of the bignesse of filberds or hazel-nuts, within which there be seeds like unto the pippins of pears. . . . In some countries they venture to eat the apples or fruit thereof: but those that know not how to dresse and order them aright loose the use of their tongue thereby, and prove dumbe

for the time. And verily if they be so hold as to take a great quantity thereof in drink, they are sure to die for it. Yet it may be used safely y enough for to procure sleepe if there be good regard had in the dose, that it be answerable in proportion to the strength and complexion of the patient. Also it is an ordinary thing to drink it against the poyson of serpents: likewise before the cutting, cauterizing, pricking, or lancing of any member to take away the sense or feeling of such extreme cures. And sufficient it is in some bodie to cast them into a sleepe, with the smell of Mandrage." — *PLINIE'S Natural Historie*, bk. XXV. ch. 13.

(3) SCENE III.—*The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife.*] "In mentioning the *fife* joined with the drum, Shakespeare, as usual, points from the life; those instruments accompanying each other being used in his age by the English soldiery. The *fife*, however, as a martial instrument, was afterwards entirely discontinued among our troops for many years, but at length revived in the war before the last. It is commonly supposed that our soldiers borrowed it from the Highlanders in the last rebellion: but I do not know that the *fife* is peculiar to the Scotch, proven used at all by them. It was first used within the memory of man among our troops by the British guards, by order of the Duke of Cumberland, when they were encamped at Maestricht, in the year 1747, and thence soon adopted into other English regiments of infantry. They took it from the Allies with whom they served. This instrument, accompanying the drum, is of considerable antiquity in the European armies, particularly the German. In a curious picture in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, painted 1625, representing the siege of Pavia by the French King, where the emperor was taken prisoner, we see *fifes* and drums. In an old English treatise written by William Garrard before 1587, and published by one captain Hitchcock in 1591, intitled *The Art of Warre*, there are several wood cuts of military evolutions, in which these instruments are both introduced. In Rymer's *Fœdera*, in a drawing of King Henry's siege of Bullioque,

\* Sigh-cloth. A cloth to strain milk through.

To thraepe To dispute.

## ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

1644, mention is made of the *drommes* and *villours* marching at the head of the King's army.—Tom. xv p. 63.

"The *drum* and *life* were also much used at ancient festivals, shows, and processions. Gerard Leigh, in his *Accidence of Armorie*, printed in 1576, describing a Christmas magnificently celebrated at the Inner Temple, says, 'We entered the prince his hall, where anon we heard the noyse of *drum* and *life*.'—P. 119.

"At a *summers* masque on Shrove-Sunday, 1510, in which King Henry VIII. was an actor, Holinshed mentions the entry 'of a *drum* and *life* apparelled in white damaske and grene bonnettes'—Chron. III. 805, col. 2. There are many more instances in Holinshed and Stow's Survey of London.—WARTON

### (4) SCENE IV.—

— I had rather have lost my purse  
Full of crusadoes.]

"The *crusado* was not current, as it should seem, at Venice, though it certainly was in England in the time of Shakespeare, who has here indulged his usual practice of departing from national costume. It was of gold, and weighed two penny-weights six grains, or nine shillings English."—DOUGL, *Illustrations of Shakespeare*.

### (5) SCENE IV.—

— the hearts of old game hands;  
But our new heruldray is hands, not hearts]]

The antithesis of *hearts* and *hands* appears to have been a favourite with Shakespeare and the writers of his age: so in "The Tempest" Act III. Scene I. —

"MIR. My husband, then?  
FER. Ay, with a heart as willing  
As bondage e'er of freedom here's my hand  
MIR. And mine, with my heart in't."

So also in Warner's *Albion's England*:—

"My hand shall never give  
My heart, my heart shall give my hand."

And Mr. Singer has quoted a passage from the essays of Sir William Cornwallis the younger, 1801, where we have the words in similar opposition:—"We of these later times, full of a nice curiosity, mislike all the performances of our forefathers; we say they were honest plaine men, but they want the capering wits of this ripe age. They had wont to give their *hands* and *hearts* together, but we think it a finer grace to looko asquint, our *hand* looking one way and our *heart* another." Warburton conjectured, and Malone at one time was of the same opinion, that the expression, "our *new heruldray*" was a satirical reflection upon King James' creation of baronets. But to this it has been objected that the new order was not created until 1611, while the play was written before November 1604; and it is in the highest degree improbable that an allusion so offensive to the king was inserted afterwards.

(6) SCENE IV.—*Away!* The incident of the handkerchief, which Shakespeare has invested with such terrible sublimity, is derived from the novel in the *Heutoumuthi*, on which this play was founded.—

"I have already said that Desdemona went frequently to the ensign's house, and passed great part of the day with his wife. The villain had observed that she often brought with her a handkerchief that the Moor had given her, and which, as it was very delicately worked in the Moorish taste, was very highly valued by them both; he determined to steal it, and by its means complete her ruin. He had a little girl of three years old that was much cursed by Desdemona; and one day, when that unhappy woman was on a visit to this villain, he took up the child in his arms and presented it to Desdemona, who received it and pressed it to her bosom. In the same instant this deceiver stole from her sash the handkerchief, with such dexterity, that she did not perceive him; and went away with it in very high spirits. Desdemona went

home, and, taken up with other thoughts, never recollected her handkerchief till some days after; when, not being able to find it, she began to fear that the Moor should ask her for it, as he often did. The infamous ensign, watching his opportunity, went to the lieutenant, and, to aid his wicked purpose, left the handkerchief on his bolster. The lieutenant did not find it till the next morning, when, getting up, he set his foot upon it as it had fallen to the floor. Not being able to imagine how it came there, and knowing it to be Desdemona's, he determined to carry it back to her; and, waiting till the Moor was gone out, he went to the back-door and knocked. Fortune, who seemed to have conspired along with the ensign the death of this poor woman, brought the Moor home in the same instant. Hearing some one knock, he went to the window, and, much disturbed, asked who it was there? The lieutenant hearing his voice, and fearing that when he came down he should do him some mischief, ran away without answering. The Moor came down, and finding no one either at the door or in the street, returned full of suspicion to his wife, and asked if she knew who it was that had knocked. She answered with great truth that she knew not. 'But I think,' said he, 'it was the lieutenant;—'It might be he,' said she, 'or any one else.' The Moor checked himself at the time, though he was violently enraged, and determined to take no step without first consulting the ensign. To him he immediately went, and related what had just happened, begging him to learn from the lieutenant what he could on the subject. The ensign rejoiced much in this accident, and promised to do so. He contrived to enter into discourse with him one day in a place where the Moor might see them. He talked with him on a very different subject, laughed much, and expressed by his motions and attitudes very great surprise. The Moor as soon as he saw them separate went to the ensign, and desired to know what had passed between them. The ensign, after many solicitations, at last told him that he had concealed nothing from him. He says he has enjoyed your wife every time that you have stayed long enough from home to give him an opportunity; and that in their last interview she had made him a present of that handkerchief which you gave her when you married her.\* The Moor thanked him, and thought that if his wife had no longer the handkerchief in her possession it would be a proof that the ensign had told him the truth. For which reason one day after dinner, among other subjects, he asked her for this handkerchief. The poor woman, who had long apprehended this, blushed excessively at the question, and, to hide her change of colour, which the Moor had very accurately observed, ran to her wardrobe and pretended to look for it. After having searched for some time, 'I cannot conceive,' said she, 'what is become of it! have not you taken it?' 'Had I taken it,' replied he, 'I should not have asked you for it. But you may look for it another time more at your ease.' Leaving her then, he began to reflect what would be the best way of putting to death his wife and the lieutenant, and how he might avoid being prosecuted for the murder. Thinking night and day on this subject, he could not prevent Desdemona from perceiving that his behaviour was very different from what it had been formerly. She often asked him what it was that agitated him so violently. 'You, who were once the merriest man alive, are now the most melancholy. The Moor answered and alleged a variety of reasons, but she was not satisfied with any of them; and knowing that she had done nothing to justify so much agitation, she began to fear that he grew tired of her. She once in conversation with the ensign's wife expressed herself thus: 'I know not what to say of the Moor; he used to treat me most affectionately; and I begin to fear that my example will teach young women never to marry against their parents' consent, and the Italians in particular, not

\* In the tolerably correct but far from elegant translation of W. Farr, which we adopt, the words "when you married her" (*quando la sposaste*) are inadvertently omitted.

## ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

to connect themselves with men from whom they are separated by nature, climate, education, and complexion. But as I know him to be the confidential of your husband, whom he consults on all occasions, I intreat you, if you have heard anything that might explain this mystery and be of use to me, not to deny me your assistance.' These words were accompanied with a flood of tears.

"The ensign's wife, who knew all (as her husband had in vain endeavoured to prevail upon her to become an accomplice in the murder of Desdemona), but durst tell her nothing for fear of her husband, only said, 'Take care not to give the Moor any cause for suspicion, and do all in your power to convince him of your affection and fidelity.' 'Why so I do,' said she, 'but to no purpose.' The Moor, in the meantime, did all in his power to prove what he desired not to find true, and begged the ensign to make him see the handkerchief in possession of the lieutenant. Although this was a difficult undertaking, yet the villain promised to do all in his power to give him a satisfactory proof of this. The lieutenant had a woman in the house, who was a notable embroiderer in muslin, and

who, struck with the beauty of Desdemona's handkerchief, determined to copy it before it should be returned to her. She set about making one like it, and while she was at work, the ensign discovered that she sat at a window where any one who passed in the street might see her. This he took care to point out to the Moor, who was then fully persuaded that his chaste and innocent wife was an adulteress. He agreed with the ensign to kill both her and the lieutenant; and, consulting together about the means, the Moor entreated him to undertake the assassination of the officer, promising never to forget so great an obligation. He refused, however, to attempt what was so very difficult and dangerous, as the lieutenant was equally brave and vigilant; but with much entreaty and considerable presents, he was prevailed on to say that he would hazard the experiment. One dark night, after taking this resolution, he observed the lieutenant coming out of the house of a female libertine where he usually passed his evenings, and assaulted him sword in hand. He struck at his legs with a view of bringing him to the ground, and with the first blow cut him quite through the right thigh."

## ACT IV.

### (1) SCENE I.—

*Is't possible!—Confess!—Handkerchief!—O, devil!—*  
[Falls in a trance.]

"The starts and broken reflections in this speech have something very terrible, and show the mind of the speaker to be in inexpressible agonies."—WARBURTON.

"When many confused and very interesting ideas pour in upon the mind all at once, and with such rapidity that it has not time to shape or digest them, if it does not relieve itself by tears (which we know it often does, whether for joy or grief) it produces stupor and fainting.

"Othello, in broken sentences, and single words, all of which have a reference to the cause of his jealousy, shows, that all the proofs are present at once to his mind, which so overpowers it, that he falls into a trance, the natural consequence."—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

### (2) SCENE III.—

*My mother had a maid call'd Barbara.  
She was in love; and he she lov'd prov'd mad,  
And did forsake her: she had a song of Willow,  
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,  
And she died singing it.]*

The old ballad so pathetically introduced has been reprinted by Capell and Dr. Percy from a black-letter copy in the Pepys collection at Cambridge. The original, which we append, is the lament not of a forsaken female, but of a "lone-lorn bachelor," and Shakespeare, in adapting it for a woman, has slightly altered, and added to, the words:—

### "A LOVER'S COMPLAINT, BEING FORSAKEN OF HIS LOVE.

"A poor soule sat sighing under a sicamore tree;  
O willow, willow, willow!  
With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee:  
O willow, willow, willow!  
O willow, willow, willow!  
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.  
"He sigh'd in his singing, and after each grove,  
Come willow, &c.  
I am dead to all pleasure, my true love is gone;  
O willow, &c.

"My love she is turned; untrue she doth prove;  
O willow, &c.  
She renders me nothing but hate for my love.  
O willow, &c.

"O pittie me (cried he) ye lovers, each one;  
O willow, &c.  
Her heart's hard as marble; she uses not my mone.  
O willow, &c.

"The cold streames ran by him, his eyes went space;  
O willow, &c.  
The salt tears fell from him, which drowned his face;  
O willow, &c.

"The mute birds sat by him, made tame by his mone:  
O willow, &c.  
The salt tears fell from him, which softned the stones.  
O willow, &c.

"Let nobody blame me, her scornes I do prove;  
O willow, &c.  
She was born to be false; I, to die for her love.  
O willow, &c.

"O that beauty should harbour a heart that's so hard!  
O willow, &c.  
My true love rejecting without all regard.  
O willow, &c.

"Let love no more boast him in palace or bower;  
O willow, &c.  
For women are frowles, and fote in an houre.  
O willow, &c.

"But what helps complaining? In vaine I complaine;  
O willow, &c.  
I must patiently suffer her scorn and disdain.  
O willow, &c.

"Come, all you forsaken, and sit down by me,  
O willow, &c.  
He that plaines of his false love, mine's false than she.  
O willow, &c.

"The willow wreath wears I, since my love doth flee:  
O willow, willow, willow!  
A Garland of lovers forsaken meet me.  
O willow, willow, willow!  
O willow, willow, willow!  
Sing O the greene willow shall be my garland."

# ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

## ACT V.

(1) SCENE II.—*I have done the state some service.*] The policy of the Venetian commonwealth in never permitting a citizen to have command of the army, is mentioned more than once by Contareno:—

"To exclude therefore out of our estate the danger or occasion of any such ambitious enterprises, our ancestors held it a better course to defend their dominions upon the continent with forreyn mercenary souldiers, than with their homeborn citizens, and to assigne them their pay and stipends out of the tributes and receipts of the Province, wherein they remayned: for it is just, and reasonable, that the souldiers shoulde be maintained at the charge of those in whose defence they are employed, and into their warfare, have many of our associates been ascribed, some of which have attained to the highest degree of commandment in our army. . . . The Citizens therefore of Venice, for this only course are deprived of the honors belonging to warres by land, and are contented to transerre them over to strangers to which ende there was a lawe solemnly decreede, that no gentleman of Venice should have the charge and commandment of above five and twentie souldiers," &c.

(2) SCENE II.—

— of one, whose hand,  
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away,  
Richer than all his tribe.]

So the quartos. In the folio we have,—

"Of one whose hand  
(Like the base *Judean*) threw," &c.

Upon these two readings the commentators are at issue. Theobald, Warburton, Farmer, and Malone, all advocate *Judean*, considering that the allusion is manifestly to the story of Herod and Mariamne. This view of the passage has been very ably supported too, of late, by a correspondent in Mr. G. White's *Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c. p. 443. On the other hand, the latest editors, Messrs. Dyce, Collier, and Knight, side with Boswell, who preferred *Indian*, and adduced the following quotations, from succeeding poets, in maintenance of thatlection:

"So the *unkillfull Indian* those bright gems  
Which might adde majestic to diadems  
"Mong the waves scatters."

And—

*Habington's Castles.—To Castara weeping.*

"Behold my queen—  
Who with no more concern I'le cast away  
Then *Indians* do a pearl that we're did know  
Its value."

*The Woman's Conquest*, by Sir Edward Howard.

We, too, follow the quartos, but must admit that a good case has been made out for the reading of the folio.

## CRITICAL OPINIONS ON OTHELLO.

"THE beauties of this play impress themselves so strongly upon the attention of the reader, that they can draw no aid from critical illustration. The fiery openness of Othello, magnanimous, artless, and credulous, boundless in his confidence, ardent in his affection, inflexible in his resolution, and obdurate in his revenge; the cool malignity of Iago, silent in his resentment, subtle in his designs, and studious at once of his interest and his vengeance; the soft simplicity of Desdemona, confident of merit, and conscious of innocence, her artless perseverance in her suit, and her slowness to suspect that she can be suspected, are such proofs of Shakespeare's skill in human nature, as, I suppose, it is vain to seek in any modern writer. The gradual progress which Iago makes in the Moor's conviction, and the circumstances which he employs to inflame him, are so artfully natural, that, though it will perhaps not be said of him as he says of himself, that he is *a man not easily jealous*, yet we cannot but pity him, when at last we find him *perplexed in the extreme*.

"There is always danger, lest wickedness, conjoined with abilities, should steal upon esteem, though it misses of approbation; but the character of Iago is so conducted, that he is, from the first scene to the last, hated and despised. Even the inferior characters of this play would be very conspicuous in any other piece, not only for their justness, but their strength. Cassio is brave, benevolent, and honest, ruined only by his want of stubbornness to resist an insidious invitation. Roderigo's suspicious credulity, and impatient submission to the cheats which he sees practised upon him, and which by persuasion he suffers to be repeated, exhibit a strong picture of a weak mind betrayed by unlawful desires to a false friend; and the virtue of Emilia is such as we often find worn loosely, but not cast off, easy to commit small crimes, but quickened and alarmed at atrocious villanies.

"The scenes from the beginning to the end are busy, varied by happy interchanges, and regularly promoting the progression of the story; and the narrative in the end, though it tells but what is known already, yet is necessary to produce the death of Othello.

"Had the scene opened in Cyprus, and the preceding incidents been occasionally related, there had been little wanting to a drama of the most exact and scrupulous regularity."—JOHNSON.

"If 'Romeo and Juliet' shines with the colours of the dawn of morning, but a dawn whose purple clouds already announce the thunder of a sultry day, 'Othello' is, on the other hand, a strongly shaded picture: we might call it a tragical Reinbrandt. What a fortunate mistake that the Moor (under which name, in the original novel, a baptized Saracen of the Northern coast of Africa was unquestionably meant), has been made by Shakspeare in every respect a negro! We recognize in Othello the wild nature of that glowing zone which generates the most deadly poisons, tamed only in appearance by the desire of fame, by foreign laws of honour, and by nobler and milder manners. His jealousy is not the jealousy of the heart, which is compatible with the tenderest feeling and adoration of the beloved object; it is of that sensual kind which, in burning climes, has given birth to the disgraceful confinement of women and many other unnatural usages. A drop of this poison flows in his veins, and sets his whole blood in the wildest ferment. The Moor seems noble, frank, confiding, grateful for the love



## CRITICAL OPINIONS.

shown him ; and he is all this, and, moreover, a hero who spurns at danger, a worthy leader of an army, a faithful servant of the State ; but the mere physical force of passion puts to flight in one moment all his acquired and mere habitual virtues, and gives the upper hand to the savage over the moral man. This tyranny of the blood over the will betrays itself even in the expression of his desire of revenge upon Cassio. In his repentance, a genuine tenderness for his murdered wife, and in the presence of the damning evidence of his deed, the painful feeling of annihilated honour at last bursts forth ; and in the midst of these painful emotions, he assails himself with the rage wherewith a despot punishes a runaway slave. He suffers as a double man ; at once in the higher and the lower sphere into which his being was divided. While the Moor bears the nightly colour of suspicion and deceit only on his visage, Iago is black within. He haunts Othello like his evil genius, and with his light (and therefore the more dangerous) insinuations, he leaves him no rest ; it is as if by means of an unfortunate affinity, founded however in nature, this influence was by necessity more powerful over him than the voice of his good angel Desdemona. A more artful villain than this Iago was never portrayed ; he spreads his nets with a skill which nothing can escape. The repugnance inspired by his aims becomes tolerable from the attention of the spectators being directed to his means : these furnish endless employment to the understanding. Cool, discontented, and morose, arrogant where he dares be so, but humble and insinuating when it suits his purposes, he is a complete master in the art of dissimulation ; accessible only to selfish emotions, he is thoroughly skilled in roysing the passions of others, and of availing himself of every opening which they give him : he is as excellent an observer of men as any one can be who is unacquainted with higher motives of action from his own experience ; there is always some truth in his malicious observations on them. He does not merely pretend an obdurate incredulity as to the virtue of women, he actually entertains it ; and this, too, falls in with his whole way of thinking, and makes him the more fit for the execution of his purpose. As in everything he sees merely the hateful side, he dissolves in the rudest manner the charm which the imagination casts over the relation between the two sexes : he does so for the purpose of revolting Othello's senses, whose heart otherwise might easily have convinced him of Desdemona's innocence. This must serve as an excuse for the numerous expressions in the speeches of Iago from which modesty shrinks. If Shakspeare had written in our days he would not perhaps have dared to hazard them ; and yet this must certainly have greatly injured the truth of his picture. Desdemona is a sacrifice without blemish. She is not, it is true, a high ideal representation of sweetness and enthusiastic passion like Juliet ; full of simplicity, softness, and humility, and so innocent, that she can hardly form to herself an idea of the possibility of infidelity, she seems calculated to make the most yielding and tenderest of wives. The female propensity wholly to resign itself to a foreign destiny has led her into the only fault of her life, that of marrying without her father's consent. Her choice seems wrong ; and yet she has been gained over to Othello by that which induces the female to honour in man her protector and guide,—admiration of his determined heroism, and compassion for the sufferings which he had undergone. With great art it is so contrived that from the very circumstance that the possibility of a suspicion of her own purity of motive never once enters her mind, she is the less reserved in her solicitations for Cassio, and thereby does but heighten more and more the jealousy of Othello. To throw out still more clearly the angelic purity of Desdemona, Shakspeare has in Emilia associated with her a companion of doubtful virtue. From the sinful levity of this woman, it is also conceivable that she should not confess the abstraction of the handkerchief when Othello violently demands it back : this would otherwise be the circumstance in the whole piece the most difficult to justify. Cassio is portrayed exactly as he ought to be to excite suspicion without actual guilt,—amiable and nobly disposed, but easily seduced. The public events of the first two acts show us Othello in his most glorious aspect, as the support of Venice and the terror of the Turks ; they serve to withdraw the story from the mere domestic circle, just as this is done in 'Romeo and Juliet' by the dissensions between the houses of Montague and Capulet. No eloquence is capable of painting the overwhelming force of the catastrophe in 'Othello,'—the pressure of feelings which measure out in a moment the abysses of eternity."—SCHLEGEL.

"Admirable is the preparation, so truly and peculiarly Shakesperian, in the introduction of Roderigo, as the dupe on whom Iago shall first exercise his art, and in doing so display his own character. Roderigo, without any fixed principle, but not without the moral notions and sympathies with honour which his rank and connexions had hung upon him, is already well fitted and predisposed for the purpose ; for very want of character and strength of passion, like wind loudest in an empty

## CRITICAL OPINIONS.

house, constitute his character. The first three lines happily state the nature and foundation of the friendship between him and Iago,—the purse,—as also the contrast of Roderigo's intemperance of mind with Iago's coolness, the coolness of a preconceiving experimenter. The mere language of protestation—

' If ever I did dream of such a matter  
Abhor me, '—

which falling in with the associative link, determines Roderigo's continuation of complaint, —

' Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy hate, '—

elicits at length a true feeling of Iago's mind, the dread of contempt habitual to those who encourage in themselves, and have their keenest pleasure in, the expression of contempt for others. Observe Iago's high self-opinion, and the moral, that a wicked man will employ real feelings, as well as assume those most alien from his own, as instruments of his purposes :—

— and by the faith of man,  
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place. '—

In what follows, let the reader feel how by and through the glass of two passions, disappointed vanity and envy, the very vices of which he is complaining are made to act upon him as if they were so many excellences, and the more appropriately because cunning is always admired and wished for by minds conscious of inward weakness : but they act only by half, like music on an inattentive auditor, swelling the thoughts which prevent him from listening to it.

' Rod. What a full fortune does the *thick lips* owe  
If he can carry't thus !

Roderigo turns off to Othello ; and here comes one, if not the only, seeming justification of our blackamoor or negro Othello. Even if we supposed this an uninterrupted tradition of the theatre, and that Shakespear himself, from want of scenes, and the experience that nothing could be too marked for the senses of his audience, had practically sanctioned it, would this prove aught concerning his own intention as a poet for all ages ? Can we imagine him so utterly ignorant as to make a barbarous negro plead royal birth—at a time too when negroes were not known except as slaves ? As for Iago's language to Brabantio, it implies more fully that Othello was a Moor, that is, black. Though I think the rivalry of Roderigo sufficient to account for his wilful confusion of Moor and negro, yet, even if compelled to give this up, I should think it only adapted for the acting of the day, and should complain of an enormity built on a single word, in direct contradiction to Iago's 'Barbary Horse.' Besides, if we could in good earnest believe Shakespear ignorant of the distinction, still why should we adopt one disagreeable possibility instead of a ten times greater and more pleasing probability ? It is a common error to mistake the epithets applied by the *dramatis persone* to each other as truly descriptive of what the audience ought to see or know. No doubt Desdemona saw Othello's visage in his mind ; yet, as we are constituted, and most surely as an English audience was disposed in the beginning of the seventeenth century, it would be something monstrous to conceive this beautiful Venetian girl falling in love with a veritable negro. It would argue a disproportionateness, a want of balance in Desdemona, which, Shakespear does not appear to have in the least contemplated.

"Iago's speech—'Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus, or thus,' &c.—comprises the passionless character of Iago. It is all will in intellect ; and therefore he is here a bold partisan of the truth, but yet of a truth converted into a falsehood by the absence of all the necessary modifications caused by the frail nature of man. And then comes the last sentiment—'Our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts, whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be a sect or scion !' Here is the true Iagoism of alas ! how many ! Note Iago's pride of mastery in the repetition of 'Co, make money !' to his anticipated dupe, even stronger than his love of lucre : and when Roderigo is completely won, when the effect has been fully produced, the repetition of triumph—'Go to ; farewell ; put money enough in your purse !' The remainder—Iago's soliloquy—the motive-hunting of a motiveless malignity—how awful it is ! Yea, whilst he is still allowed to bear the divine image, it is too fiendish for his own steady view, for the lonely gaze of a being next to devil, and not quite devil,—and yet a character which Shakespear has attempted and executed, without disgust and without scandal !

## CRITICAL OPINIONS.

"Dr. Johnson has remarked that little or nothing is wanting to render the 'Othello' a regular tragedy, but to have opened the play with the arrival of Othello in Cyprus, and to have thrown the preceding act into the form of narration. Here then is the place to determine whether such a change would or would not be an improvement: nay (to throw down the glove with a full challenge), whether the tragedy would or not by such an arrangement become more regular—that is, more consonant with the rules dictated by universal reason, or the true common-sense of mankind, in its application to the particular case. For in all acts of judgment, it can never be too often recollected, and scarcely too often repeated, that rules are means to ends, and, consequently, that the end must be determined and understood before it can be known what the rules are or ought to be. Now, from a certain species of drama, proposing to itself the accomplishment of certain ends—these partly arising from the idea of the species itself, but in part, likewise, forced upon the dramatist by accidental circumstances beyond his power to remove or control—three rules have been abstracted;—in other words, the means most conducive to the attainment of the proposed ends have been generalized, and prescribed under the names of the three unities—the unity of time, the unity of place, and the unity of action, which last would, perhaps, have been as appropriately, as well as more intelligibly, entitled the unity or interest. With this last the present question has no immediate concern: in fact, its conjunction with the former two is a mere delusion of words. It is not properly a rule, but in itself the great end, not only of the drama, but of the epic poem, the lyric ode, of all poetry, down to the candle-flame come of an epigram, nay, of poetry in general, as the proper generic term inclusive of all the fine arts as its species. But of the unities of time and place, which alone are entitled to the name of rules, the history of their origin will be their best criterion. You might take the Greek chorus to a place, but you could not bring a place to them without as palpable an equivocation as bringing Birnam Wood to Macbeth at Dunsinane. It was the same, though in a less degree, with regard to the unity of time:—the positive fact, not for a moment removed from the senses, the presence, I mean, of the same identical chorus, was a continued measure of time; and although the imagination may supersede perception, yet it must be granted to be an imperfection, however easily tolerated, to place the two in broad contradiction to each other. In truth, it is a mere accident of terms; for the Trilogy of the Greek theatre was a drama in three acts, and notwithstanding this, what strange contrivances as to place there are in the Aristophanic Frogs. Besides, if the law of mere actual perception is once violated, as it is repeatedly even in the Greek tragedies, why is it more difficult to imagine three hours to be three years than to be a whole day and night?

"Observe in how many ways Othello is made, first our acquaintance, then our friend, then the object of our anxiety, before the dupe is to be approached! And Cassio's warm-hearted, yet perfectly disengaged, praise of Desdemona 'that paragon description and wild fame,' and sympathy with the 'most fortunately' wived Othello;—and yet Cassio is an enthusiastic admirer, almost a worshipper, of Desdemona. O, that detestable code, that excellence cannot be loved in any form that is female, but it must needs be selfish! Observe Othello's 'honest' and Cassio's 'bold' Iago, and Cassio's full guileless-hearted wishes for the safety and love-raptures of Othello and 'the divine Desdemona.' And also note the exquisite circumstance of Cassio's kissing Iago's wife, as if it ought to be impossible that the dullest auditor should not feel Cassio's religious love of Desdemona's purity. Iago's answers are the sneers which a proud bad intellect feels towards women, and expresses to a wife. Surely it ought to be considered a very exalted compliment to women, that all the sarcasms on them in Shakespear are put in the mouths of villains.

"Finally, Othello does not kill Desdemona in jealousy, but in a conviction forced upon him by the almost superhuman art of Iago; such a conviction as any man would and must have entertained who had believed Iago's honesty as Othello did. We, the audience, know that Iago is a villain from the beginning: but in considering the essence of the Shakespearian Othello, we must perseveringly place ourselves in his situation, and under his circumstances. Then we shall immediately feel the fundamental difference between the solemn agony of the noble Moor, and the wretched fishing jealousies of Leonatus, and the morbid suspiciousness of Leonatus, who is in other respects a fine character. Othello had no life but in Desdemona:—the belief that she, his angel, had fallen from the heaven of her native innocence, wrought a civil war in his heart. She is his counterpart; and like him, is almost sanctified in our eyes by her absolute unsuspiciousness, and holy entireness of love. As the curtain drops, which do we pity the most?"—COLERIDGE.

THE POEMS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

"VILLA MIRETUR VULGUS; MIHI FLAVUS APOLLO  
FOCULA CASTALIA PLENA MINISTRET AQUA."—*Ovid.* •

TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,  
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden: only, if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a god-father, and never after ear<sup>a</sup> so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

<sup>a</sup> — and never after ear so barren a land. —] *To ear* is to plough or till: So in "All's Well That Ends Well," Act I. Sc. 3,—"He that sows my land, spares my team," &c. Again

'King Richard II.'" Act III. Sc. 2.—

"—— and let them go  
*To sow the land that hath some hope to grow.'*



## VENUS AND ADONIS.

THIS poem, if we are to accept the expression in the introductory epistle—"the first heir of my invention"—literally, was Shakespeare's earliest composition. Some critics conceive it to have been written, indeed, before he quitted Stratford; but the question when and where it was produced has yet to be decided. It was entered on the Stationers' Registers by Richard Field, as "licensed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Wardens," in 1593, and the first edition was printed in the same year.\* This edition was speedily exhausted, and a second by the same printer was put forth in 1594. This again was followed by an octavo impression in 1596, and so much was the poem in demand that it had reached a fifth edition by 1602. After this date it was often reprinted, and copies of 1616, 1620, 1622, and 1627 are still extant. Its popularity, as Mr. Collier observes, is established also by the frequent mention of it in early writers.

"In the early part of Shakespeare's life, his poems seem to have gained him more reputation than his plays;—at least they are oftener mentioned or alluded to. Thus the author of an old comedy, called *The Return from Parnassus*, written about 1602, in his review of the poets of the time, says not a word of his dramatick compositions, but allots him his portion of fame solely on account of the poems that he had produced."—MALONE.

The text adopted in the present reprint of "Venus and Adonis" is that of the first quarto, 1593, collated with the best of the later editions.

EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face  
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,  
Rose-cheek'd Adonis<sup>a</sup> lied him to the chase;  
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn:  
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,  
And like a bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo him.

"Thrice fairer than myself," thus she began,  
"The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,

Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,  
More white and red than doves or roses are;  
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,  
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

"Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,  
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;  
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed  
A thousand honey-secrets shalt thou know:

\* Entitled.—"VENUS AND ADONIS.

*Villa miretur vulgus: mihi sacrus Apollo  
Pecula Castalia plena ministrat aqua.*

London Imprinted by Richard Field, and are to be sold at the  
signe of the white Greyhound in Pauls Church-yard. 1593 "

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<sup>a</sup> Rose-cheek'd Adonis.—Malone has noticed the same com-  
pound epithet in "*Hern and Leander*,"—

"The man of wealthy Sestos every year  
For his sake whom their goddess loves best dear,  
*Rose-cheek'd Adonis*, kept a solemn feast," &c.

## VENUS AND ADONIS

Here come and sit, where never serpent hissed,  
And being sat, I'll smother thee with kisses ;

And yet not cloy thy lips with loathsome diet,  
But rather samish them amid their plenty,  
Making them red and pale with fresh variety,  
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:  
A summer's day will sweep an hour but short,  
Being wasted in such time-begunning sport.

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,  
The precedent\* of pith and Mithras,  
And, trembling in her passion, calls to him  
Earth's sovereign, save to do a godden good :  
Being so charg'd, dears doth lend her force  
Courageously to pluck him from his horse;

Over one arm the lusty courtesan's rein,  
 Under her other was the tender boy,  
 Who blushed and pouted in a dull disdain,  
 With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;  
 She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,  
 He red for shame, but frosty in desire

The studded bridle on a ragged hough  
Firmly she fastens; (O, how quick is love!)  
The steed is stalled up, and even now  
To tie the rider she begins to prove:

Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,  
And govern'd him in strength, though not in  
just.

to soon was she along, as he was down,  
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips;  
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,  
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips,  
And kissing, speaks, with fearful language  
broken,

"If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open."

He burns with bashful shame; she with her tears  
 Both quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;  
 Then with her wand she his ear golden  
 To fan and blow them dry again she tries;  
 He saith she is the modestest of maidens;  
 What follows here she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp of wing,  
Yrs. with her beak on feathers, flesh and bone,  
Hacking her wings, darning all her tears,  
Still either gorgeful sucking or slow to grow,  
Brought down by earth's burrows, machinery, and  
And where the ends the dust and born.

...to content, and to obey, and  
...he lies, and breathes in her face.

She fear'd on the steam as on a prey,  
And dills it heavenly moisture, air of grace—  
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,  
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers

Look how a bird has tangled in a net,  
So often in'd in our arms, 'Adonai Meas;  
Here she sits and aw's resisting, the net from  
Which she has more beauty in her song;  
She has added to a river that flows  
The song will forever be a song.

Still the same, still the same,  
To a beauty, to a beauty;  
Still the same, still the same,  
Twist or turn, twist or turn,  
Being red, or being white,  
The best is to be with a more delight.

Look how he can love her better than those but-love;  
And by his fair immortal hands she swears  
From his heart she'll never part more,  
Till he take her with her conquering tears,  
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all  
wet;  
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless  
debt.

Upon this premise did he raise his  
Like a dive-dipper peering through  
Way, being look'd on, duck-as you  
So offers he to give what he did or  
But when her lips were rais'd for  
He wist not that time his luck and

Never did I see him, it seems, as he  
More than for drink than she for the  
Her help, she sees, but he can't get  
She bathed in water, yet his fire might burn:  
"O, pity," said he, "my dear, that started boy!  
"I was a slave like you, why art thou free?"

"I have been told that you are a free man now,  
 Even by the stern and direful god of war.  
 Will no slavery need be to this new life of yours  
 Who would you would be free of every jail.  
 You said we were our masters and our slave,  
 And heard for all when the unack'd shall

Over the low hills, rolling down to  
the harbor, his father's house  
and factory sat, both behind trees and dunes,  
the water at their feet;  
and the church, with its bell and organ, stood  
in the middle of the field he sent me to bed.

1. \_\_\_\_\_

[illegible]

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

See also Warrents.

[illegible]

◆ — ◆ Floor that  
Came in "Jellyroll" —

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Source: The Young Men's Christian Association, San Francisco, the High School for the Deaf, and the "Baroque" Press, 1902.

"...with luxuries, high, and real."

--ref [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] 1954

...the reading of the two different copies. The latter

...have, no copy, etc.



Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain:  
Strong-thighed steel his stronger strength they'd  
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.  
O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,  
For mastering her that joind thee to thy God of might!

Though I may walk with those fair line of thine  
Though mine be gone, yet are thy eyes  
The kiss could be as warm as well as mine  
What need I then thy hands hold mine  
Look in mine eyes, and see how nearly thou  
Than why I love thee, and how dearly thou

"Art thou gone?—No!—I shall stay, and again  
And I will sink, as when the sun in night  
Love keeps his realm, and I his throne, but thou  
Be bold to play, and I will not fight:  
These blue-veined roses, which we fear  
Never can black, we know not what we mean.

"The tender spring upon thy tempting lip  
Shows the short time ; — not a day thou wilt be tasted :  
Make use of this, lest it may chafe and slip ;  
Beauty within itself should not be wasted :  
Fair flowers that are the father of their prime  
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

"Were I hard, hard, foul, or wrinkled old,  
Ill-natur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,  
Or worn, despis'd, rheumatic, and cold,  
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and fasting juice,  
Then might I hope to pause for this, were not  
for these

But having no defence, why should I bother me?

"Thou canst not see a wrinkle in my brow;  
Mine eyes are grey, and bright, and quick in  
turning."  
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,  
My flesh is soft and plump, my manow burning red,  
My smooth neck shows the white of many bands.

[illegible]

"With these things, I can do anything I like.  
These brooding powers will cure me of my  
melancholy;  
Two strengths, which will draw me away  
From mere suffering, even where I am alone."

Is love so light, sweet boy, that it be  
That thou shouldst think it heavy to thee?

Steal things out a heart to thine own face adorned I  
 Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left I  
 Then who wouldst be of thyself rejected  
 Steal things out a freedom, and complete on that  
 Steal things so himself himself forbids  
 Steal things to kiss his shadow in the night

"Tributes are made to light, jewels to wear,  
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,  
Horne for their smell, and sappy plants to oar;  
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse,  
Which needs no tilling, nor husbandry, but weeds,  
And spring from seeds, and easy breedeth  
More beauty."

Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed  
 Upon the earth with thy increase be fed?  
 By law of nature thou art bound to breed,  
 That thou may'st live, when thou thyself art dead;  
 And in spite of death, thou dost survive,  
 In which thy likeness still is left alive.

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat,  
For, where they lay, the shades had foreboken them;  
And Titus, 'tired in the midday heat,  
With burning eyes did hotly overlook them;  
Wishing, Adonia had his team of horses,  
So he were like him, and be Yonder side

And now Adonis, with a lary sprite,  
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,  
His lowering brows <sup>up</sup>erwhelming his fair sight,  
Like misty vapours when they blot the sky,—  
Souring <sup>his</sup> his cheeks, cries, "Pie, no more o  
"Nods!

The sun doth burn my face : I must remove."

"Kill me," quoth Venus, frowning, and so unkind?  
What bare bones make'st thou to be gone!  
I'll high celestial breath, whose gentle wind  
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun:  
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;  
If that turn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,  
And, lo, I lie between that sun and this!  
The heat I have from those dark little worms  
That burn beneath the fire that burneth me,  
And thus my mortal life were done,  
Between the lowly worm and earthy sun.

"I should like to see you again," she said.  
 "May I come back and dine with you some time?" she asked.  
 "And about a woman's work, and about not being  
 'tired'?" she asked.  
 "I should like to see you again," she said.  
 "May I come back and dine with you some time?" she asked.  
 "And about a woman's work, and about not being  
 'tired'?" she asked.

"What are you doing?" he asked me.  
"I'm singing," I said.  
"Singing?" he asked me.



What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?  
Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute:  
Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,  
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

"Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,  
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,  
Statue, contenting but the eye alone,  
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred!  
Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,  
For men will kiss even by their own direction."

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,  
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;  
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong,  
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:  
And now she weeps, and now she fain would  
speak,  
And now her sobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,  
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;  
Sometimes her arms unfold him like a band:  
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;  
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,  
She locks her lily fingers one in one.

"Fondling," she saith, "since I have hemm'd thee  
here,  
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,  
I'll be a park,\* and thou shalt be my deer;  
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:  
Graze on my lips; and if those hills be dry,  
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

"Within this limit is relief enough,  
Sweet bottom-grass, and high-delightful plain,  
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,  
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain:  
Then be my deer, since I am such a park;  
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark."

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,  
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:  
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,  
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;  
Foreknewing well, if there he came to lie,  
Why, there Love liv'd, and there he could not  
die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,  
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking:  
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?  
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?  
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,  
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she  
say?  
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing:  
The time is spent; her object will away,  
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing:

"Pity," she cries, "some favour—some re-  
morse!"

Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,  
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,  
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,  
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud:  
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,  
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,  
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder:  
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,  
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thun-  
der:

The iron bit he crushes 'tween his teeth,  
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-prick'd; his braided hanging mane  
Upon his compass'd<sup>b</sup> crest now stand on end;  
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,  
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send:  
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,  
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,  
With gentle majesty and modest pride;  
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,  
As who should say, Lo, thus my strength is tried,  
And this I do to captivate the eye  
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,  
His flattering "Holla," or his "Stand, I say"?  
What cares he now for curb or pricking spur?  
For rich caparisons or trapping gay?  
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,  
Nor nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,  
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,  
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,  
As if the dead the living should exceed;  
So did this horse excel a common one,<sup>c</sup>  
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,  
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,  
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing  
strong,

Thick mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:  
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,  
Save a proud rider on so proud a back!

Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares;  
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;  
To bid the wind a base<sup>d</sup> he now prepares,  
And whêr he run or fly they know not whether;  
For through his mane and tail the high wind  
sings,

Fanning the hairs, who gave like feather'd wings.

\* — a park.— The two first copies have "—a park," &c.; those subsequently published, "the park," &c.

<sup>b</sup> — compass'd — "circled."  
<sup>c</sup> — stand on end; ] "Our author here means as composed of many hairs, as plural."—MALONE.

one.  
One was formerly pronounced as we now sound it in alone, &c.  
<sup>d</sup> To bid the wind a base—] See note (7), p. 42, Vol. I.

# VENUS AND ADONIS.

\* He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her ;  
She answers him, as if she knew his mind :  
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,  
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind ;  
Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,  
Beating his kind embraces with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,  
He vails<sup>a</sup> his tail, that, like a falling plume,  
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent :  
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume.  
His love, perceiving how he is enrag'd,  
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy master goeth about to take him ;  
When, lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,  
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,  
With her the horse, and left Adonis there :  
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,  
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chafing<sup>b</sup> down Adonis sits,  
Banning<sup>c</sup> his boisterous and unruly beast :  
And now the happy season once more fits,  
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest ;  
For lovers say, the heart hath trouble wrong  
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,  
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage :  
So of concealed sorrow may be said ;  
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage ;  
But when the heart's attorney<sup>d</sup> once is mute,  
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,  
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,  
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow ;  
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mood ;  
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,  
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O, what a sight it was, wistly to view  
How she came stealing to the wayward boy !  
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,  
How white and red each other did destroy !  
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by  
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,  
And like a lowly lover down she kneels,  
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,  
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels :  
His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's  
print,  
As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was there between them !  
Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes suing ;  
His eyes saw her eyes<sup>e</sup> as they had not seen them ;  
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing :

<sup>a</sup> He vails his tail,—] To sail is to sink, to lower. So in "The Merchant of Venice," Act I. Sc. I. "Failing her high-tops lower than her ribs."

<sup>b</sup> — with chafing,—] The reading of all the editions before that of 1600, which substituted *chafing*.

<sup>c</sup> Banning,—] That is, *swearing*.

<sup>d</sup> — attorney,—] *Advocate, pleader*.

And all this dumb play had his<sup>e</sup> acts made plain  
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,  
A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,  
Or ivory in an alabaster band :  
So white a friend engirts so white a foe :  
This beautiful combat, wilful and unwilling,  
Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began :  
"O, fairest mover on this mortal round,  
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,  
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound ;  
For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,  
Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee."

"Give me my hand," saith he, "why dost thou  
feel it ?"

"Give me my heart," saith she, "and thou shalt  
have it ;

O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel<sup>f</sup> it,  
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it :  
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,  
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard."

"For shame," he cries, "let go, and let me go ;  
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,  
And 't is your fault I am herefit him so ;  
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone ;  
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,  
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare."

Thus she replies : "Thy palfrey, as he should,  
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire :  
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd ;  
Else, suffer'd,<sup>g</sup> it will set the heart on fire :  
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none,  
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

"How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,  
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein !  
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,  
He held such petty bondage in disdain ;  
Throwing the base thought from his bonding crest,  
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast."

"Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,<sup>h</sup>  
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,  
But when his glutton eye so full hath fed,  
His other agents aim at like delight ?  
Who is so faint that dare not be so bold  
To touch the fire, the weather being cold ?

"Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy ;  
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,  
To take advantage on presented joy ; [these :  
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach  
O, learn to love ! the lesson is but plain,  
And once made perfect, never lost again."

<sup>e</sup> — his acts,—] "His" for *its*.

<sup>f</sup> — do steel it,—] Harden it like steel.

<sup>g</sup> — grave it,—] *Engrave* it, i. e. make an impression on it."

STEEVENS

<sup>h</sup> — suffer'd,—] *Allowed, indulged, not restrained*. See note (c), p. 518, Vol. II.

<sup>i</sup> — naked bed. 1 See note (b), p. 38, of the present volume

# VENUS AND ADONIS.

"I know not love," quoth he, "nor will not know it,  
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it;  
'T is much to borrow, and I will not owe it;  
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;  
For I have heard it is a life in death,  
That laughs, that weeps, and all but with a breath.

"Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd?  
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?  
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,  
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:  
The colt that's back'd and burden'd being young,  
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

"You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,  
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:  
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;  
To love's alarms it will not ope the gate:  
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery;  
For where a heart is hard, they make no battery."

"What! canst thou talk," quoth she, "hast thou a tongue?  
O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!  
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong;  
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing:  
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,  
Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore wounding.

"Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love  
That inward beauty and invisible;  
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move  
Each part in me that were but sensible:  
Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,  
Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

"Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,  
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,  
And nothing but the very smell were left me,  
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;  
For from the still'tory of thy face excelling  
Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth love by smelling.

"But O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,  
Being nurse and feeder of the other four!  
Would they not wish the feast might ever last,  
And hid Suspicion double-lock the door?  
Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,  
Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast."

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,  
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;

a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd  
reck to the seaman, tempest to the field,  
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,  
Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advis'dly she marketh:  
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,  
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,  
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,  
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,  
His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,  
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:  
A smile recures the wounding of a frown;  
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!  
The silly boy, believing she is dead,  
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red;

And all amaz'd brake off his late intent,  
For sharply did he think to reprehend her,  
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:  
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!  
For on the grass she lies as she were slain,  
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,  
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,  
He chafes her lips; a thousand ways he seeks  
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd:  
He kisses her; and she, by her good will,  
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:  
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,  
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array  
He cheers the morn, and all the earth relieveth:  
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,  
So is her face illumin'd with her eye;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,  
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.  
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,  
Had not his clouded with his brows' repine;  
But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,  
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

"O, where am I?" quoth she, "in earth or heaven,  
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?  
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?  
Do I delight to die, or life desire?  
But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy;  
But now I died, and death was lively joy."

"O, thou diest kill me, kill me once again:  
Thy eyes shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,  
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,  
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;

a *Thy mermaid's voice*—] With our early writers, mermaid and dove were synonymous.  
b — *foul flaws*—] Violent blasts of wind.  
c — *blue windows*—] By "windows" are meant eye-lids. So a "Cymbeline" act. i., 1.  
d — *To see the enclosed lights*, now canopied Under these windows, white, and azure lac'd

With blue of heaven's often tinted."  
And in "Romeo and Juliet," Act IV. Sc. 1,—  
"Thy eyes' windows fall,  
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life."  
e — *repine*;] *Repine* is here a substantive.

# VENUS AND ADONIS

And these mine eyes, true leaders to their  
queen,  
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

"Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!  
O, never let their crimson liveries wear!  
And as they last, their verdure still endure,  
To drive infection\* from the dangerous year!  
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,  
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

"Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,  
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?  
To sell myself I can be well contented,  
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;  
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips  
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

"A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;  
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.  
What is ten hundred kisses<sup>b</sup> unto thee?  
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?  
Say, for non-payment that the debt should  
double,<sup>c</sup>  
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?"

"Fair queen," quoth he, "if any love you owe me,  
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years;  
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;  
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:  
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,  
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

"Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,  
His day's hot task hath ended in the west:  
The owl, night's herald, shrieks,—'t is very late;  
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;  
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light  
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

"Now let me say 'Good night,' and so say you,  
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss."  
"Good night," quoth she; and, ere he says  
"Adieu,"

The honey fee of parting tender'd is:  
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;  
Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face;

Till, breathless, he di-join'd, and backward drew  
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,  
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,  
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drought.  
He with her plenty cross'd, she faint with  
dearth,  
(Their lips together glin'd,) fall to the earth.

Now quick Desire hath caught the yielding prey,  
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;  
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,  
Paying what ransom the insulter willeth;

Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so  
high,  
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,  
With blindfold fury she begins to forage;  
Her face doth reek and smokes, her blood doth  
boil,  
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;  
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,  
Forgetting shame's pure blush and honour's  
wreak.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,  
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much  
handling,  
Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tir'd with chasing,  
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,  
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,  
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,  
And yields at last to every light impression?  
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with  
venturing,

Chiefly in love, whose leave<sup>d</sup> exceeds commission:  
Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,  
But then woos best when most his choice is  
froward.

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,  
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.  
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;  
What though the rose have prickles, yet 't is  
pluck'd:  
Were beauty under twenty looks kept fast,  
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at  
last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;  
The poor fool prays her that he may depart:  
She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him;  
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,  
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,  
He carries thence incaged in his breast.

"Sweet boy," she says, "this night I'll waste in  
sorrow,  
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.  
Tell me, Love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?  
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the  
match?"

"He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends  
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

"The boar!" quoth she; whereat a sudden pale,  
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,  
Usurps her cheek; she trembles at his tale,  
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws;  
She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,  
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

\* To drive infection from the dangerous year! An allusion to the practice of strewing apartments with strong-scented herbs in the time of the plague, to prevent infection.  
b — ten hundred kisses.—] So the edition of 1690, the preceding copies read,—"ten hundred touches."  
c Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,—] "The

poet was thinking of a conditional bond's becoming forfeited for non-payment; in which case, the entire penalty (usually the double of the principal sum lent by the obligee) was summarily recoverable at law."—MASON.  
d — leave—] "Lest" here means Hence.  
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Now is she in the very lists of love,  
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter :  
All is imaginary she doth prove,  
He will not manage her, although he mount her ;  
That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,  
To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,<sup>a</sup>  
Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw,  
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,  
As those poor birds that helpless<sup>b</sup> berries saw.  
The warm effects which she in him finds missing,  
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain ; good queen, it will not be :  
She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd ;  
Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater foe ;  
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.  
"Fie, fie," he says, "you crush me ; let me go ;  
You have no reason to withhold me so."

"Thou hadst been gone," quoth she, "sweet boy,  
ere this,  
But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt the  
boar.

O, be advis'd ! thou know'st not what it is  
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,  
Whose tushes never-sheath'd he whetted still,  
\* Like to a mortal<sup>c</sup> butcher, bent to kill.

"On his bow-back he hath a battle set  
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes ;  
His eyes like glow-worms shone when he doth fret :  
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes ;  
Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his way,  
And whom he strikes his cruel tushes slay.

"His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,  
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter ;  
His short thick neck cannot be easily harm'd ;  
Being ireful on the lion he will venture :  
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,  
As fearful of him, part ; through whom he  
rushes.

"Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,  
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes ;  
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,  
Whose full perfection all the world amazes ;  
But having thee at vantage,—wondrous dread !—  
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

"O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still !  
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends :  
Come not within his danger<sup>d</sup> by thy will ;  
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.

When thou didst name the boar, not to, dis-  
semble,  
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble

"Didst thou not mark my face ? was it not white ?  
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye ?  
Grew I not faint ? and fell I not downright ?  
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,  
My hoding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,  
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my  
breast.

"For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy  
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel ;  
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,  
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, 'Kill, kill ;'  
Distempering gentle Love in his desire,  
As air and water do abate the fire.

"This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,  
This canker that eats up Love's tender spring,<sup>e</sup>  
This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,  
That sometime true news, sometime false doth  
bring,  
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,  
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear :

"And more than so, presenteth to mine eye  
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,  
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie  
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore ;  
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed  
Doth make them droop with grief and hang the  
head.

"What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,  
That tremble at the imagination ?  
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,  
And fear doth teach it divination :  
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,  
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

"But if thou needs will hunt, be rul'd by me ;  
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,  
Or at the fox, which lives by subtlety,  
Or at the roe, which no encounter dare :  
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,  
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy  
hounds.

"And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,  
Mark the poor wretch, to oversoot<sup>f</sup> his troubles,  
How he outruns the wind, and with what care  
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles :  
The many musits<sup>g</sup> through the which he goes  
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

\* — poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes.—] Alluding to the famous picture by Pausanias, in which the grapes were depicted so naturally, that the birds pecked at them.

<sup>b</sup> — helpless berries—] Berries that afford no help. In *The Comedy of Errors*, Act I. Sc. 4. we have, "Our helpful ship," in the sense of the ship that comes to succour us.

<sup>c</sup> — mortal—] "Mortal" for deadly.

<sup>d</sup> — his danger—] His power.

<sup>e</sup> — doth cry, 'Kill, kill ;'—] See note (b) p. 106.

<sup>f</sup> — Love's tender spring,—] "Spring" here, as in a previous  
—

(\*) Oldtext, *overshoot*.

"The tender spring upon thy tempting lip," &c.  
and in "Lucifer,"—

"Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring," &c.  
means a young shoot spring, or budding.

<sup>g</sup> — musits—] A *musit*, or *musset*, is a gap in a hedge. "We term the place where she [the hare] stiths, her form ; the place through which she goes to relief, her *musit*."—*Gentleman's Academy*, 1505.

# VENUS AND ADONIS.

"Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,  
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,  
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,<sup>a</sup>  
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;  
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer:  
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:

"For there his smell with others being mingled,  
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,  
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled  
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;  
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,  
As if another chase were in the skies.

"By this, poor Wat,<sup>b</sup> far off upon a hill,  
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,  
To hearken if his foes pursue him still:  
Among their loud alarms he doth hear;  
And now his grief may be compared well  
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

"Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch  
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;  
Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,  
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:  
For misery is trodden on by many,  
And being low never reliev'd by any.

"Lie quietly, and hear a little more;  
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:  
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,  
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,  
Applying this to that, and so to so;  
For love can comment upon every woe.

"Where did I leave?"—"No matter where," quoth  
he;

"Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:  
The night is spent."—"Why, what of that?" quoth  
she.

"I am," quoth he, "expected of my friends;  
And now 't is dark, and going I shall fall."  
"In night," quoth she, "desire sees best of all.

"But if thou fall, O, then imagine this,  
The earth in love with thee thy footing trips,  
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.  
Rich preys make true-men<sup>c</sup> thieves; so do thy lips  
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,  
Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

Now of this dark night I perceive the reason.  
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,  
Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason,  
For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine,  
Wherein she fram'd thee in high heaven's despite,  
To shame the sun by day, and her by night.

"And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies,  
To cross the curious workmanship of nature,  
To mingle beauty with infirmities,  
And pure perfection with impure defeature;

Making it subject to the tyranny  
Of mad mischances and much misery;

"As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,  
Life-poisoning pestilences, and frenzies wood,<sup>d</sup>  
The marrow-eating sickness<sup>e</sup> whose attain,  
Disorder breeds by beating of the blood:  
Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd despair  
Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

"And not the least of all these maladies,  
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under:  
Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,  
Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,  
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and done,<sup>f</sup>  
As mountain-snow melts with the mid-day sun.

"Therefore, despite of fruitless chaatity,  
Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,  
That on the earth would breed a scarcity  
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,  
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night  
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

"What is thy body but a swallowing grave,  
Seeming to bury that posterity  
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,  
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity?  
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,  
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

"So in thyself thyself art made away;  
A mischief worse than civil home bred strife,  
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,  
Or butcher-sire, that reaves his son of life.  
Foul-cankering rust the hidden treasure frots,  
But gold that's put to use more gold begets."

"Nay, then," quoth Adon, "you will fall again  
Into your idle over-handled theme;  
The kiss I gave you is bestowed in vain,  
And all in vain you strive against the stream;  
For by this black-fac'd night, desire's foul nurse,  
Your treatise makes me like you worse and  
worse.

"If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,  
And every tongue more moving than your own,  
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,<sup>g</sup>  
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;  
For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear;<sup>h</sup>  
And will not let a false sound enter there;

"Lest the deceaving harmony should run  
Into the quiet closure of my breast;  
And then my little heart were quite undone,  
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.  
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,  
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

"What have you urg'd that I cannot reprove?  
Thy path is smooth that leadeth on to danger;

Sc 2.—

<sup>a</sup> The thieves have bound the true-men."

<sup>a</sup> — keep.—] *Dwell*.  
<sup>b</sup> — poor Wat.—] "Wat" is an old provincial name for the hare.  
<sup>c</sup> — true-men.—] In the language of Shakespeare's day, honest men were termed *true-men*. Thus in "Henry IV." Pt. I. Act II

<sup>d</sup> — wood.—] *Mad, crazy*.  
<sup>e</sup> — done.—] *Died, perished*.

# VENUS AND ADONIS.

I hate not love, but your device in love,  
That lends embracements unto every stranger.  
You do it for increase; O, strange excuse,  
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse!

"Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled,  
Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name;  
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed  
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;  
Which the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves,  
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

"Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,  
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;  
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,  
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done.  
Love surfeits not; Lust like a glutton dies:  
Love is all truth; Lust full of forged lies.

"More I could tell, but more I dare not say;  
The text is old, the orator too green:  
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;  
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen;  
Mine ears that to your wanton talk attended  
Do burn themselves for having so offended."

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace  
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,  
And homeward through the dark laund<sup>b</sup> runs apace;  
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.  
Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,  
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore  
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,  
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,  
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend;  
So did the meruleless and pitchy night  
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware  
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,  
Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,  
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood;  
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,  
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,  
That all the neighbour-caves, as seeming troubled,  
Make verbal repetition of her moans;  
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:

"Ah me!" she cries, and twenty times, "Woe,  
woe!"

And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She, marking them, begins a wailing note,  
And sings extemp'rally a woeful ditty, [dote;  
How love makes young men 'aral, and old men  
How love is wise in folly, fool' ah-witty:

Her heavy anthem still concludes in "Woe,"  
And still the choir of echoes answer so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night;  
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short:  
If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, delight  
In such-like circumstance, with such-like sport:  
Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,  
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,  
But idle, sounds-resembling, parasites;  
Like shrill-tongued tapsters answering every call,  
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits?  
She says, "Tis so:" they answer all, "Tis so;"  
And would say after her, if she said "No."

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,  
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,  
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast  
The sun ariseth in his majesty;  
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,  
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair Good-morrow:—  
"O, thou clear god, and patron of all light,  
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow  
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,  
There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,  
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other."

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,  
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,  
And yet she hears no tidings of her love:  
She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn:  
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,  
And all in haste she coasteth<sup>d</sup> to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way  
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,  
Some twin'd about her thigh to make her stay;  
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace.  
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,  
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay;  
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder  
Wreath'd up in fatal folds just in his way,  
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder;  
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds  
Appals her senses, and her spirit<sup>e</sup> confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,  
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,  
Because the cry remaineth in one place,  
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:  
Finding their enemy to be so curst,<sup>f</sup>  
They all strain court'ey<sup>g</sup> who shall cope him  
first.

<sup>a</sup> teen;] "Teen," *i. e.* grief, sorrow.  
<sup>b</sup> laund—] *Laund* and *town* were synonymous formerly.  
<sup>c</sup> But idle, sounds-resembling, parasites;] This line has always hitherto been printed,—

"But idle sounds resembling parasites:"

Yet surely Shakespeare, *more* she, wrote,—"soot do-resembling."

<sup>d</sup> coasteth—] *Adoniseith*.

<sup>e</sup> spirit—] Here, as mostly in old verse, "spirit" must be pronounced *spite*.

<sup>f</sup> curst—] *Pierce, transitive*.

<sup>g</sup> They all strain court'ey—] When any one hesitated to take the post of honour in a perilous undertaking, he was sarcastically said to *strain court'ey*. Turberville applies the expression to dogs, as Shakespeare does:—"for many hounds will strain court'ey at this chase."



This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear;  
Through which it enters to surprise her heart;  
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,  
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part:  
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth  
yield,  
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy;  
Till, cheering up her senses all-dismay'd,<sup>a</sup>  
She tells them 't is a causeless fantasy,  
And childish error, that they are afraid;  
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no  
more:—  
And with that word she spied the hunted  
boar;

Whose frothy mouth, repainted all with red,  
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,  
A second fear through all her sinews spread,  
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:  
This way she runs, and now she will no further,  
But back retires to rate the boar for murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;  
She treads the path that she untreads again;  
Her more than haste is mated with delays,  
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,  
Full of respects<sup>b</sup> yet nought at all respecting,  
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennell'd in a brake she finds a hound,  
And asks the weary catiff for his master;  
And there another licking of his wound.  
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;  
And here she meets another sadly scowling,  
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceas'd his ill-resounding noise,  
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,  
Against the welkin volleys out his voice;  
Another and another answer him,  
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below.  
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amaz'd  
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,  
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gaz'd,  
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;  
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,  
And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death:

"Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,  
Hateful divorce of love,"—thus chides she Death,—  
"Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost  
thou mean

To stifle beauty and to steal his breath,  
Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set  
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

<sup>a</sup> — all-dismay'd.—] See the two earliest editions. The impression of 1596 reads, with perhaps more emphasis, *Howe dismay'd.*  
<sup>b</sup> Full of respects.—] *His note observations, considerations.* "This is one of our author's nice observations. No one affects more wisdom than a drunken man."—MASON.

Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,  
And not Death's ebony dart, &c.]

This is a supposed allusion to the ancient apologue of Love

"If he be dead,—O, no, it cannot be,  
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it!—  
O yes, it may! thou hast no eyes to see,  
But hatefully at random dost thou hit:  
Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart  
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

"Hast thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,  
And hearing him, thy power had lost his power.  
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke;  
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower:  
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,  
And not Death's ebony dart, to strike him dead."

"Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such  
weeping?  
What may a heavy groan advantage thee?  
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping  
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?  
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,  
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour."

Here overcome, as one full of despair,  
She veil'd her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopp'd  
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair  
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd;  
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver  
rain,  
And with his strong course opens them again.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!  
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye;  
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's  
sorrow,—  
Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry;  
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,  
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet  
again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,  
As striving who should best become her grief;  
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,  
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,  
But none is best; then join they all together,  
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman hollo;  
A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well:  
The dæmon imagination she did follow  
This sound of hope doth labour to expel;  
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,  
And flatters her 't is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,  
Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass;  
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,  
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,  
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,  
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

and Death exchanging their darts by mistake. Massinger, in *The Virgin-Martyr*, Act IV. Sc. 3, refers to the same fable,—

"Strange affection!  
Cupid once more hath chang'd his shafts with Death,  
And kills, instead of giving life."

See Girard's note on this passage, and his extract from *Johanne Secundus*, in *Massinger's Plays*.



# VENUS AND ADONIS.

O, hard-believing love, how strange it seems  
Not to believe, and yet too credulous !  
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes ;  
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous :  
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,  
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought ;  
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame ;  
It was not she that call'd him all to-naught ;  
Now she adds honours to his hateful name ;  
She cleaves<sup>a</sup> him king of graves, and grave for  
kings,  
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

"No, no," quoth she, "sweet Death, I did but  
jest ;  
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear  
Whenas I met the boar, that bloody beast,  
Which knows no pity, but is still severe ;  
Then, gentle shadow,—truth I must confess,—  
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decrease."

"T is not my fault : the boar provok'd my tongue ;  
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commender ;  
T is he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong ;  
I did but act, he's author of thy slander :  
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet,  
Could rule them both, without ten women's wit."

Thus, hoping that Adonis is alive,  
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate ;  
And that his beauty may the better thrive,  
With Death she humbly doth insinuate ;  
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and  
stones<sup>b</sup>  
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories

"O, Jove," quoth she, "how much a fool was I,  
To be as such a weak and silly mind,  
To wail his death who lives, and must not die  
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind !  
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,  
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

"Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear  
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves ;  
Trifles, unawares'd with eye or ear,  
Thy coward heart with false bethinking graves."  
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,  
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcon<sup>c</sup> to the lure, away she flies ;  
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light ;

And in her haste unfortunately spies<sup>d</sup>  
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight ;  
Which seen, her eyes, as<sup>e</sup> murder'd with the  
view,  
Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdraw ;

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,  
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,  
And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,  
Long after fearing to creep forth again ;  
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled  
Into the deep-dark cabins of her head ;

Where they resign their office and their light  
To the disposing of her troubled brain ;  
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,  
And never wound the heart with looks again ;  
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,  
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes ;  
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,<sup>f</sup>  
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,  
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound,  
This mutiny each part doth so surprise,  
That from their dark beds once more leap her  
eyes ;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light  
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd  
In his soft flank ; whose wonted lily white  
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was<sup>g</sup>  
drench'd :  
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,  
But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to  
bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth ;  
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head ;  
Dumbly she passions,<sup>h</sup> frantically she doteth ;  
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead :  
Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow ;  
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly  
That her sight dazling makes the wound seem  
three ;  
And then she reprehends her mangling eye  
That makes more gashes where no breach should  
be :  
His face seems twain, each several limb is  
doubled ;  
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being  
troubled.

<sup>a</sup> — cleaves—] *Calla*. So in "Hamlet," Act I Sc. 4.—"They  
clepe us drunkards," &c.

— and stories  
His victories—]

The employment of *story* as a verb is not unfrequent in Shake-  
speare, thus, in "Cymbeline," Act I. Sc. 4.—"How worthy he  
is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than *story* him in his own  
hearing;" and in "Lucrece."—

"He stories to her ears her husband's fame."

We suspect, too, that in "Othello," Act IV. Sc. 4, the passage  
usually printed,—"*Have you storied me?*"—should be read,—  
"*Have you storied me?*"—i.e. have you published my shame? The  
word in the quarto, indeed, is *stor'd*.

<sup>c</sup> As falcon to the lure.—] The suggestion of the quarto 1600, all

previous editions have, "*falcons*."

<sup>d</sup> — as murder'd—] The quarto 1593 reads *are* for "*as*."

<sup>e</sup> As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground, &c.] This calls  
to mind the well-known passage in "Henry IV." Part I. Act III.  
Scene 1,—

"— oft the teeming earth  
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd  
By the imprisoning of unruly wind  
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,  
Shakes the old belldame earth, and topples down  
Steeple, and moss-grown towers."

<sup>f</sup> — was drench'd:] All editions prior to 1600 read,—"*had*  
drench'd," &c.

<sup>g</sup> — see passions.—] See note (b), p. 25, Vol. I.

# VENUS AND ADONIS.

"My tongue cannot express my grief for one,  
And yet," quoth she, "behold two Adonis dead!  
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,  
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:  
Heavy heart's lead melt at mine eyes' red fire!  
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

"Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!  
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?  
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast  
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?  
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim;  
But true-sweet beauty liv'd and died with him.

"Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!  
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:  
Having no fair<sup>a</sup> to lose, you need not fear;  
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss  
you:  
But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air  
Lurk'd like two thieves to rob him of his fair;

"And therefore would he put his bonnet on,  
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;  
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,  
Play with his locks; then would Adonis weep;  
And straight, in pity of his tender years,  
They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

"To see his face the lion walk'd along  
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear<sup>b</sup>  
him;  
To recreate himself, when he hath sung,  
The tiger would be tame, and gently hear him;  
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,  
And never fight the silly lamb that day.

"When he beheld his shadow in the brook,  
The fishes spread on it their golden gills;  
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,  
That some would sing, some other in their bills  
Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red cher-  
ries;  
He fed them with his sight, they him with her-

"But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted<sup>c</sup> boar,  
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,  
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;  
Witness the entertainment that he gave:  
If he did see his face, why then I know  
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

"Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain:  
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,  
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,  
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;  
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine  
Sheath'd, unaware, the tusk in his soft groin.

"Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess.  
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;  
But he is dead, and never did he bless  
My youth with his,—the more and I accurat.<sup>d</sup>  
With this, she falleth in the place she stood,  
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;  
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;  
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,  
As if they heard the woeful words she told;  
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,  
Where, lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness  
lies!

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld  
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;  
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,  
And every beauty robb'd of his effect:  
"Wonder of time," quoth she, "this is my spite,  
That, thou being dead, the day should yet be  
light.

"Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophecy,  
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend!  
It shall be waited on with jealousy,  
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end;  
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low;  
That all love's pleasure shall not match his  
woe.

"It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud;  
Bad and be blasted in a breathing-while;  
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd<sup>e</sup>  
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile:  
The strongest body shall it make most weak,  
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to  
speak.

"It shall be sparing, and too full of riot;  
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures,<sup>f</sup>  
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet;  
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with trea-  
sures;  
It shall be raging-mad, and silly mild,  
Make the young old, the old become a child.

"It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;  
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;  
It shall be merciful, and too severe,  
And most deceiving when it seems most just;  
Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,  
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

"It shall be cause of war and dire events,  
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;  
Subject and servile to all discontents,  
As dry combustious matter is to fire;  
Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy,  
They that love best their loves shall not enjoy.

<sup>a</sup> — fair—] That is, *beauty*. See note (b), p. 121, Vol. I.  
<sup>b</sup> — because he would not fear him.—] Because he would not  
frighten him: so in "Henry VI." Part III. Act III. Sc. 3.—"Go  
fear thy king withal."  
<sup>c</sup> — urchin-snouted—] An *urchin* is a hedgehog; but it also  
meant an elf or mischievous spirit.

<sup>d</sup> — o'erstraw'd—] *O'erstrawed*.  
<sup>e</sup> — to tread the measures.—] By "measures," dances of any  
kind are here meant, and not *grave dances suitable to age*, as some  
commentators explain it, the power of love is to be shown by its  
"confounding contraries." See note (2), p. 103, Vol. I.

## VENUS AND ADONIS.

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd  
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,  
And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,  
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white,  
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood  
Which in round drops upon their whiteness  
stood.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,  
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath ;  
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,  
Since he himself is rest from her by death :

She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears  
Green dropping sap, which she compares to  
tears.

"Poor flower," quoth she, "this was thy father's  
guise,—  
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire,—

For every little grief to wear his eyes ;  
To grow unto himself was his desire,  
And so 't is thine ; but know, it is as good  
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

"Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast ;  
Thou art the next of blood, and 't is thy right :  
Lo, in this hollow cradle take thy rest,  
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night !  
There shall not be one minute in an hour  
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower."

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,  
And yokes her silver doves ; by whose swift aid  
Their mistress, mounted, through the empty skies  
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd ;  
Holding their course to Paphos, where their  
queen  
Means to immure herself and not be seen.

FINIS.



# LU C R E C E.

---

TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,  
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

---

THE love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end ; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety.\* The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours ; what I have to do is yours ; being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater ; meantime, as it is, it is bound to your Lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your Lordship's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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\* — moiety ] “Moiety” in Shakespeare's time was commonly used to signify any *part* or *portion* of a thing.

## THE ARGUMENT.

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS,—for his excessive pride surname'd Superbus,—after he had caused his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper, every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom, Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus find his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius, being inflamed with Lucrece's beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was (according to his estate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king; wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation, the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.



## L U C R E C E.

THE entry of "Lucrece" on the Registers of the Stationers is as follows —

' 9 May 1594  
" Mr Harrison, sen ]

A booke intituled the Ravysheiment of Lucrece "

In the same year the first edition was issued, with the title of "Lucrece. London. Printed by Richard Field, for John Harrison, and are to be sold at the signe of the white Greyhound in Pauls Church yard, 1594" 4to. It was published again for the same bookseller in 8vo in 1598, 1600, and 1607. In 1616 another edition, purporting to be "newly revised and corrected," was put forth, but this "corrected" edition is much more inaccurate than any of its predecessors. The next copy, which professes likewise to have been "newly revised," is dated 1621, and this is accompanied by explanatory notes, which, however, are neither interesting nor instructive.

The story on which the poem is based is told by Dion Halicarnassensis, lib iv c 72, by Livy, lib i c 57, 58; and by Ovid, Fast lib. ii. But Malone conjectures, and with probability, that the poet was indebted for his model to the legend of Lucrece as it is related in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567.

Like his "Venus and Adonis," the "Lucrece" of Shakespeare appears to have been a universal favourite: it is mentioned by Drayton in his "Matilda," 1594, and in the commendatory verses to the poem entitled "Willow's his Avow, or the true picture of a modest Maide, and of a chaste and constant wife," 1594, by Richard Barnefield, in "*A Remembrance of some English Poets*," at the conclusion of his "Complaints of Poetry," 1598, and by a host of contemporary writers.

[Our text in this poem is that of the quarto 1594, collated with the subsequent impressions already mentioned.]

From the besieged Ardea all in post,  
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,  
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,  
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire  
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,  
And girdle with embracing flames the waist  
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of "chaste" unhappily set  
This baseless edge on his keen appetite;

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When Collatine unwisely did not let  
To praise the clear unmatched red and white  
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,  
Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's be-  
ties,  
With pure aspects did his peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,  
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state;

— did not let — Did he forgoe.

3 B

What priceless wealth the heavens had him  
In the possession of his beauteous state;  
Reckoning his fortune at such high-prized rate,  
That kings might be espoused to more fame,  
But king nor peer, to such a peerless dame.

O, happiness enjoy'd but of a few!  
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done  
As is the morning's silver-melting dew  
Against the golden splendour of the sun!  
An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun.  
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,  
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade  
The eyes of men without an orator;  
What needeth, then, apologies be made  
To set forth that which is so singular?  
Or why is Collatine the publisher  
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown  
From thievish ears, because it is his own?

Perchance his boast of Collatine's sovereignty  
Suggested this proud game of a lady;  
For by our ears, her hearts oft faint'd to  
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,  
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting  
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men  
Should vaunt  
That golden hay which their superiors want

But some untimely thought did instigate  
His all-too-timely speed, if none of those  
His honours, his affairs, his friends, his state,  
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes  
To quench the coal which in his liver glows.  
O rash false heat, wrapp'd in so transient cold,  
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and no'er grows old!

When at Collatine this false lord arriv'd,  
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,  
Within whose face beauty and virtue stirr'd  
Which of them both should underprop her fame.  
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for  
shame,  
When beauty boasted blushes, in despite  
Virtue would stain that or with silver white

But beauty, in that white intitu'd,  
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fur field  
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,

\* An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun. In the four earliest editions. The 1616 impression runs more smoothly —

"A date cancell'd ere well begun"

Our author, Malone elsewhere seems to have remembered Daniel's *Complaint of Rapture* (1609)

"Thou must not think thy flowers ever always flourish,  
And that thy beauty will be still admired  
But that those roses which all these times do flourish,  
Cancell'd with time will have their date expir'd"

b Suggested —] *Forced, forc'd.*

c To quench the coal which in his liver glows. The liver was formerly supposed to be the seat of desire.

d Thy hasty spring still blasts. —] The premature shoots are ever blasted

e *Virgins would stain that or with silver white.* The quarto of 1604 has, "Virgins would stain that or with silver white," whence Malone has conjectured that the true word was *or*, i.e. gold and the colour of heraldic arms in the following stanza, with the

Which *Virgins* stain that *or* with silver white  
Their silver cheeks and white and silver white  
Teaching *Virgins* thus to stain that *or* with silver white  
When *Virgins* stain that *or* with silver white

This heraldry in Lucrece's face was seen,  
Arrog'd by beauty's red and virtue's white  
Of either's colour was the other queen,  
Proving from world's superiority their fight.  
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight;  
The sovereignty of either being so great;  
That oft they interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses  
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,  
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;  
Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,  
The coward captive vanquish'd doth yield  
To those two armies that would let him go,  
Rather than triumph in so false a foe

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue, —  
The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so, —  
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,  
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show  
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe,  
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,  
In silent wonder of still gazing eyes

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,  
Little suspecteth the false worshipper;  
For unstan'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil;  
Birds never him'd no secret bushes fear  
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer  
And reverend welcome to her princely guest,  
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd

For that he colour'd with his high estate,  
Hiding base sin in plait's of majesty,  
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,  
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,  
Which, having all, all could not satisfy,  
But poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,  
That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more

But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes,  
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,  
Nor read the subtle-shining secretness  
Writ in the glassy margents of such books:  
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooli

opposition of the colours, gold and silver, are to us convertible proofs that "or" is equivalent to restoration

This silent war of lilies and of roses  
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field, —]  
Compare, "Coriolanus," Act II Sc 1, —

"— our veil'd dames  
Commit the war of white and damask,  
In their nicely-gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil  
Of Phœbus' burning kisses"

\* Birds never him'd no secret bushes fear  
notes, "Henry VI" Part III Act V Sc 2, —

"The bird, that hath been hang'd in a bush  
With trembling wing made doleful every bush"

b Writ in the glassy margents of such books. —] See note p 101, Vol I on the lines, —

"His face's own margent did quote fresh smiles,  
That all eyes saw the eyes enchanted with smiles"

More than his eyes were open to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's name,  
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;  
And deckt with praises of his high name,  
Made glorious by his manly oblique;  
With praised arms and wreaths of victory:  
Her joy with heav'd-up hands he doth express,  
And, wordless, so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,  
He makes excuses for his being there.  
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather  
Doth yet in his fair walkin once appear;  
Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,  
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,  
And in her vaulty prison stows the Day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,  
Intending weariness with heavy sprite;  
For, after supper, long he questioned  
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:  
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth  
fight;  
And every one to rest themselves betake,  
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that  
wake.

as one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving  
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;  
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,  
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to ab-  
staining;  
Despair to gain doth traffic off for gaining;  
And when great treasure is the meed propos'd,  
Though death be adjunct, there's no death  
suppos'd.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,  
That what they have not, that which they possess,  
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,  
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;  
Or gaining more, the profit of excess  
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,  
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life  
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age;  
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,  
That one for all, or all for one we gage:  
As life for honour in fell battles' rage,  
Honour for wealth; and at that wealth doth cost  
The death of all, and all together lost.

[Moralize—] Interpret  
[standing—] Pretending. as in "Richard III" Act III

"Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,  
Intending deep suspicion."

[a—] Confound.

And every one to rest themselves betake,  
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds that wake]

[a passage in Burnfield's Legend of Cassandra, 1895, very closely  
resembles this:—

"Now silent night drew on, when all things sleeps,  
Save thieves and cares."

What they have not, &c.] There is some obscurity

So that in venturing ill we leave to be  
The things that we do that which we expect;  
And this anxious soul infirmity,  
In having much, torments us with defect  
Of that we have: so then we do neglect  
The thing we have, and, all for want of wit  
Make something nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must dotting Tarquin make,  
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust;  
And for himself himself he must forsake:  
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust?  
When shall he think to find a stranger just,  
When he himself himself confounds, betrays  
To slanderous tongues and wretched hateful  
days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,  
When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes:  
No comfortable star did lend his light,  
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cry;  
Now serves the season that they may surprise  
The silly lambs: pure thoughts are dead and still,  
While sleep and slumber wake to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,  
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;  
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;  
Th' one sweetly lures, th' other fears the harm;  
But honest Fear, the coward with lust's foul charm,  
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,  
Beaten away by brain-sick rude Desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,  
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly,  
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,  
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye;  
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly  
"As from this cold flint I enforced this fire,  
So Lucrece must I force to my desire."

Hiero pale with fear he doth premeditate  
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,  
And in his inward mind he doth debate  
What following sorrow may on this arise;  
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise  
His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,  
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust:

"Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not  
To darken her whose light excelleth thine!  
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot  
With your uncleanness that which is divine!  
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:

here; should we not read,—

"For what they have not, that which they possess  
They scatter," &c.]

[So that in venturing ill—] That is, by a bad venture. Some  
editors, however, think we ought to read, "— venturing ill."  
[No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cry:] This  
passage might have saved Mr. Collier's commentator from the ridicu-  
lous sophistication of the kindred one in "King Lear," Act II.  
Sc. 4.—

"To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,  
Necessity's sharp pinch!"

Which he has tortured into,—

"To be a comrade of the wolf, and owl,  
Necessity's sharp pinch."



Let fair humanity abhor the deed  
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white  
weed.<sup>a</sup>

"O shame to knighthood and to shining arms!  
O foul dishonour to my household's grave!  
O impious act, including all foul harms!  
A martial man to be soft fancy's<sup>b</sup> slave  
True valour still a true respect should have;  
Then my digression is so vile, so base,  
That it will live engraven in my face.

"Yes, though I die, the scandal will survive,  
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat;  
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,"  
To cipher me how fondly I did dote;  
That my posterity, sham'd with the note,  
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin  
To wish that I their father had not bin.

"What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?  
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.  
Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week?  
Or sell eternity to get a toy?  
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?  
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,  
Would with the sceptre straight be stricken  
down?

"If Collatinus dream of my intent,  
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage  
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?  
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,  
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,  
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,  
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?

"O, what excuse can my invention make,  
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?  
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints  
shake,  
Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed?  
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;  
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,  
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

"Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,  
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,  
Of woe he not my dear friend, this desire  
Might have excuse to work upon his wife,  
As in revenge or quittance of such strife:  
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,  
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

"Shameful it is;—ay, if the fact be known:  
Hateful it is;—there is no hate in loving:  
I'll beg her love;—but she is not her own:

<sup>a</sup>—weed. *Robe or garment.*  
<sup>b</sup>—fancy's slave? *Fancy is love or affection.*  
<sup>c</sup> Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive.—"In the books of heraldry a particular mark of disgrace is mentioned, by which the escutcheons of those persons were anciently distinguished, who discourteously used a widow, maid, or wife, against her will."—MALONE  
<sup>d</sup> Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe. See note (1), p. 626, Vol. I.  
<sup>e</sup>—cheer.—"Countenance; as in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Act III. Sc. 1.—

"All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer," &c.

The worst is but denial and reproving:  
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing  
Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw  
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe."<sup>a</sup>

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation  
Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,  
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,  
Urging the worsen sense for vantage still;  
Which in a moment doth confound and kill  
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,  
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, "She took me kindly by the hand,  
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,  
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band  
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.  
O, how her fear did make her colour rise!  
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,  
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

"And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,  
For'd it to tremble with her loyal fear!  
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,  
Until her husband's welfare she did hear;  
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,<sup>b</sup>  
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,  
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

"Why hunt I, then, for colour or excuses?  
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;  
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;  
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows  
dreadeth:  
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;  
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,  
The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

"Then, childish fear, avaunt! debating, die!  
Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age!<sup>c</sup>  
My heart shall never countermand mine eye:  
Sad<sup>d</sup> pause and deep regard besem the sage;  
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage:  
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;  
Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies!"

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear  
Is almost chok'd by unresisted lust.  
Away he steals with open listening ear,  
Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust;  
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,  
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,  
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,  
And in the self-same seat sits Collatine:  
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits;

See also note c, p. 263, Vol. I.  
<sup>f</sup> Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age! So in "Troilus and Cressida," Act II. Sc. 2.—

"—reason and respect  
Make livers pale, and lusthood deject."  
"Respect" in both cases meaning self-command, prudence, cautious circumspection.  
<sup>g</sup> Sad pause.—"Sad" meant serious, grave, as in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act I. Sc. 3.—

"—what sad talk was that,  
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister!"

# LUCRECE.

That eye which him beholds, as more divine,  
 Unto a view so false will not incline;  
 But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,  
 Which once corrupted takes the worse part;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,  
 Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocular show,  
 Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;  
 And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,  
 Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.  
 By reprobate desire thus madly led,  
 The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,  
 Each one by him enforc'd, retires his ward;  
 But, as they open, they all rate his ill,  
 Which drives the creeping thief to some regard;  
 The threshold grates the door to have him heard;  
 Night-wand'ring weasels shriek to see him there;  
 They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,  
 Through little vents and crannies of the place  
 The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,  
 And blows the smoke of it into his face,  
 Extinguishing his conduct in this case;  
 But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,  
 Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch;

And being lighted, by the light he spies  
 Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks:  
 He takes it from the rushes where it lies,  
 And gripping it, the needl<sup>a</sup> his finger pricks:  
 As who should say, This glove to wanton tricks  
 Is not inur'd; return again in haste;  
 Thou see'st our mistress' ornaments are chaste.

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;  
 He in the worst sense construes their denial:  
 The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,  
 He takes for accidental things of trial;  
 Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,  
 Who with a lingering stay his course doth let,  
 Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

"So, so," quoth he, "these lets attend the time,  
 Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,  
 To add a more rejoicing to the prime,  
 And give the sneaped<sup>b</sup> birds more cause to sing.  
 Pain pays the income of each precious thing;  
 Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves  
 and sands,  
 The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands."

<sup>a</sup> — retires his ward.] That is, *withdraws from its guard*, or *ceases*, or *charges*.

<sup>b</sup> — to some regard.] To some reflection.

<sup>c</sup> — his conduct—] "Conduct" for *conductor*; as in "Richard I." Act IV. Sc. 1.—"I will be his conduct;" and in "Romeo and Juliet," Act III. Sc. 1.—

"Away to heaven, respective lenity,  
 And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!"

<sup>d</sup> And gripping it, the needl<sup>a</sup> his finger pricks:] So in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Act III. Sc. 2.—

"We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,  
 Have with our needles created both one flower."

<sup>e</sup> — let—] *Hinder*, stop, obstruct.

<sup>f</sup> To add a more rejoicing—] "More" for *greater*, as in "King Lear," Act II. Sc. 1.—

Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,

Now is he come unto the chamber-door,  
 That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,  
 Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,  
 Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.  
 So from himself impiety hath wrought,  
 That for his prey to pray he doth begin,  
 As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,  
 Having solicited th' eternal power,  
 That his foul thoughts might compass his fair  
 fair,<sup>b</sup>

And they would stand auspicious to the hour,  
 Even there he starts:—quoth he, "I must de-  
 flower:

The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,  
 How can they, then, assist me in the act?

"Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!  
 My will is back'd with resolution:  
 Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried;  
 The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;  
 Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.  
 The eye of heaven is out, and misty night  
 Covers the shame that follows sweet delight."

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,  
 And with his knee the door he opens wide.  
 The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will  
 catch:

Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.  
 Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;  
 But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,  
 Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,  
 And gazeth on her yet-unstained bed.  
 The curtains being close, about he walks,  
 Rolling his greedy eye-balls in his head:  
 By their high treason is his heart misled;  
 Which gives the watch-word to his hand full  
 soon,  
 To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,<sup>b</sup>  
 Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;  
 Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun  
 To wink, being blinded with a greater light:  
 Whether it is that she reflects so bright,  
 That dazzleth them, or else some shame sup-  
 posed;  
 But blind they are, and keep themselves en-  
 closed.

To make a *move* requital to your loss."

<sup>a</sup> — sneaped bird—] "Sneaped" means *nipped* or *checked*. So in "The Winter's Tale," Act I. Sc. 2.—

"— that may blow  
 No sneaping winds at home," &c.

<sup>b</sup> — his fair fair—] His fair beauty.

<sup>c</sup> — fact—] That is, *deed*, or *crime*. So in "Measure for Measure," Act IV. Sc. 2.—"And, indeed, his fact, till now, in the government of lord Angelo, never came to an undoubted proof." Again in "Titus Andronicus," Act IV. Sc. 1.—

"I think she means that there was more than one  
 Confederates in the fact."

<sup>d</sup> — fiery-pointed sun—] Steevens suggested we should read, *fire-pointed*; citing Milton's.—

"Under a star-pointing pyramid."

# LUCRECE.

O, had they in that darksome prison died !  
 Then had they seen the period of their ill ;  
 Then Collatine again, by Luorece's side,  
 In his clear bed might have reposed still :  
 But they must ope, this blessed league to kill ;  
 And helply thought Luorece to their sight  
 Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,  
 Coxening the pillow of a lawful kiss ;  
 Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,  
 Swelling on either side to want his bliss ;  
 Between whose hills her head entombed is :  
 Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,  
 To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,  
 On the green coverlet ; whose perfect white  
 Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,  
 With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.  
 Her eyes, like marigolds, had shenth'd their light,  
 And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,  
 Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her  
 breath ;  
 O modest wantons ! wanton modesty !  
 Showing life's triumph in the map of death,  
 And death's dim look in life's mortality :  
 Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,  
 As if between them twain there were no strife,  
 But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,  
 A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,  
 Save of their lord no bearing yoke they know,  
 And him by oath they truly honoured.  
 These worlds in Tarquin now ambition bred ;  
 Who, like a foul usurper, went about  
 From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see, but mightily he noted ?  
 What did he note, but strongly he desir'd !  
 What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,  
 And in his will his wilful eye he tir'd.  
 With more than admiration he admir'd  
 Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,  
 Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,  
 Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,  
 So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,  
 His rage of lust by gazing qualified ;  
 Slack'd, not suppress'd ; for standing by her  
 side,

His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,  
 Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins :

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,  
 Obdurate vassals sell exploits effecting,  
 In bloody death and ravishment delighting.

Nor children's tears nor mother's groans re-  
 specting,  
 Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting :  
 Anon his beating heart, alarm striking,  
 Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their  
 liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,  
 His eye commends the leading to his hand ;  
 His hand, as proud of such a dignity,  
 Snaking with pride, march'd on to make his stand  
 On her bare breast, the heart of all her land ;  
 Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,  
 Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet  
 Where their dear governess and lady lies,  
 Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,  
 And fright her with confusion of their cries :  
 She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,  
 Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,  
 Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night  
 From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,  
 That thinks she hath behold some ghastly sprite,  
 Whose grim aspect sets every joint a-shaking ;  
 What terror 'tis ! but she, in worse taking,  
 From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view  
 The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,  
 Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies ;  
 She dares not look ; yet, winking, there appears  
 Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes :  
 Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries :  
 Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,  
 In darkness daunts them with more dreadful  
 sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,—  
 Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall !—  
 May feel her heart,—(poor citizen ! ) distress'd,  
 Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,  
 Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.  
 This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,  
 To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin  
 To sound a parley to his heartless foe ;  
 Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin.  
 The reason of this rash alarm to know,  
 Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show ;  
 But she with vehement prayers urgeth still  
 Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies : " The colour in thy face,—  
 That even for anger makes the lily pale,  
 And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,—  
 Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale :  
 Under that colour am I come to scale

patria," Act IV. Sc. 2,—

" Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand ;"

and in " All's Well that Ends Well," Act V. Sc. 1,—

" Commend the paper to his gracious hand."

— to want—] To miss ; to be without. See note (c), p. 351,  
 Vol. I.

b — qualified:] Mitigated, weakened ; as in " Othello," Act  
 II. Sc. 2,— " I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was  
 hardly qualified too," &c.

c — commands—] Submits, yields. So in " Antony and Cleo-

# LUCRECE.

Thy never-conquer'd fort; the fault is thine;  
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

"Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:  
Thy beauty hath engag'd thee to this night,  
Where thou with patience must my will abide;  
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,  
Which I to conquer sought with all my might:  
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,  
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

"I see what crosses my attempt will bring;  
I know what thorns the growing rose defends;  
I think the honey guarded with a sting;  
All this, beforehand, counsel comprehends:  
But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends;  
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,  
And dotes on what he looks,<sup>a</sup> gainst law or duty.

"I have debated, even in my soul,  
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall  
    breed;  
But nothing can Affection's course control,  
On stop the headlong fury of his speed  
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,  
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity,  
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy."

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,  
Which, like a falcon towering in the sky,  
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,<sup>c</sup>  
Whose crooked beak threatens if he mount he dies:  
So under his insulting falchion lies  
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells,  
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.<sup>d</sup>

"Lucrece," quoth he, "this night I must enjoy  
    thee:  
If thou deny then force must work my way,  
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee;  
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,  
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;  
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,  
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him

'So thy surviving husband shall remain  
The scornful mark of every open eye;  
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,  
Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy.  
And thou, the author of their obloquy,  
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,  
And sung by children in succeeding times."

<sup>a</sup> I think the honey guarded with a sting.—"I am aware that the honey is guarded with a sting"—MALONE.  
<sup>b</sup> And dotes on what he looks.—] On being understood after "looks."

<sup>c</sup> Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade.—] Compare, "Measure for Measure," Act III Sc. 1.—

"This outward-sainted deputy—  
Whose settled visage and deliberate word  
Nips youth's 'the head and follies doth enswear  
As falcon does the fowl!"

and see note at d

<sup>d</sup> — as fowl hear falcon's bells. So in "Henry VI." Part III Act I Sc. 1.—

"—nor he that loves him best,  
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,  
Dares stir a wing if Warwick shake his bells."

"But if thou wilt, I rest thy secret friend:  
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;  
A little harm, done to a great good end,  
For lawful policy remains enacted.  
The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted  
In a pure compound; being so applied,  
His venom in effect is purified

"Then, for thy husband and thy children's sake,  
Tender my suit, bequeath not to their lot  
The shame that from them no device can take,  
The blemish that will never be forgot;  
Worse than a slavish wipe,<sup>e</sup> or birth-hour's blot:  
For marks described in men's nativity  
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy."

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye<sup>f</sup>  
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause;  
While she, the picture of pure piety,  
Like a white hind under the grype's<sup>g</sup> sharp claws,  
Pleads, in a wilderness, where are no laws,  
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,  
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite

But<sup>h</sup> when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth  
    threat,  
In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,  
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth  
    got,  
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their  
    biding,  
Hindering their present fall by this dividing;  
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,  
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,  
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse  
    panteth;  
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,<sup>i</sup>  
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth:  
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth  
No penetrable entrance to her pining;  
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with  
    raiving.

Her pity pleading eyes are sadly fix'd  
In the remorseless<sup>j</sup> wrinkles of his face;  
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,  
Which to her oratory adds more grace  
She puts the period often from his place,  
And 'midst the sentences so her accent breaks,  
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

<sup>e</sup> Worse than a slavish wipe.—] According to Malone, "the brand with which slaves were marked"

<sup>f</sup> Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye.—] So in "Twelfth Night," Act III Sc. 4,—"they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices" See also note (b), p. 189, Vol. I

<sup>g</sup> Like a white hind under the grype's sharp claws.—] Properly, the grype meant the gryphon or griffin, but the name appears to have been used for vulture

<sup>h</sup> But when a black-fac'd cloud.—] Malone, with doubtful propriety, substituted,—"Look, when a black-fac'd cloud," &c.

<sup>i</sup> — his vulture folly.—] Here "folly" signifies wantonness or depravity, as in "Othello," Act V Sc. 2.—

"She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore"

<sup>j</sup> — remorseless—] Pityless, relentless

# LUCRECE.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,  
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,  
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,  
By holy human law, and common troth,  
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,  
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,  
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, "Reward not hospitality  
With such black payment as thou hast pretended;<sup>a</sup>  
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;  
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;  
End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended:  
He is no wood-man that doth bend his bow  
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

My husband is thy friend,—for his sake spare  
me;  
Thyself art mighty,—for thine own sake leave me;  
Myself a weakling,—do not, then, ensnare me;  
Thou look'st not like deceit,—do not deceive me.  
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to leave  
thee:  
If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,  
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans:

"All which together, like a troubled ocean,  
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,  
To soften it with their continual motion;  
For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.  
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,  
Melt at my tears, and be compassionate!  
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

"In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee;  
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?  
To all the host of heaven I complain me,  
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely  
name.  
Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,  
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;  
For kings like gods should govern everything.

"How will thy shame be sowed in thine age,  
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring!  
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,  
What dar'st thou not when once thou art a king?  
O, be remember'd, no outrageous thing  
From vassal actors can be wip'd away;<sup>b</sup>  
Thou king's misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

"This deed will make thee ohly lov'd for fear;<sup>c</sup>  
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love:  
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,  
When they in thee the like offences prove:  
If but for fear of this, thy will remove;  
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,  
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.<sup>d</sup>

"And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall  
learn?  
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?  
Wilt thou be glass wherein it shall discern

Authority for sin, warrant for blame?  
To privilege dishonour in thy name,  
Thou back'st reproach against long-living land,  
And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

'Hast thou command? by him that gave  
thee,  
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:  
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,  
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.  
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,  
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul Sin may say,  
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the  
way?

"Think but how vile a spectacle it were,  
To view thy present trespass in another.  
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;  
Their own transgressions partially they smother:  
Thy guilt would seem death-worthy in thy  
brother  
O, how are they wrapp'd in with infamies,  
That from their own misdeeds ask ~~ask~~ their  
eyes!

"To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,  
Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier;  
I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal;  
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire:  
His true respect will prison false desire,  
And wipe the dim mist from thy d'ring eyne,  
That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine."

"Have done," quoth he; "my uncontrolled tide  
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.  
Sinal' lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,  
And with the wind in greater fury fret:  
The petty streams that pay a daily debt  
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls<sup>e</sup>  
haste,  
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste."

"Thou art," quoth she, "a sea, a sovereign king;  
And lo, there falls into thy boundless flood  
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,  
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.  
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,  
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is heav'd,  
And not the puddle in thy sea dispers'd.

"So shall these slaves be king, and thou the  
slave;  
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;  
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave.  
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride.  
The lesser thing should not the greater hide;  
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,  
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

"So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state"—  
"No more," quoth he, "by heaven, I will not hear  
thee!  
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,

<sup>a</sup> — pretended; ] *intended, or purposed.*

<sup>b</sup> For princes are the glass, &c.]

instead of love's ozy touch, shall rudely tear thee ;  
 'That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee  
 Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,  
 To be thy partner in this shameful doom."

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,  
 For light and lust are deadly enemies :  
 Shame folded up in blind-concealing night,  
 When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.  
 The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries ;  
 Till with her own white fleeces her voice con-  
 troll'd  
 Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold :

For with the nightly linen that she wears  
 He pens her piteous clamours in her head ;  
 Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears  
 That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.  
 O, that prone\* lust should stain so pure a bed !  
 The spots whereof could weeping purify,  
 Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life, .  
 And he hath won what he would lose again :  
 This forced league doth force a further strife ;  
 This momentary joy breeds months of pain ;  
 This hot desire converts to cold disdain :  
 Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,  
 And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,  
 Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,  
 Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk  
 The prey wherein by nature they delight ;  
 So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night :  
 His taste delicious, in digestion souring,  
 Devours his will, that liv'd by foul devouring.

O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit  
 Can comprehend in still imagination !  
 Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,  
 Ere he can see his own abomination.  
 While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation  
 Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,  
 Till, like a jade, Self-will himself doth tire.<sup>b</sup>

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,  
 With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,  
 Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,  
 Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case :  
 The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with Grace,  
 For there it revels ; and when that decays,  
 The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faithful lord of Rome,  
 Who this accomplishment so hotly chas'd ;  
 For now against himself he sounds this doom,—<sup>c</sup>

\* a O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed !] See note b, p. 595. Vol. II.

b Till, like a jade, Self-will himself doth tire.] Compare, "Henry VIII." Act I. Sc. 1.—

"— anger is like  
 A full-hot horag, who being allow'd his way,  
 Self-mettle tames him."

c — perplex'd—] This word has no longer the force it once pos-  
 sessed. With Shakespeare it meant *confounded*, *distracted*, *sometimes*  
*frustrated*—thus in "Othello." Act V. Sc. 2,—

That through the length of time he stands dis-  
 grac'd :

Besides, his soul's fair temple is defac'd ;  
 To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,  
 To ask the spotted princes how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection  
 Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,  
 And by their mortal fault brought in subjection  
 Her immortality, and made her thrall  
 To living death and pain perpetual :  
 Which in her prescience she controlled still,  
 But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Even in this thought through the dark night he  
 stealth,

A captive victor that hath lost in gain ;  
 Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,  
 The scar that will, despite of cure, remain ;  
 Leaving his spoil perplex'd<sup>d</sup> in greater pain.  
 She bears the load of lust he left behind,  
 And he the burden of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence ;  
 She like a wearied lamb lies panting there ;  
 He scowls, and hates himself for his offence ;  
 She, desolate, with her nails her flesh doth  
 tear ;  
 He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear ;  
 She stays, exclaiming on the direful night ;  
 He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite ;<sup>e</sup>  
 She there remains a hopeless cast-away ;  
 He in his speed looks for the morning light ;  
 She prays she never may behold the day ;  
 "For day," quoth she, "night's scapes<sup>f</sup> doth open  
 lay,

And my true eyes have never practis'd how  
 To cloak offences with a cunning brow. ,

"They think not but that every eye can see  
 The same disgrace which they themselves behold ;  
 And therefore would they still in darkness be,  
 To have their unseen sin remain untold ;  
 For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,  
 And grave, like water, that doth eat in steel,  
 Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel."

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,  
 And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.  
 She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,  
 And bids it leap from thence, where it may find  
 Some purer chest to close so pure a mind.  
 Frantic with grief, thus breathes she forth her  
 spite

Against the unseen secrecy of night :

"— but, being wrought,  
 Perplex'd in the extreme ;"  
 and in "Cymbeline," Act III. Sc. 4,—

"— one, bly painted thus,  
 Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd  
 Beyond self-explication :"

d — convertite.] A "convertite" is a *penitent*, or *convert*.  
 e — scapes—] *Lapses, slips*: so in "The Winter's Tale," Act  
 III. Sc. 3.—"What have we here? Merry on's, a barns; a very  
 pretty barns!—<sup>g</sup> some scapes though I am not bookish, yet I  
 can read willing-gentlewoop in the scapes."

"O comfort-killing Night, image of hell!  
 Dark register and notary of shame!  
 Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!  
 Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!  
 Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour for defame!  
 Grim cave of death! whispering conspirator  
 With close-tongu'd treason and the ravisher!

"O, hateful, vaporous, and foggy Night!  
 Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,  
 Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,  
 Make war against proportion'd course of time;  
 Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb  
 His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,  
 Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

"With rotten damps ravish the morning air;  
 Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick  
 The life of purity, the supreme fair,  
 Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick;  
 And let thy misty vapours march so thick,  
 That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light  
 May set at noon, and make perpetual night

"Were Tarquin Night (as he is but Night's child),  
 The silver-shining queen he would disdain,  
 Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defil'd,  
 Through Night's black bosom should not peep  
 again:  
 So should I have copartners in my pain;  
 And fellowship in woe doth woo assuage,  
 As pilgrims' chat makes short their pilgrimage.

"Where now I have no one to blush with me,  
 To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine,  
 To mask their brows, add hide their infamy;  
 But I alone must sit and pine,  
 Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,  
 Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,  
 Poor wasting monuments of lasting mourns.

"O Night, thou furnace of foul-rooking smoke,  
 Let not the jealous Day behold that face  
 Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak  
 Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace!  
 Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,  
 That all the faults which in thy reign are made  
 May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade!

<sup>a</sup> Black stage for tragedies and murders fell! See note (1), p. 332, Vol. I.

<sup>b</sup> — misty vapours.—] The first quarto reads *misty*, but the subsequent copies rightly have 'misty' in support of the latter Malone reduces the following passages from preceding stanzas in this poem,—

"Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,"  
 and,—

"— misty night  
 Covers the shame that follows such delight,"

to which Mr. Dyce has added a line still more to the purpose from "Venus and Adonis."—

"Like misty vapours when they blot the sky"

<sup>c</sup> And fellowship in woe doth woo assuage.—] This sentiment occurs in "King Lear," Act III Sc. 6,—

"But then the mind much suffrance doth o'erstep,  
 When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship,

"Make me not object to the tell-tale Day!  
 The light will show, character'd in my brow,  
 The story of sweet chastity's decay,  
 The impious breach of holy wedlock vow:  
 Yea, the illiterate, that know not how  
 To cipher what is writ in learned books,  
 Will quote<sup>d</sup> my loathsome trespass in my looks.

"The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,  
 And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name;  
 The orator, to deck his oratory,  
 Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame;  
 Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,  
 Will tie the hearers to attend each line,  
 How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

"Let my good name, that senseless reputation,  
 For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted:  
 If that be made a theme for disputation,  
 The branches of another root are rotted,  
 And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted  
 That is as clear from this attain of mine,  
 As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

"O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!  
 O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!  
 Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,  
 And Tarquin's eye may read the mot<sup>e</sup> afar,  
 How he in peace is wounded, not in war  
 Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,  
 Which not themselves, but he that gives them  
 knows!

"If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,  
 From me by strong assault it is bereft.  
 My honey lost, and I, a drone like bee,  
 Have no perfection of my summer left,  
 But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft:  
 In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath  
 crept,  
 And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee  
 kept.

"Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wrack,—  
 Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;  
 Coming from thee, I could not put him back,  
 For it had been dishonour to disdain him.  
 Besides, of weariness he did complain him,  
 And talk'd of virtue!—O, unlook'd-for evil,  
 When virtue is profan'd in such a devil!

and in "Romeo and Juliet," Act III Sc. 2,—

"— If your wee delight in fellowship."

<sup>d</sup> Will quote.—] Will scan or note As in "Hamlet," Act II. Sc. 1,—

"I am sorry that with better heed and judgment,  
 I had not quoted him."

<sup>e</sup> — the mot.—] The "mot" is the motto, or word. Thus in "Pericles," Act II Sc. 2,—

"The word, Quod me alit, sine extinguat."

<sup>f</sup> Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wrack, &c.] Malone, in opposition to the old copies, reads, "Yet am I *guiltless*." &c.; but Boswell shows very clearly that change was needless for "She is reproaching herself, at first, for having received Tarquin's visit but instantly defends herself by saying that she did it out of respect to her husband."



"Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?  
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?  
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?  
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?  
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?  
But no perfection is so absolute,  
That some impurity doth not pollute.

"The aged man that offers-up his gold  
Is plagu'd with cramps, and gout, and painful fits;  
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,  
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,  
And useless burns the harvest of his wits;  
Having no other pleasure of his gain  
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

"So then he hath it, when he cannot use it,  
And leaves it to be master'd by his young,  
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:  
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,  
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.  
The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sour,  
Even in the moment that we call them ours."

"Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;  
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers;  
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;  
What virtue breeds iniquity devours:  
We have no good that we can say is ours,  
But ill-annexed Opportunity  
Or kills his life or else his quality.

"O Opportunity, thy guilt is great!  
'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason;  
Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;  
Whoever plots the sin, thou 'point'st the season;  
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;  
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,  
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

"Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;  
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;  
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;  
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!  
Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud:  
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,  
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

"Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,  
Thy private feasting to a public fast,  
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name;  
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste  
Thy violent vanities can never last.  
How comes it, then, vile Opportunity,  
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

"When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,  
And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd?  
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end?"

a Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;] See note f, p. 728.

b — a ragged name.] A beggar'd name.

c — sort an hour—] Pick out, or choose, or fit an hour: so in "Henry VI." Part I. Act II. Sc. 2,—

"I'll sort some other time to visit you;"

and in "Henry VI." Part III. Act V. Sc. 6,—

"— thou keep'st me from the light,  
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee."

Or free that soul which wretchedness hath oppress'd;  
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd;  
The poor, lame, blind, halt, cripple, cry out for thee;  
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

"The patient dies while the physician sleeps;  
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;  
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;  
Advice is sporting while infection breeds;  
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds:  
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,  
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

"When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee  
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid:  
They buy thy help; but Sin ne'er gives a fee,  
He gratis comes; and thou art well appaid.  
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.  
My Collatine would else have come to me  
When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

"Guilty thou art of murder and of theft;  
Guilty of perjury and subornation;  
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift;  
Guilty of incest, that abomination:  
An necessary by thine inclination  
To all sins past, and all that are to come,  
From the creation to the general doom.

"Misshapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night,  
Swift-subtle post, carrier of grisly care,  
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,  
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's  
snare;  
Thou nursest all, and murder'st all that are:  
O, hear me, then, injurious-shifting Time!  
Be guilty of my death, slayer of my crime.

"Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,  
Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose?  
'Unceas'd my fortunes, and enchained me  
To endless date of never-ending woes?  
Time's office is to fine the hate of foes;  
To eat up errors by opinion bred,  
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

"Time's glory is to calm contending kins,  
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,  
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,  
To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,  
To wrong the wronger till he render right,  
To ruin proud buildings with thy hours,  
And smear with dust their glittering-golden  
towers;

"To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,  
To feed oblivion with decay of things,  
To blot old books and alter their contents.

d — appaid—] Pleased, satisfied.

e — to fine the hate of foes.] To fine is to end. So in "Much Ado about Nothing," Act I. Sc. 1,— "And the fine is (for the which I may go the finer), I will live and die a bachelor:" and in "All's Well that Ends Well," Act IV. Sc. 4,—

"— the fine's the crown."

f To wrong the wronger—] Farmer proposed,— "To wrong the wronger," &c.



LUCRECE.

To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,  
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs,  
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,  
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel ;

"To show the beldame daughters of her daughter,  
To make the child a man, the man a child,  
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,  
To tame the unicorn and lion wild,  
To mock the subtle in themselves beguil'd ;  
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,  
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

"Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,  
Unless thou couldst return to make amends ?  
One poor retiring <sup>a</sup> minute in an age  
Would purchase thee a thousand-thousand friends,  
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends :  
O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come  
back,  
I could prevent this storm, and shun thy wrack !

"Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,  
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight :  
Devise extremes beyond extremity,  
To make him curse this cursed crimeful night :  
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright ;  
And the dire thought of his committed evil  
Shape every bush a hideous-shapeless devil.

"Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,  
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans ;  
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,  
To make him moan, but pity not his moans :  
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than  
stones ;  
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,  
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

"Let him have time to tear his curled hair,<sup>b</sup>  
Let him have time against himself to rave,  
Let him have time of Time's help to despair,  
Let him have time to live a loathed slave,  
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave ;  
And time to see one that by alms doth live  
Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

"Let him have time to see his friends his foes,  
And merry fools to mock at him resort ;  
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes  
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short  
His time of folly and his time of sport ;  
And ever let his unrecalling crime  
Have time to wait th' abusing of his time.

"O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,  
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st at this  
ill !  
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,  
Himself himself seek every hour to kill !  
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should  
spill ;

"For who so base would such an office have,  
As slanderous <sup>c</sup> death's-man to so base a slave ?

"The baser is he, coming from a king,  
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate :  
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing  
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate ;  
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.  
The moon being clouded presently <sup>d</sup> is miss'd,  
But little stars may hide them when they list.

"The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,  
And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away ;  
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,  
The stain upon his silver down will stay.  
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day.  
Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,  
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

"Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools !  
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators !  
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools,  
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters ;  
To trembling clients be you mediators :  
For me, I force <sup>e</sup> not argument a straw,  
Since that my case is past the help of law.

"In vain I rail at Opportunity,  
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night ;  
In vain I cavil with my infamy,  
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite :  
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.  
The remedy indeed to do me good,  
Is to let forth my foul-defiled blood.

"Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree ?  
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame ;  
For if I die, my honour lives in thee ;  
But if I live, thou liv'st in my defence :  
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,  
And wast afraid to scratch her wicked foe,  
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so."

This said, from her be-tumbled couch she starteth,  
To find some desperate instrument of death :  
But this no-slaughter-house no tool imparteth,  
To make more vent for passage of her breath,  
Which, thronging through her lips, so vanisheth  
As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes,  
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

"In vain," quoth she, "I live, and seek in vain  
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.  
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,  
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife :  
But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife :  
So am I now :—O now, that cannot be ;  
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me !

"O, that is gone for which I sought to live,  
And therefore now I need not fear to die.  
To clear this spot by death, at least I give

<sup>a</sup> — retiring minute—] *Returning* minute.

<sup>b</sup> — *See* curled hair,—] *See* note <sup>b</sup>, p. 633, of the present volume.

<sup>c</sup> *See* slanderous death's-man—] That is, an ignominious, or branded executioner.

<sup>d</sup> — presently—] *Immediately*.

<sup>e</sup> *I* force not—] *I* regard, or value not: so in "Love's Labour's Lost," Act V. Sc. 2.—

"Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear."

LUCRECE.

A badge of fame to slander's livery ;  
A dying life to living infamy :  
Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n away,  
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay !

" Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know  
The stained taste of violated troth ;  
I will not wrong thy true affection so,  
To flatter thee with an infringed oath ;  
This bastard graff shall never come to growth :  
He shall not boast who did thy stock pollute  
That thou art doting father of his fruit.

" Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,  
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state ;  
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought  
Basely with gold, but stol'n from forth thy gate.  
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,  
And with my trespass never will dispense,  
Till life to death acquit my forc'd offence.

" I will not poison thee with my attain't,  
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses -  
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,  
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses :  
My tongue shall utter all ; mine eyes like sluices,  
As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,  
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure  
tale."

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended  
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,  
And solemn night with slow-sad gait descended  
To ugly hell ; when, lo, the blushing morrow  
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow ;  
- But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,  
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,  
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping ;  
To whom she sobbing speaks : " O, eye of eyes,  
Why pry'st thou through my window ? leave thy  
peeping ;  
Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are  
sleeping ;  
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,  
For day hath nought to do what's done by  
night."

Thus cavils she with everything she sees :  
True grief is fond and testy as a child,  
Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees.  
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild ;  
Continuance tames the one ; the other wild,  
Like an unpractic'd swimmer plunging still,  
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

\* The little birds that tune their morning's joy  
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody.]

This may have been the germ of Burns' beautiful lines in *The  
Banks o' Doon* :—

" How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
And I see weary, fu' o' care !  
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,  
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn :  
Thou minds me o' departed joys,  
Departed, never to return !"

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,  
Holds disputation with each thing she views,  
And to herself all sorrow doth compare ;  
No object but her passion's strength renews ;  
And as one shifts, another straight ensues :  
Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words ;  
Sometime 't is mad, and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy  
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody :  
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy ;  
Sad souls are slain in merry company ;  
Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society :  
True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd  
When with like semblance it is sympathy'd.

'T is double death to drown in ken of shore ;  
He ten times pines that pines beholding food ;  
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more ;  
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good ;  
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,  
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'er-  
flows ;  
Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

" You mocking birds," quoth she, " your tunes  
entomb  
Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts,  
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb !"  
My restless discord loves no stops nor rests ;  
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests :  
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears ;  
Distress likes dumps<sup>d</sup> when time is kept with  
tears.

" Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,  
Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair :  
As the dark earth weeps at thy languishment,  
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,  
And with deep groans the diapason bear ;  
For burden-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,  
While thou on Tereus descant'st<sup>e</sup> better skill.

" And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy  
part,  
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,  
To imitate thee well, against my heart  
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye ;  
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.  
These moans, as frets upon an instrument,  
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languish-  
ment.

" And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,  
As shaming any eye should thee behold,  
Some dark-dug desert, seated from the way,

<sup>b</sup> — be you mute and dumb.] To avoid this pleonasm, the octave of 1616 has, "— be you ever dumb ;" but compare, "Hamlet," Act II. Sc. 2,—

" Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb."

<sup>c</sup> — no stops nor rests ;] "Stops" and "rests" are technical terms in music. So in "Hamlet," Act III. Sc. 2,— "Look you, these are the stops" And in "Romeo and Juliet," Act II. Sc. 4,— "rests me his mimic rest."

<sup>d</sup> — dumps —] See note <sup>d</sup>, p. 304, Vol. I.

<sup>e</sup> — descant'st—] See note <sup>e</sup>, p. 31, Vol. I.

# LUCRECE.

That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,  
We will find out; and there we will unfold  
To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their  
kinds:  
Since men prey<sup>1</sup> beasts let beasts bear gentle  
minds.<sup>2</sup>

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,  
Wildly determining which way to fly,  
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,  
That cannot tread the way out readily;  
So with herself is she in mutiny,  
To live or die which of the twain were better,  
When life is sham'd, and death reproach's debtor.

"To kill myself," quoth she, "alack! what were it,  
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?  
They that lose half with greater patience bear it  
Than they whose whole is swallowed in confusion.  
That mother tries a merciless conclusion  
Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes  
one,  
Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

"My body or my soul, which was the dearer,  
When the one pure, the other made divine?  
Whose love of either to myself was nearer,  
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine?  
Ay me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,  
His leaves will wither, and his sap decay;  
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

"Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,  
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy;  
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,  
Grossly engirt with daring infamy:  
Then let it not be call'd impiety,  
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole  
Through which I may convey this troubled  
soul.

"Yet die I will not till my Collatine  
Have heard the cause of my untimely death;  
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,  
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.  
My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,  
Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,  
And as his due, writ in my testament.

"My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife  
That wounds my body so dishonoured.  
'T is honour to deprive dishonour'd life;  
The one will live, the other being dead:  
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred;  
For in my death I murder shameful scorn:  
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

"Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,  
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?  
My resolution: love, shall be thy boast,

By whose example thou reveng'd mayst be.  
How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me:  
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,  
And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so.

"This brief abridgment of my will I make:—  
My soul and body to the skies and ground;  
My resolution, husband, do thou take;  
Mine honour be the knife's that makes my wound  
My shame be his that did my fame confound;  
And all my fame that lives disbursed be  
To those that live, and think no shame of me

"Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee<sup>3</sup> this will;  
How I was overseen that thou shalt see it;  
My blood shall wash the slander of mine<sup>4</sup>;  
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.  
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, 'So be it.'  
Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer thee.  
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be."

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,  
And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,  
With untun'd tongue she hoarsely call'd her maid,  
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies;  
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.  
Poor Lucrece's cheeks unto her maid seem so  
As winter meads when sun doth melt their  
snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,  
With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty,  
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,  
For why her face wore sorrow's livery;  
But durst not ask of her audaciously  
Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,  
Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,  
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye;  
Even so the maid with swelling drops gan wet  
Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy  
Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky,  
Who in a salt wav'd ocean quench their light,  
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy  
night.

A pretty<sup>5</sup> while these pretty creatures stand,  
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling:  
One justly weeps; the other takes in hand  
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling:  
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing;  
Grieving themselves to guess at others' smart,  
And then they drown their eyes, or break their  
hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen, minds,  
And therefore are they form'd as marble will;  
The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange  
kinds

<sup>1</sup> Then, Collatine, shall oversee this will.] "Overseers were frequently added in Wills from the superabundant caution of our ancestors; but our law acknowledges no such persons, nor are they (as contradistinguished from executors) invested with any legal rights whatever. In some old Wills the term overseer is used

instead of executor."—MALONE.

It is noticeable that Shakespeare in his own will appoints John Hall, his son-in-law, and Susanna his eldest daughter, executors and Thomas Russell and Francis Collins overseers.

<sup>5</sup> A pretty while.] A pretty or *hone* while.

# LUCRECE.

Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill :  
 Then call them not the authors of their ill,  
 No more than wax shall be accounted evil,  
 Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,  
 Lays open all the little worms that creep ;  
 In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain  
 Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep :  
 Through crystal walls each little mote will peep :  
 Though men can cover crimes with old stern  
 looks,

Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,  
 But chide rough winter that the flower hath  
 kill'd :

Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,  
 Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild<sup>b</sup>  
 Poor women's faults that they are so fulfill'd<sup>c</sup>  
 With men's abuses ! those proud lords, to  
 blame,

Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece' view,  
 Assail'd by night with circumstances strong  
 Of present death, and shame that might ensue  
 By that her death, to do her husband wrong :  
 Such danger to resistance did belong,  
 That dying fear through all her body spread ;  
 And who cannot abuse a body dead ?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak  
 To the poor counterfeit of her complaining :  
 " My girl," quoth she, " on what occasion break  
 Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are  
 running ?  
 If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,  
 Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood :  
 If tears could help, mine own would do me  
 good.

" But tell me, girl, when went "—and there she  
 stay'd  
 Till after a deep groan—" Tarquin from hence ?"  
 " Madam, ere I was up," replied the maid,  
 " The more to blame my sluggard negligence :  
 Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense,—  
 Myself was stirring ere the break of day,  
 And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

" But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,  
 She would request to know your heaviness."  
 " O, peace !" quoth Lucrece ; " if it should be  
 told,  
 The repetition cannot make it less ;  
 For more it is than I can well express :  
 And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,  
 When more is felt, than one hath power to tell.

" Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen,—  
 Yet save that labour, for I have them here.  
 What should I say ?—One of my husband's men  
 Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear  
 A letter to my lord, my loving dear :  
 Bid him with speed prepare to carry it ;  
 The cause craves haste, and it will soon be  
 writ."

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,  
 First hovering o'er the paper with her quill :  
 Conceit and grief an eager combat fight ;  
 What wit sets down is blotted straight with will ;  
 This is too curious-good,<sup>d</sup> this blunt and ill :  
 Much like a press of people at a door,  
 Through her inventions, which shall go before.\*

At last she thus begins :—" Thou worthy lord  
 Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,  
 Health to thy person ! next vouchsafe t' afford  
 (If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see)  
 Some present speed to come and visit me.  
 So I commend me from our house in grief ;  
 My woes are tedious, though my words, are  
 brief."

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe,  
 Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.  
 By this short schedule Collatine may know  
 Her grief, but not her grief's true quality ;  
 She dares not thereof make discovery,  
 Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,  
 Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd  
 excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion  
 She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her ;  
 When sighs and groans and tears may grace the  
 fashion  
 Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her  
 From that suspicion which the world might bear  
 her.  
 To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter  
 With words, till action might become them  
 better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told ;  
 For than the eye interprets to the ear  
 The heavy motion that it doth behold :  
 When every part a part of woe doth bear,  
 'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear :  
 Deep sounds<sup>e</sup> make lesser noise than shallow  
 fords,  
 And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of  
 words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,  
 " At Ardea to my lord with more than haste."  
 The post attends, and she delivers it,

<sup>a</sup> — the impression of strange kinds  
 Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill : &c.]  
 " Kinds" here signifies nature. For the sentiment, compare the  
 following passage in " Twelfth Night," Act II. Sc. 2,—  
 " How easy is it for the proper-false  
 In women's waxen hearts to set their forms !  
 Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we !  
 For, such as we are made of, such we be."

<sup>b</sup> — hild—] An old form of *held*, adopted for the sake of the  
 rhyme  
<sup>c</sup> — fulfill'd—] *Filled to repletion.*  
<sup>d</sup> — too curious-good,—] *Too fastidiously precise.*  
<sup>e</sup> Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords.—] Malone  
 conjectured, and with much plausibility, that the poet wrote,—  
 " Deep floods," &c.

Charging the sour-fac'd groom to hie as fast  
As lagging fowls before the northern blast :  
Speed more than speed but dull and slow she  
deems :  
Extriquity still urges such extremes.

The homely villain court'sies to her low ;  
And, blushing on her, with a steadfast eye  
Receives the scroll without or yea or no,  
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.  
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie  
Imagine every eye beholds their blame ;  
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame :

When, silly groom ! God wot, it was defect  
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.  
Such harmless creatures have a true respect  
To talk in deeds, while others saucily  
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely :  
Even so this pattern of the worn-out age  
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,  
That two red fires in both their faces blaz'd ;  
She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,  
And, blushing with him, wistly on him gaz'd ;  
Her earnest eye did make him more amaz'd :  
The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,  
The more she thought he spied in her some  
blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,  
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.  
The weary time she cannot entertain,  
For now 't is stale to sigh, to weep, and groan :  
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,  
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,  
Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece  
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy :  
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,  
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,  
Threat'ning cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy ;  
Which the conceited painter drew so proud,  
As heaven, it seem'd, to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,  
In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life :  
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,  
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife :  
The red blood reek'd to show the painter's strife ;  
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,  
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer  
Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust ;  
And from the towers of Troy there would appear  
The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,  
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust :

Such sweet observance in this work was had,  
That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty  
You might behold, triumphing in their faces ;  
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity ;  
And here and there the painter interlaces  
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces  
Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,  
That one would swear he saw them quake and  
tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art  
Of physiognomy might one behold !  
The face of either cipher'd either's heart ;  
Their face their manners most expressly told :  
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd ;  
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent,  
Show'd deep regard and smiling government.\*

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,  
As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight ;  
Making such sober action with his hand  
That it beguild attention, charm'd the sight :  
In speech, it seem'd, his beard all silver white  
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly  
Thou winding breath, which pur'd up to the  
sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,  
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice ;  
All jointly listening, but with several graces,  
As if some mermaid did their ears entice ;  
Some high, some low ; the painter was so nice,  
The scalps of many, almost hid behind,  
To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,  
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear ;  
Here one, being throng'd,<sup>d</sup> bears back, all bol'n  
and red ;  
Another, smother'd, seems to pelt and swear ;  
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,  
As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,  
It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there ;  
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,<sup>e</sup>  
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,  
Grip'd in an armed hand ; himself, behind,  
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind :  
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,  
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy  
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to  
field,  
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy  
To see their youthful sons' bright weapons wield ;  
And to their hope they such odd action yield,<sup>f</sup>

\* — villain —] Slave.  
b — conceited —] *Apprehensive, conceptive.*  
c — deep regard and smiling government.] Profound observa-  
tion and complacent self-control.  
d — being throng'd, —] Throng'd, in the same sense of *crush'd*,  
or *weighed down*, occurs in " *Pericles*," Act I. Sc. 1, —  
" The blind man casts

Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd  
By man's oppression."

e — kind —] *Natural*  
(And to their hope they such odd action yield, —] The mean-  
ing appears to be, that to their hope (bold Hector) they exhibited  
such *paradoxical*, or *doubtful* action, &c.

• That through their light joy seemed to appear  
(Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy  
fear.

And from the strand of Dardan, where they  
fought,  
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,  
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought  
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began  
To break upon the galled shore, and then  
Retire again, till, meeting greater ranks,  
They join, and shoot their foam at Simois'  
banks

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,  
To find a face where all distress is stell'd.<sup>a</sup>  
Many she sees where cares have carved some,  
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,  
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,  
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,  
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd  
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's  
reign:  
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were dis-  
guis'd;  
Of what she was no semblance did remain:  
Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,  
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had  
fed,  
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece sponda her eyes,  
And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's woes,  
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,  
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes  
The painter was no god to lead her those,  
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,  
To give her so much grief, and not a tongue

"Poor instrument," quoth she, "without a sound,  
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue,  
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,  
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,  
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so  
long,

And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes  
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

"Show me the strumpet that began this stir,  
That with my nails her beauty I may tear  
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur  
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear:  
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here;  
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,  
The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter die.

• "Why should the private pleasure of some one  
Become the public plague of many mo?  
Let sin, alone committed, light alone  
Upon his head that hath transgressed so;  
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:

For one's offence why should so many fall,  
To plague a private sin in general?

"Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,  
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swoons,  
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,  
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,  
And one man's just these many lives confounds:  
Had doting Phryx cheer'd his son's demise,  
Troy had been bright with fans, and not with  
fire"

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:  
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,  
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;  
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell:  
So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell  
To pencil'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow;  
She lends them words, and she their looks doth  
borrow

She throws her eyes about the painting round,  
And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament.  
At last she sees a wretched image bound,  
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent;  
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content  
Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,  
So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his  
woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill  
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show  
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes waiting still,  
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;<sup>d</sup>  
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so  
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,  
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,  
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,  
And therein so ensconced his secret evil,  
That jealousy itself could not mistrust  
False creeping craft and perjury should thrust  
Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,  
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well skill'd workman this mild image drew  
For perjured Sinon, whose enchanting story  
The credulous old Priam after slow;  
Whose words, like wild-fire, burnt the shining  
glory

• Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,  
And little stars shot from their fixed places,  
When their glass fell wherein they view'd their  
faces

This picture she advisedly perus'd,  
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill,  
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd;  
So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill:  
And still on him she gaz'd, and gazing still,  
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,  
• That she concludes the picture was belied.

<sup>a</sup> — then —] This old orthography of *then*, is adopted, like that  
of *bid* in a former stanza, to meet the requirements of the  
rhyme

<sup>b</sup> — stell'd] *For* <sup>c</sup> — instanc—] *indicat* in *proof*.

"It cannot be," quoth she, "that so much guile"—

She would have said "can lurk in such a look ;"  
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,  
And from her tongue "can lurk" from "cannot"  
took :

"It cannot be," she in that sense forsook,  
And turn'd it thus,— "It cannot be, I find,  
But such a face should bear a wicked mind :

"For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,  
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,  
(As if with grief or travail he had fainted)  
To me came Tarquin armed ; so beguill'd"  
With outward honesty, but yet defil'd  
With inward vice : as Priam him did cherish,  
So did I Tarquin ; so my Troy did perish.

"Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,  
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds !  
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise ?  
For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds :  
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds ;  
Those round clear pearls of his, that move thy  
pity,  
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

"Such devils steal effects from lightless hell ;  
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,  
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell ;  
These contraries such unity do hold,  
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold :  
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,  
That he finds means to burn his Troy with  
water."

Here, all enrag'd, such passion her assails,  
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.  
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,  
Comparing him to that unhappy guest  
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest :  
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er ;  
"Fool ! fool !" quoth she, "his wounds will not  
be sore."

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,  
And time doth weary time with her complaining.  
She looks for night, and then she longs for  
morrow,  
And both she thinks too long with her remaining :  
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining :  
Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps ;  
And they that watch see time how slow it  
creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,  
That she with painted images hath spent,  
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought  
By deep surmise of others' detriment ;  
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.

It curesh some, though none it ever cur'd  
To think their dolor others have endur'd.

But now the mindful messenger, come back, o  
Brings home his lord and other company ;  
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black ;  
And round about her tear-distained eye  
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky :  
These water-galls<sup>b</sup> in her dim element  
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,  
Amazedly in her sad face he stares :  
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw,  
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly care.  
He hath no power to ask her how she fares ;  
But stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,  
Met far from home, wondering each other's  
chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,  
And thus begins : "What uncouth<sup>c</sup> ill event  
Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost trembling  
stand ?  
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent ?  
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent ?  
Unmask, dear-dear, this moody heaviness,  
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress."

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,  
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe :<sup>d</sup>  
At length address'd<sup>e</sup> to answer his desire,  
She modestly prepares to let them know  
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe ;  
While Collatine and his consorted lords  
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest  
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending :  
"Few words," quoth she, "shall fit the trespass  
best,  
Where no excuse can give the fault amending :  
In me more woe than words are now depending ;  
And my laments would be drawn out too long,  
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

"Then be this all the task it hath to say :—  
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed  
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay  
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head ;  
And what wrong else may be imagined  
By foul enforcement might be done to me,  
From that, alas ! thy Lucrece is not free.

"For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,  
With shining falchion in my chamber came  
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,  
And softly cried, 'Awake, thou Roman dame,  
And entertain my love ; else lasting shame  
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,  
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

"For some hard-favour'd groom of thine," quoth he,  
'Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,  
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,

<sup>a</sup> — so beguill'd—] *So disguised, or so masked* ; unless Shakes-  
peare here confounds the passive and active participle and uses  
'beguill'd' for *beguiling*. The old text reads,—"so beguill'd," &c.  
<sup>b</sup> — water-galls—] *Secondary rainbows.*  
<sup>c</sup> — uncouth—] *Unknown stranger.*

<sup>d</sup> Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,  
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe :]

The allusion here is to the manner of discharging ancient fire-  
arms by means of a match.  
<sup>e</sup> — address'd—] *Prepared, ready.*



# LUCRECE.

And swear I found you where you did fulfil  
 The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill  
 The lechers in their deed : this act will be  
 My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.

"With this, I did begin to start and cry ;  
 And then against my heart he set his sword,  
 Swearing, unless I took all patiently,  
 I should not live to speak another word ;  
 So should my shame still rest upon record,  
 And never be forgot in mighty Rome  
 Th' adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

"Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,  
 And far the weaker with so strong a fear :  
 My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak ;  
 No rightful plea might plead for justice there :  
 His scarlet lust came evidence to swear  
 That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes ;  
 And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner dies.

"O, teach me how to make mine own excuse !  
 Or, at the least, this refuge let me find,—  
 Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,  
 Immaculate and spotless is my mind ;  
 That was not forc'd ; that never was inclin'd  
 To accessary yieldings, but still pure  
 Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure."

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,  
 With head declin'd, and voice damm'd up with woe,  
 With sad-set eyes, and wretched arms across,  
 From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow  
 The grief away that stops his answer so :  
 But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain ;  
 What he breathes out his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent-roaring tide  
 Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste,  
 Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride  
 Back to the strait that forc'd him on so fast ;  
 In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past :  
 Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,  
 To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth,  
 And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh :  
 "Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth  
 Another power ; no flood by raining slaketh.  
 My woe too sensible thy passion maketh  
 More feeling-painful : let it, then, suffice  
 To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes

"And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,  
 For she that was thy Lucrece,—now attend me :  
 Be suddenly revenged on my foe,  
 Thine, mine, his own : suppose thou dost defend me  
 From what is past ; the help that thou shalt lend  
 Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die ;  
 For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

— "no dame, hereafter living,  
 By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving."

"— *non ulla deinde impudica exemplo Lucretia vivet.*"

Liv. lib. i. c. 58.  
 — astonished—] To say we are astonished expresses little

"But ere I name him, you, fair lords," quoth she,  
 Speaking to those that came with Collatine,  
 "Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,  
 With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine ;  
 For 'tis a meritorious fair design  
 To chase injustice with revengeful arms :  
 Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies'  
 harm."

At this request, with noble disposition  
 Each present lord began to promise aid,  
 As bound in knighthood to her imposition,  
 Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd :  
 But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,  
 The protestation stops. "O, speak," quoth she,  
 "How may this forced stain be wip'd from  
 me ?

"What is the quality of mine offence ?  
 Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance,  
 May my pure mind with the foul act dispense ?  
 My low-declined honour to advance,  
 May any terms acquit me from this chance ?  
 The poison'd fountain clears itself again ;  
 And why not I from this compelled stain ?"

With this, they all at once began to say,  
 Her body's stain her mind untainted clears ;  
 While with a joyless smile she turns away  
 The face, that map which deep impression bears  
 Of hard misfortune, carv'd in it with tears.  
 "No, no," quoth she, "no dame, hereafter living,  
 By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving."

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,  
 She throws forth Tarquin's name : "He ! he !" she  
 says,  
 But more than "he !" her poor tongue could not  
 speak ;  
 Till after many accents and delays,  
 Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,  
 She utters this, "He, he, fair lords, 'tis he,  
 That guides this hand to give this wound to  
 me !"

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast  
 A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheath'd  
 That blow did bail it from the deep unrest  
 Of that polluted prison where it breath'd :  
 Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeath'd  
 Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth  
 fly  
 Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still astonish'd with this deadly deed,  
 Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew ;  
 Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,  
 Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw ;  
 And from the purple fountain Brutus drew  
 The murderous knife, and, as it left the place,  
 Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase ;

more now than that we are surprised, but formerly the meaning of  
 astonished was in nearer accordance with its etymology, *astonus*,  
*thunderstruck*. So in Pilgr. W. H. Vol. I. p. 261. "The cramp-  
 sick, torped, knoweth not his own force and power ; and being herself  
 not benumbed is able to astonish others."



# LUCRECE,

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide  
 In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood  
 Circles her body in on every side,  
 Who, like a late-sack'd island, vastly stood  
 Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.  
 Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,  
 And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin  
 stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face  
 Of that black blood a watery rigol<sup>a</sup> goes,  
 Which seems to weep upon the tainted place :  
 And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,  
 Corrupted blood some watery token shows ;  
 And blood untainted still doth red abide,  
 Blushing at that which is so putrified.

"Daughter, dear daughter," old Lucretius cries,  
 "That life was mine which thou hast here depriv'd.  
 If in the child the father's image lies,  
 Where shall I live now Lucrece is unliv'd ?  
 Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.  
 If children pre-decease progenitors,  
 We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

"Poor broken glass, I often did behold  
 In thy sweet semblance my old age new born ;  
 But now that fair-fresh mirror, dim and old,  
 Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time outworn :  
 O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,  
 And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,  
 That I no more can see what once I was !

' O time, cease thou thy course, and last no longer,  
 If they surcease to be that should survive !  
 Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,  
 And leave the faltering feeble souls alive ?  
 The old bees die, the young possess their hive :  
 Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and see  
 Thy father die, and not thy father thee ! "

By this, starts Collatine as from a dream,  
 And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place ;  
 And then in key cold Lucrece' bleeding stream  
 He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,  
 And counterfeits to die with her a space,  
 Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,  
 And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul  
 Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue ;  
 Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,  
 Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,  
 Begins to talk ; but through his lips do throng  
 Weak words so thick, come in his poor heart's aid,  
 That no man could distinguish what he said.

<sup>a</sup> rigol.—] See note x, p. 612, Vol. I.  
<sup>b</sup> depriv'd.] Deprived, as in "Hamlet," Act I. Sc. 4,—  
 "—some other horrible form,  
 Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason," &c.  
<sup>c</sup> so thick.—] So rapidly. Thus in "Cymbeline," Act III.  
 Sc. 2,—  
 "—say, and speak thick,  
 Love's counsellor afraid all the bore of hearing."  
<sup>d</sup> "Too early and too late she hath spill'd !" By "too late" is meant too recently. The same conceit is found in "Henry VI."

Yet sometime, "Tarquin," was pronounced plain,  
 But through his teeth, as if the name he torn.  
 This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,  
 Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more ;  
 At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er :  
 Then son and father weep with equal strife  
 Who should weep most, for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,  
 Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.  
 The father says, "She's mine." "O, mine she is !"  
 Replies her husband : "do not take away  
 My sorrow's interest ; let no mourner say  
 He weeps for her, for she was only mine,  
 And only must be wail'd by Collatine."

"O," quoth Lucretius, "I did give that life  
 Which she too early and too late<sup>a</sup> hath spill'd !"  
 "Woe, woe," quoth Collatine, "she was my wife,  
 I ow'd her, and 't is mine that she hath kill'd !"  
 "My daughter !" and "my wife !" with clamours  
 fill'd  
 The dispers'd air, who, holding Lucrece' life,  
 Answer'd their cries, "my daughter !" and "my  
 wife !"

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,  
 Seeing such emulation in their woe,  
 Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,  
 Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.  
 He with the Romans was esteemed so  
 As sully-jeering idiots are with kings,  
 For sportive words and uttering foolish things.

But now he throws that shallow habit by  
 Wherein deep policy did him disguise ;  
 And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,  
 To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.  
 "Thou wrong'd lord of Rome," quoth he, "arise ;  
 Let my unsounded self, suppose d a fool,  
 Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school.

"Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe ?  
 Do wounds help<sup>b</sup> wounds, or grief help grievous  
 deeds ?  
 Is it revenge to give thyself a blow  
 For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds ?  
 Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds :  
 Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,  
 To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

"Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart  
 In such relenting dew of lamentations,  
 But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,  
 To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,  
 That they will suffer these abominations,

Part III. Act II. Sc. 2,—

"O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,  
 And hath bereft thee of thy life too late !"

<sup>c</sup> Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds ? The repetition is so insistent that we cannot but believe Shakespeare wrote,—

or,—  
 "Do wounds ease wounds," &c.  
 "Do wounds heal wounds," &c.

# LUCRECE

• Since Rome herself in them doth stand dis-  
grac'd,  
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets  
chas'd.

• "Now, by the Capitol that we adore,  
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd,  
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's  
store,  
By all our country rights in Rome maintain'd,  
And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complain'd  
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,  
We will revenge the death of this true  
wife!"

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,  
And kiss'd the fatal knife to end his vow;  
And to his protestation urg'd the rest,  
Who, wondering at him, did his words allow;  
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow;  
And that deep vow, which Brutus made before,  
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,  
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence;  
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,  
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence.  
Which being done with speedy diligence,  
The Romans plausibly<sup>b</sup> did give consent  
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

<sup>a</sup> — allow ] *Approve*  
<sup>b</sup> — plausibly—] Meaning perhaps, as Stevens conjectured,  
with expressions of applause From *Plausibilia* So in the "Argu-

ment" of the poem: "—wherewith the people were so mov'd  
that with one consent and a general acclamation, the Tarquins  
were all exil'd" &c

FINIS



# SONNETS.

## INTRODUCTION.

THE earliest known edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets is the quarto published in 1609, which commonly bears the imprint, "At London. By G. Eld for T. T. and are to be solde by William Aspley. 1609;" though, in the title-pages of some copies for "William Aspley," we have, "John Wright, dwelling at Christ Church Gate. 1609." The "T. T." for whom this edition was printed is proved by an entry on the Stationers' Registers to have been Thomas Thorpe:—

"20. May. 1609.

"Tho. Thorpe]

A booke called Shakespeares Sonnets."

Thorpe has prefixed to his quarto a dedication silly in form and very puzzling in expression, yet of so much interest in connexion with the party to whom Shakespeare is supposed to have addressed these effusions, that we are tempted to reprint it precisely as it stands in the original:—

TO . THE . ONLIE . BEGETTER . OF .  
THESE . INSVING . SONNETS .  
MR. W. H. ALL . HAPPINESSE .  
AND . THAT . ETERNITIE .  
PROMISED .  
BY .  
OUR . EVER LIVING . POET .  
WISHETH .  
THE . WELL WISHING .  
ADVENTYER . IN  
SETTING .  
FORTH .

This enigmatical preamble has provoked much controversy. The first inquiry has been directed to what the writer meant by "The only beggetter." By some critics the phrase has been held to signify, the sole object or inspirer of the Sonnets; while others conceive that "beggetter" imports no more than the *getter* or *obtainer* of them in manuscript from the hands of the poet.\* The next and more important question which this dedication has raised is, who the "only beggetter" typified by the contraction, "Mr. W. H." really was. Dr. Farmer supposed him to be *William Hart*, Shakespeare's nephew; but as he was not born until 1600, and Meres speaks of the Sonnets in 1598,† this supposition may be at once dismissed. Tyrwhitt conjectured from a line in the twentieth Sonnet—

"A man in hew all *Heus* in his controwling"—

\* "The *beggetter* is merely the person who gets or procures a thing, with the common prefix *be* added to it. Boin Decker's *Satiricomic*. 'I have some cousin-germans at court shall begot you the reversion of the master of the kings revels.'"  
Boswell

† "As the soule of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweete witty soule of Ovid lives in mellituous and honey-tongued Shakespeare: witness his *Fenus* and *Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugred *Sonnets* among his private friends, &c."—*Palladis Tamia*, 1608.

\* that the unknown might be a *William Hughes*. This hypothesis is ingenious, but, unfortunately, if admitted, it involves the perplexing task of discovering who was *William Hughes*. Chalmers has laboured hard to prove that the whole of the Sonnets were addressed to *Queen Elizabeth*! Drake was convinced that the initials "W. H." should be transposed, and that they represent *Henry Wriothesley*, Earl of Southampton. Another and more plausible theory, first broached, we believe, by Mr. Boaden,\* is that "Mr. W. H." is no other, than *William Herbert*, Earl of Pembroke, one of "the most Noble and Incomparable Paire of Brethren," to whom the first folio was inscribed. This opinion has been taken up with great fervour by Mr. Armitage Brown,† and is very ably sustained by him. But here again we are met by a troublesome objection. Thorpe's edition, as we have seen, was not published before 1609, while *William Herbert* succeeded to the title of Pembroke in 1601. Is it at all probable that, at a period when the distinctions of rank were punctiliously maintained, any bookseller would have presumed to address a nobleman of such eminence as "Mr. W. H."? Let the reader determine.

Attempts have been made to illustrate Shakespeare's character, as well as his life, from his Sonnets;‡ but nothing satisfactory in either respect has been elicited. The truth we apprehend to be, that although these poems are written in the poet's own name, and are, apparently, grounded on actual incidents in his career, they are, for the most part, if not wholly, poetical fictions. We have the authority of Meres for the fact that these productions were scattered among the poet's "private friends;" and when we find some flatly contradicting others, it is reasonable to conclude that they were written on different occasions, and with no more adaptation of fact to fancy than is usually found in imaginary compositions.§

\* "On the Sonnets of Shakespeare, identifying the Person to whom they were addressed, and elucidating several points in the Poet's History. By James Boaden." 1838.

† Shakespeare's *Autobiographical Poems*, &c. 1838.

‡ One of the most elaborate and ingenious of these is contained in the work of Mr. Armitage Brown, already mentioned.

§ Mr. Brown is of a different opinion. He conceives the Sonnets to contain "a clear allusion to events in Shakespeare's life, or rather a history of them, with his own thoughts and feelings as comments on them." He maintains, indeed, that, correctly speaking, they are not Sonnets, but Stanzas, of which 132 out of the 154 are divisible into six separate poems, according to the following arrangement.—

FIRST POEM, STANZAS 1 to 26.—To his friend, persuading him to marry.

SECOND POEM, STANZAS 27 to 55.—To his friend, who had robbed the poet of his mistress, forgiving him.

THIRD POEM, STANZAS 56 to 77.—To his friend, complaining of his coldness, and warning him of life's decay.

FOURTH POEM, STANZAS 78 to 101.—To his friend, complaining that he prefers another poet's praises, and reproving him for faults that only injure his character.

FIFTH POEM, STANZAS 102 to 126.—To his friend, excusing himself for having been some time silent, and disclaiming the charge of inconstancy.

SIXTH POEM, STANZAS 127 to 152.—To his mistress, on her infidelity.



## SONNETS.

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,\*  
 That thereby beauty's rose might never die,  
 But as the ripper should by time de cease,  
 His tender heir might bear his memory :  
 But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,  
 Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,  
 Making a famine where abundance lies,  
 Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.  
 Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,  
 And only herald to the gaudy spring,  
 Within thine own buduriest thy content,  
 And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.<sup>b</sup>  
 Pity the world, or else this glutton be,  
 To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

### II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,  
 And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,  
 Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,  
 Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held :  
 Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,  
 Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,—  
 To say within thine own deep-sunken eyes,  
 Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.

\* From fairest creatures we desire increase.—] As Howells remarked, the first nineteen of these Sonnets are only an expansion of the stanza in "Venus and Adonis," beginning,—

"Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,  
 Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?  
 By law of nature thou art bound to breed,  
 That thine may live when thou thyself art dead;"

How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,  
 If thou couldst answer—"This fair child of mine  
 Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,—"  
 Proving his beauty by succession thine !

This were to be new-made when thou art old,  
 And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

### III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,  
 Now is the time that face should form another ;  
 Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,  
 Thou dost beguile the world, unless some mother.  
 For where is she so fair whose unear'd<sup>c</sup> womb  
 Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry ?  
 Or who is he so fond will be the tomb  
 Of his self-love, to stop posterity ?

Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee  
 Calls back the lovely April of her prime :  
 So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,  
 Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.

But if thou live, remember'd not to be,  
 Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

### IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend  
 Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy ?

<sup>b</sup> — mak'st waste in niggarding.] Compare, "Romeo and Juliet," Act I. Sc. I,—

"Bn. Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste!  
 Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste."

<sup>c</sup> — unear'd—] Unploughed.

Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,  
 Ah, being frank, she lends to those are free.<sup>a</sup>  
 Then,auteous niggard, why dost thou abuse  
 The bounteous largess given thee to give?  
 Profitless usurer, why dost thou use  
 So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?  
 For having traffic with thyself alone,  
 Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.  
 Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,  
 What acceptable audit canst thou leave?  
 Thy unused beauty must be tomb'd with thee,  
 Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

## V.

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame  
 The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,  
 Will play the tyrants to the very same,  
 And that unfair which fairly doth excel;  
 For never-resting time leads summer on  
 To hideous winter, and confounds him there;  
 Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,  
 Beauty o'ersnow'd, and bareness everywhere:  
 Then, were not summer's distillation left,  
 A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,  
 Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,  
 Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was:  
 But flowers distill'd, though they with winter  
 meet,  
 Lease<sup>b</sup> but their show; their substance still lives  
 sweet.

## VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface  
 In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:  
 Make sweet some phial; treasure thou some place  
 With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.  
 That use<sup>c</sup> is not forbidden usury,  
 Which happier those that pay the willing loan;  
 That's for thyself to breed another thee,  
 Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;  
 Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,  
 If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee:  
 Then what could death do if thou shouldst depart,  
 Leaving thee living in posterity?  
 Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair  
 To be Death's conquest, and make worms thine  
 heir.

## VII.

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light  
 Lifts up his burning head, each under eye  
 Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,  
 Serving with looks his sacred majesty;  
 And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,  
 Resembling strong youth in his middle age,  
 Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,  
 Attending on his golden pilgrimage;  
 But when from high-moist pitch, with weary car,  
 Like feeble age, he reeleth<sup>d</sup> from the day,  
 The eyes, fore'duteous,<sup>e</sup> now converted are  
 From his low tract, and look another way:  
 So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,  
 Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

<sup>a</sup> — to those are free.] To those who are likewise liberal.

<sup>b</sup> Lease—] An antique form of *lease*.

<sup>c</sup> — use—] *Usance*, interest of money.

## VIII.

Music to hear,<sup>f</sup> why hear'st thou music sadly?  
 Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.  
 Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not

Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?  
 If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,  
 By unions married, do offend thine ear,  
 They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds  
 Insingleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.  
 Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,  
 Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;  
 Resembling sire and child and happy mother,  
 Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:  
 Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,  
 Sings this to thee, "thou single wilt prove none."

## IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye  
 That thou consum'st thyself in single life?  
 Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,  
 The world will wail thee, like a makeless<sup>g</sup> wife;  
 The world will be thy widow, and still weep  
 That thou no form of thee hast left behind,  
 When every private widow well may keep,  
 By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.  
 Look, what an unthrif in the world doth spend  
 Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;  
 But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,  
 And kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.  
 No love toward others in that bosom sits  
 That on himself such murderous shame commits.

## X.

For shame, deny that thou bear'st love to any,  
 Who for thyself art so unprovident.  
 Grant, if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,  
 But that thou none lov'st is most evident;  
 For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,  
 That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,  
 Seeking that beautiful roof to ruinate,  
 Which to repair should be thy chief desire.  
 O, change thy thought, that I may change my  
 mind!  
 Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?  
 Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,  
 Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove:  
 Make thee another self, for love of me,  
 That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

## XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou growest  
 In one of thine, from that which thou departest;  
 And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestowest,  
 Thou may'st call thine, when thou from youth  
 convertest.  
 Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;  
 Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:  
 If all were minded so, the times should cease,  
 And threescore year would make the world away.  
 Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,  
 Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:

<sup>f</sup> Music to hear, &c.] <sup>g</sup> — to hear, whom is music, why, &c.

<sup>g</sup> — a makeless wife;] A *makeless* wife. *Make* and *mate* were  
 synonyms, the former being the older form.

# SONNETS.

Look, whom she best endow'd, she gave thee  
more ;<sup>a</sup>  
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty  
cherish ;  
She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby  
Thou shouldst print more, nor let that copy die.

## XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,  
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night ;  
When I behold the violet past prime,  
And sable curls all<sup>b</sup> silver'd o'er with white ;  
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,  
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,  
And summer's green, all girded up in sheaves,  
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard ;  
Then of thy beauty do I question make,  
That thou among the wastes of time must go,  
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,  
And die as fast as they see others grow ;  
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make  
defence  
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee  
hence.

## XIII.

O, that you were yourself ! but, love, you are  
No longer yours than you yourself here live :  
Against this coming end you should prepare,  
And your sweet semblance to some other give.  
So should that beauty which you hold in lease  
Find no determination ; then you were  
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,  
When your sweet issue your sweet form should  
bear.  
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,  
Which husbandry in honour might uphold  
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,  
And barren rage of death's eternal cold ?  
O, none but unthrifths !—dear my love, you know  
You had a father ; let your son say so.

## XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck ;  
And yet methinks I have astronomy,  
But not to tell of good or evil luck,  
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality :  
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,  
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind,  
Or say with princes if it shall go well,  
By oft predict that I in heaven find :  
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,  
And, constant stars, in them I read such art,  
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,  
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert ;<sup>c</sup>  
Or else of thee this I prognosticate,—  
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

<sup>a</sup> Look, whom she best endow'd, she gave thee more ;] The original has, "gave thee more;" Malone, who restored "thee," explains the amended line as follows:—"On a survey of mankind, you will find that nature, however liberal she may have been to others, has been still more bountiful to you."

<sup>b</sup> — all silver'd o'er with white ;] The quarto of 1609 reads,—"or silver'd ore with white;" manifestly by mistake.

<sup>c</sup> If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert ;] Meaning apparently,—if instead of living single thou wouldst marry, and

## XV.

When I consider everything that grows  
Holds in perfection but a little moment,  
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows  
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment ;  
When I perceive that men as plants decrease,  
Cheer'd and check'd even by the self-same sky ;  
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,  
And wear their brave state out of memory ;  
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay  
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,  
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,  
To change your day of youth to sullied night ;  
And, all in war with Time, for love of you,  
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

## XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way  
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time ?  
And fortify yourself in your decay  
With means more blessed than my barren rhyme ?  
Now stand you on the top of happy hours ;  
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,  
With virtuous wish would bear your<sup>d</sup> living flowers,  
Much liker than your painted counterfeit :  
So should the lines of life<sup>e</sup> that life repair,  
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,  
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,<sup>f</sup>  
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.  
To give away yourself keeps yourself still ;  
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet  
skill.

## XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,  
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts ?  
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb  
Which hides your life, and shows not half your  
parts.  
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,  
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,  
The age to come would say, "This poet lies,  
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces."  
So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,  
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue ;  
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,  
And stretched metre of an antique song :  
But were some child of yours alive that time,  
You should live twice ;—in it, and in my rhyme.

## XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day ?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate :  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,<sup>g</sup>  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date :  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd ;

beget lineage.

<sup>d</sup> — would bear your living flowers, —] The reading of the quarto, which Malone, conceiving "your" to be a press error, changed to—

" — would bear you living flowers."

<sup>e</sup> So should the lines of life that life repair, —] An anonymous correspondent in the *Parnassus* suggests that "lines of life" are perhaps living pictures, viz. "children."

<sup>f</sup> — fair, —] *Beauty*.

# SONNETS.

And every fair from fair sometime declines,<sup>a</sup>  
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;<sup>b</sup>  
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:  
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

## XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,<sup>b</sup>  
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;  
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce's tiger's jaws,  
And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood;  
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,<sup>c</sup>  
And do what'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,  
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;  
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:  
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,  
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;  
Him in thy course untainted do allow,  
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.

Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,  
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

## XX.

A woman's face, with Nature's own hand painted,  
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;  
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted  
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;  
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in  
rolling,

Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;  
A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,<sup>d</sup>  
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls  
amazeth.

And for a woman wert thou first created;  
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,  
And, by addition, me of thee defeated,  
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.

But since she prick'd thee out for women's  
pleasure,  
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their tra-  
sure.

## XXI.

So is it not with me as with that Muse,  
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse;  
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,  
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;  
Making a couplement of proud compare,  
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,

<sup>a</sup> — of that fair thou owest: ] Of that beauty thou possessest.

<sup>b</sup> — blunt thou the lion's paws,—] See "Titus Andronicus," Act II. Sc. 2.—

"The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure  
To have his princely pawes per'd all away."

<sup>c</sup> — as thou fleets,—] The quarto reads,— "as thou fleet'st."

<sup>d</sup> A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,—] In the old copy "hues" is spelt *hears*, whence Tyrwhitt conjectured that the mysterious individual "W. H." to whom Thorpe the bookseller dedicated these Sonnets, was a *W. Hughes*, or *Hews*. See the introduction.

<sup>e</sup> — round,—] This word, meaning a round or belt, occurs also in "King John," Act II. Sc. 1,—

"'T is not the roundness of your old-fac'd walls  
Can hide you from our messengers of war."

f I will not praise that purpose not to sell.] This line adds strength to Warburton's conjecture that in "Trolius and Cressida,"

With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare  
That heaven's air in this huge roundure<sup>a</sup> hama.  
O, let me, true in love, but truly, write,  
And then believe me, my love is as fair  
As any mother's child, though not so bright  
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:  
Let them say more that like of hearsay well;  
I will not praise that purpose not to sell.<sup>f</sup>

## XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,  
So long as youth and thou are of one date;  
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,  
Then look I death my days should expiate.<sup>g</sup>  
For all that beauty that doth cover thee  
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,  
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me:<sup>h</sup>  
How can I, then, be elder than thou art?  
O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,  
As I, not for myself, but for thee will;  
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary  
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.

Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;  
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

## XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,  
Who with his fear is put besides his part,<sup>h</sup>  
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,  
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own  
heart;

So I, for fear of trust, forget to say  
The perfect ceremony<sup>i</sup> of love's rite,  
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,  
O'ercharg'd with burden of mine own love's might.  
O, let my books be, then, the eloquence  
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast;  
Who plead for love, and look for recompence,  
More than that tongue that more hath more ex-  
press'd.

O, learn to read what silent love hath writ:  
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

## XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stell'd  
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;  
My body is the frame wherein 't is held,  
And perspective it is best painter's art.  
For through the painter must you see his skill,  
To find where your true image pictur'd lies,  
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,  
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.

Act IV. Sc. 1,—

"We'll not commend what we intend to sell,"

we ought to read,—

"— what we intend not sell."

<sup>g</sup> Then look I death my days should expiate ] That is, terminate. Compare, "Richard III." Act III. Sc. 2, where the folio has,—

"Make haste, the hour of death is expiate."

<sup>h</sup> As an unperfect actor on the stage,  
Who with his fear is put besides his part,—]

So in "Coriolanus," Act V. Sc. 2,—

"Like a dull actor now  
I have forgot my part, and I am out,  
Even to the fall of tragedy."

<sup>i</sup> The perfect ceremony of Love's rite,—] This is one of the rare instances where Shakspere employs "ceremony" as a tri-syllable.



# SONNETS.

Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done ;  
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me

Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun  
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee .

Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,  
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

## XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars,  
Of public honour and proud titles boast,  
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,  
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.  
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread  
But as the marigold at the sun's eye ;  
And in themselves their pride lies buried,  
For at a frown they in their glory die.  
The painful warrior famoused for fight,<sup>a</sup>  
After a thousand victories once foil'd,  
Is from the book of honour razed quite,  
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd  
Then happy I, that love and am belov'd  
Where I may not remove nor be remov'd.

## XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage  
They merit hath my duty strongly knit,  
To thee I send this written embassage,  
To witness duty, not to show my wit :  
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine  
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it ;  
But that I hope some good conceit of thine  
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it ;  
Till whatsoever star that guides by moving,  
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,  
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,  
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect :  
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee ;  
Till then not show my head where thou mayst  
prove me.

## XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,  
The dear repose for limbs with travel tir'd ;  
But then begins a journey in my head,  
To work my mind, when body's work's expir'd :  
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)  
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,  
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,  
Looking on darkness which the blind do see :  
Save that my soul's imaginary sight  
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,  
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,<sup>d</sup>  
Makes black night beautiful, and her old face new.  
Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,  
For thee and for myself no quiet find.

<sup>a</sup> — famoused for fight.— The old text has, "— for worth," which does not rhyme with the corresponding word "quite" in the last line. Theobald substituted "fight," and he also proposed to retain *worth*, and for *quite* to read *forth*, a circumstance Mr. Collier must have forgotten when he suggested the same correction.

<sup>b</sup> — of thy sweet respect.] The quarto reads, "of their sweet," &c.

<sup>c</sup> Presents thy shadow.— The quarto here exhibits the same corruption noted in the preceding Sonnet, that of *thy* for "thy."

## XXVIII.

How can I, then, return in happy plight,  
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest ?  
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,  
But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd ?  
And each, though enemies to either's reign,  
Do in consent shake hands to torture me ;  
The one by toil, the other to complain  
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.  
I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,  
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the  
heaven :  
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night,  
When sparkling stars twine not, thou gild'st the  
even  
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,  
And night doth nightly make grief's strength  
seem stronger.

## XXIX.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
I all alone beweeep my outcast state,  
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,  
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,  
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented least ;  
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state  
(Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate ;  
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth  
brings,  
That then I scorn to change my state with  
kings.

## XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past,  
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste :  
Then can I drown an eye, ununs'd to flow,  
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,  
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,  
And moan th' expense of many a vanish'd sight :  
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,  
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,  
Which I new pay as if not paid before.  
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,  
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

## XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,  
Which I by lacking have supposed dead ;

<sup>d</sup> Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night.— Compare "Romeo and Juliet," Act I. Sc. 5,—

"— she hangs upon the cheek of night  
As a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear."

<sup>e</sup> — twine—] *Twinkle, or twinkle, or gleam fitfully.*  
<sup>f</sup> — make grief's strength seem stronger.] The old copy erroneously reads,—

"— grief's length seem stronger."

And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,  
 And all those friends which I thought buried.  
 How many a holy and obsequious tear  
 Hath dear-religious love stol'n from mine eye,  
 As interest of the dead, which now appear  
 But things remov'd, that hidden in thee<sup>a</sup> lie!  
 Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,  
 Hang with the trophies of my lovers gone,  
 Who all their parts of me to thee did give;  
 That due of many now is thine alone:  
 Their images I lov'd I view in thee,  
 And thou, all they, hast all the-all of me.

## XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,  
 When that churl Death my bones with dust shall  
 cover,  
 And shalt by fortune once more re-survey  
 These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,<sup>b</sup>  
 Compare them with the bettering of the time;  
 And though they be outtripp'd by every pen,  
 Reserve<sup>c</sup> them for my love, not for their rhyme,  
 Exceeded by the height of happier men.  
 O! then vouchsafe me but this loving thought,—  
 Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing  
 age,  
 A dearer birth than this his love had brought,  
 To march in ranks of better equipage.  
 But since he di'd, and poets better prove,  
 Theirs for their style I'll road, his for his love."

## XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
 Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,  
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,  
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;  
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride  
 With ugly rack<sup>d</sup> on his celestial face,  
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,  
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:  
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine  
 With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;  
 But, out, alack! he was but one hour mine,  
 The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.  
 Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;  
 Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun  
 staineth.

## XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,  
 And make me travel forth without my cloak,

<sup>a</sup> — hidden in thee lie I] (old copy, "— in there")  
<sup>b</sup> — thy deceased lover. —] In the person of these Sonnets the reader should always bear in mind that friendship in Shakespeare's day was commonly spoken of as *love*. Brutus, in "Julius Caesar," addresses the Roman people as "Romans, countrymen, and lovers," and speaks of Caesar as his "best lover." Portia, "Merchant of Venice," conjectures that Antonio, "being the *dearest* *lover*" of her husband, must needs resemble him. Ben Jonson winds up a letter to Dr. Donne by telling him he is his "true *lover*;" and subscribes himself the *lover* of Camden; and Drayton, writing to Dremmond of Hawthornden, informs him that Mr. Joseph Davies is in *love* with him.  
<sup>c</sup> Reserve them. —] "Reserve" for preserves; as in "Pericles," Act IV. Sc. 1.

"— reserve  
 That excellent complexion which did steal  
 The eyes of young and old."

<sup>d</sup> With ugly rack. —] See note (1), p. 86, of the present volume;

To let base clouds o'take me in my way,  
 Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke;  
 'T is not enough that through the cloud thou  
 break,  
 To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,  
 For no man well of such a spile can speak;  
 That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace:  
 Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;  
 Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:  
 Th' offender's sorrow lends but weak relief  
 To him that bears the strong offence's cross.<sup>e</sup>  
 Ah, but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,  
 And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

## XXXV.

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done:  
 Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;  
 Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,  
 And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.  
 All men make faults, and even I in this,  
 Authorizing thy trespass with compare,  
 Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,  
 Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are;<sup>f</sup>  
 For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,—  
 Thy adverse party is thy advocate,—  
 And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence:  
 Such civil war is in my love and hate,  
 That I an accessory needs must be  
 To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

## XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,  
 Although our undivided loves are one;  
 So shall those blot that do with me remain,  
 Without thy help, by me be borne alone.  
 In our two loves there is but one respect,  
 Though in our lives a separable spite,  
 Which though it alter not love's sole effect,  
 Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.  
 I may not evermore acknowledge thee,  
 Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame;  
 Nor thou with public kindness honour me,  
 Unless thou take that honour from thy name:  
 But do not so; I love thee in such sort,  
 As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

## XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight  
 To see his active child do deeds of youth,  
 So I, made lame by fortune's dearest<sup>g</sup> spite,  
 Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;

and compare, "Henry IV." Part I. Act I. Sc. 2,—

"— herein will I imitate the sun.  
 Who doth permit the base contagious clouds  
 To smother up his beauty from the world." Sc.

<sup>e</sup> — the strong offence's cross. —] The old copy, by a palpable mistake repeats "love" from the corresponding line above.

<sup>f</sup> Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are. —] The quarto reads, "Excusing their sins more than their sins are."

<sup>g</sup> So I, made lame by fortune's dearest<sup>g</sup> spite. —] Dearest<sup>g</sup> spite is intensest<sup>g</sup> spite. See note "p. 398, of this volume. From the expression in this line, "So I, made lame," &c., and another in the 89th Sonnet,—

"Speak of my lameness, an I straight will halt,"—

some critics have maintained that the poet was actually lame; but the expression in both instances is thought with more probability by others to be merely figurative.

# SONNETS.

"For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,  
Or any of these all, or all, or more,  
Entitled<sup>a</sup> in thy parts do crowned sit,  
I make my love engrafted to this store:  
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,  
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance  
give,

That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,  
And by a part of all thy glory live.  
Look what is best, that best I wish in thee;  
This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

## XXXVIII.

How can my Muse want subject to invent,  
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my  
verse

Thine own sweet argument, too excellent  
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?  
O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me  
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;  
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,  
When thou thyself dost give invention light?  
Be thou the <sup>enth</sup> Muse, ten times more in worth  
Than those old nine which rhymers invoke;  
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth  
Eternal numbers to out-live long date.

If my slight Muse do please these curious  
days,

The pain be mine, but thine shall be the  
praise.

## XXXIX.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,  
When thou art all the better part of me!  
What can mine own praise to mine own self  
bring?

And what is't but mine own, when I praise  
thee?

Even for this let us divided live,  
And our dear love lose name of single one,  
That by this separation I may give  
That due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone.  
O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,  
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave  
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,—  
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth<sup>b</sup> de-  
ceive,—

And that thou teachest how to make one twain,  
By p<sup>l</sup>asing him here who doth hence remain!

## XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;  
What hast thou then more than thou hadst be-  
fore?

No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call;  
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.  
Then, if for my love thou my love receivest,  
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest;

<sup>a</sup> Entitled—] "Entitled means, I think, *enobled*. The old copy reads, "in their page."—Malone.

<sup>b</sup> — doth deceive,—] In the old copy, "doth deceive."  
<sup>c</sup> — if thou thyself deceivest—] The quarto reads, "if thou this self deceivest," which can hardly be right.

<sup>d</sup> Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,  
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd;]

Compare, "Henry VI." Part I. Act V. Sc. 4.—

"She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd:

But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself<sup>e</sup> deceivest.  
By wilful taste of what thyself refuseth.  
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,  
Although thou steal thee all my poverty;  
And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief  
To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.  
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,  
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

## XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits  
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,  
Thy beauty and thy years full well besits,  
For still temptation follows where thou art.  
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,  
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd;<sup>f</sup>  
And when a woman woos, what woman's son  
Will sourly leave her till she<sup>g</sup> have prevail'd?  
Ah me! but yet thou might'st my seat forbear,  
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,  
Who lead thee in their riot even there  
Where thou art forc'd to break a two-fold truth,—  
Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,  
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

## XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,  
And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;  
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,  
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.  
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:—  
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her;  
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,  
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.  
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,  
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;  
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,  
And both for my sake lay on me this cross.  
But here's the joy,—my friend and I are one;  
Sweet flattery!—then she loves but me alone.

## XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,  
For all the day they view things unrespected;<sup>h</sup>  
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,  
And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.  
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make  
bright,

How would thy shadow's form form happy show  
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,  
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!  
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made  
By looking on thee in the living day,  
When in dead night thy<sup>i</sup> fair imperfect shade  
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay!

All days are nights to see<sup>j</sup> till I see thee,  
And nights, bright days when dreams do show  
thee me.

She is a woman, therefore to be won."

<sup>e</sup> — till she have prevail'd? The old text mistakenly has,  
"till he have prevail'd?"

<sup>f</sup> — things unrespected;] Things unregarded.

<sup>g</sup> — thy fair—] Old text, "their fair."

<sup>h</sup> All days are nights to see, &c.] Malone thought the true reading was, "All days are nights to me," &c.: but hear Stevens:  
"As, fair to see (an expression which occurs in a hundred of our old ballads) signifies fair to sight, &c.—all days are nights to see, means, all days are gloomy to behold, i.e. look like nights."

# SONNETS.

## XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,  
Injurious distance should not stop my way ;  
For then, despite of space, I would be brought  
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.  
No matter then although my foot did stand  
Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee ;  
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,  
As soon as think the place where he would be.  
But, ah ! thought kills me, that I am not thought,  
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art  
gone,  
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,\*  
I must attend time's leisure with my moan ;  
Receiving nought by elements so slow  
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe :

## XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,  
Are both with thee, wherever I abide ;  
The first my thought, the other my desire,  
These present-absent with swift motion slide.  
For when these quicker elements are gone  
In tender embassy of love to thee,  
My life, being made of four, with two alone  
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy ;  
Until life's composition be recur'd  
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,  
Who even but now come back again, assur'd  
Of thy<sup>b</sup> fair health, recounting it to me :  
This told, I joy ; but then no longer glad,  
I send them back again, and straight grow  
sad.

## XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,  
How to divide the conquest of thy sight ;  
Mine eye my heart thy<sup>b</sup> picture's sight would bar,  
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.  
My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,—  
A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes,—  
But the defendant doth that plea deny,  
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.  
To 'cide this title is impannelled  
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart<sup>c</sup>  
And by their verdict is determined  
The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's part :  
As thus,—mine eye's due is thine outward  
part,  
And my heart's right thine inward love of heart

## XLVII.

Between mine eye and heart a league is took,  
And each doth good turns now unto the other :  
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,  
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,  
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,  
And to the painted banquet bids my heart ;

Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,  
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part :  
So, either by thy picture or my love,  
Thyself away art present still with me ;  
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst  
move,  
And I am still with them, and they with thee ;  
Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight  
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

## XLVIII.

How careful was I, when I took my way,  
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,  
That to my use it might unused stay  
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust  
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,  
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,  
Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,  
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.  
Thee have I not look'd up in any chest,  
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,  
Within the gentle closure of my breast,  
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and  
part ;  
And even thence thou wilt be stol'n I fear,  
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

## XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,  
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,  
Wheneas thy love hath cast his utmost sum,  
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects ;  
Against that time, when thou shalt strangely  
pass,  
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,  
When love, converted from the thing it was,  
Shall reasons find of settled gravity,—<sup>d</sup>  
Against that time do I ensconce me here  
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,  
And this my hand against myself uprear,  
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part :  
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of  
laws,  
Since why to love I can allege no cause.

How heavy do I journey on the way,  
When what I seek,—my weary travel's end,—  
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,<sup>e</sup>  
"Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy  
friend !"  
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,  
Plods dully<sup>f</sup> on, to bear that weight in me,  
As if by some instinct the wretch did know  
His rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee :  
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on  
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,  
Which heavily he answers with a groan,  
More sharp to me than spurring to his side ;

\* — so much of earth and water wrought.—] That is, being composed of so much of those dull elements.

<sup>b</sup> Of thy fair health.—] The old copy reads, "their fair health."  
<sup>c</sup> — thy picture's sight.—] Again, the quarto misprints *their* for "thy."

<sup>d</sup> When love, converted from the thing it was, shall reasons find of settled gravity.—]

Compare, "Julius Caesar," Act IV. Sc. 2.—

"— ever note, Lucilius,  
When love begins to sicken and decay,  
It useth an *ev' red ceremony.*"

<sup>e</sup> Plods dully on.—] The old copy reads "duly on," a *mis* correcting blunder.

For that same groan doth put this in my  
mind,—  
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

LX.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence  
Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed:  
From where thou art why should I haste me  
thence?

Till I return, of posting is no need.  
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,  
When swift extremity can seem but slow?  
Then should I spur, though mounted on the  
wind,

In winged speed no motion shall I know:  
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;  
Therefore desire, of perfect love being made,  
Shall neigh,—no dull flesh,—in his fiery race;<sup>a</sup>  
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade,—  
Since from thee going he went wilful slow,  
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key  
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,  
The which he will not every hour survey,  
For blunting<sup>b</sup> the fine point of seldom pleasure.  
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,  
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,  
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,  
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.

So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,  
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,  
To make some special instant special-blest,  
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.  
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,  
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,  
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?  
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,  
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.  
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit<sup>c</sup>

Is poorly imitated after you;  
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,  
And you in Grecian tires are painted new;  
Speak of the spring, and foison<sup>d</sup> of the year;  
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,  
The other as your bounty doth appear;  
And you in every blessed shape we know.

In all external grace you have some part,  
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LIV.

O, how much more doth beautyauteous seem  
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!  
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem  
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.

<sup>a</sup> Shall neigh,—no dull flesh,—in his fiery race:] In this line the word "with" is, we suspect, corrupt.

<sup>b</sup> For blunting—] For fear of blunting, &c.

<sup>c</sup> — captain jewels in the carcanet.] The superior jewels in the noblesse, or collar.

<sup>d</sup> — foison—] Fertility.

The canker-blooms have fall as deep a dye  
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,  
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly  
When summer's breath their masked buds  
closes:

But, for their virtue only is their show,  
They live unwood'd, and unexpected fade;  
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;  
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:  
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,  
When that shall fade, by <sup>1</sup> verse distill your  
truth.

LV.

Not marble, not the gilded monuments  
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;  
But you shall shine more bright in these contents  
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish  
time.

When wasteful war shall statues overturn,  
And broils root out the work of masonry,  
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn  
The living record of your memory.  
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity  
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find  
room,

Even in the eyes of all posterity  
That wear this world out to the ending doom.  
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,  
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said  
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,  
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,  
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:  
So, love, be thou: although to-day thou fill  
Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fullness,  
To-morrow see again, and do not kill  
The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.  
Let this sad interim like the ocean be  
Which parts the shore, where two contracted-new  
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see  
Return of love, more blest may be the view;  
Or<sup>a</sup> call it winter, which, being full of care,  
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd,  
more rare.

LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend  
Upon the hours and times of your desire?  
I have no precious time at all to spend,  
Nor services to do, till you require.  
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,  
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,  
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,  
When you have bid your servant once adieu;  
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought  
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,

<sup>a</sup> — season—] "Season" is abundance; and autumn, at the season of plenty, is named so here.

<sup>1</sup> — by verse distill your truth.] Metaphorically, distilling, or gathering, as it were, the truth into verse.

<sup>2</sup> — my care, &c.] But we are not quite satisfied that the change is needed.

<sup>3</sup> Or call it winter—] The old copy reads, "Or call it so." See the annotation we are indebted to for this.

But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought  
Save, where you are how happy you make those:  
So true a fool is love, that in your will,  
Though you do anything, he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

That god forbid that made me first your slave,  
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,  
Or at your hand th' account of hours to crave,  
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!  
O, let me suffer, being at your beck,  
Th' imprison'd absence of your liberty;  
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,  
Without accusing you of injury.  
Be where you list, your charter is so strong,  
That you yourself may privilege your time:  
Do what you will, to you it doth belong  
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.  
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell;  
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that which  
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,  
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss  
The second burden of a former child!  
O, that record could with a backward look,  
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,  
Show me your image in some antique book,  
Since mind at first in character was done!  
That I might see what the old world could say  
To this composed wonder of your frame;  
Whether we are mendod, or whér better they,  
Or whether revolution be the same.  
O, sure I am, the wits of former days  
To subjects worse have given admiring praise!

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,  
So do our minutes hasten to their end;  
Each changing place with that which goes before,  
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.  
Nativity, once in the main of light,  
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,  
Crook'd eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,  
And Time, that gave, doth now his gift confound.  
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,  
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;  
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,  
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:  
And yet, to times in hope my verse shall stand,  
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI.

Is it thy will thy image should keep open  
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?

\* Do what you will.—] So Malone, and we think correctly, though Mr. Dyce reads with the old copy,—

— may privilege your time  
To what you will; " &c.

Since mind at first in character was done! That is, we suppose,—since thought was first expressed in writing.  
c—gracious—] Beautif. So in "King John," Act III. Sc. 4.—

"There was not such a gracious creature born."

d—sleepy night? Chaucer, "Canterbury Tales" has "eyes down," which his editors interpret, "eyes down." We believe in Shakespeare the word is a synonym for black or dark.

Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken  
While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?  
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee  
So far from home into my deeds to pry,  
To find out shames and idle hours in me,  
The scope and tender of thy jealousy?  
O, no! thy love, though much, is not so great:  
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;  
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,  
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:

For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake else  
where,  
From me far off, with others all-too-near.

LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,  
And all my soul, and all my every part;  
And for this sin there is no remedy,  
It is so grounded inward in my heart.  
Methinks no face so gracious<sup>a</sup> is as mine,  
No shape so true, no truth of such account;  
And for myself mine own worth do define,  
As I all other in all worths surmount.  
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,  
Beated and chapp'd with tann'd antiquity,  
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;  
Self so self-loving were iniquity.  
'Tis thee (myself) that for myself I praise,  
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,  
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn  
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his  
brow  
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn  
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy<sup>d</sup> night;  
And all those beauties whereof now he's king<sup>e</sup>  
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,  
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;  
For such a time do I now fortify  
Against confounding age's cruel knife,  
That he shall never cut from memory  
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:  
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,  
And they shall live, and he in them, still green.

LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd  
The rich-proud coat of outworn buried age;  
When sometime lofty towers I see down-ras'd,  
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;  
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain  
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,  
And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,  
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;

\* When I have seen the hungry ocean gain  
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore, &c.]

Compare with this fine passage a parallel one in "Henry IV. Part II. Act III. Sc. 1.—

"O God! that one might read the book of fate,  
And see the revolution of the times  
Make mountains level, and the continent  
(Wary of solid firmness) melt itself  
Into the sea; or, in other words,  
To see the bottom of the deep  
Too wide for Neptune's hips;"

When I have seen such interchange of state,  
Or state itself confounded to decay;  
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,—  
That Time will come and take my love away.  
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose  
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

## LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless  
sea,  
But sad mortality o'er-aways their power,  
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,  
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?  
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out  
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,  
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,  
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?  
O fearful meditation! where, alack!  
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?  
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?  
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?  
O, none, unless this miracle have might,  
That in black ink my love may still shine  
bright.

## LXVI.

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry,—  
As, to behold desert a beggar born,  
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,  
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,  
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,  
And maiden virtue rudely strumpetted,  
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,  
And strength by limping away disabled,  
And art made tongue tied by authority,  
And fully, doctor-like, controlling skill,  
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,  
And captive good attending captain ill:—  
Tir'd with all these, from these would I be  
gone,  
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

## LXVII.

Ah, wherefore with infection should he live,  
And with his presence grace impiety,  
That sin by him advantage should achieve,  
And lace itself with his society?  
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,  
And steal dead seeming of his living hue?  
Why should poor beauty indirection seek  
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?  
Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,  
Regard of blood to blush through lively veins?  
For she hath no exchequer now but his,  
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.  
O, him she stores, to show what wealth she  
had  
In days long since, before these last so had.

<sup>a</sup> Or who his spoil of beauty.—] The quarto has wrongly, "his  
spoil or beauty," &c.  
<sup>b</sup> — dead seeming.—] We would read with Farmer, "— dead  
seeming," &c.

Before the golden tresses of the dead,  
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away, &c.]  
See note (2), p. 435, Vol. I. in the passage,—

"No are those crisped snaky golden locks,  
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind

## LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,  
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,  
Before these bastarded signs of fair were born,  
Or durst inhalat on a living brow;  
Before the golden tresses of the dead,  
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,  
To live a second life on second head;  
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:  
In him those holy antique hours are seen,  
Without all ornament, itself, and true,  
Making no summer of another's green,  
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;  
And him as for a map doth Nature store,  
To show false Art what beauty was of yore

## LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth  
view  
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can  
mend;  
All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that due,<sup>a</sup>  
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes command.  
Thine outward thus with outward praise is  
crown'd;  
But those same tongues that give thee so thine  
own,  
In other accents do thus praise confound,  
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.  
They look into the beauty of thy mind,  
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;  
Then, churls, their thoughts, although their eyes  
were kind,  
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:  
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,  
The solve<sup>b</sup> is this,—that thou dost common  
grow.

## LXX.

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,  
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;  
The ornament of beauty is suspect,  
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.  
So thou be good, slander doth but approve  
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;  
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,  
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.  
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,  
Either not assail'd, or victor being charg'd;  
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,  
To tie up envy evermore enlarg'd:  
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,  
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst  
owe.

## LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead  
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell

Upon supposed fairness often known  
To be the dowry of a second head,  
The scull that bled them in the sepulchre."

<sup>a</sup> — give thee that due.—] So Tyrwhitt, the quarto reading,  
"— that due."

<sup>b</sup> Rhine outward.—] The old text has, "Their outward," &c.  
<sup>c</sup> The solve is this.—] A conjecture of Malone. The quarto  
reading, "The solve," &c.

<sup>d</sup> Thy worth.—] The old text is, "Their worth," &c.



# SONNETS.

Give warning to the world that I am fled  
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell :  
Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
The hand that writ it ; for I love you so,  
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,  
If thinking on me then should make you woe.  
Oh, if, I say, you look upon this verse  
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,  
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse ;  
But let your love even with my life decay ;  
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,  
And mock you with me after I am gone.

## LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite  
What merit liv'd in me that you should love,  
After my death, dear love, forget me quite ;  
For you in me can nothing worthy prove  
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,  
To do more for me than mine own desert,  
And hang more praise upon deceased I  
Than niggard truth would willingly impart :  
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,  
That you for love speak well of me untrue,  
My name be buried where my body is,  
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.  
For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,  
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

## LXXIII.

That time of year thou mayst in me behold  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
Bare ruin'd<sup>a</sup> choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.  
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day  
As after sunset fadeth in the west ;  
Which by and by black night doth take away,  
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.  
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,  
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,  
Consum'd<sup>b</sup> with that which it was nourish'd by.  
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more  
strong,  
To love that well which thou must leave ere  
long :

## LXXIV.

But be contented : when that full arrest  
Without all bail shall carry me away,  
My life hath in this line some interest,  
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.  
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review  
The very part was consecrate to thee :  
The earth can have but earth, which is his due ;  
My spirit is thine, the better part of me :<sup>c</sup>  
So, then, thou hast but lost the dregs of life,  
The prey of worms, my body being dead ;  
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,  
Too base of thee to be remembered.

<sup>a</sup> Bare ruin'd choirs, —] So the edition of 1640; the quarto reads, "Bare ruin'd quiers," &c.

<sup>b</sup> My spirit is thine, the better part of me.] See note (2), p. 531, of the present volume.

<sup>c</sup> — in a noted weed, —] "That is, in a dress by which it is always known, as these persons are who always wear the same

The worth of that, is that which it contains,  
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

## LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,  
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground ;  
And for the peace of you I hold such strife<sup>a</sup> .  
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found ;  
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon  
Doubting the flothing age will steal his treasure ;  
Now counting best to be with you alone,  
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure :  
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,  
And by and by clean starved for a look ;  
Possessing or pursuing no delight,  
Save what is had or must from you be took .  
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,  
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

## LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,  
So far from variation or quick change ?  
Why, with the time, do I not glance aside  
To new-found methods and to compounds strange ?  
Why write I still all one, ever the same,  
And keep invention in a noted weed,<sup>b</sup>  
That every word doth almost tell<sup>c</sup> my name,  
Showing their birth, and where they did proceed ?  
O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,  
And you and love are still my argument ;  
So all my best is dressing old words new,  
Spending again what is already spent :  
For as the sun is daily new and old,  
So is my love still telling what is told.

## LXXVII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,  
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste ;  
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,  
And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.  
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,  
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory ;  
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know  
Time's thievish progress to eternity.  
Look, what thy memory cannot contain,  
Commit to these waste blanks,<sup>d</sup> and thou shalt find  
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,  
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.  
These offices<sup>e</sup> sh<sup>d</sup> oft as thou wilt look,  
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book .

## LXXVIII.

So oft have I invoc'd thee for my Muse,  
And found such fair assistance in my verse,  
As every alien pen hath got my use,  
And under thee their poesies disperse.  
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,  
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,  
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,  
And given grace a double majesty.

colours" — STEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> — almost tell my name, —] The quarto has, "let my name

<sup>b</sup> Commit to these waste blanks, —] The old copy has, "— waste blanks." From this line, and the expression a few lines before, "vacant leaves," &c. it has been inferred that this Sonnet was inscribed in a book with blank



# SONNETS.

Yet be most proud of that which I compile,  
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee:  
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,  
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;  
But thou art all my art, and dost advance  
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

## LXXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,  
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;  
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,  
And my sick Muse doth give another place.  
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument  
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;  
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,  
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.  
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word  
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,  
And found it in thy cheek; he can afford  
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.  
Then thank him not for that which he doth say,  
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

## LXXX.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,  
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,<sup>a</sup>  
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,  
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!  
But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,  
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,  
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,  
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.  
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,  
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;  
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,  
He of tall building and of goodly pride:  
Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,  
The worst was this,—my love was my decay.

## LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,  
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;  
From hence your memory doth cannot take,  
Although in me each part will be forgotten.  
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,  
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:  
The earth can yield me but a common grave,  
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.  
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,<sup>c</sup>  
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;  
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,  
When all the breathers of this world are dead;  
You still shall live,—such virtue hath my pen,—  
Where breath most breathes,—even in the  
mouths of men.

## LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,  
And therefore mayst without attainit o'erlook  
The dedicated words which writers use  
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.

<sup>a</sup> Knowing a better spirit doth use your name, —] This "better spirit" some editors have thought was Spenser; others have conjectured Daniel or Drayton was meant, but not a particle of evidence has yet been discovered to individualise the allusion.  
<sup>b</sup> — modern —] *Triste, ordinary*. So, in "As You Like It," Act II. Sc. 7, —  
<sup>c</sup> Full of wise saws and modern instances

Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,  
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;  
And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew  
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days,  
And do so, love; yet when they have devis'd  
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,  
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathiz'd  
In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend;  
And their gross painting might be better us'd,  
Where cheeks need blood,—in thee it is abus'd.

## LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,  
And therefore to your fair no painting set;  
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed  
The barren tender of a poet's debt:  
And therefore have I slept in your report,  
That you yourself, being extant, well might show  
How far a modern quill doth come too short,  
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow  
This silence for my sin you did impute,  
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;  
For I impair not beauty, being mute,  
When others would give life, and bring a tomb.  
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes  
Than both your poems can in praise devise.

## LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say more  
Than this rich praise,—that you alone are you?  
In whose confine immured is the store  
Which should example where your equal grow?  
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,  
That to his subject lends not some small glory;  
But he that writes of you, if he can tell  
That you are you, so dignifies his story.  
Let him but copy what in you is writ,  
Not making worse what nature made so clear,  
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,  
Making his style admired every where.  
You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,  
Being fond on praise,<sup>c</sup> which makes your praises  
worse.

## LXXXV.

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,  
While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,  
Reserve<sup>d</sup> their character with golden quill,  
And precious phrase by all the Muses fil'd.  
I think good thoughts, whilst others write good  
words,  
And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry "Amen"  
To every hymn that able spirit affords,  
In polish'd form of well-refined pen.  
Hearing you prais'd, I say, "Tis so, 'tis true,"  
And to the most of praise add something more;  
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,  
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank  
before.

Then others for the breath of words respect,  
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

That is, wise sayings and common-place examples.  
<sup>c</sup> Being fond on praise, —] "On" here, as was common. is printed for of.  
<sup>d</sup> Reserve their character —] "Reserve" for preserve, as in Sonn I XXXII. —  
"Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme."

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail<sup>a</sup> of his great verse,  
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,  
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,  
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?  
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write  
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?  
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night  
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.<sup>b</sup>  
He nor that affable-familiar ghost  
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,  
As victors, of my silence cannot boast;  
I was not sick of any fear from thence,  
But when your countenance fil'd<sup>c</sup> up his line,  
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,  
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:  
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;  
My bonds in thee are all determinate.  
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?  
And for that riches where is my deserving?  
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,  
And so my patent back again is swerving.  
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not  
knowing,

Or me to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;  
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,  
Comes home again, on better judgment making.  
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,  
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,  
And place my merit in the eye of Scorn,  
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,  
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.  
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,  
Upon thy part I can set down a story  
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted;  
That thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory:  
And I by this will be a gainer too;  
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,  
The injuries that to myself I do,  
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.

Such is my love, to thee I so belong,  
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,  
And I will comment upon that offence;  
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,<sup>d</sup>  
Against thy reasons making no defence.  
Thou canst not love, disgrace me half so ill,  
To set a form upon desired change,  
As I'll myself disgrace knowing thy will,  
I will acquaintance strange, and look strange;

<sup>a</sup> — proud full sail—] See note <sup>a</sup>, p. 70, Vol. II.

<sup>b</sup> — astonished.] See note <sup>b</sup>, p. 755, of the present volume.

<sup>c</sup> — fil'd up his line.—] So in Jonson's commendatory verses on Shakespeare, prefixed to the first folio,—

"In his well-turned and true-fil'd lines."

<sup>d</sup> Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt.—] See note <sup>d</sup>, p. 768, of the present volume.

<sup>e</sup> I will acquaintance strange.—] I will smother or stifle familiarity: So in "Antony and Cleopatra," Act II. Sc. 6,—"you

Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue  
Thy sweet-beloved name no more shall dwell,  
Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong,  
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.

For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,  
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost  
hate.

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;  
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,  
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow  
And do not drop in for an after-loss:  
Ah, do not, when my heart hath scap'd this  
sorrow,

Come in the rearward<sup>f</sup> of a conquer'd woe!  
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,  
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.  
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,  
When other petty griefs have done their spite,  
But in the onset come; so shall I taste  
At first the very worst of fortune's might;  
And other strains of woe, which now seem  
woe,

Compar'd with loss of thee will not seem so.

XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,  
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;  
Some in their garments, though now-fangled ill;  
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their  
horse;

And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,  
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:  
But these particulars are not my measure;  
All these I better in one general best.  
Thy love is better than high birth to me,  
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,  
Of more delight than hawks or horses be;  
And, having thee, of all men's pride I boast:  
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take  
All this away, and me most wretched make.

XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,  
For term of life thou art assur'd mine;  
And life no longer than thy love will stay,  
For it depends upon that love of thine.  
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,  
When in the least of them my life hath end.  
I see a better state to me belongs  
Than that which on thy humour doth depend:  
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,  
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.  
O, what a happy title do I find,  
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!  
But what's a blessed-fair that fears no blot?  
Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not:

shall find, the hand that seem'd to tie their friendship together  
will be the very strangler of their amity."

<sup>f</sup> Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe!] Rearward is literally, rearward. Shakespeare uses the word again in "Henry VI." Part I. Act III. Sc. 2,—

"Now in the rearward comes the duke and his—"

And, in "Henry IV." Part I. Act III. Sc. 2,—"he came over in the rearward of the fashion," &c.

<sup>g</sup> — horse:] That is, horses.

## XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,  
Like a deceived husband ; so love's face  
May still seem love to me, though alter'd new ;  
Thy look<sup>1</sup> with me, thy heart in other place :  
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,  
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.  
In many's looks the false heart's history  
Is writ, in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange ;  
But heaven in thy creation did decree  
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell ;  
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,  
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness  
tell.

How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,  
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show !

## XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,  
That do not do the thing they most do show,  
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,  
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow ;  
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,  
And husband nature's riches from expense ;  
They are the lords and owners of their faces,  
Others but stewards of their excellence.  
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,  
Though to itself it only live and die ;  
But if that flower with base infection meet,  
The basest weed outbraves his dignity :  
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds ;  
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.<sup>b</sup>

## XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame  
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,  
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name !<sup>c</sup>  
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose !  
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,  
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,  
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise ;  
Naming thy name blossoms an ill-report.  
O, what a mansion have those vices got  
Which for their habitation chose out thee,<sup>d</sup>  
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,  
And all things turn to fair, that eyes can see !  
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege ;  
The hardest knife ill-us'd doth lose his edge.

In many's looks the false heart's history  
Is writ, in moods and frowns &c.]  
The "gracious Duncan" asserts the contrary,—  
"There's no art  
To find the mind's construction in the face"  
*Macbeth*, Act I. Sc. 4.  
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.] This line is  
found also in the play of "King Edward III." 1396. It was,  
perhaps, a proverbial saying.  
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!] So in "King  
John," Act V. Sc. 2,—

"I must withdraw and weep  
Upon the spot of this enforced cause."]  
O, what a mansion have those vices got  
Which for their habitation chose out thee,—]  
Compare, "The Tempest," Act I. Sc. 2.—  
There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:  
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,  
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.  
— more and more:] *Great Audace!*, As in "Henry IV."  
Part I. Act IV. Sc. 2,—

## XCVI.

Some say, thy fault is youth, some, wantonness ;  
Some say, thy grace is youth and gentle sport ;  
Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less :<sup>a</sup>  
Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.  
As on the finger of a throned queen  
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,  
So are those errors that in thee are seen  
To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.  
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,  
If like a lamb he could his looks translate !  
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,  
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state !  
But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,  
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.<sup>c</sup>

## XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been  
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year !  
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen !  
What old December's bareness everywhere !  
And yet this time remov'd<sup>d</sup> was summer's time ;  
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,  
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,<sup>e</sup>  
Like widow'd womb<sup>f</sup> after their lords' decease :  
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me  
But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit ;  
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,  
And, thou away, the very birds are mute ;  
Or, if they sing, 't is with so dull a cheer,  
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

## XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,  
When proud-pied April,<sup>1</sup> dress'd in all his trim,  
Had put a spirit of youth in everything,  
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.  
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell  
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,  
Could make me any summer's story tell,  
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they  
grew :  
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,  
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose ;  
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,  
Drawn after you,—you pattern of all those.  
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,  
As with your shadow I with these did play :

"The more and less came in with cap and knee."  
But do not so : I love thee in such sort,  
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.]  
Sonnet xxxvi. concludes with the same couplet.  
S — (thou time remov'd—] This time when I was remote, or apart  
from thee.  
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,  
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,—]  
"Increase" is produce; and the "prime" means the spring. Com-  
pare, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Act II. Sc. 1,—  
"The spring, the summer,  
The childing autumn, angry winter, change  
Their wonted liveries; and the 'maided world,  
By their increase, now shows not which is which"  
I When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,—] *Pied* never  
many-coloured. The line recalls a charming passage in "Romeo  
and Juliet," Act I. Sc. 2,—  
"Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel,  
When well-apparell'd April on the heel  
Of limping winter treads."

# SONNETS.

## XXIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide:—  
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that  
smells,

If not from my love's breath? The purple pride  
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,  
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd.  
The lily I condemned for thy hand,  
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair:  
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,  
One<sup>b</sup> blushing shame, another white despair;  
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,  
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;  
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth  
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.

More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,  
But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

## C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forgett'st so long  
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?  
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,  
Darkening thy power, to lend base subjects light?  
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem  
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;  
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem  
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.  
Rise, resty<sup>c</sup> Muse, my love's sweet face survey,  
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;  
If any, be a satire<sup>d</sup> to decay,  
And make Time's spoils despised everywhere.

Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;  
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.

## CI.

O, truant Muse, what shall be thy amends  
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?  
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;  
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.  
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,  
"Truth needs no colour with his colour fix'd;  
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;  
But best is best, if never intermix'd?"  
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?  
Excuse not silence so; for't lies in thee  
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,  
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.

<sup>a</sup> The lily I condemned for thy hand,—] That is, for stealing the whiteness of thy hand.

<sup>b</sup> One blushing shame, &c.] The quarto reads, evidently by mistake, "Our blushing." &c.  
<sup>c</sup> Resty Muse — "Resty" here means idle, torpid, &c. So in "Cymbeline," Act III. sc. 6,—

"— weariness  
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth  
Finds the down pillow hard."

Though some have thought that, in the latter example, "resty" signifies uneasy, restless

<sup>d</sup> — a satire—] A satirist. So in Ben Jonson's Masque called "Time Vindicated," &c.—

"Fame Who's this?  
Err. 'T is Chronopastix, the brave satyr.  
Note. The gentleman-like satyr, caree for nobody."

"That love is merchandis'd whose rich esteeming  
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.]

Compare, "Love's Labour's Lost," Act II. Sc. 1,—

"— my beauty, though once 'twas an,  
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise,

Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how  
To make him seem long hence, as he shows now.

## CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in  
seeming;

I love not less, though less the show appear;  
That love is merchandis'd whose rich esteeming  
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.  
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,  
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;  
As Philomel in summer's front<sup>a</sup> doth sing,  
And stops her<sup>b</sup> pipe in growth of riper days:  
Not that the summer is less pleasant now  
Than when her mournful hymns did hush<sup>c</sup> the  
night,

But that wild music burdens every bough,  
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.  
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,  
Because I would not dull you with my song.

## CIII.

Alack, what poverty my Muse brings forth,  
That having such a scope to show her pride,  
The argument, all bare, is of more worth  
Than when it hath my added praise beside!  
O, blame me not, if I no more can write!  
Look in your glass, and there appears a face  
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,  
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.  
Were it not sinful, then, striving to mend,  
To mar the subject that before was well?  
For to no other pass my verses tend  
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;  
And more, much more, than in your verse can  
sit,  
Your own glass shows you when you look in it.

## CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,  
For as you were when first your eye I ey'd,  
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters' cold  
Have from the forests throb'd three summers' pride,  
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd  
In process of the seasons have I seen,  
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,  
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.

Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,  
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues."

<sup>a</sup> — summer's front—] Summer's beginning. So, in the "Winter's Tale," Act IV. Sc. 3,—

"— no shepherders; but Flora  
Peering in April's front."

<sup>b</sup> — her pipe—] The old copy has, "his pipe," but see in the subsequent lines, "— her mournful hymns," and "Therefore like her," &c.

<sup>c</sup> But that wild music burdens every bough, &c.] So, in the "Merchant of Venice," Act V. Sc. 1,—

"The nightingale, if she should sing by day,  
When every goose is cackling, would be thought  
No better a musician than the wren."

— striving to mend,  
To mar the subject that before was well?  
As in "King Lear," Act I. Sc. 4,—

"Striving to better, oft we mar what's well."

# SONNETS.

Ah, yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,  
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd!<sup>a</sup>  
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,  
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd:  
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,—  
Ere yet were born was beauty's summer dead.

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,  
Nor my beloved as an idol show,  
Since all alike my songs and praises be  
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.  
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,  
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;  
Therefore my verse to constancy confin'd,  
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.  
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,—  
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;  
And in this change is my invention spent,  
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.  
Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,  
Which three till now never kept seat in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time  
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,  
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme  
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,  
Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,  
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,<sup>b</sup>  
I see their antique pen would have express'd  
Even such a beauty as you master now.  
So all their praises are but prophecies  
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;  
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,  
They had not skill<sup>c</sup> enough your worth to sing:  
For we, which now behold these present days,  
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul  
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,  
Can yet the lease of my true love control,  
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.  
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,  
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;  
Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,  
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.  
Now with the drops of this most balmy time  
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,<sup>d</sup>  
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,  
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:

<sup>a</sup> — like a dial-hand,  
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd!<sup>d</sup>  
So in Sonnet LXXVII.—

"Thou by thy dial's shady *death* mayest know  
Time's *deceitful* progress to eternity."

<sup>b</sup> Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,  
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,—]

So in "Twelfth Night," Act I. Sc. 5.—

"Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,  
Do give thee five-fold *blazon*."

<sup>c</sup> — skill enough—] An emendation due to Tyrwhitt, the old copy having, "*skill* enough."

<sup>d</sup> — and Death to me subscribes,—] That is, *succumbs*. So in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act IV. Sc. 3.—

"For Hector, in his ill of wrath, *subscribes*  
To tender objects."

And thou in this shalt find thy monument,<sup>e</sup>  
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIII.

What's in the brain, that ink may character,  
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?  
What's new to speak, what new<sup>f</sup> to register,  
That may express my love, or thy dear merit?  
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,  
I must each day say o'er the very same;  
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,  
Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.  
So that eternal love in love's fresh case  
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,  
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,  
But makes antiquity for aye his page;  
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,  
Where time and outward form would show it dead.

CIX.

O, never say that I was false of heart,  
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify!  
As easy might I from myself depart,  
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:  
That is my home of love: if I have rang'd,  
Like him that travels, I return again;<sup>g</sup>  
Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,—  
So that myself bring water for my stain.  
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd  
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,  
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,  
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;  
For nothing this wide universe I call,  
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

CX.

Alas, 't is true I have gone here and there,  
And made myself a motley<sup>h</sup> to the view,  
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most  
dear,  
Made old offences of affections new.  
Most true it is that I have look'd on truth<sup>i</sup>  
Askance and strangely; but, by all above,  
These blenches gave my heart another youth,  
And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.  
Now all is done, have<sup>j</sup> what shall have no end:  
Mine appetite I never more will grind  
On newer proof, to try an older friend,  
A god in love, to whom I am confin'd.  
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,  
Even to thy pure and most-most loving breast.

<sup>e</sup> What's new to speak, what new to register,—] So Malone, and perhaps rightly though some editors still follow the quarto is reading, "— what new to register."

<sup>f</sup> That is my home of love: if I have rang'd,  
Like him that travels, I return again;]

Compare, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Act III. Sc. 2.—

"My heart to her but as guest-wise *sojourn'd*.  
And now to Helen is it home return'd."

<sup>g</sup> And made myself a motley—] As a *motley* dress was the usual garb of a jester, *motley* became in time the synonym for a fool.

<sup>h</sup> Now all is done, have what shall have no end;] Malone, adopting a suggestion of Tyrwhitt, prints, "— *come* what shall have no end," to the manifest improvement of the sense; but as the old reading is intelligible, we are hardly warranted in making any change.

CXL.

O, for my sake do you with <sup>a</sup> Fortune chide,  
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,  
That did not better for my life provide,  
Than public means, which public manners breeds.  
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;  
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd  
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:  
Pity me, then, and wish I were renew'd;  
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink  
Potions of eisel,<sup>b</sup> 'gainst my strong infection;  
No bitterness that I will bitter think,  
Nor double penance, to correct correction.  
Pity me, then, dear friend, and I assure ye,  
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII.

Your love and pity doth th' impression fill  
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;  
For what care I who calls me well or ill,  
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?  
You are my all-the-world, and I must strive  
To know my shames and praises from your tongue;  
None else to me, nor I to none alive,  
That my steel'd sense<sup>c</sup> or changes right or wrong.<sup>d</sup>  
In so profound abysm I throw all care  
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense<sup>e</sup>  
To critic<sup>f</sup> and to flatterer stopp'd are.  
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:—  
You are so strongly in my purpose bred,  
That all the world besides methinks are<sup>g</sup> dead.

CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind;  
And that which governs me to go about  
Doth part his function,<sup>h</sup> and is partly blind,  
Seems seeing, but effectually is out;  
For it no form delivers to the heart  
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch:<sup>i</sup>  
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,  
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;  
For<sup>j</sup> it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,  
The most sweet favour or deformed<sup>k</sup> creature,  
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,  
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature:

<sup>a</sup> — do you with *Fortune chide*.—] The quarto corruptly reads, "*wish*," for "with." To chide with is to quarrel with. So, in "*Cymbeline*," Act V. Sc. 4.—

"With Mars fall out, with Juno chide," &c.

Again, in *Othello*, Act IV. Sc. 3.—

"The business of the state does him offence,  
And he does chide with you."

<sup>b</sup> — eisel.—] "Eisel" is vinegar, which, as Malone remarks, was esteemed very efficacious in preventing the communication of infectious distempers.

<sup>c</sup> None else to me, nor I to none alive,  
That my steel'd sense<sup>c</sup> or changes right or wrong.]

Stevens explains this.—] "You are the only person who has power to change my stubborn resolution, either to what is right, or to what is wrong."

<sup>d</sup> — write—] *Cynic*.

<sup>e</sup> — methinks are dead.] In the old copy, "Methinks y<sup>e</sup> are dead."

<sup>f</sup> Doth part his function.—] Performs part of his office  
<sup>g</sup> — which it doth latch:] To latch is to seize, or catch. The quarto in reads, "*doth latch*."

<sup>h</sup> My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.] I once suggested that *th* should read, —

Incapable of more, replete with you,  
My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.<sup>a</sup>

CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with  
you,  
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery;<sup>b</sup>  
Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,  
And that your love taught it this *alchemy*,  
To make of monsters and things indigest  
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,  
Creating every bad a perfect best,  
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?  
O, 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,  
And my great mind most kindly drinks it up:  
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'grieving,  
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:  
If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin  
That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ do lie;  
Even those that said I could not love you dearer:  
Yet then my judgment knew no reason why  
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.  
But reckoning Time, whose million'd accidents  
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,  
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,  
Divert strong minds to the course of altering  
things;  
Alas, why, fearing of *Timo's* tyranny,  
Might I not then say, "Now I love you best,"  
When I was certain o'er incoertainty,  
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?  
Love is a babe; then might I not say so,  
To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,<sup>a</sup>  
Or bends with the remover to remove:  
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,  
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;<sup>b</sup>  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be  
taken.

<sup>a</sup> My most true mind thus makes mine eye untrue.

Or, —  
<sup>b</sup> Thy most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

But the text is undoubtedly right. The word *untrue* is used as a substantive. "The sincerity of my affection is the cause of my untruth," i.e. of my not seeing objects truly, such as they appear to the rest of mankind. so in "*Measure for Measure*," —

"Say what you can, my false outweighs your true."

MALONE.

Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds, —]

Compare, "*King Lear*," Act I. Sc. 1, —

"Love's not love  
When it is mingled with regards, that stand  
Alloof from th' entire point."

— It is an ever-fixed mark,  
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;]

So in "*Coriolanus*," Act V. Sc. 2, —

" — and 'twixt 't' the wars  
Like a great sea-mach, standing every way,  
And saving those that eyes thee!"

# SONNETS

Love's not Time's fool,<sup>a</sup> though rosy lips and

Within his bending sickle's compass come;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

• If this be error, and upon me prov'd,  
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

## CXVII.

Accuse me thus:—that I have scanted all  
Wherein I should your great deserts repay;  
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,  
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;  
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,  
And given to time your own dear-purchas'd right;  
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds  
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.

Book both my wilfulness and errors down,  
And on just proof surmise accumulate;  
Bring me within the level of your frown,<sup>b</sup>  
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate;  
Since my appeal says I did strive to prove  
The constancy and virtue of your love.

## CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,  
With eager<sup>c</sup> compounds we our palate urge;  
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,  
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge;  
Even so, being full of your ne'er cloying sweetness,  
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding;  
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meanness  
To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needning.  
Thus policy in love, to anticipate  
The ill that were not, grew to faults assur'd,  
And brought to medicine a healthful state,  
Which, rank<sup>d</sup> of goodness, would by ill be cur'd.

But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,  
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

## CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,  
Distill'd from limbeck fowl as hell within,  
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,  
Still losing when I saw myself to win!  
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,  
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!  
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been  
fitted,<sup>e</sup>  
In the distraction of this madding fever!

<sup>a</sup> Love's not Time's fool.—] So, in "Henry IV." Part I. Act V. Sc. 4,—

"But thought's the slave of life, and life Time's fool."

See note ad l. p. 559, Vol. I.

<sup>b</sup> Bring me within the level of your frown.—] The "level" meant the range, thus, in "The Winter's Tale," Act II. Sc. 3,—

"— for the harlot king  
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank  
And level of my brain."

<sup>c</sup> — eager.—] "Eager," Fr. *avide*, is *hurl, sour, poignant*. So, in "Hamlet," Act I. Sc. 3,—

"— it doth possess  
And curd, like eager droppings into milk."

<sup>d</sup> — rank of goodness.—] That is, *rush or brimful of goodness*. So, in "Antony and Cleopatra," Act V. Sc. 2,—

O, benefit of ill! now I find true  
That better is by evil still made better  
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,  
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.  
So I return rebuk'd to my content,  
And gain by ill<sup>f</sup> thrice more than I have spent.

## CXX.

That you were once unkind befriends me now,  
And for that sorrow which I then did feel  
Needs must I under my transgression bow,  
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.  
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,  
As I by yours, you've pass'd a hell of time;  
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken  
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.  
O, that our night of woe might have remember'd<sup>g</sup>  
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,  
And soon to you, as you to me then, tender'd  
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!  
But that your trespass now becomes a fee;  
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

## CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile than vile-esteem'd,  
When not to be receives reproach of being,  
And the just pleasures lost, which is so deem'd  
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing:  
For why should others' false adulterate eyes  
Give salutation to my sportive blood?<sup>h</sup>  
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,  
Which in their wills count bad what I think  
good?  
No.—I am that I am; and they that level  
At my abuses reckon up their own:  
I may be straight, though they themselves be  
bevel;<sup>i</sup>  
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be  
shown;  
Unless this general evil they maintain,—  
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

## CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain  
Full character'd with lasting memory,  
Which shall above that idle rank remain,  
Beyond all date, even to eternity:  
Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart  
Have faculty by nature to subsist;  
Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part  
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.

"— their thick breaths,  
Rank of gross diet."

<sup>e</sup> How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted.—] "Fitted" here means *started*, as by paroxysms. "Cinna," "Hamlet," Act I. Sc. 3,—

"Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres"  
and also, "Pericles," Act II. Sc. 1,—

"If it be a day fits you, scratch out of the calendar," &c.

<sup>f</sup> And gain by ill.—] Old copy, "by ill."  
<sup>g</sup> — remember'd.—] *Reminded*. So in "Richard III." Act II. Sc. 4,—

"— If I had been remember'd," &c.

<sup>h</sup> Give salutation to my sportive blood? See note b, p. 558, Vol. I.

<sup>i</sup> — bevel;] *Crescent*.



# SONNETS.

That poor retention could not so much hold,<sup>a</sup>  
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;  
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,  
To trust those tables that receive thee more:  
To keep an adjunct to remember thee,  
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

## CXXIII.

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change!  
Thy pyramids built up with newer might  
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;  
They are but dressings of a former sight.  
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire  
What thou dost foist upon us that is old;  
And rather make them born to our desire  
Than think that we before have heard them told.  
Thy registers and thee I both defy,  
Not wondering at the present nor the past;  
For thy records and what we see do lie,  
Made more or less by thy continual haste.

This I do vow, and this shall ever be,  
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

## CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,  
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,  
As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate,  
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers  
gather'd.

No, it was builded far from accident;  
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls  
Under the blow of thralled discontent,  
Whereto th' inviting time our fashion calls:  
It fears not policy, that heretic,  
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,  
But all alone stands hugely politic,  
That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with  
showers.

To this I witness call the fools of time,  
Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for  
crime.

## CXXV.

Were't aught to me I bore the canopy,  
With my extern the outward honouring,  
Or laid great bases for eternity,  
Which prove more short than waste or-ruining?  
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour  
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,  
For compound sweet forgoing simple savour,  
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?  
No;—let me be obsequious in thy heart,  
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,

<sup>a</sup> That poor retention could not so much hold.—] *"That poor retention in the table-book given to him by his friend, incapable of retaining, or rather of containing, so much as the tablet of the brain."*—MALONE.

<sup>b</sup> O thou, my lovely boy.—] *"This sonnet differs from all the others in the present collection, not being written in alternate rhymes."*—MALONE.

<sup>c</sup> — quietus.—] *Discharge, acquittance, release.* So in Webster's *"Duchess of Malf."* Act III. Sc. 2.—

<sup>d</sup> You had the trick in audit-time to be sick,  
Till I had sign'd your quietus.

<sup>e</sup> In the old age black was not counted fair.—] This and all the remaining Sonnets are addressed to a woman.

<sup>f</sup> Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black  
Not eyes on sunset.]

Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,  
But mutual render, only me for thee.  
Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul  
When most impeach'd stands least in thy  
control.

## CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy,<sup>b</sup> who in the power  
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle-hour;  
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st  
Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st;  
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,  
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee  
back,

She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill  
May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.  
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!  
She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure:  
Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,  
And her quietus<sup>c</sup> is to render thee.

## CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,<sup>d</sup>  
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;  
But now is black beauty's successive heir,  
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame:  
For since each hand hath put on nature's power,  
Fairing the foul with art's false-borrow'd face,  
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,  
But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.  
Therefore my mistress' eyes<sup>e</sup> are raven black,  
Her eyes so suited; and they mourners seem  
At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,  
Slandering creation with a false esteem:

Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,  
That every tongue says beauty should look so.

## CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,  
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds  
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st  
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,  
Do I envy those jacks,<sup>f</sup> that nimble leap  
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,  
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest  
reap,

At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!  
To be so tickled, they would change their state  
And situation with those dancing chips,  
O'er whom thy<sup>g</sup> fingers walk with gentle gait,  
Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.

Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,  
Give them thy fingers, use thy lips to kiss.

Here we suspect the repetition of "eyes" to have been a slip of the compositor, and that the poet wrote,—

"— my mistress' brows are raven black," &c.

"— my mistress' eyes are raven black,  
Her brows so suited," &c.

Compare, *"Love's Labour's Lost"* Act IV. Sc. 2,—

"O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,  
It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,  
Should ravish doctors with a false aspect;  
And therefore is she born to make black fair."

<sup>f</sup> — those jacks.—] The keys of a spinnet or virginal were termed "jacks."

<sup>g</sup> — thy fingers.—] In this, as in the last line, the old copy misprints *their* for *thy*.



# SONNETS.

## CXXXIX.

Th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame  
Is lust in action; and till action, lust  
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,  
Savage, extreme, ruff, cruel, not to trust;  
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight;  
Past reason hunted; and no soother had,  
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,  
On purpose laid to make the taker mad;  
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;  
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;  
A bias in proof,—and prov'd, a <sup>a</sup> very woe;  
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream.  
All this the world well knows; yet none knows

well  
To shun the heaven that leads men to this  
hell.

## CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;  
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;  
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;  
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.  
I have seen roses, damask'd red and white,  
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes is there more delight  
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know  
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;  
I grant I never saw a goddess go,—  
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the  
ground:

And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare  
As any she belied with false compare!

## CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,  
As those whose beauties proudly make them  
cruel;  
For well thou know'st to my dear-doting heart  
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.  
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,  
Thy face hath not the power to make love  
groan:  
To say they err, I dare not be so bold,  
Although I swear it to myself alone.  
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,  
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,  
One on another's neck, do witness bear  
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.  
In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,  
And thence this slander, as I think, pro-  
ceeds.

## CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,  
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,

<sup>a</sup> — and prov'd, a <sup>a</sup> very woe! An ingenious amendment by  
Malone; the quarto reading, —

" — and proud and very woe."

<sup>b</sup> *Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,  
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,  
Have put on black, &c.]*

In the quarto we have, — "*lo, and me,*" &c. which many  
modern editors have adopted, although the self-evident correction  
was made a century and a half ago.

Have put on black, and loving mourners be,  
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.  
And truly not the morning sun of heaven  
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,  
Nor that full star that ushers in the even  
Doth half that glory to the sober west,  
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:  
O, let it then as well beseech thy heart  
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee  
grace,  
And suit thy pity like in every part.  
Then will I swear beauty herself is black,  
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

## CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan  
For that deep wound it gives my friend and  
me!

Is 't not enough to torture me alone,  
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?  
Mo from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,  
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd:  
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;  
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be cross'd.  
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,  
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart  
bail;

Who e'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;  
Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol:  
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,  
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

## CXXXIV.

So, now I have confess'd that he is thine,  
And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will,  
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine  
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:  
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,  
For thou art covetous, and he is kind;  
He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,  
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.  
The statute<sup>a</sup> of thy beauty thou wilt take,  
Thou usurer, that putt'st forth all to use,  
And sue a friend came debtor for my sake;  
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.  
Him have I lost; thou hast both him and  
me:

He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

## CXXXV.

Whoever bath her wish, thou hast thy Will,<sup>b</sup>  
And Will to boot, and Will in over-plus,  
More than enough am I that vex thee still,  
To thy sweet will making addition thus.  
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,  
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?<sup>c</sup>  
Shall will in others seem, right gracious,  
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?

<sup>a</sup> *Who e'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;]* To keep, means  
to guard, defend.

<sup>b</sup> *The statute of thy beauty.]* "Statute has here its legal  
signification, that of a security or obligation for money." —  
MALONE.

<sup>c</sup> — thou hast thy Will. — The play upon the name of "Will"  
in this and the two next Sonnets obviously points to the poet's  
own Christian name; but it perhaps indicates also the pronoun  
of "the only begetter of these Sonnets," Mr. W. H.

- The sea, all water, yet receives rain still, . .  
 And, in abundance, addeth to his store ;  
 So thou, being rich in *Will*, add to thy *Will*  
 One will of mine, to make thy large *Will* more.  
 • Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill ;  
 Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

## CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,  
 Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,  
 And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there ;  
 Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.  
*Will* will fulfil the treasure of thy love,  
 Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one,  
 In things of great receipt with ease we prove  
 Among a number one is reckon'd none :  
 Then in the number let me pass untold,  
 Though in thy stores' account I one must be ;  
 For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold  
 That nothing me, a something sweet to thee :  
 Make but my name thy love, and love that still,  
 And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is *Will*.

## CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine  
 eyes,  
 That they behold, and see not what they see ?  
 They know what beauty is, see where it lies,  
 Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.  
 If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,  
 Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,  
 Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,  
 Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied ?  
 Why should my heart think that a several plot,  
 Which my heart knows the wide world's common  
 place ?  
 Or mine eyes, seeing this, say this is not,  
 To put fair truth upon so foul a face ?  
 In things right-true my heart and eyes have  
 err'd,  
 And to this false plague are they now trans-  
 ferr'd.

## CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of truth<sup>a</sup>  
 I do believe her, though I know she lies,  
 That she might think me some untutor'd youth,  
 Unlearned in the world's false subtilties.  
 Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
 Although she knows my days are past the best,  
 Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue :  
 On both sides thus is simple truth supprest.  
 But wherefore says she not she is unjust ?  
 And wherefore say not I that I am old ?  
 O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,  
 And age in love loves not to have years told :  
 Therefore I lie with her and she with me,  
 And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

<sup>a</sup> In things of great receipt with ease we prove  
 Among a number one is reckon'd none :]

"Romeo and Juliet," Act I. Sc. 2,—

"Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one,  
 May stand in number, though in reckoning none."

Why should my heart think that a several plot,  
 Which my heart knows the wide world's common place ?]

## CXXXIX.

O, call not me to justify the wrong  
 That thy unkindness lays upon my heart ;  
 Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy  
 tongue ;  
 Use power with power, and slay me not by art.  
 Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere ; but in my sight,  
 Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside :  
 What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy  
 might  
 Is more than my o'erpress'd defence can 'bide ?  
 Let me excuse thee : ah, my love well knows  
 Her pretty looks have been mine enemies !  
 And therefore from my face she turns my foes,  
 That they elsewhere might dart their injuries :  
 Yet do not so ; but since I am near slain,  
 Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

## CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel ; do not press  
 My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain ;  
 Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express  
 The manner of my pity-wanting pain.  
 If I might teach thee wit, better it were,  
 Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so ;—  
 As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,  
 No news but health from their physicians  
 know ;—  
 For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,  
 And in my madness might speak ill of thee :  
 Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,  
 Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.  
 That I may not be so, nor thou belie'd,  
 Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud  
 heart go wide.

## CXLI.

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,  
 For they in thee a thousand errors note ;  
 But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,  
 Who, in despite of view, is pleas'd to dote ;  
 Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune  
 delighted ;  
 Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,  
 Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited  
 To any sensual feast with thee alone :  
 But my five wits<sup>a</sup> nor my five senses can  
 Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,  
 Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,  
 Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be :  
 Only my plague thus far I count my gain,  
 That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

## CXLII.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,  
 Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving ;  
 O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,  
 And thou shalt find it merits not reproving ;

<sup>a</sup> Several, or several lands." Mr. Hunter tells us, "are portions  
 of common assigned for a term to a particular proprietor, the  
 other commoners waiting for the time their right of common  
 over them."

<sup>b</sup> When my love swears that she is made of truth—] This  
 Sonnet with some variations appears to have been first printed in  
 "The Passionate Pilgrim," 1599.

<sup>c</sup> But my five wits.] The five wits were common wit,  
 imagination, fancy, estimation, and memory.

# SONNETS.

Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,  
That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments,<sup>a</sup>  
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine;<sup>b</sup>  
Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.  
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those  
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:  
Root pity in thy heart, that, when it grows,  
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.

If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,  
By self-example mayst thou be denied!

## CXLIII.

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch  
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,  
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift despatch  
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;  
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,  
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent  
To follow that which flies before her face,  
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;  
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,  
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;  
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,  
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:  
So will I pray that thou mayst have thy Will,  
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

## CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,<sup>a</sup>  
Which like two spirits do suggest<sup>a</sup> me still;  
The better angel is a man right fair,  
The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.  
To win me soon to hell, my female evil  
Tempteth my better angel from my side,<sup>a</sup>  
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,  
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.  
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,  
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;  
But being both from me, both to each friend,  
I guess one angel in another's hell:  
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,  
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

## CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make  
Breath'd forth the sound that said, "I hate,"  
To me that languish'd for her sake:  
But when she saw my woeful state,  
Straight in her heart did mercy come,  
Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet  
Was us'd in giving gentle doom;  
And taught it thus anew to greet;  
"I hate," she alter'd with an end,  
That follow'd it as gentle day

Doth follow night, who, like a fiend,  
From heaven to hell is flown away;  
"I hate," from hate away she threw,  
And sav'd my life, saying—"not you."

## CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,  
Fool'd by these rebel powers that thee array,<sup>a</sup>  
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,  
Panting thy outward walls so costly gay?  
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,  
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?  
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,  
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?  
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,  
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;  
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;  
Within be fed, without be rich no more:  
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,  
And Death once dead, there's no more dying  
then.

## CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still  
For that which longer nurseth the disease;  
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,  
Th' uncertain-sickly appetite to please.  
My reason, the physician to my love,  
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,  
Hath left me, and I, desperate now, approve  
Desire is death, which physic did except.  
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,  
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;  
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,  
At random from the truth vainly express'd;  
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee  
bright,  
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

## CXLVIII.

O me, what eyes hath Love put in my head,  
Which have no correspondences with true sight!  
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,  
That censures<sup>a</sup> falsely what they see aright?  
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,  
What means the world to say it is not so?  
If it be not, then love doth well denote  
Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no;<sup>b</sup>  
How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,  
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?  
No marvel, then, though I mistake my view;  
The sun itself sees not, till heaven clears.  
O, cunning love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,  
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

<sup>a</sup> — their scarlet ornaments.—] So in 'King Edward III.'  
89a.—

" ——— when she grew pale,  
" His cheeks pe- on their scarlet ornaments."

<sup>b</sup> And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine:] Compare,  
"The Merchant of Venice" Act II. Sc. 4.—

"O, ten times better Venus' pigeons fly  
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont  
To keep obliged faith unsunder'd!"

<sup>a</sup> Two loves I have of comfort and despair.—] This Sonnet was  
printed "with a difference" in "The Passionate Pilgrim," 1599.

<sup>d</sup> — suggest me.—] Tempt'd me.

<sup>e</sup> — from my side.—] The quarto has, "from my sight;" the

genuine word, however, is found in "The Passionate Pilgrim"

"Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,  
Fool'd by these rebel powers that thee array,—]

In the old copy the transcriber or compositor has mistakenly  
repeated the last three words of the preceding line, and given us,—

"My sinful earth these rebel powers that thee array."

The emendation, "Fool'd by," is Malone's.

<sup>a</sup> — censures—] Estimates, measures.

<sup>b</sup> Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no:] We believe  
with Mr. W. N. Lettson, that a quibble was intended, and given us,  
the poet wrote,—

"Love's eye [I — ay] is not so true as all men's na."

# SONNETS.

## CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,  
When I, against myself, with thee partake?<sup>a</sup>  
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot  
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?  
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?  
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?  
Nay if thou lov'st on me, do I not spend  
Revenge upon myself with present moan?  
What merit do I in myself respect,  
That is so proud thy service to despise,  
When all my best doth worship thy defect,  
Commended by the motion of thine eyes?  
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;  
Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

## CL.

O, from what power hast thou this powerful  
might,  
With insufficiency my heart to sway?  
To make me give the lie to my true sight,  
And swear that brightness doth not grace the  
day?<sup>b</sup>  
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,<sup>c</sup>  
That in my very refuse of thy deeds  
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,  
That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?  
Who taught thee how to make me love thee  
more,  
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?  
O, though I love what others do abhor,  
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state:  
If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,  
More worthy I to be lov'd of thee.

## CLI.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;  
Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love?  
Then, gentle cheater,<sup>d</sup> urge not my amiss,  
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove:  
For thou betraying me, I do betray  
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;  
My soul doth tell my body that he may  
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason;  
But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee  
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,  
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,  
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.  
No want of conscience hold it that I call  
Her "love" for whose dear love I rise and fall.

<sup>a</sup> — with thee partake? That is, take part.  
<sup>b</sup> And swear that brightness doth not grace the day? Compare, "Romeo and Juliet," Act III. Sc. 5,—

"I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye."

<sup>c</sup> Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,—] Whence as without this power of adorning or setting off, &c.

<sup>d</sup> Then, gentle cheater,—] "Cheater" here signifies a deceiver, an official who appears to have been regarded by the common

## CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn.  
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swear-  
ing;  
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,  
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.  
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,  
When I break twenty? I am perjured most;  
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,  
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:  
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kind-  
ness,  
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;  
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,  
Or made them swear against the thing they see;  
For I have sworn thee fair,—more perjur'd I,  
To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie!

## CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep:  
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,  
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep  
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;  
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love  
A dateless-lively heat, still to endure,  
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove  
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.  
But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fired,  
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;  
I, sick withal, the help of bath desired,  
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,  
But found no cure: the bath for my help lies  
Where Cupid got new fire,—my mistress' eyes,<sup>e</sup>

## CLIV.

The little Love-god, lying once asleep,  
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,  
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to  
keep  
Came tripping by; but in her maiden haud  
The fairest votary took up that fire  
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;  
And so the general of hot desire  
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.  
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,  
Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,  
Growing a bath and healthful remedy  
For men diseas'd; but I, my mistress' thrall,  
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,  
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.<sup>f</sup>

people in Shakespeare's day much the same as they now look upon an informer. See note b, p. 646, Vol. I.

<sup>e</sup> — more perjur'd I,—] The quarto by a palpable mistake prints,— "More perjur'd eye," &c.

<sup>f</sup> — my mistress' eyes.] The old copy has, — "my mistress eye."

<sup>g</sup> — water cools not love.] On these two last Sonnets Malone observes that "They seem to have been early essays of the poet, who perhaps had not determined which he should prefer. He hardly could have intended to send them both into the world."



## A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.\*

FROM off a hill whose concave womb re-worded  
A plaintful story from a sistering<sup>b</sup> vale,  
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,  
And down I laid to list the sad-tun'd tale:  
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,  
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,  
Storming her world<sup>c</sup> with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,  
Which fortified her visage from the sun,  
Whereon the thought might think sometime it  
saw

The carcass of a beauty spent and done:  
Time had npt scythed all that youth begun,  
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell  
-age,  
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of scar'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin<sup>d</sup> to her eyne,  
Which on it had conceited characters,<sup>e</sup>  
Laud'ring the silken figures in the brine  
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,  
And often reading what contents it bears,  
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,  
In clamours of all size<sup>f</sup>, both high and low.

\* "This beautiful poem was first printed in 1609, with our author's name, at the end of the quarto edition of his Sonnets. I wonder that it has not attracted the attention of some English painter, the opening being uncommonly picturesque. The figure, however, of the lady and the old man should be standing, not sitting, by the river side; Shakespeare reclining on a hill."—  
MALDEN.

<sup>b</sup> — a sistering vale, —] A proximate or contiguous vale, we apprehend, but the word is peculiar.

<sup>c</sup> — world —] Microcosm. Compare, "King Lear," Act III.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,  
As they did battery to the spheres intend;  
Sometime diverted their poor balls are tied  
To th' orb'd earth; sometimes they do extend  
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend  
To every place at once, and, nowhere fix'd,  
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose nor tied in formal plat,  
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;  
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheav'd hat,  
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;  
Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,  
And, true to bondage, would not break from  
thence,

Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund<sup>g</sup> she drew  
Of amber, crystal, and of beaded<sup>h</sup> jet,  
Which one by one she in a river threw,  
Upon whose weeping margent she was set;  
Like usury, applying wet to wet,  
Or monarch's hands, that let not bounty fall  
Where want cries some,<sup>i</sup> but where excess begs  
all.

Sc. 1.—

"Strives in his little world of man to outscore  
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain."

<sup>d</sup> — napkin —] Handkerchief.

<sup>e</sup> — conceited characters, —] Fanciful figures.

<sup>f</sup> — a maund —] A hand-basket.

<sup>g</sup> — beaded —] The quarto reads, "bedded."

<sup>h</sup> — cries some, —] That is, as Mr. Dyce correctly explains it, cries for some.

## A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,  
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the  
food :

Orck'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,  
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud ;  
Found yet more letters sadly penn'd in blood,  
With sleided silk feat and affectedly  
Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.\*

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,  
And often kiss'd, and often gan<sup>b</sup> to tear ;  
Cried, " O false blood, thou register of lies,  
What unapproved witness dost thou bear !  
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned  
here !"

This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,  
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh,—  
Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew  
Of court, of city, and had let go by  
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew,—  
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew ;  
And, privileg'd by age, desires to know  
In brief the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,<sup>c</sup>  
And comely-distant sits he by her side ;  
When he again desires her, being sat,  
Her grievance with his hearing to divide :  
If that from him there may be aught applied  
Which may her suffering ecstasy<sup>d</sup> assuage,  
" T is promis'd in the charity of age.

" Father," she says, " though in me you behold  
The injury of many a blasting hour,  
Let it not tell your judgment I am old ;  
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power :  
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,  
Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied  
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

" But woe is me ! too early I attended  
A youthful suit (it was to gain my grace)  
Of one by nature's outwards so commended,  
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face :  
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place ;  
And when in his fair parts she did abide,  
She was new lodg'd, and newly deified.

" His browny locks did hang in crooked curls ;  
And every light occasion of the wind

Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.  
What 's sweet to do, to do will aptly find :  
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind ;  
For on his visage was in little drawn,  
What largeness thinks in paradise was gawn.<sup>e</sup>

" Small show of man was yet upon his chin<sup>f</sup>;  
His phoenix<sup>g</sup> down began but to appear,  
Like unshorn velvet, on that terrible skin,  
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to  
wear ;  
Yet show'd his visage by that coat more dear ;  
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt  
If best were as it was, or best without.

" His qualities were beauteous as his form,<sup>h</sup>  
For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free ;  
Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm<sup>i</sup> !  
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,  
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they  
be.

His rudeness so with his authoriz'd youth  
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

" Well could he ride, and often men would say  
" That horse his mettle from his rider takes :  
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,  
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop  
he makes !"

And controversy hence a question takes,  
Whether the horse by him became<sup>k</sup> his deed,  
Or he his manage by the well-doing stood.

" But quickly on this side the verdict went ;  
His real habitude gave life and grace  
To appertainings and to ornament,  
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case :  
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,  
Came<sup>l</sup> for additions ; yet their purpos'd trinf<sup>m</sup>  
Picc'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by  
him.

" So on the tip of his subliming tongue  
All kind of arguments and question deep,  
All replication prompt, and reason strong,  
For his advantage still did wake and sleep :  
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,  
He had the disjunct and different skill,  
Catching all passions in his craft of will :<sup>n</sup>

" That he did in the general bosom reign  
Of young, of old ; and sexes both enchanted

\* With sleided silk feat and affectedly  
Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.]

<sup>a</sup> " Sleided silk " is unsleided silk ; what we now term *fine* silk.  
" Feat " means *cleverly, nicely*. " To be convinced of the pro-  
priety of this description, let the reader consult the ' Royal  
Letters,' &c. in the British Museum, where he will find that  
anciently the ends of a narrow ribbon were placed under the seals  
of letters, to connect them more closely."—STEEVENS.

<sup>b</sup> — and often gan to tear ;]. A conjectural reading of Malone,  
the old copy having,—

" — and often goes to tears," &c.

<sup>c</sup> — His grained bat,—] His rough staff, or stick.

<sup>d</sup> — ecstasy. *Distraction*.

<sup>e</sup> Of one—] The quarto reads, " O one," &c.

<sup>f</sup> — her place ;] Her seat, her mansion.

<sup>g</sup> — phoenix. *Reum* ; or, as some explain it, *reum*. We think the  
former is the true meaning.

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<sup>h</sup> — phoenix down—] Is this corrupt ? Malone supposes by  
" phoenix " he means *matchless, rare* ; but if so, the allusion is  
very far fetched.

<sup>i</sup> Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm, &c.] Compare.  
" Antony and Cleopatra," Act V. Sc 2.

" — his voice was proportioned  
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends ;  
But when he meant to quail an<sup>o</sup> shake the orb,  
He was as rattling thunder."

<sup>k</sup> — became—] *Adorned, graced*.

<sup>l</sup> Came for—] So Malone ; the quarto having, " Can for," &c.  
" Catching all passions in his craft of will ;" " These lines, in

Abbey."—STEEVENS.

## A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain  
In personal duty, following where he haunted :  
Consents he witt'd, ere he desires, have granted ;  
And dialogu'd for him what he would say,  
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

"Many there were that did his picture get,  
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind ;  
Like fools that in th' imagination set  
The goodly objects which abroad they find  
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd ;  
And labouring in more pleasures to bestow them  
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe  
them :

"So many have, that never touch'd his hand,  
Sweetly suppos'd them mistress of his heart.  
My woful self, that did in freedom stand,  
And was my own fee-simple,\* (not in part)  
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,  
Threw my affections in his charmed power,  
Reserv'd the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

"Yet did I not, as some my equals did,  
Demand of him, nor being desir'd yielded ;  
Finding myself in honour so forbid,  
With safest distance I mine honour shielded :  
Experience for me many bulwarks buidd  
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil  
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

"But, ah, who ever shunn'd by precedent  
The destin'd ill she must herself assay ?  
Or for'd examples, 'gainst her own content,  
To put the by-pass'd perils in her way ?  
Counsel may show a while what will not stay ;  
For when we rage, advice is often seen  
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

"Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,  
That we must curb it upon others' proof ;  
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,  
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.  
O appetite, from judgment stand aloof !  
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,  
Though Reason weep, and cry, 'It is thy last'

"For further<sup>b</sup> I could say, 'This man 's untrue,'  
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling ;  
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,  
Saw how decoits were guided in his smiling ;  
Knew vows were ever brokers' to defiling ;  
Thought characters and words merely but art,  
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

"And long upon these terms I held my city,  
Till thus he gan besiege me : 'Gentle maid,

Have of my suffering youth some feeling pit ;  
And be not of my holy vows afraid :  
That 's to you sworn, to none was ever said ;  
For feasts of love<sup>d</sup> have been called unto,  
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow.

"All my offences that abroad you see  
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind ;  
Love made them not ; with acture<sup>e</sup> they may be,  
Where neither party is nor true nor kind :  
They sought their shame that so their shame did  
find ;  
And so much less of shame in me remains  
By how much of me their reproach contains.

"Among the many that mine eyes have seen,  
Not one whose flame my heart so much as  
warm'd,  
Or my affection put to the smallest teen,<sup>f</sup>  
Or any of my pleasures ever charm'd :  
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd ;  
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,  
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

"Look here what tributes wounded fancies sent  
me,  
Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood ;  
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me  
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood  
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood ;  
Effects of terror and dear modesty,  
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly

"And, lo, behold these talents<sup>g</sup> of their hair,  
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,  
I have receiv'd from many a several fair,—  
Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,—  
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,  
And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify  
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

"The diamond,—why, 't was beautiful and hard,  
Whereto his invis'd<sup>h</sup> properties did tend ;  
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard  
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend ;  
The heaven-hu'd sapphire and the opal blend<sup>i</sup>  
With objects manifold ; each several stone,  
With wit well blazon'd, smil'd or made some  
moan.

"Lo, all these trophies of affections hot,  
Of pensiv'd and subdu'd desires the tender,  
Nature hath charg'd me that I heard them not,  
But yield them up where I myself must render,  
That is, to you, my origin and ender ;  
For these, of force, must your oblations be,  
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

\* And was my own fee-simple,—] "Had an absolute power  
over myself, as large as a tenant in fee has over his estate."—  
MALONE.

<sup>b</sup> For further I could say,—] We ought probably to read,—

"For, father, I could say," &c.

<sup>c</sup> — brokers—] *Panders*. Compare, "Hamlet," Act I. Sc. 2,—

"Do not believe his words, for they are devil's,  
Not of that dye which their inventions show,  
But mere impiators of unholp souls."

<sup>d</sup> — acture—] This word is suspicious. Malone conjectures it  
to be synonymous with *artifice*.

<sup>e</sup> — teen,—] *Trouble* suffering.

<sup>f</sup> — talents of their hair,—] "Talents" appears to be used  
here for *riches*, as in "Cymbeline," Act I. Sc. 5,—

"— in himself, 'tis much ;

In you,—which I account his,—beyond all talents."

<sup>g</sup> — invis'd—] *Invisible*.

<sup>h</sup> — blend—] "*Blend*" for *blend*.



## A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

"O, then, advance of yours that phraseless hand,  
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise;  
Take all these similes to your own command,  
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise;  
What me your minister, for you obeys,  
Works under you; and to your audit comes  
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

"Lo, this device was sent me from a nun,  
Or<sup>a</sup> sister sanctified, of holiest note;  
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,  
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote;<sup>b</sup>  
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,<sup>c</sup>  
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,  
To spend her living in eternal love.

"But, O, my sweet, what labour is't to leave  
The thing we have not, mastering what not  
strives,—

Paling<sup>d</sup> the place which did no form receive,  
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves?  
She that her fame so to herself contrives,  
The scars of battle 'scapeth by the flight,  
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

"O, pardon me, in that my boast is true;  
The accident which brought me to her eye,  
Upon the moment did her force subdue,  
And now she would the caged cloister fly:  
Religious love put out Religion's eye:  
Not to be tempted, would she be immur'd,<sup>e</sup>  
And now, to tempt all, liberty procur'd.<sup>f</sup>

"How mighty then you are, O, hear me tell!  
The broken bosoms that to me belong  
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,  
And mine I pour your ocean all among:  
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,  
Must for your victory us all congeal,  
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

"My parts had power to charm a sacred nun,<sup>g</sup>  
Who, disciplin'd, ay, dieted<sup>h</sup> in grace,  
Believ'd her eyes when they to assail begun,  
All vows and consecrations giving place.  
O, most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,  
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,  
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

"When thou impresses, what are precepts  
worth  
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,  
How coldly those impediments stand forth

Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame!  
Love's arms are peace,<sup>i</sup> 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense,  
'gainst shame,  
And sweetens, in the suffering pang it bears,  
The aches of all forces, shocks, and fears.

"Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,  
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine,  
And supplicants their sighs to you extend,  
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,  
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,  
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath,  
That shall prefer and undertake my troth."

"This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,  
Whose sights till then wore levell'd on my face;  
Each cheek a river running from a fount  
With brinish current downward flow'd apace:  
O, how the channel to the stream gave grace!  
Who glas'd with crystal gate the glowing roses  
That flame through water which their hue en-  
close.

"O, father, what a hell of witchcraft lies  
In the small orb of one particular tear!  
But with the inundation of the eyes  
What rocky heart to water will not wear!  
What breast so cold that is not warmed here?  
O<sup>k</sup> cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,  
Both fire from hence and chill extinture hath!

"For, lo, his passion, but an art of craft,  
Even there resolv'd my reason into tears;  
Thore my white stole of chastity I daff'd,  
Shook off my sober guards and civil fears;  
Appear to him, as he to me appears,  
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,  
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

"In him a plenitude of subtle matter,  
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,  
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,  
Or swooning paleness; and he takes and leaves,  
In either's aptness, as it best deceives,  
To blush at speeches rank,<sup>l</sup> to weep at woes,  
Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows;

"That not a heart which in his level came  
Could scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,  
Showing fair nature in both kind and tame;  
And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would  
maim:  
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim;

<sup>a</sup> Or sister sanctified, —] "The poet, I suspect, wrote, 'a sister sanctified,' &c." — MALONE. We suspect to too.

<sup>b</sup> Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote; —] "Whose accomplishments were so extraordinary that the flower of the young nobility were passionately enamoured of her." — MALONE.

<sup>c</sup> — richest coat, —] "Cost," for coat of arms.

<sup>d</sup> Paling the place, —] This is the reading of Malone, for "Playing the place," &c. of the old copy. We should prefer, "Filling the place," &c. The word *Playing* was evidently caught by the transcriber or compositor from the following line, and in mistakes of this description the *Auctoris Literarum* is of little use in support of *Filling*, compare, SONNET CXXI. —

"Your love and pity doth th' impression set  
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;" &c.

<sup>e</sup> — immur'd, —] The quarto has, "enur'd."

<sup>f</sup> — procur'd.] A correction from the edition of 1640, the quarto reading, "procure."

<sup>g</sup> — a sacred nun, —] The quarto reads, "a sacred Sunne," &c., a manifest error, though adopted by Malone.

<sup>h</sup> Who, disciplin'd, ay, dieted in grace, —] The old copy has, — "Who disciplin'd I dieted in grace."

<sup>i</sup> Love's arms are peace, —] A palpable corruption, for which Malone proposed, "Love's arms are proof," &c. Steevens "Love aims at peace," &c., and Mr. Dyce conjectures, "Love arms our peace," &c.

<sup>k</sup> O cleft effect! —] So Malone; the quarto reading, "O cleft effect," &c.; from which, unless "effect" stands for *effectually*, it is not easy to extract any sense.

<sup>l</sup> — rank, —] *Great*



## A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,<sup>a</sup>  
He preach'd pure maid,<sup>b</sup> and prais'd cold chas-  
tity.

"Thus merely with the garment of a Grace  
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd,  
That th' unexperient gave the tempter place,  
Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd.  
Who, young and simple, would "not be so lo-  
ver'd!"

<sup>a</sup> — luxury, —] *Lasctotousness*.

<sup>b</sup> He preached pure maid, —] This construction was not un-  
common. Compare, "King John," Act II. Sc. 2, —

"He speaks plain cannon-fire, and smoke, and bounce."

Ah me! I fell; and yet do question make  
What I should do again for such a sake.

"O, that infected moisture of his eye,  
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,  
O, that fore'd thunder from his heart did fly,  
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,  
O, all that borrow'd motion, seeming ow'd,<sup>c</sup>  
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,  
And new pervert a reconciled maid!"

and "Henry V." Act V. Sc. 2, —

"I speak to thee plain soldier," &c.

<sup>c</sup> — that borrow'd motion, seeming ow'd, —] Ow'd means  
possessed, that assumed desire apparently so real.





## THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

THE ensuing collection of irrelative poems, some probably from Shakespeare's hand, but some certainly belonging to other writers, was first published by William Jaggard, in small octavo, with the title,— "The Passionate Pilgrime. By W. Shakspeare. At London. Printed for W. Iaggard, and are to be sold by W. Ienke, at the Grayhound in Yaulos Churchyard, 1599." In 1612 another edition was printed bearing the title of, "The Passionate Pilgrime. Or Certaine Amorous Sonnets, betweene Venus and Adonis, newly corrected and augmented. By W. Shakspeare. The third Edition. Where-unto is newly added two Love-Epistles, the first from Paris to Hellen, and Hellen's answers backe againe to Paris. Printed by W. Iaggard, 1612."\* The "Love Epistles" which Jaggard had the audacity to particularise in his title-page, and insert in this reprint as the works of Shakespeare, were two of Ovid's Epistles, that had been translated by Thomas Heywood, and printed with his name in his "*Troja Britannica*," &c. 1609. It was not likely that Heywood would patiently submit to this flagrant injustice, and accordingly at the close of a work entitled, "*The Apology for Actors*," &c. which was published by him in 1612, he appended the following letter to his bookseller, Nicholas Oke.—

"To my approved good friend, Mr. Nicholas Oke.

"The infinite faults escaped in my booke of *Britaines Troy*, by the negligence of the Printer, as the misquotations, mistaking of sillables, misplacing halfe lines, coming of strange and never heard of words. These being without number, when I would have taken a particular account of the *Errata* the Printer answered me, hee would not publishe his owne disworkemanship, but rather let his owne fault lye upon the necke of the Author: and being fearfull that others of his quantity, had bene of the same nature, and condition, and finding you on the contrary, so carefull and industrious, as serious and laborious, to doe the author all the rights of the presse; I could not chuse but gratefully your honest endeaours with this short remembrance. Here likewise, I must necessarily insert a manifest injury done me in that worke, by taking the two Epistles of *Paris to Helen*, and *Helen to Paris*, and printing them in a lesse volume under the name of another, which may put the world in opinion I might steal them from him; and hee, to do himselfe right, hath since published them in his owne name: but as I must acknowledge my lines not worthy his patronage under whom he hath publisht them, so the Author I know much offended with *M. Jaggard* that (altogether unknowne to him)

\* Although this edition purports to be the third, no intermediate impression between it and the first copy is now known.

## THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

presumed to make so bold with his name. These, and the like dishonesties, I know you to be clear of; and I could wish but to see the happy author of so worthie a worke as I could willingly commit to your care and workmanship.

"Yours ever,

THOMAS HEYWOOD."

This exposure, aided probably by the indignant remonstrance of Shakespeare, compelled Jaggard to cancel the original title-page of the 1612 edition, and substitute another, which bore no author's name. Such at least is presumed to have been the case, from the fact that Malone's copy of this edition, by the "fortunate negligence" of the old binder, contains two title-pages, one with and the other without an author's name.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,  
 'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,  
 Persuade my heart to this false perjury?  
 Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.  
 A woman I forswore; but, I will prove,  
 Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:  
 My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;  
 Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.  
 My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;  
 Then, thou fair sun, that on this earth dost shine,  
 Exhale this vapour-vow; in thee it is:  
 If broken then, it is no fault of mine.  
 If by me broke, what fool is not so wise  
 To lose an oath to win a paradise?

### II.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook,  
 With young Adonis, lovely-fresh and green,  
 Did court the lad with many a lovely look,—  
 Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.  
 She told him stories to delight his ear;  
 She show'd him favours to allure his eye;  
 To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there,—  
 Touches so soft still conquer chastity;—  
 But whether unripe years did want conceit,  
 Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,  
 The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,  
 But smile and jest at every gentle offer:  
 Then fell she 'pon her back, fair queen and toward;  
 He rose and ran away,—ah, fool too froward!

### III.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?  
 O, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd!  
 Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove;  
 Those thoughts to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.  
 Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,  
 Where all those pleasures live that art can comprehend.

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;  
 Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend;  
 All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;  
 Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:  
 Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful thunder,  
 Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.  
 Celestial as thou art, O, do not love that wrong,  
 To sing the heavens' praise with such an earthly tongue.

### IV.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,  
 And scarce the heat gone to the hedge for shade,  
 When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,  
 A longing trarriance for Adonis made  
 Under an osier growing by a brook,  
 A brook where Adon used to cool his spleen:  
 Hot was the day; she hotter that did look  
 For his approach, that often there had been.  
 Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,  
 And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim:  
 The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,  
 Yet not so wistly as this queen on him:  
 He, spying her, bound'd in, whereas he stood;  
 "O Jove," quoth she, "why was not I a flood!"

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle;  
 Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;  
 Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle;  
 Softer than wax, and yet as iron, rusty:  
 A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,  
 None fairer, nor none fairer to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,  
 Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!  
 How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,  
 Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing!  
 Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,  
 Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

\* Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,—] This Sonnet, and two others (Nos. VII. and XV.), will be found, with slight variations, in "Love's Labour's Lost." In "The Passionate Pilgrim," it is preceded by two of the Sonnets already given, No. XXXVIII. beginning,—

"When my love swears that she is made of truth," &c. and No. XXXIV.: "Two loves I have," &c.

— to delight his ear;] The old text has, "ears."  
 \* If love make me forsworn,—] See "Love's Labour's Lost," Act IV. Sc. 2.

## THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth,  
She burn'd out love-as soon as straw out-burneth;  
She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the  
framing.

She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.

Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?

Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

### VI.

If music and sweet poetry agree,\*

As they must needs, the sister and the brother,  
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,  
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.

Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch

Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;

Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,

As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.

Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound

That Phoebus' lute, the queen of music, makes;

And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd,

Whenas himself to singing he betakes.

One god is god of both, as poets feign;

One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

### VII.

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,

Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,

For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;

For stand she takes upon a steep up hill;

Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;

She silly queen, with more than love's good will,

Forbade the boy he should not pass those

grounds;

"Once," quoth she, "did I see a fair sweet youth

Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,

Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!

See in my thigh," quoth she, "here was the

sore:"

She showed hers; he saw more wounds than

one,

And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon faded,

Pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the spring!

Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely shaded!

Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!

Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,

And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;

For why? thou left'st me nothing in thy will:

And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;

For why I craved nothing of thee still:

O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee,—

Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

### IX.

Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her,\*

Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:

She told the youngling how god Mars did try

her,

And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.\*

"Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god em-  
brac'd me,"

And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms;

"Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god un-  
lac'd me,"

As if the boy should use like loving charms;

"Even thus," quoth she, "he seized on my lips,"

And with her lips on his did act the seizure;

And as she fetch'd breath, away he skips,

And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure

Ah, that I had my lady at this bay,

To kiss and clip me till I run away!

### X.

Crabbed age and youth

Cannot live together;

Youth is full of pleasure,

Age is full of care;

Youth like summer morn,

Age like winter weather,

Youth like summer brave,

Age like winter bare.

Youth is full of sport,

Age's breath is short;

Youth is nimble, age is lame;

Youth is hot and bold,

Age is weak and cold;

Youth is wild, and age is tame.

Age, I do abhor thee,

Youth, I do adore thee;

O, my love, my love is young!

Age, I do defy thee:—

O, sweet shepherd, live thee!

For methinks thou stay'st too long.

### XI.

"Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,"

A shining glass that fadeth suddenly;

A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud;

A brittle glass that's broken presently;

A doubtful good, a glass, a glass, a flower,

Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour!

\* If music and sweet poetry agree.— This poem, according to Mr. Collier, was published in the first edition of R. Barnfield's "Eggeson of Lady Perunia," 1585, but was omitted by the author in his edition of 1605. From which circumstance, Mr. Collier infers that it was written by Shakespeare.

\* A line has here been lost.

\* For why—] *Because*

\* Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her.— This Sonnet, with some variations, occurs in a collection of Poems by R. Griffin, called *Pedona more Chaste than Kinde*, 1596, and there the opening line is given as in our text. "The Passionate Pilgrim" reads,—

"Venus with Adonis sitting by her," &c.

\* And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.] In "The Passionate Pilgrim" this line is imperfect, "so" being omitted. The word is supplied from Griffin's *Pedona*.

\* "Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god embrac'd me," &c. In the latter part of this Sonnet the version in *Pedona* differs considerably from the one before us. There, it runs as follows:—

"Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god embrac'd me,"

And thus she clipp'd Adonis in her arms:

"Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god unlac'd me,"

As if the boy should use like loving charms:

But he, a wayward boy, refus'd her offer,

And ran away, the heauens queen neglecting;

Showing both folly to abhor her proffer,

And all his sex of cowardice detecting;

Oh, that I had my mistress at this bay,

To kiss and clip me till I run away."

\* I do defy thee.—] *Renouncing or contemning thee.* So, in "Rome and Juliet," Act V. Sc. 3,—

"I do defy thy conjurations," &c.

## THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

And as goods lost are sold or never found,  
As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh,  
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,  
As broken glass no cement can redress,—  
So beauty blemish'd once for ever 's lost,  
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

### XII.

"Good night, good rest." Ah, neither be my share!  
She bade good night, that kept my rest away;  
And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,  
To descent on the doubts of my decay.

"Farewell," quoth she, "and come again to-morrow;"

Fare well I could not, for I sup'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,  
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether:  
"T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,  
"T may be, again to make me wander thither:  
"Wander!" a word for shadows like myself,  
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

### XIII.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!  
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning rise

Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.  
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,  
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,  
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,  
And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night.  
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;  
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight;

Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow;

For why she sigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;

But now are minutes added to the hours;  
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;  
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!

Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now borrow;

Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

## SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSIC.

### XIV.

It was a lord's daughter,  
The fairest one of three,  
That lik'd of her master  
As well as well might be,  
Till looking on an Englishman,  
The fair'st that eye could see,  
Her fancy fell a-turning.

Long was the combat doubtful  
That love with love did fight,  
To leave the master loveless,  
Or kill the gallant knight:  
To put in practice either,  
Alas, it was a spite  
Unto the silly damsel!

But one must be refused;  
More mickle was the pain,  
That nothing could be used  
To turn them both to gain,

For of the two the trusty knight  
Was wounded with disdain:  
Alas, she could not help it!

Thus art, with arms contending,  
Was victor of the day,  
Which by a gift of learning  
Did bear the maid away:  
Then, lullaby, the learned man  
Hath got the lady gay;  
For now my song is ended.

### XV.

On a day (alack the day!),  
Love, whose month was ever May,  
Spy'd a blossom passing fair,  
Playing in the wanton air:  
Through the velvet leaves the wind,  
All unseen, gan passage find;  
That the lover, sick to death,  
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.

<sup>a</sup> — each minute seems a moon? A correction proposed by Stevens, the old copy reading, "an hour," &c.

<sup>b</sup> It was a lord's daughter,  
The fairest one of three,—

<sup>c</sup> This and the five following Sonnets are said in the old copy to have been set to music. Mr. Olney, in one of his MSS. says they were set by John and Thomas Morley. — Malone.  
<sup>d</sup> That lik'd of her master.— The late Mr. S. Walker, in his

valuable work, "A Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare," &c. which has been published while these pages were in preparation for the press, suggests that we should read, "of a master;" that is, a scholar by profession, a master of arts.

<sup>e</sup> On a day (alack the day!),— This, as we have before remarked, is one of the three Sonnets found in "Love's Labour's Lost." It was printed also, with Shakespeare's name attached, in a collection of poems entitled, "England's Helicon," 1600, where it is entitled, *The Passionate Shepherd's Song*.

# THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

\* Air,\* quoth he, "thy cheeks may blow;  
 \* All,\* would I might triumph so!  
 But, alas, my hand hath sworn  
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn!  
 Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,  
 Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.\*  
 \*Thou for whom Jove would swear\*  
 Knew but an Ethiop were;  
 And deny himself for Jove,  
 Turning mortal for thy love."

## XVI.

My flocks feed not,  
 My ewes breed not,  
 My rams speed not,  
 All is amiss:  
 Love's denying,<sup>d</sup>  
 Faith's defying,  
 Heart's renying,\*  
 Causers of this.  
 All my merry jigs are quite forgot,  
 All my lady's love is lost, (God wot:  
 Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,  
 There a nay is plac'd without remove.  
 One silly cross  
 Wrought all my loss;  
 O, frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame!  
 For now I see,  
 Inconstancy  
 More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,  
 All fears scorn I,  
 Love hath forlorn me,  
 Living in thrall:  
 Heart is bleeding,  
 All help needing,—  
 O cruel speeding!—  
 Fraughted with gall!  
 My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,  
 My wether's bell rings doleful knell;  
 My curtail dog, that wont to have play'd,  
 Plays not at all, but seems afraid;

\* Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.] In "Love's Labour's Lost," we have here two lines which were omitted both in the present version and in "England's Helicon."

"Do not call it sin in me,  
 That I am forsworn for thee."

<sup>d</sup> Thou for whom Jove would swear.— In this line, unless some epithet to "Jove" has been lost, "swear" is employed as a disyllable.

\* My flocks feed not, &c.] These verses, under the title of *The Unknown Shakespeare's Complaint*, and subscribed *Ignote*, are printed in "England's Helicon." They are found also, with music, in Weelken's *Madrigals*, 1599. That Shakespeare had any hand either in them or in the poor effusion beginning, "It was a lord's daughter," &c. is inconceivable.

Love's denying,  
 Heart's renying, &c.]

"*The Passionate Pilgrim* and Weelken's book have, 'Love is dying,' and 'Heart's denying.' The reading of the text is found in *England's Helicon*, except that it has, 'Love is,' and 'Faith is.'—MALONE.

\* —renying,—] *Forbearing*.  
 \* My sighs,—] So Weelken's *Madrigals*. The other copies read, "With sighs," &c.

Green plants bring not  
 Forth their dye.]

Weelken's copy has,—  
 VOL. III.

My sighs so deep,  
 Procure to weep,  
 In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.  
 How sighs resound  
 Through heartless ground,  
 Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight!

Clear wells spring not,  
 Sweet birds sing not,  
 Green plants bring not  
 Forth their dye:  
 Herds stand weeping,  
 Flocks all sleeping,  
 Nymphs back peeping  
 Fearfully:  
 All our pleasure known to us poor swains,  
 All our merry meetings on the plains,  
 All our evening sport from us is fled,  
 All our love is lost, for Love is dead.  
 Farewell, sweet lass,<sup>b</sup>  
 Thy like ne'er was  
 For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan:  
 Poor Coridon  
 Must live alone,  
 Other help for him I see that there is none.

## XVII.

Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame,  
 And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike,  
 Let reason rule things worthy blame,  
 As well as fancy partial might:  
 Take counsel of some wiser head,  
 Neither too young, nor yet unwead.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,  
 Smooth not thy tongue with filed<sup>1</sup> talk,  
 Lest she some subtle practice smell,—  
 A cripple soon can find a halt;—  
 But plainly say thou lov'st her well,  
 And set thy person forth to sell.

What though her frowning brows be bent,  
 Her cloudy looks will clear ere night;

"Loud bells ring not  
 Cheerfully."

<sup>b</sup> — sweet lass,—] We follow Weelken's *Madrigals*. The other copies read, "sweet love," &c.

<sup>1</sup> — the cause of all my moan.] So Weelken's *Madrigals*, and "England's Helicon." "The *Passionate Pilgrim*" has, "my use," &c.

<sup>k</sup> As well as fancy partial might.] This is very probably corrupt, but the change proposed by Steevens, "partial like," is unendurable, and we have no faith in the reading said to be derived from a MS. of this poem in the possession of Mr. Collier,—

"As well as partial fancy like," &c.

Query—

"As well as fancy martial might?"

Compare, "Lucrèce,—

"A martial man to be soft fancy's slave!"

<sup>1</sup> — filed talk,—] *Polished diction*.

<sup>m</sup> And set thy person forth to sell.] A reading supplied by a manuscript copy of this poem, of the age of Shakespeare, which Malone used. "The *Passionate Pilgrim*" has,—

"— her person forth to sale."

<sup>n</sup> — will clear—] So the MS. just referred to. "The *Passionate Pilgrim*" reads, "will clear," &c.

## THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

And then too late she will repent,  
That thus dissembled her delight;  
And twice desire, ere it be day,  
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,  
And bat. and braw,<sup>a</sup> and say thee nay,  
Her feeble force will yield at length,  
When craft hath taught her thus to say,—  
"Had women been so strong as men,  
In faith you had not had it then."

And to her will frame all thy ways;  
Spare not to spend,—and chiefly there  
Where thy desert may merit praise,  
By ringing in thy lady's ear:  
The strongest castle, tower, and town,  
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,  
And in thy suit be humble-true;  
Unless thy lady prove unjust,  
Seek never thou to choose anew:  
When time shall serve, be thou not slack  
To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,  
Dissembled with an outward show,  
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,  
The cook that treads them shall not know  
Have you not heard it said full oft,  
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

Think women love to match with men,  
And not to live so like a saint:  
Here is no heaven; they holy then  
Begin when age does them attain.<sup>b</sup>  
Were kisses all the joys in bed,  
One woman would another wed.

But soft! enough,—too much I fear;  
For if<sup>c</sup> my mistress hear my song;  
She will not stick to ring<sup>d</sup> mine ear,  
To teach my tongue to be so long;  
Yet will she blush, here be it said,  
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

### XVIII

Live with me, and be my love,<sup>e</sup>  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,  
And all the craggy mountain yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,  
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,

<sup>a</sup> Begin when age does them attain! This is the lection of the MS. followed by Malone; it is poor stuff, but it has the advantage of being intelligible, which cannot be said of the corresponding stanza in "The Passionate Pilgrim."

"Think women still to strive with men,  
To sin and never for to saint;  
There is no heaven; by holy then,  
When time will age shall them attain."

<sup>b</sup> For if—] So the MS. "The Passionate Pilgrim" reads,—  
"Least that," &c.

<sup>c</sup> She will not stick to ring mine ear,—] The reading of the MS. used by Malone. That of "The Passionate Pilgrim" is,—

"—to round me in th' ear," &c.

<sup>d</sup> Live with me, and be my love,—] "This beautiful song, which

By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,  
With a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,  
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,  
With coral clasps and amber studs;  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Then, live with me and be my love.

### LOVE'S ANSWER.

If that the world and love were young,<sup>e</sup>  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee and be thy love.

### XIX.

As it fell upon a day  
In the merry month of May,  
Sitting in a pleasant shade  
Which a grove of myrtles made,  
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,  
Trees did grow, and plants did spring:  
Everything did banish moun,  
Save the nightingale alone:  
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,  
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,  
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,  
That to hear it was great pity:  
"Fie, fie, fie," now would she cry,  
"Tereu, tereu!" by and by;  
That to hear her so complain,  
Scarce I could from tears refrain,  
For her griefs, so lively shown,  
Made me think upon mine own.  
Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain!  
None takes pity on thy pain:  
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee;  
Ruthless beasts<sup>f</sup> they will not cheer thee.  
King Pandion he is dead;  
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;  
All thy fellow-birds do sing,  
Careless of thy sorrowing.  
Even so, poor bird, like thee,  
None alive will pity me.<sup>g</sup>

### XX.

Whilst as fickle Fortune smil'd,  
Thou and I were both beguil'd:

is imperfectly given here, will be found complete at p. 627 Vol. I. It is generally supposed to have been written by Marlowe. <sup>e</sup> If that the world and love were young,—] The present version of the "Answer" is also defective. Compare the copy in "England's Helicon," where it bears the signature, often adopted by Sir Walter Raleigh, of *Ignote*. See also Percy's "Reliques," Vol. I. p. 237, edit. 1813.

<sup>f</sup> — beasts, &c.] From the abridged version of this poem in "England's Helicon." <sup>g</sup> "The Passionate Pilgrim" &c.

Even so, poor bird, like thee,  
None alive will pity me.]

This couplet, which terminates the poem in "England's Helicon," is omitted in "The Passionate Pilgrim."

## THE PHOENIX AND TURTLE.

Every one that flatters thee  
Is no friend in misery.  
Words are easy, like the wind;  
Faithful friends are hard to find:  
Every man will be thy friend,  
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;  
But if store of crowns be scant,  
No man will supply thy want.  
If that one be prodigal,  
Bountiful they will him call:  
And with such-like flattering,  
Pity but he were a king.  
If he be addict to vice,  
Quickly him they will entice;

If to women he be bent,  
They have him at commandment;  
But if fortune once do frown,  
Then farewell his great renown:  
They that saw'd on him before,  
Use his company no more.  
He that is thy friend indeed,  
He will help thee in thy need;  
If thou sorrow, he will weep;  
If thou wake, he cannot sleep:  
Thus of every grief in heart  
He with thee doth bear a part.  
These are certain signs to know  
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

## THE PHOENIX AND TURTLE.

(FROM THE ADDITIONAL POEMS TO CHESTER'S

*Love's Martyr, or Rosalind's Complaint, 1601.*)

Let the bird of loudest lay,<sup>a</sup>  
On the sole Arabian tree,  
Herald sad and trumpet be,  
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,  
Foul pre-currer of the fiend,  
Augur of the fever's end,<sup>b</sup>  
To this troop come thou not near!

From this session interdict  
Every fowl of tyrant wing,  
Save the eagle, feather'd king.  
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,  
That defunctive music can,<sup>c</sup>  
Be the death-divining swan,  
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow,  
That thy sable gender mak'st  
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,  
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go

Here the anthem doth commence:—  
Love and constancy is dead;  
Phoenix and the turtle fled  
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain  
Had the essence but in one;  
Two distincts, division none:  
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;  
Distance, and no space was seen:  
'Twixt the turtle and his queen:  
But<sup>d</sup> in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,  
That the turtle saw his right  
Flaming in the phoenix' sight;  
Either was the other's mine.

Property<sup>e</sup> was thus appail'd,  
That the self was not the same:  
Single nature's<sup>f</sup> double name:  
Neither two nor one was call'd.

<sup>a</sup> Let the bird of loudest lay,—] "In 1601 a book was published, entitled *Love's Martyr, or Rosalind's Complaint*, Allegorically shadowing the Truth of Love, in the constant Fate of the Phoenix and Turtle. A Poem enriched with much Varities and Rarities, now first translated out of the venerable Italian Torquato Tassio, by Robert Chester. With the true Legend of famous King Arthur, the last of the nine Worthies, being the first Essay of a new British Poet: collected out of diverse antient Records.

<sup>b</sup> To these are added some new Compositions of several modern Writers, whose names are subscribed to their several Works; upon the first Subject, viz. the Phoenix and Turtle.

<sup>c</sup> Among these new compositions is the following poem, subscribed with our poet's name. The second title prefixed to these verses, is yet more full. Hereafter follow diverse Poetical Essays on the former Subject, viz. the Turtle and Phoenix. Done by the best and chiefest of our modern Writers, with their Names subscribed to their particular Works. Never before extant.

<sup>d</sup> And now first consecrated by them all generally to the Love and Merit of the true-noble knight, Sir John Salubrie.

<sup>e</sup> "The principal writers associated with Shakespeare in this collection are Ben Jonson, Marston, and Chapman. The above very particular account of these verses leaves us, I think, no room to doubt of the genuineness of this little poem."—MALONE.

<sup>f</sup> Augur, of the fever's end,—] Compare, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Act V. Sc 2.—

"Now the wasted brands do glow,  
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud,  
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,  
In remembrance of a shroud."

<sup>g</sup> That defunctive music can,—] That funeral music knows.

<sup>d</sup> But in them.—] Except in them.

<sup>e</sup> Property was thus appail'd.—] "Property" means here propriety. The sense of fitness was appail'd.

<sup>f</sup> Single nature's double name.—] This may be right, though we have sometimes thought the genuine reading was,—

"Single nature, double name," &c.



## THE PHŒNIX AND TURTLE.

Reason, in itself confounded,  
Saw division grow together;  
To themselves yet either-neither,  
Simple were so well compounded;

That it cried, How true a twain  
Seemeth this concordant one!  
'Love hath reason, reason none,  
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne\*  
To the phœnix and the dove,  
Co-supremes and stars of love,  
As chorus to their tragic scene.

-----  
\* threne—] A funeral song.

### THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,  
Grace in all simplicity,  
Here enclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phœnix' nest;  
And the turtle's loyal breast  
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:—  
'T was not their infirmity,  
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;  
Beauty, brag, but 't is not she;  
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair  
That are either true or fair;  
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.



**GLOSSARIAL INDEX.**



# GLOSSARIAL INDEX,

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**Advised**, assured, aware, persuaded, I. 209, 574, 643, 727.  
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**Affect** the letter, to use alliteration, I. 72.  
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**Affectioned**, affected, II. 249.  
**Affeer**, to assess, or confirm, III. 505.  
**Affined**, bound, III. 648, 669.  
**Affray**, to frighten, I. 194.  
**Affront**, to confront, to encounter, III. 358.  
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**Affy**, to confide, III. 508.  
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**Anient**, ensign, an ensign-bearer, I. 549, 598, III. 646.  
**Andrew**, a name for a ship, I. 304.  
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**Angerly**, angrily, I. 7.  
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**Appaid**, pleased, satisfied, III. 747.  
**Apparent**, nearest, III. 202.  
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**Apparitor**, an officer of the spiritual court, I. 67.  
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 Convey, to flick, to manage by stealth, I. 482, 706, II. 391, 719, III. 506, 561.  
 Convicted, vanquished, I. 806.  
 Convince, to conquer, I. 95, II. 716, III. 451, 506.  
 Convince, to feast together, III. 307.  
 Cooling-card, II. 326.  
 Copatain-hat, a high-crowned hat, I. 269.  
 Cope, to encounter, I. 430.  
 Copy, theme, I. 142.  
 Coranto, a dance, II. 20, 117.  
 Corinth, a cant name for a bordello, II. 478.  
 Corinthian, a wensher, I. 527.  
 Cornuto, a cuckold, I. 671.  
 Corollary, an overplus, III. 86.  
 Corporal of the field, an aide-de-camp, I. 87.  
 Costard, the head, I. 68.  
 Coted, camplongside, III. 853.  
 Cot-quean, a molly-coddlie, I. 702.  
 Cotsale, or Cotswoold Hills, I. 688.  
 Couching, crouching, III. 434.  
 Counsel, in counsel, secret, in secret, I. 17, 640, II. 85, III. 132.  
 Countenance, to receive, to entertain, I. 255, II. 127, III. 184.  
 Counter, to run, to track the scent backward, I. 180.  
 Counter-aster, a disparaging term for merchant, III. 648.  
 Counterfeit, a portrait, I. 418, III. 709.  
 Counterfeit, a false piece of money, III. 283.  
 Counterpoints, counterpanes, I. 216.  
 Countervail to make equal or equivalent, I. 182.  
 County, an earl, a peer, I. 146, 321.  
 Complumant, I. 93, III. 769.  
 Courago, mettle, spirit, II. 415.  
 Course, carriers of a horse, I. 806.  
 Courser's hair, a vulgar superstition concerning, III. 554.  
 Court-cupboard, a cabinet, I. 109.  
 Court holy-water, glozing speeches, III. 84.  
 Court of wards, I. 150.  
 Courts, a term in law, II. 69.  
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 Covert, a covert, II. 620.  
 Cover, to prepare the table, II. 142.  
 Cowor to bend or sink, II. 212.  
 Cowl staff, a pole used to carry a basket, I. 606.  
 Coyntrol a mean groom, or peasant, II. 217, 238.  
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 Ciare, a small vessel of burden, II. 748.  
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 Credit, information, II. 280.  
 Crescive, increasing, growing, III. 65.  
 Crowel, worsted, III. 77.  
 Crispian, feast of, II. 119.  
 Critic, a cynic, III. 811, 777.  
 Critical, cynical, censorious, III. 683.  
 Crooked, bowed or crouched, III. 494.  
 Cross, a coin stamped with a cross, I. 56, II. 141, 460.  
 Cross, to pass across the path of a spectre, III. 332.  
 Crow keeper, a scoundrel, or a rustic employed to frighten crows, III. 120.  
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 Crusado, crusado a gold coin so called, III. 712.  
 Cry, a pack, a troop or company, III. 164, 366.  
 Cry aim, to encourage, I. 89, 293, 662.  
 Cry Havoc! a signal for indiscriminate slaughter, I. 296, III. 158, 437.  
 Cry in the top of question, to crow over or challenge, III. 328.  
 Cry on, to announce, to assert, II. 372, 572, III. 700.  
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\* In the text the suggestion of M. de la Roche is given, but it is hardly ad-  
 vantage. The right word is unquestionably "remembrance."



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